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VOLUME XIV.

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"The Golden Age."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Charles J. Chaplin.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 1.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes upon painters and paintings of the day, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES is a painter to whom fame has come late, but in abundant measure. He was not a precocious genius. He was nearly thirty before his name appeared in the Salon catalogue; and even when he had, after a fashion, asserted his position, for many years he received vastly more of ridicule than of praise. It is only within the last few years that the world has discovered that in a very important branch of art—architectural decoration—Puvis de Chavannes has opened a new era. His simple, solemn, almost somber compositions, which were once stigmatized as crude and flat, or derided as grotesque freaks, are now more prized than the smoothest and most brilliant mural paintings of Cabanel or Laurens.

"From a distance," said a critic of some of his earlier works, "the fantastic coloring has the effect of a tinted map of Europe; from a nearer point of view one sees that they are really oil paintings, but by a hand so unskilled that they haven't the relief of a fire screen." Yet it was the same painter in whose honor five hundred of the most distinguished men of France met at a banquet in Paris last winter.

At seventy one M. de Chavannes is still full of work and energy. He is tall and stalwart of frame, with closely trimmed gray hair and beard. He is a good deal of a recluse, and divides nearly all his time between his modest home in the Place Pigalle—where his neighbor is Jean Jacques Henner—and his studio at Neuilly.

* * * *

"THE Golden Age," which forms the frontispiece of this number of MUNSEY'S,

Puvis de Chavannes.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

"Happy Hours."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by C. Detti.

was one of the last pictures painted by the late Charles Joshua Chaplin. It is a capital specimen of the style of this delicate, piquant, dramatic painter of pretty feminine figures. In spite of his English name, Chaplin was most thoroughly French in his art. Though his father was an Englishman, the painter was born in France, and from that event till the day of his death he never traveled away from French soil.

* * * *

THREE masters of German art celebrate their eightieth birthdays within a few months of each other—Julius Schrader in

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"Well Retrieved."

From the painting by C. F. Deiker—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"A Southern Belle."

From the painting by S. M[illegible] By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

June, Andreas Achenbach in September, and Adolf Menzel in December. Schrader is a member of the Berlin and Vienna academies, and held a professorship at the former during most of his active life. His mastery of color is the leading quality of his work, and his services to the art of his country have been very great. He may be said to have been the founder of the best school of historical painting Germany has ever had.

Achenbach was equally a pioneer in the field of landscape, being the leader of the realistic school that fought for recognition in the forties, at Düsseldorf. German landscape painting had hitherto been romantic and intrinsically conventional—a thing of rocks and ruins and vistas of oak forest, forming a background to an aristocratic huntsman or two, clad in spick and span uniforms. It was Achenbach who first saw the weakness of this old style, and determined to picture nature as she really is.

When Heine's "Pictures of Travel" were published, Achenbach illustrated the series of poems on the Baltic, relying, at first, upon descriptions furnished by the author. Becoming interested in the work, he made an expedition to the northern coast of Germany, and spent several months in study there. His marine pictures afterward became as well known as his landscapes.

"The Faraglioni Rocks, Capri."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by August Leu.

Menzel's career has to a certain extent paralleled that of Schrader, his fellow professor at Berlin. He is best known as the painter of the so called rococo period, though he abandoned that historical field some

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"A Question."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St. New York.

years ago, and has since, in spite of his great age, struck out on entirely new lines, largely upon contemporary themes. He has perpetuated a long list of court functions, reviews, street scenes, and similar events and phases of the life of his own day. Menzel's brush is still busy, but Achenbach and Schrader have ceased active work.

* * * *

IT transpires that the purchaser of Gainsborough's "Lady Mulgrave"—of which we spoke last month as having brought ten

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"When Lovers Part."

From the painting by R. Fötzelberger—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"The Old Mill by Moonlight."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by L. Douzette.

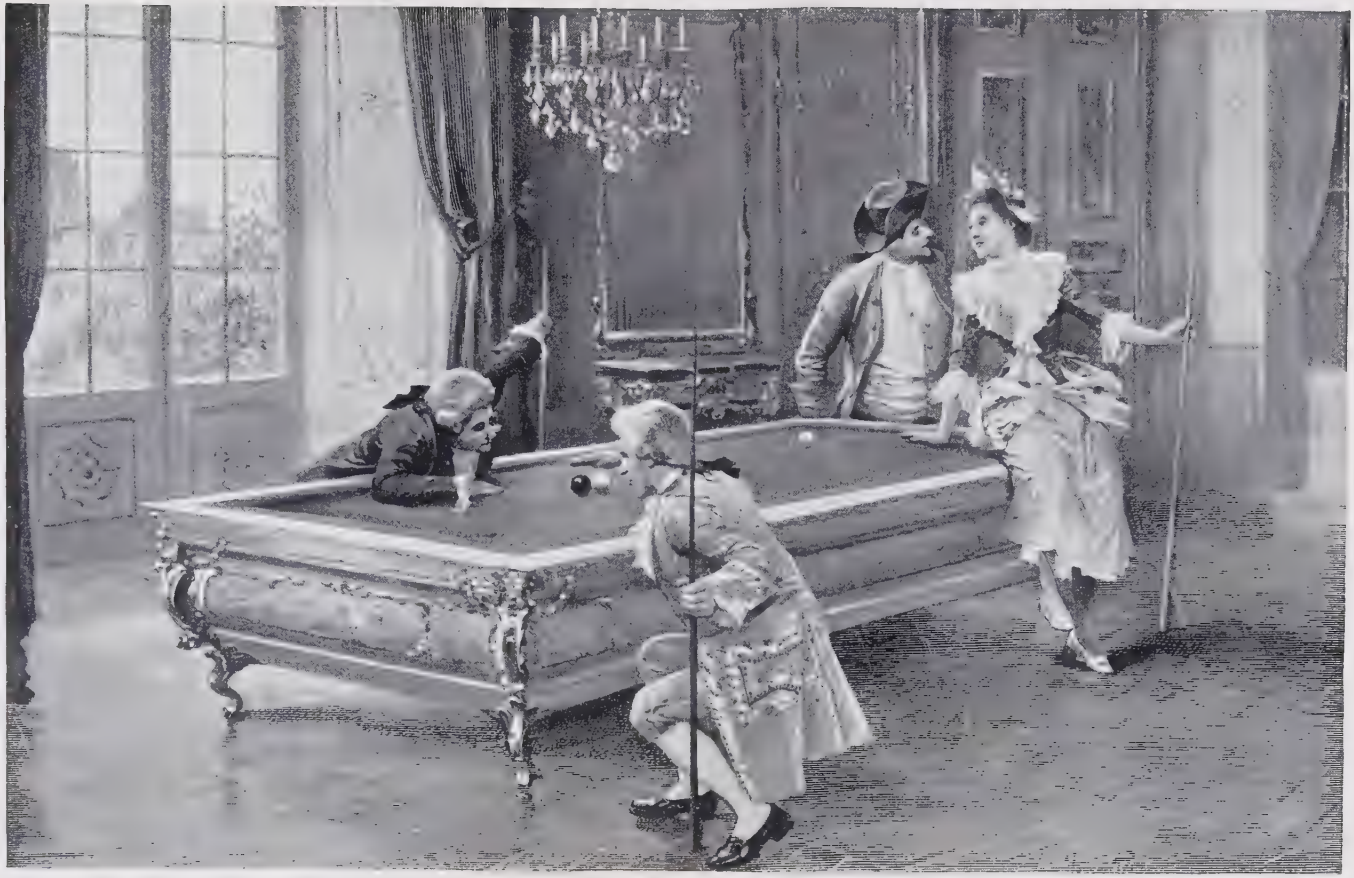
thousand guineas at Christie's—was Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the picture is coming to his New York gallery. It will be a notable addition to the fine canvases he already possesses of the English school. Two of the finest are a pair of Turners—"Boulogne Harbor" and the gorgeous Venetian "Grand Canal"—for each of which he is said to have paid a sum precisely equal to the cost of "Lady Mulgrave" when he bought them through the well known London dealer Agnew—who has recently become Sir William Agnew, Baronet.

* * * *

THE two newly elected members of the Royal Academy in London are E. Onslow Ford, the sculptor, and W. B. Richmond, a painter who is best known for his fine decoration of the choir of St. Paul's cathedral. Both have been associates of the Academy for seven years, and their promotion is generally regarded as well deserved. Americans, however, would have been pleased to hear of the recognition of an associate of longer standing and at least equal reputation—George H. Boughton, formerly of New York.

* * * *

"THE largest picture ever painted" is perhaps a topic that has no proper place among art notes; yet it may be of interest to note that the distinction is claimed for a panorama of the Mississippi, executed by John Banvard, who died four years ago in Watertown, South Dakota. This gigantic canvas was twenty two feet wide and nearly two miles long, and gave a detailed representation of two thousand miles of the course of the Father of the Waters.



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"At the Billiard Table

From the painting by Alonzo Perez

Johann Strauss.
Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

THE WALTZ KING.

The famous musical family of the Strausses, of Vienna—The work and personality of its present head, the composer of the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

WHEN Johann Strauss was a little fellow of six he wrote his first waltz. It was the germ of his genius, but it took a mother's hope and love to recognize it. His father, himself a conductor and composer of ability, brought his fist down upon the family table with a bang, and declared that one fiddler in the Strauss family was quite enough ; Johann should not be a musician. The mother was silent. With a little money of her own she sent her boy to the best teachers she could find. And Johann, senior, stormed and raved, and finally separated entirely from his wife.

The father's opposition to his son's study of music could hardly have been due to a desire to spare the boy the hardships of a musician's life, for his own had been made comparatively easy. Born in March, 1804, of poor Viennese parents, the elder Strauss had had such good fortune that he hardly knew what the study of music under difficulties meant. His father kept a little inn, "Zum Guten Hirten" (At the Sign of the Good Shepherd), where an orchestra of three interpreted music of the lighter order to the delight of strolling guests. Little Johann loved their music, and was invariably to be found under the table, listening attentively. Of the toys given him, he was chiefly interested in a small violin. He would play upon it for hours, running over snatches of dances and airs he had heard while in hiding under the inn table.

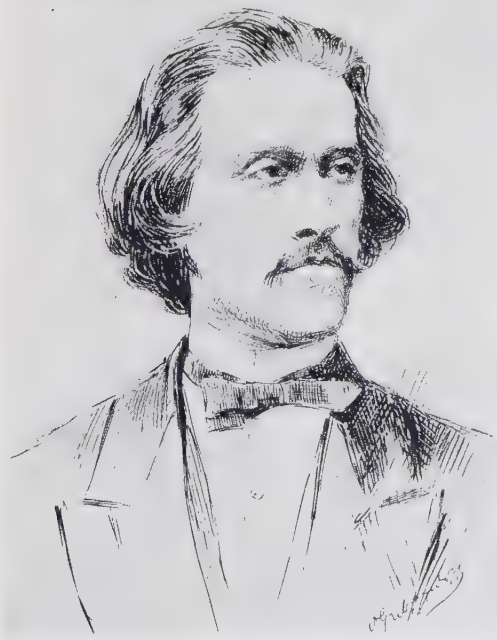
He had no liking for school, though he was fortunate enough in being sent to a teacher who at once recognized that the boy should have a thorough musical education. His parents could not afford this, and

Johann was sent to learn book binding. But he soon tired of his trade, and before he was fourteen years old, with his violin under his arm, he started out to play for a living.

One of the frequenters of the "Zum Guten Hirten" was Herr Polischansky. He had taken an interest in little Strauss, and finally got the consent of the boy's parents to let him have—at Polischansky's expense—a systematic musical education. He learned rapidly. What it took the usual student a year to acquire, he accomplished in a week; and soon he was playing in Vienna with a favorite string quartet. A little later he was engaged by Joseph Lanner to play in the various gardens and beer halls of the Austrian capital.

Lanner and Strauss became good friends. On one occasion, when the former was prevented from writing a waltz promised for a concert on the following evening, Strauss undertook the task. The composition met with an outburst of applause; and although Lanner's name appeared on the program as the composer, Strauss recognized the piece's success as his. Thus encouraged he continued composition. Eventually he organized and conducted an orchestra of his own, which became famous at once.

Frau Strauss, Wife of the Waltz King.



Josef Strauss, Younger Brother of the Waltz King

Strauss had married the pretty daughter of an innkeeper, and it was on October 25, 1825, just before his first concert tour began, that the second Johann Strauss, heir to the genius of his father, was born. The boy's early love of music, and the elder Strauss' vain attempt to stifle it, have already been mentioned. In spite of his father's preference for any other calling for his son, little Johann often managed to be present at the rehearsals of the Strauss orchestra. With his younger brother Josef he would play, on the piano, waltzes of his father's composition; and Vienna soon prophesied that the lad would be the elder Strauss' successor.

At eighteen Johann was obliged, by the lack of money, to enter a bank

The First Johann Strauss, Father of the Present Waltz King.

as a clerk ; but he soon left the desk and began his career as composer and orchestra conductor. As early as 1844 the Austrian capital had gone wild over him. In October of that year, when he first conducted some of his own dance compositions at Dommayer's Garden in Vienna, the audience recalled him sixteen times, and the musical world rang with his praise. Although the two conductors' relations had been strained, the son performed, as a compliment to his father, the latter's "Loreley Rhein Klänge" waltzes. The act made the younger Strauss the idol of the hour, and he was proclaimed "Waltz King Johann Strauss the Second."

At this period of his career he was a most prolific writer. He wrote day or night, whenever the fancy took him, and he had a habit of jotting down musical thoughts on his cuffs or collars. Some of the most popular dance music ever composed was thus first recorded. The Strauss dances now number nearly five hundred, and many of them are familiar the world over. "Artist Life," "The Beautiful Blue Danube," "Wine, Woman, and Song," "From the Mountains," "German Hearts," "Harmony of the Spheres," "Village Swallows," and the "Lob der Frauen," are among the best known. The "Blue Danube," almost a national air in Austria, was originally written for a male chorus with orchestra.

The early success of Johann Strauss is thus described by Hanslick, the musical critic of Vienna : "The young man's animal spirits, so long repressed, now began to foam over. Favored by his talent, intoxicated by his rapid successes, petted by the women, he passed his youth in wild excitement, always productive, always fresh and enterprising, always daring to the point of recklessness. In appearance he resembled his father, but was handsomer, more refined, and more modern in dress and air. His waltzes combined the unmistakable Strauss family physiognomy with unique and original qualities of their own."

After the death of his father, in

Frau Strauss, Mother of the Waltz King.

Eduard Strauss.

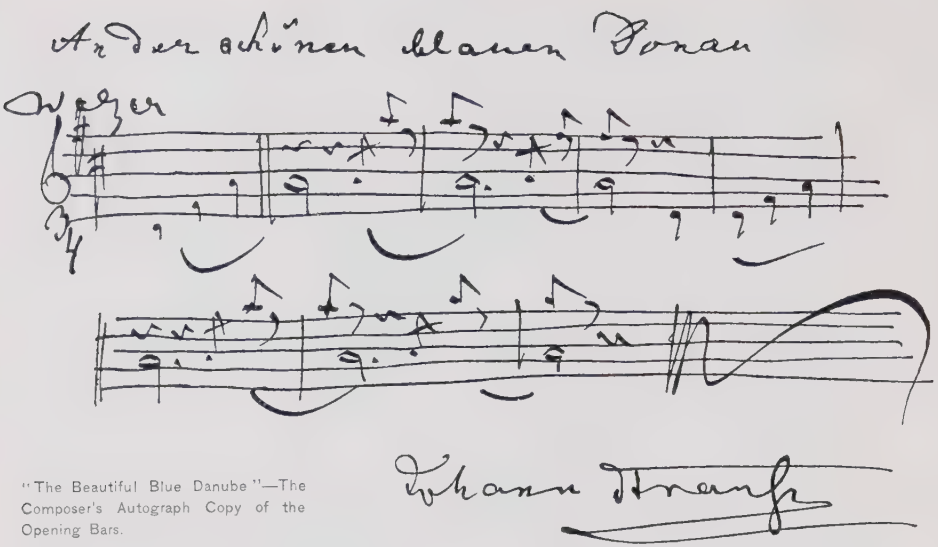
From a photograph by Gertinger, Vienna.

1849, for a number of years Strauss and his orchestra gave concerts in all the principal cities of Europe, notably in St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, and Paris. It was in Paris that the writer first met the famous composer. He was to lead the orchestra at one of the masked balls given at the Opéra. The musicians were French, and were inclined to resent the leadership of a German. At the morning rehearsal they were inattentive. The newspapers, too, had commented on the subject. Strauss requested me to wait.

"You will see if there is the slightest inattention on the part of the orchestra," he said. "If there is, I will break my baton and will not conduct a bar."

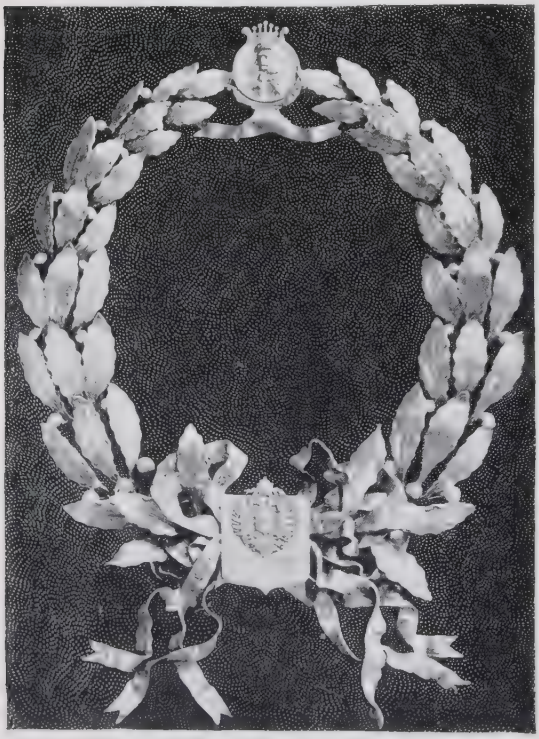
I waited. Strauss took his position, violin in hand. He was facing the orchestra. In a moment he raised his instrument and began to play. It was his beautiful "Artist Life" waltz, and his rendering of it was perfect. The enormous audience sat spellbound, and as he finished, rose to their feet with thunderous applause. Strauss had conquered; there was no further difficulty in Paris. While there he was further honored with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

In June, 1872, the Waltz King came to this country. The late Patrick S. Gilmore had engaged him, at a large salary, to conduct at the Boston Peace Jubilee. His presence



"The Beautiful Blue Danube"—The Composer's Autograph Copy of the Opening Bars.

there was one round of triumphs. He directed an orchestra of a thousand musicians, and more than ever popularized his melodious compositions. In the same month he gave four concerts in New York, at the Academy of Music. Rarely, if ever, has a composer received such an ovation in the American metropolis as was given to Strauss. His audiences seemed never to tire of his music, while the magnetism of the man with both audience and orchestra was simply astounding.



The Wreath Presented to Johann Strauss by His American Admirers, October 15, 1894.

I shall never forget an incident on the composer's first appearance here. He was leading from a little platform in front of the orchestra, and playing himself. In some way his foot slipped, and he fell, breaking his violin. He scrambled to his feet, took another violin from one of the players, and went on with his waltz as if nothing had happened, losing only eight bars of the music.

It was while in New York that Strauss composed the "Manhattan" waltzes, in which he introduced "Old Folks at Home" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Following the advice of Jacques Offenbach, in 1871 Strauss entered the field of operetta. Between that time and the present he has produced the following fourteen pieces: "Indigo," "Karneval in Rom," "Die Fledermaus" (originally produced in Paris under the title "La Tzigane"), "Cagliostro," "Prince Methusalem," "Blinde Kuh," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Night in Venice," "The Gipsy Baron," "Simplicius,"

"Ritter Pazman," "Fürstin Ninetta," and "Jabuka." The last of these was first presented in October, 1894, at Vienna. Nearly all of them have been performed in America, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" inaugurating the Casino as the home of comic opera in New York, in October, 1882.

Johann Strauss has enjoyed the friendship of Liszt, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Brahms, and Rubinstein, the last of whom rearranged and frequently played Strauss' "Nachtfalter Walzer." Richard Wagner said of his music: "One Strauss waltz overshadows in respect to animation, finesse, and real musical worth most of the mechanical, borrowed, factory made products of the present time."

The Waltz King lives in a handsome house in Vienna, No. 4 Igelgasse. He was appointed musical director of the Vienna court balls in 1864, succeeding Philip Fahrbach, who in turn had followed the elder Johann Strauss. As his engagements multiplied, however, he resigned in favor of his brothers Josef and Eduard, the latter of whom has held the post since 1874.

Americans hold Strauss and his music in great esteem. Last October, at the celebration of his golden jubilee in Vienna, a number of the most eminent musicians of this country sent a silver and gold wreath to the famous composer, in token of their respect. To present the gift was the writer's pleasure. It was a work of exquisite design and finish, each leaf being inscribed with the name of a favorite composition of the master.

Herr Strauss accepted the token with expressions of deep gratitude. He said that he owed everything to his predecessors, and above all to his father, who showed him the way to musical progress, especially in the sphere of dance music. "My feeble merit," he said, "is only the methods of the past enlarged and broadened."

Rudolph Aronson.

THE AUTUMN TROUBADOURS.

PAST was the royal pageant of the leaves,
And yet the poet crickets at high noon
From fields wide widowed of their saffron sheaves
Sent up a jocund tune.

No more they made the violet twilight-tide
To throb and thrill with bursts of lyric glee;
Yet, true to song, they would not be denied
Their midday minstrelsy.

And listening, enamored of the sounds,
The golden vestured hours were loath to go
Adown the dark declivity to the bounds
Of icy night and snow.

And we, the close companions of the hours,
Beguiled, at heart were fain to linger too,
Clinging to memories of the vanished flowers,
Opaled with morning dew.

Ah, all too brief the choric interludes!
The seal of silence beauty soon immures;
And yet they solaced many wintry moods,
These autumn troubadours.

They were the links that bound us to the skies
That hung the birth of all our bliss above;
And who but backward looks with gladdened eyes
Upon the days of love?

Clinton Scollard.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

I.

THE short summer night was almost over. Silence reigned supreme. Even the waves had for once almost ceased their sound; their low, regular murmur was like the breathing of sleeping nature. True, Venus already hung like a jewel over the dark mountains in the east, but not even the earliest bird had fluttered a wing. The moon, her vigil nearly finished, dropped slowly down through the western sky. She still shone on the windows of the cottage, and made fantastic etchings of the vine shadows on the porch.

Within the house there seemed to be profound repose. One of the windows was open, and a wire screen softened the moonlight which fell through it across the bed, where a girl, half lying, half sitting, was wide awake and dreaming. She had crowded the thin pillow into a little bunch, and curved one arm over it to raise her head higher. Her tawny brown hair was uncoiled, and fell in wavy masses over her shoulders, making a lovely frame for the sweet, girlish face and wide open eyes.

It was late when they had come in from a sail on the bay, and her aunt, Mrs. Towers, and her cousin Margaret had both been tired and sleepy; so as soon as the men who were with them had said good night and left the cottage, they had gone to bed. In a few minutes Sara knew by the sound of regular breathing that came to her from her cousin's room, that Margaret was fast asleep. Then she sat up in bed and began slowly to review the events of the past three days. One after another the scenes passed before her; and after each one, with a peculiar thrill which sent the blood to her heart, came the sound of his voice, saying very slowly "Good night," and with it the firm pressure of his hand on hers, as he turned away. Once or twice she held her hand up and looked at it; then she laid it on her breast and her dream went on.

Suddenly she heard in the distance the faint sound of a guitar. The player was evidently coming nearer. Now the footsteps sounded on the sidewalk—light footsteps, keeping rhythmic time with the notes of the guitar. They did not pause at the gate, but came on up the walk.

Sara sat up, listening intently. Then softly, as if intended for only one to hear, a voice—his—began to sing—

"The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings.
Awake, awake; the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes;
Awake, awake, awake, awake!"

Sara's lips were slightly parted, and in her eyes were gleams which came and went like soft, warm flashes of light. She put one foot out of bed and paused.

"Awake, awake!"

Now she stood on the floor, winding her hair about her head, while the roses of her cheeks grew brighter. Her simple toilet was soon made. Noiselessly she went to the window and looked out. A shade of disappointment crossed her face. She could see no one. Again the guitar repeated, "Awake, awake!" Putting on her hat and ulster, she passed silently through the hall and opened the outer door.

He was sitting on the steps in front of the porch, playing softly on the guitar. His face lighted with great joy.

"How good you are! Come, let us go," was all that he said.

She went down the steps, and side by side they walked through the garden and out into the quiet night.

"We will go down to the lime wharf," he said. "I have been there ever since I left you, and when I knew that the morning was coming I hurried back for you."

She did not answer, but walked on beside him. Presently he began to sing again:

"The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The plowman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes."

Wakened by his song, a linnet started from its nest, and, seeing that day had not

yet come, twitteringly remonstrated, then sank into silence again.

They went on past the sleeping hotel, across the bridge, through lanes and by-ways, down the steep old wharf that slopes from the cliff and runs so far out into the bay that the land seems to be quite left behind.

The water was solemn. It moved slowly in great swells toward the distant beach. It still had the gleam of the moonlight upon it, but there seemed, in the breeze that ruffled its surface, to be promise of another light.

Near the end of the wharf were two projecting piles close together. One of them, which was used as a mooring post for the little freight steamers, rose higher than the other. Robert stopped beside it.

"Sit here," he said. "You will catch the first ray of morning here."

She sat down on the higher one, resting her feet on the top of the other great tree, her face toward the east. Then Robert threw himself down upon a coil of ropes a few feet away from her. He put his hands under his head, and looked up at the sky. They sat in silence for a few minutes; then the moon set, and it was dark. Sara turned toward him. She could not see him, but she felt his watching eyes and smiled a little, then looked away again.

Against the horizon Loma Prieta rested, dark and somber. Above it, thrilling with hope, the morning star mounted higher and higher.

"Courage," it seemed to say to all the darkened earth. "I see the sun. It is his light I send to you." All promise, all delight, were in its beams.

Along the black edge of the mountain a soft light suffused itself. Robert could see Sara's eyes, full of wonder and awe.

"It is the dawn," he said to himself.

The light grew apace; the stars began to fade and the shadows to flee away.

Moment by moment her perfect profile came out more clearly against the dark water. Her sweet mouth trembled with great expectancy.

Slowly the mists of the morning with their robes of fleecy gold came marching up the sky. The water shivered with the long waiting.

Robert was not impatient. He so loved to mark the delicate eyebrows, the rings of hair which the wind moved softly on her forehead, and the tender curve of her chin. He wished the moments to move more slowly.

The growing light seemed to concentrate itself around her. She was so young, so bright, so full of hope and life; she seemed to him to be the very type and essence of the morning.

Suddenly with passionate rapture the long light swept across the water and wrapped her in its splendor.

He bent toward her breathlessly. Her bosom heaved, her eyes filled full of unshed tears of joy. Then she turned and shed her light upon him, and he rose and clasped her in his arms and kissed her eyes and lips.

"My day, my life, my love," he whispered.

II.

SARA GARDNER had returned to California a few weeks before the night just passed. She was the only daughter of Mrs. Towers' brother, and since her earliest childhood she had known no home except at her aunt's house. Her father was indeed living, but he was a wanderer over the face of the earth, and she did not remember ever to have seen him. It could not be said that he had neglected her, for he had bestowed the greatest care and thought on all that concerned her life and health, her mental and moral training. She had lived at schools which had been selected with an evident purpose; her vacations had all been planned to further the same design, and in the letters that came with melancholy regularity from her father he kept constantly before her mind the end to be striven for—health and strength, physical and mental.

"If you wish to be happy, be well; if you wish to be useful, be strong."

To the accomplishment of these ends he had always lent himself in every way, except by his own presence; and all that the science of the day and the wisdom of the teachers had gathered together was freely placed at her disposal.

About three years before, Mr. Gardner had written to Mrs. Towers vaguely that he might come home, that he longed for a sight of his own country. In the same letter he asked for a photograph of Sara—"one that looks as she really does." Mrs. Towers had sent it without saying anything to Sara, because she knew what the effect would be; and she was not surprised that no more was said of coming home.

Sara was a lovely reproduction of her mother at her age. She had the same tawny brown hair, the same tender mouth, and the same grayish green eyes, full of indescribable depths of emotion, and some-

times burning with fires of enthusiasm. Her school days proper were now ended; she had just graduated at Vassar, and she was twenty one years old. During the last year of her college course she had written to her father to ask if she might join him in Japan after her graduation. He had replied, rather coldly, that his plans were uncertain, and had urged her to take a post graduate course, to choose a profession for herself.

"I wish to see you independent of every one," he wrote. "More and more, I see, the tendency among educated women is to remain unmarried. This is well. I know better than you can how improbable it is that a broad minded, intelligent woman, who knows the laws of God as revealed to us in the laws of nature, will meet any man who will answer to the demands which she must and will make. It is necessary, however, that every human being should have some absorbing interest, something upon which he can spend whatever he is, and through which he can grow to his final possibilities. If you have learned what I hope you have, you will agree with me; and I hope, before the close of the year, you will have decided upon some well defined plan of life. You can rely upon me to assist you to the extent of my ability."

Sara was disappointed and a little hurt, but she was so strong and well, so perfectly light hearted, so young, that nothing could depress her long. She wrote a cheery letter to her father, and began to consider what she would like best to do if she was to be doing it all her life.

She had been chiefly interested in the natural science studies of her college course, and, as far as the course was elective, had given most of her time to them. During the latter part of the time she had been greatly absorbed in biology. When commencement was over, she wrote to her father that she would spend the summer with her aunt and cousin in California, then go to Philadelphia and begin to study medicine.

Mrs. Towers and Margaret were at their cottage in Santa Cruz, and Sara joined them there. They were all very fond of the quaint town, with its terrace upon terrace rising from the sea to the mountains behind it. The foam scalloped bathing beach had been the scene of many hours of childish glee for both Sara and her cousin. Sara probably had more of the feeling which we call "home-like" when she sat on the warm sand, her back against a log, her book lying in her lap, dreamily watching the waves break at her feet, than in any other place in the world. Nowhere else did she feel the responsive love that nature has for her children as when, resting on the buoyant water, her strong young arms sweeping in steady strokes, she swam away out beyond the raft, beyond the noisy group of paddlers in the foam, and was alone with the sea and the sky.

Her cousin Margaret was a gentle, sweet girl, gay and light hearted, with an enthusiastic admiration for her brilliant cousin. She had, however, been brought up in an entirely different way from that which Sara's father had chosen for his daughter. She had been at home from school and "out" in the world for two years, had enjoyed and endured all that society in San Francisco can give and inflict, and was now engaged to Joseph Hunter, a young lawyer in the Golden Gate city. He was a Harvard man, of good talents and very pleasant ways. His ambition was to make a success in his profession, if possible be elected to one of the superior judgeships, and have an elegant home where he could gather his friends about him and shine in society, as he knew himself fitted to do.

Joseph came to Santa Cruz for a few days every now and then. When Margaret expected him, she and Sara usually walked down to the train to meet him. Three days before our story opens he had come down, and when he had given the girls the first greeting he turned to a young man who stood waiting near him.

"Margaret," he said, "this is my old friend, Robert Atterbury, who happens to be in this part of the world for a week or two. I saw him in the city just before I left, and persuaded him to come down with me. I have promised him everything—swimming, boating, riding, and most of all, good company. I hope we shall have good weather. I am almost afraid he has too great expectations and may be disappointed."

Margaret welcomed Robert with kind cordiality, then presented him to Sara. While he spoke to Margaret, Sara noticed that there was a mourning band on his hat, and that his mouth had a tired, sad expression. When he turned to speak to her, his eyes met hers, and she saw that they were strong and steadfast. He took her hand in his, and held it firmly for a moment. A light seemed to come into his face as he looked at her.

"I am sure there is no possibility that I shall be disappointed," he said in answer to Joe's remark.

They dined at the hotel, and then walked over to Mrs. Towers' cottage. Robert ex-

cused himself, pleading that he had letters to write.

"Your friend is charming, Joseph," said his hostess, "but I do not remember to have heard of him. Who is he, and where does he come from?"

"He is one of my old college friends, Mrs. Towers. His home is in or near Boston, and he comes just now from Southern California. He was in the class below me at Harvard, so that I did not know him at all intimately then; but while I was in the law school he was at the Episcopal Divinity College, and we met very often at a mutual friend's. I liked him immensely, although as a rule one does not take to the divinity students. He had to leave on account of his brother's illness. His brother, Dave, was a splendid fellow; he was in the 'varsity crew, and no slouch at work, either. He broke up all of a sudden, had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and had to be carried home. Bob went with him, of course, and when he got a little better the doctor ordered him off to a milder climate. His father had died the year before, and his mother was not able to travel, so Bob calmly put his own life aside and went with Dave. He took him everywhere, but it was all for nothing. Poor Dave died at the Sierra Madre Villa about two months ago, and now Bob is on his way home. His mother is with him, and as she is with friends in San Francisco he was very much pleased to come down here with me. I have not talked with him much, and do not know if he still means to be a clergyman or not; but he is a first rate fellow with lots of talent, and I should say might make a place for himself in the world."

Sara, who as usual was reading, laid her book in her lap to listen. Why did she feel this unusual interest in a perfect stranger? She did not know, and when Joseph had finished she took her book again and read on. She turned the page, but she was thinking of Robert and repeating Joe's words—"put his own life aside." She smiled tenderly, understanding fully that to go with the poor sick boy, to comfort him by the clasp of his firm, strong hand, to give him courage by the steadfast light in his own eyes, to go with him down through the dark valley, had been, to Robert, *living* his life, not putting it aside. All the evening she realized him as something new and wonderful which had come into her world, and in the morning, when they met on the beach, it was not as strangers but as familiar friends.

Who can explain why the flower opens to the sun, or why, when heaven has decreed that a man and woman shall be one, there should come to them such marvelous understanding and knowledge of each other?

It was so with Robert and Sara. The three days of his visit more than sufficed. His whole life, his ambitions and hopes, her strange, lonely childhood with its unspoken longings, were all plain and simple and comprehended each by each.

The last night of their stay in Santa Cruz the moonlight was entrancing, and Margaret asked Joseph to take them out for a sail on the bay. She took her guitar, and they sang songs, gay and sentimental, to which she played accompaniments.

"Madge, dear, please give the guitar to Robert," Joe presently said. Then turning to Robert he continued, "And, Robert, sing some of the old songs, will you?"

Robert took the guitar and sang the songs that had been their favorites three years before in the dear old college days. Sara, leaning back in the boat and looking out over the rippling light on the water, felt that she had never heard any singing before; and again it seemed to her that she had known this voice, that it had been singing in her heart always.

They all walked together from the landing up to the cottage, Robert carrying the guitar; and when he bade Margaret good by he asked her if he might keep it for a little while.

"I am not going to bed just yet," he said. "I will leave it with the clerk at the hotel, to be sent to you tomorrow."

Margaret was very glad to have him keep it. Joe and he were going on the early train the next morning, so they were to say good night and good by at once. Mrs. Towers went into the house, but Margaret and Joe lingered for a few last words. Robert had spoken no word of love to Sara. Neither of them had in any way defined their relation, even in thought, but each one knew that life had been made complete and perfect in the other. He was near her, playing softly on the guitar and looking up to the light. She stood back in the shadow of the vine which covered the porch, and read his face in the moonlight. It was grave and serious, perhaps beyond his years, but its chief expression was that of manly gentleness, the gentleness that is the outcome of great strength of character. Her heart swelled with joy and happiness while she looked at him.

Joe came slowly down the steps, still holding Margaret's hand and bidding her good by. Robert turned and smiled into

Sara's eyes, and said "Good night." Not good by—that he planned to say later.

III.

SOME OF ROBERT'S LETTERS.

"My beloved is mine and I am hers," I sang the Song of Songs over and over in my heart this morning on the train. My beloved!

I seem to have told you so much and to have so much to tell. We will have all our lives to tell it in, so need not hurry. All our lives, did I say? What I mean is, *all*, that is eternity; because we are one; nothing could now come to divide us and make two lives of our united life.

Dearest, when I first saw you there at the depot I knew. Not perfectly, because no one could bear such joy if it came fully at once; but faintly, yet certainly, I knew. It was as if some one had whispered to me, "This is your other self; it is for her you have been waiting; for her you have been longing; because of her you live."

It is only three days since that far away forgotten time when I had not seen you. I am happy, rapturously happy, but not satisfied. Why is it, dear love, that our soul is never satisfied? I think it is because of that eternity of which I was just writing, through the endless ages of which we are to grow. Think of it. On and up through sorrows, perhaps, and joys, through living and dying, but always *together;* that is the Alpha and Omega, the all in all, *together*.

I have been trying to picture our life, dearest, What a revelation of light in the dark places, of comfort and rest in the tired places, your sweet presence will be as we go on our mission of love to men and women?

This morning when the train drew up at Los Gatos I looked out. On the platform there stood a woman with two children clinging to her dress. She looked anxiously at the train, evidently expecting some one who had not come. In her eyes was a tired, hungry look, and her lips were thin and compressed, as if to keep back the cry of her heart.

In this new world, where I now live with you, love, I understand many things, and I knew that it was love which she hungered for, and broken faith that caused the pain in her heart. Her eyes met mine, and mine said to her, "Courage, dear sister." Her face flushed a little, but she stooped and took the smaller child in her arms, and smiled at it and kissed it, and I saw that her pain was lessened. It was help from you which I had given her.

Then we went on, and I fell into an old bad habit which belonged to that other life when I was alone. I began to fancy your face—yours, beloved, with that look upon it. It was terrible; it tortured me, and I must have groaned aloud. Joe, who sat opposite, asked if I was ill. I answered "no," but I opened the window and put my head out to breathe the fresh air, and your spirit came to me in the breeze, and the horrible vision passed away. My own! My love! It may be, I know that it must be, that there will be sorrows for us to bear—but God do so to me and more, if ever act of mine shall mar your perfect loveliness.

* * * *

It is most wonderful to realize how all things are changed to me and those which I have considered small and unimportant are become of absorbing interest. Last night I went for a few minutes to the opera. It was not a very good troupe. They were singing Faust—that universal story, told in immortal music. The scene was at the church door, and while I listened to Marguerite's baffled prayer, I longed to grapple this monster, Prejudice, which under the holiest names, the names of Purity and Religion, has with fiendish cruelty pushed down and back the struggling sinners. My soul wailed with her anguish, and sank down exhausted with her despair. As the curtain fell a harsh, metallic laugh struck upon my ear. I turned to see a woman, painted, bejeweled, horrible. She smiled at me with her sickening, polluted mouth. I shuddered; then your tender eyes shone before me, and it was as if you had said, "She is my sister; I am degraded by her shame, I am lost in her waywardness." I longed to kneel at her feet, and with tears and prayers beseech her to come back to life and love from the charnel house where she now lives. Can we not help them, you and I, dearest love? Will we not try with all our heart and strength?

If we could only solve this problem, could understand why this demon of evil passion has taken possession of our Holy of Holies, why our whole race is under its all crushing slavery! I was thinking of this when there came into my mind these words: "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

Is the answer to be found here? Let us search for it, my own.

* * * *

When I first awakened this morning, I lay still, with closed eyes, slowly thinking over all your perfectness, my love. I tried to think if there were any little possible change which I would be even willing to have in you. There was none—none at all, beloved, but suddenly there came to me a feeling that I was away from you; a longing to see you. There was a rap at my door and a letter was slipped under it. How good you are, how kind and how adorable! My soul rests in perfect blessedness in your love.

I looked for a long time at the envelope before I opened the letter. What joy to have a letter from you to me! And your handwriting! What a new revelation of you it was; and I, foolish, thought I knew you so well. Yet, I reasoned, she could not have had any other handwriting. It belongs to her. "So candid and simple, and nothing withholding, and free." It is well! I stopped to pray a little prayer of thankfulness.

Thank you, darling, for having put the little

photograph in. It is sweet and dear and good, as photographs go, and I am glad to have it.

I have been trying to see how many pictures of you I have. I close my eyes to look at them. There are many, and each one represents to me something typical of perfection in womanhood. When I see you with the little blue handkerchief tied around your head, and only here and there a wilful curl upon your forehead, your eyes smiling at me from the bright waves, through which you swim with such strong strokes, I call you Joy. Then comes a vision of your sweet, girlish form, leaning back in the shadow of a sail. The boat glides gently over a moonlit sea. Your eyes, solemn and serene, are looking up into the depths of the night sky. I love this picture; it rests my heart, and I call it Peace. But most of all, beloved, my love, I see you as I saw you that morning, the morning of our birth into this promised land, when the air grew bright as it touched you, when the wind and the sea sang for joy in you, and the sun wreathed his glory in a halo around your head. When I see this—and still more, when you turn your glorified eyes on me—I lose all consciousness of self, and call you Blessing.

* * * *

Yes, love. You are right as always. Forgive me if I seemed to forget that there is another who has claims on you. I will write to your father tonight. Tomorrow my mother—how she will love you!—goes home. I will go with her, and when we are at home I will tell her all that I have found, and then I will come back to you. It will not be long, not more than three weeks at farthest. We will wait for the answer from your father, and then, beloved, do not let any outside consideration come between us. Be my wife at once. Wife! How unutterably sweet the little word is!

* * * *

Dearest, I have had an evening of great experience—and of pain. Now it is gone, and I realize how wise and best it is that joy should be tempered with sorrow, else we should grow to be giants in egotism, taking all good as our own deserving. It was in this wise; in accordance with my promise I began a letter to your father. It had seemed to me a simple thing to write, and—yes, I will confess my sin to you—I had so entirely recognized that you are mine, as I also am yours, that the letter seemed to be merely a courtesy, a form.

I wrote the address, and held the pen suspended for a moment over the paper, when, presto! Change! There arose before my mind the image of a strong, earnest man, such as your father must be, whose piercing eyes seemed to look into my very soul and plainly to ask, "On what ground do you, a perfect stranger, come to ask from me the gift of my precious, glorious daughter?"

I laid the pen down, abashed, and with those eyes fixed upon me reviewed my life. I put myself in his place and saw the day, which the future may bring, when another, such as I, should come to me and ask for my daughter to be his wife. My daughter! Ours! Oh, my beloved, I wonder if in your sweet springtime of life you will understand how this new, enrapturing thought swept over me, and with what passionate pain I saw that *they*, these children of ours, are the reason for all your loveliness, for all your dazzling perfections; that motherhood is the fulfilment of your life as you are the fulfilment of mine, and that God has gathered all beauty together in you in order that the glad earth may be happy and rejoice in your children?

For a while I was troubled and sorrowful, but as always your spirit came to me and comforted. I realized your need of me, your rest and dependence on me, and grew glad again. Now I rejoice to know myself strong and well for your sake and for theirs; and love has grown and taken yet another office, because whereas before it filled the length and breadth and height of our own lives, it now sits in faithful guard over the holy mystery of those lives that are to be.

IV.

TEN days had passed since the morning of Robert's farewell to Sara—that last morning when they had sat together upon the pier and watched the dawn break over land and ocean.

"Sara, do you know that we have been sitting here for just one hour, and that you have not spoken nor moved once? I hope, since your thoughts are so absorbing, that they are pleasant ones."

Mrs. Towers looked a little anxiously at her niece, and Sara smiled at her reassuringly.

"Thank you, auntie, my thoughts are more than pleasant; they are happy. I am sorry to have been so inattentive, however."

She made an effort to bring herself back to the scene around her. All about on the white sand were groups of gaily dressed women, the older ones gossiping or reading according to their natures, the younger ones gathering about the few good swimmers, anxiously arranging to go into the surf with them. The prevailing idea seemed to be that there was safety in numbers, and that in some occult way the great green waves would respect a crowd. Here and there was a man, usually very old or very young; but nowhere was the sex in sufficient numbers to affect the appearance of the assemblage.

Everywhere, beside every log, along the edge of the water, under the feet of the horses, were the serious workers of this otherwise idle crowd. Little children, boys and girls, with shovels in hand, buckets beside them, and patient determination in their faces, were digging wells, building

forts, making mountains, caves, and tunnels. They worked with unfailing, absorbed interest, and were in strong contrast to the pink legged little imps who were running in and out of the curving, dancing sea foam, and whose piercing shrieks of joy rose above the sound of the waves and the hum of other noises. It was a scene full of life, of human stories, living themselves out sweet under the summer sun.

A new realization of it all came to Sara as she looked around. She seemed never before to have really looked at people. "I had eyes, but saw not," she said to herself. Just then Margaret came and flung herself down upon the sand beside them. She held an open letter in her hand.

"Joe writes that Mr. Atterbury has gone East with his mother. He says he is very sorry, because he wanted him to come down here again next week. I do not think that is very complimentary to us, do you, mother?"

"Well, I do not know. I would not look at it in that way," Mrs. Towers said. "It is very natural that Joseph should enjoy having his old friends down here. I would not be jealous of other men, if I were in your place. What did you think of Mr. Atterbury, Sara?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, Sara did not think of him at all," Margaret interrupted. "Don't you know that she is too much absorbed in all the theories about mankind in general, to give any time to thinking about any man in particular?"

She made a little pouting *moue* at her cousin.

The color came and went in Sara's face for a minute, and she looked from her cousin to her aunt. They were startled by the wave of wonderful beauty that swept over her. Her eyes were glorified.

"Margaret is wrong for once, auntie dear," she said softly. "I think of him all the time; he fills the universe to me. I should have gone with him now, only we are waiting to hear from father. I am going to be his wife."

Margaret sprang up in great excitement, and began to ask a thousand questions. Sara did not see that her aunt grew suddenly white, and that a strange expression, a look of terror, came into her eyes.

"Have you written to your father, Sara?" Mrs. Towers asked, after a few minutes.

"Yes, we have both written. We ought to have an answer in about six weeks. Robert will come back before then, and we shall be married as soon as the letter comes."

Her aunt turned her head away, and Margaret took possession of her again. In a few minutes Mrs. Towers rose, and, saying that she was tired, went up to the cottage. When the girls came in later, they learned that she had a headache and had gone to bed. They did not see her again that night.

V.

When Robert and his mother reached the Mississippi they found a warm wave passing over the country. The air was stifling, and the cars almost unendurable. Mrs. Atterbury was prostrated by the heat, and although Robert devoted himself incessantly to efforts for her comfort, he could do little for her. They ran behind time, and missed their train at Chicago, and had to choose between taking a slower one from there to Boston or waiting over for a day. Mrs. Atterbury preferred to go on. Her only hope seemed to be to reach the salt air; the inland heat was so oppressive.

These physical discomforts added to the dreariness of their home coming, which at best must have been sad. Home is dear, although those who have made it so are no longer there; but it is a dear desolation, full of sweet memories that pain, of sad recollections that torture. Mrs. Atterbury and Robert felt all this when they entered their house without the one who would never again brighten it with his presence. There was no one to welcome them except old Martha, the servant who had taken care of the house in their absence. She was watching for them, and threw the door open with a semblance of gladness, but as it closed upon them their loss came over them again as fresh and strong as on the day when Dave had died.

Robert threw open the windows and pushed out from the corner his mother's favorite chair. He helped her to take off her traveling wraps, and threw his own things about on the chairs and tables, trying to give an air of life and occupancy to the room; but he was himself tired, very tired and very sad, and the assumed cheerfulness was a poor disguise for his real feelings. Presently he saw the tears in his mother's eyes. He knelt beside her and took her in his arms, while she let her grief have way.

They had been in the house but a little while when Martha brought Robert a note.

"Mr. Blethen has been here three or four times today. He says he must see you at once, and the last time he came he wrote this note."

Robert opened it and read :

Claire is gone. I do not know where. If you get home before twelve o'clock tonight, for God's sake come to me at my old apartment. I must find her before this gets out. Yours, P. Van Ruger Blethen.

Robert shut his hand on the note and frowned.

"What is it, Robert?" Mrs. Atterbury asked.

"A note from Van Ruger, mother. He seems to want to see me about something of great importance. I think I will go to see him as soon as we have had supper."

When tea had been served, Robert bade his mother good night.

"Try to rest, dear," he said. "I may very likely be late, and I am sure bed is the best place for you this sultry night."

Claire Blethen was Mrs. Atterbury's niece. Her father, Mr. Whitwell, Mrs. Atterbury's only brother, had lived most of his life in Europe. When nearly fifty years old he had married in Nice a pretty French girl, Mlle. Rose Bauvais. Shortly afterwards, he suddenly returned to Boston, and established himself in the old home of his childhood, on the outskirts of Concord. The house was old fashioned, having been built by his grandfather. Its rooms were grave and solemn with furniture of dark oak and mahogany. In the garden were stately poplar trees whose shadows lay in long, prim lines on the smooth green lawns. Mr. Whitwell had fled from it in the first freedom of his early manhood, but now it seemed to him to be the most desirable place in the world; a place of rest after vain wanderings ; a haven of peace and repose, where he was glad to feel that he could pass the remainder of his days. Had he not tasted every pleasure that every city of Europe could offer ; and had he not proved to his own satisfaction that they were all, or nearly all, vanity and vexation?

Rose had been married almost as soon as she had left the convent where her youth was spent, and it often seemed to her that she had only exchanged prisons. She even contrasted this prison, where she had only gloomy old rooms to wander through, and the caprices of an old man to study, with that other one, where, although the walls were severe, the garden walks were full of light hearted girls whose laughter made even the black robed sisters smile. Sometimes she wished with real homesickness for the old convent days, but usually the strain of her life was onward toward that fairy life of pleasure from which her husband was resting.

While she sat half listening to his reminiscences of a time before she was born, her own imagination took wild and airy flights. Along the Bois de Boulogne, through the Champs Elysées, she seemed to see a line of stately equipages, perfect in every detail, filled with lovely women whose gay smiles were answered by the courtly cavaliers who rode beside them. In the most brilliant of the carriages she saw herself, happiest and most admired of all. Or perhaps it was a ball room where, in a costume of unimagined grace and beauty, she floated on in a never ending waltz to strains of longing, beseeching, tender music.

She did not say much and she did nothing, but the inward coolness became daily more apparent. Before Claire was born, Mr. Whitwell, who was by no means without knowledge of human nature, fully realized that he had made a mistake; that is, he realized it from his own standpoint. He accepted the fact that the solitude in which he chose to spend the remainder of his life was not to be cheered, as he had hoped, by the loving devotion and gentle mirth of a young wife. Looking around for something to take the place of the relaxation which he had planned, he happened on a friend who was a celebrated microscopist. He plunged into the study of microbiology, and, fired with an amateur's zeal, began to form a collection which he intended to bequeath to Harvard University as a memorial of himself.

Winter passed, and Claire was born. For a little while Rose amused herself with the baby, as with a new toy ; but with the spring and returning strength all the old longings took possession of her, and finally found expression. She wrote to her mother, and obtained the desired invitation. Armed with her mother's letter she went into the library, where Mr. Whitwell sat poring over his microscope, in which he had just placed a new and rare atom.

"Mama writes that she wishes very much to see me," she said. "She asks that I should come across as early as possible. They are going to Paris for May and June, and she wishes me to go with them. Have you any objection?"

Mr. Whitwell looked up carelessly.

"It is out of the question," he said. "I cannot possibly leave my work at present."

She hesitated for a moment, then with charming politeness bowed in acknowledgement of the weighty importance of his work.

"No, mama does not dare to hope that you will be able to come with me, but she

says that Augustine can take me over perfectly well. She has crossed so many times."

Suddenly Mr. Whitwell seemed to understand. He pushed his chair back from the table, took his glasses off, and regarded her steadily. It would not do to make a mistake now.

"If you go you will have to leave the child here. I cannot consent that she should go."

For a moment her eyes quailed, and her color came and went.

"I agree with you. It is better that she should stay."

A few days later, Mr. Whitwell wrote to his sister : " Rose has gone to France to her mother. She will not return, and I shall need your help and advice in the care of the child."

At the same time, on the deck of the outgoing steamer, Rose Whitwell walked up and down with light and airy tread. She watched the hills and headlands as the ship left them behind, and felt the chains of ennui and weariness drop from her with each point that faded from sight. Her pulses throbbed, her eyes shone, and she said in a low, happy tone to herself, " Ah! *mon Dieu!* How delicious it is to be free ! "

There was never any scandal. It was understood at first that Mrs. Whitwell would return in the autumn; then that she was not very strong, that she was spending the winter in a milder climate, and would come back in the spring. Gradually people forgot to ask for her. Claire grew up chiefly under Mrs. Atterbury's care, although Mr. Whitwell selected her schools, and considered himself in every respect a model father. Her vacations were spent with her aunt ; Robert and Dave always hoped to find her there when they came home from school.

Her pale ivory skin, black eyes, and soft yellow hair made a combination of color that always attracted the attention of strangers. They would look at her as they passed, then turn and look again. The charm she had for those who knew her was, however, not in her beauty, but in the witchery of her impulsive, passionate, French nature, mingled as it was with occasional moods of puritanical and almost preternatural gravity.

Each year she received two or three letters from her mother. They were always accompanied by some little gift, and always expressed the hope of seeing her soon. Just before the time when Robert went away with Dave on their useless search for health and life, Mr. Whitwell died, quite suddenly. After the funeral was over Mrs. Atterbury closed the old house, and took Claire home with her. They had telegraphed to Mrs. Whitwell, but neither Claire nor her aunt had any thought that the change would bring her nearer to them. Great was their surprise when, on the arrival of the next French steamer, Mrs. Whitwell presented herself in person.

Time had dealt gently with her, and in the clinging robes and long veil of her widowhood she looked even younger than she was. Her demonstrative joy at seeing Claire, her tender, caressing tones, and the little exclamations of delight over each beauty and grace which she found in the girl, completely won her daughter's heart ; and it was with joyful anticipations, if with present pain, that she made ready to accompany her mother back to France.

Troubles came so thick and fast to the Atterburys that they did not follow Claire Whitwell closely in her short career of pleasure. After a year or so, they received a letter, telling them that she was to be married to Peter Van Ruger Blethen. They had many sad misgivings when they read it. Robert knew Blethen very well ; had known him as a boy, and later in college. He had not seen him for several years, but he knew that Blethen could not be such a man as he would have wished his warm hearted, impressionable little cousin to marry. There was nothing to be done, however. Robert and his mother were in southern California, watching the slow days take with them the little remaining strength of their dear invalid. The wedding would be over before they could interfere, even if their interference would accomplish anything ; so they sent kind wishes and hoped for the best.

A few months later Robert received a letter from a friend who was a student in Paris. It gave him some unpleasant details regarding the affair, and confirmed his misgivings about it. The letter told him that Van Ruger had been living at a terrible pace, and that both his doctor and banker had whistled down breaks ; that the former had strongly advised him to marry and settle down ; that the devil, in the shape of a mutual friend, had pointed out Claire to him, and suggested that it might be amusing to marry her, adding that she was young, very pretty, and that her ample fortune would repair the ravages which the pleasures of the past had made in his own.

Later, from time to time, they learned that the Blethens had returned to Boston,

had opened the family house on Commonwealth Avenue, and were entertaining a number of their friends from Paris with every kind of pleasure and amusement which the vicinity offered. Claire's letters were infrequent, but Mrs. Atterbury supposed this to be owing to the press of her social engagements, and did not consider it seriously.

VI.

ROBERT seated himself in the car which was going into Boston, and for the first time tried to understand Blethen's note. What in the world did it mean? Claire gone! Where and how? Neither his knowledge nor his imagination came to his assistance; but of one thing he was certain—there was bitter trouble involved in the mystery, and already he began to feel his sympathies rallying around Claire. She might have been rash and foolish, but nothing more, he was sure. The nearer he drew to town the less he desired to see Van Ruger, and when he arrived at his door it required all of his almost brotherly love for Claire to make him ring the bell.

"Mr. Blethen is waiting for you," the servant said.

Robert went up into the old rooms, where he had occasionally called years before. Blethen was sitting at his writing table, smoking. His face was gloomy almost to ferociousness, but he sprang up and greeted Robert eagerly.

"You are very kind to come so soon," he said. "Have you just come in? The train was late, I suppose. It always is late. Sit down. It is dreadfully hot. Will you take something—a cigar, brandy and soda, or anything? I am in a deuce of a row, or I would not have troubled you."

Robert took a cigar, and, after lighting it, sat in silence, waiting. Slowly the eagerness died out of Blethen's face. He seemed to find some difficulty in beginning.

"You see," he said, "Claire lived so much with you when she was on this side that I thought you would be just the one to know where to look for her. It is deuced awkward, because I cannot make any inquiries. Of course the most important thing is to keep people from finding out that I do not know where she is." Then, replying to a look of Robert's, he went on, "Oh, no, I am not alarmed about her, not in the least. She is too"—he hesitated, and substituted "timid" for the word which had come to him first—"too timid to do herself any harm, but what I want is to prevent any scandal, any notoriety, don't you know? It is so damned disagreeable to a fellow to have his wife talked about."

"Perhaps you had better tell me all about it," Robert said.

"Well," said Blethen, "you know, or rather you don't know, that we have been spending the summer at my little cottage up on the North Shore. I took Claire there because it is just the place for her now; cool and near the water and very quiet. She is not in a condition to wish to see people, and I thought it would suit her perfectly. She is rather difficult at the best of times, as you probably know, but since she has not been well she has been simply impossible. I am not telling you this to find fault, however; only because you will have to know that there have been scenes; sometimes because I did not go down, sometimes because I did. Any way, yesterday morning I telegraphed to her that I would be detained by business until very late, and so would not be down. In the afternoon I went out for a spin along the river, when who should come along but Leslie Fay, an old friend of mine, as you may remember. There is absolutely no one in town, and she looked so longingly at me that I had not the heart to refuse her, so I drew up and told her to jump in. She has a lot of sense. She took a thick veil out of her pocket and tied it over her face so that no one in the world would have known her. We drove for an hour or so, and were just coming into town. I was thinking where I had better leave Leslie when we came around a corner right upon the Evanston carriage. Emma Evanston was on the front seat with the driver, and on the back seat, with Mrs. Evanston, who but Claire herself! She leaned forward and looked at us. I whipped up and we passed like a flash, but I saw that she turned pale and looked at me with positive hatred. Of course I shook Leslie as soon as possible, and came here. She was not here. Then I went to the Evanston house. They were just starting back to the shore, and said they had left Claire here. Then I came back." His face changed a little. "She was not here, but I found evidence that she had been. Then I went down to the cottage. She was not there, and the servant said that she had gone for a drive with the Evanstons and had not come back with them. That was all I could find out. I instructed the servant to telegraph me if she returned, and then came back to town. Today I have been everywhere where there seemed to be the least chance of finding

her. It is pretty hard work, going about in this infernal heat, and it's a damned outrage, too! The silly girl! It all comes from the ridiculous way in which girls are brought up. It is not enough that they are kept absolutely ignorant of the world as it really is, but they have a lot of the most absurd prejudices, so that an ordinary man of the world, such as I am, has no idea what to do with them. I can tell you, a man has little idea what he is in for when he gets married."

"Perhaps it would be as well not to discuss that," said Robert, "but to try and find Claire."

"Yes, that is what I want. And now, have you any idea where she would be likely to go? Any old friends or something of that sort? She is only trying to frighten or annoy me, or both."

Robert had said almost nothing. He felt a positive loathing for Blethen, and yet he was sorry for him, too. The years had written their story on his face, and Robert read there how absolutely unfit he was to solve any real problem of life, or to meet any emergency in a manly, straightforward way. Weak, dissolute, and self indulgent, he could understand nothing except from the standpoint of his own desires.

"What do you suppose Claire thought when she saw you driving with Leslie?" Robert finally asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has such high and mighty ideas about everything; she does not think a man has a right to any liberty."

"Does she know of your former relations with Leslie?"

Blethen moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"I am afraid she does," he answered. "You see, Atterbury, I am not a bad fellow at all. I only do what everybody else does; and by Jove, I did not know that a girl could be as ignorant and prejudiced as Claire was when we were married. I give you my word I was as innocent of any intentional offense as a babe unborn, the first time I told her a funny story which was going the rounds. She turned on me as if I were not fit for her to walk on, and asked what kind of people I had lived with to know such things. She actually forbade me ever to tell her such a thing again. Since then she has always been more or less suspicious, and I do not know how much she knows. But the question is, do you think that you can find her?"

"I think I can find her; indeed, I know that I *will* find her," Robert answered. "I am not going to discuss the matter with you, Blethen, but I may as well say that I do not think it probable that she will come back to you."

A spasm of something like real pain crossed Blethen's weak face, and instantly gave place to a look of passionate anger.

"Damn it all!" he broke out. "I would be glad enough to cut the whole thing, and be rid of her, if it were not for what people will say. Why a man wants to tie himself to a whining, puritanical wife, when there are plenty of women who know how to make themselves agreeable and keep their own places, is more than I know."

He was walking up and down the room, his eyes bloodshot, his voice quivering with passion.

"She has got to come back, I say. I won't be treated in this way. I won't be made the laughing stock of the whole town by the damned little——" He did not finish the sentence. Robert caught his arm, and one look into Atterbury's face silenced him. He threw himself into his chair, and, putting his head upon the table, burst into hysterical sobs.

"I will send you word in the morning whether I have found her or not." So saying, Robert went out and closed the door. He walked away with a heavy heart. "The man is a coward, and more than half a liar too," he said to himself. He knew the story had been only half told. At the end of the room he had seen an uncleared table which had been laid for two, and beside the wine glasses lay a woman's glove, a long evening glove, and on the floor were faded Devoniensis roses.

VII.

ROBERT did not hesitate as to the direction in which he should first look for Claire. In the porter's lodge, at the gate of the house where she was born, lived her old nurse. Robert had little doubt that he would find her there. It was now nine o'clock, and the heat was still insupportable. He hurried as fast as possible in order to catch the nine thirty train for Concord.

When he arrived at the lodge everything was in darkness, except that a dim light shone under the blinds of the front room. Robert smiled to see it; his question was already answered. In response to his knock, he heard heavy steps ascend the stairs, and in a minute the upper window was slowly raised and old Nancy put her head cautiously out.

"Who be you?" she asked.

"Nancy, it is I, Robert Atterbury. Will you let me in?"

"For the Lord's sake," she ejaculated. "It's Mr. Robert. Whatever shall I do?"

"Come, Nancy, be quick, please," Robert said. "I am very tired."

The old woman came down stairs, talking to herself, and opened the door a little way, evidently in doubt as to what she ought to do. Robert pushed it open and entered.

"Where is Mrs. Blethen?" he asked.

He closed the outer door, and put out his hand to open that of the front room.

"No, no; ye mustn't go in there," old Nancy began.

Robert had opened the door; he stood on the threshold, and Claire was before him. She lay on the black haircloth sofa, her eyes red and swollen from much crying, her whole attitude expressive of absolute despair. She rose to her feet and turned angrily toward Robert, evidently thinking it was her husband who had come. When she saw who it was she sat down.

"Robert! You here? What have you come for?" she asked coldly.

"To find you, dear," he answered. "Are you not glad to see me?"

"No. I shall never be glad of anything again," she said.

She did not look at him again, nor speak to him. She sat with her hands clasped before her, her head bowed in utter misery, her eyes fixed on the floor. Robert gazed at her with absolute wonder. Could two short years have changed the gay, debonair girl whom he remembered into this hollow eyed, stern, and unbeautiful woman? He did not know what to do or say.

"Well," she finally said, "I suppose you agree with Van Ruger. He says no woman who looks as I do could expect a man to stay with her. You evidently think so, too. You had better go back and sympathize with him. I do not want you here, you may be sure. One thing, since you have come, you may as well tell him—that I shall stay here. And he shall not come here; tell him that, too. I will never see him again, and never enter his house again; tell him that please, and make it very plain to him."

"I am not going back just now, Claire," he said, "and when I do go it will not be to Blethen. You know we have just come home, mother and I, and we hoped——"

She sprang up and went to him, the tears filling her eyes.

"Oh, Robert, forgive me," she said. "I am so selfish and so wicked. I forgot for a moment. Poor Dave! Poor, darling auntie! I have grieved so for it all. I have so longed to go to you. Did you think it very strange that I did not come when Dave grew worse? I wanted to, oh so much; but I couldn't." She added bitterly, "I never can do anything that I want to now. Tell me about auntie, and about Dave, too, if you can."

So Robert talked to her, quietly and sadly, holding her hand in his. In a little while she seemed quite her old self again.

"Mother will come out for you tomorrow," he said, "and you will come home with her, will you not?"

"No," she said, "no, Robert. I will not go away from here. I can stay here away from every one, and bury my misery. Oh, you do not know, you cannot imagine, what I have suffered; all the shame and degradation and horror of the past year. *That*, at least, I have ended; I will never go back to it again, never."

"I do not ask you to go back to Blethen," he said, "but only to come to us now. You can decide everything else afterwards."

She got up and moved away from him.

"No," she said. "I do not want you to help me, nor any one else. No one can help me; there is no cure for me. I am ill, and wretched, and wicked. Yes, wicked," she repeated, and her eyes began to blaze and her cheeks to flush. "I suffer horribly, but I would endure anything, anything, to make him suffer as I do. He said to me yesterday, 'You are a pretty looking wife for a man to come home to. Perhaps you think it amuses me to play sick nurse,' and then he went off to amuse himself with—those other women, whom he likes so much better than he does me. He says they know their business, and that a man does not have them dragging around after him all the time. I feel so degraded, so loathsome, and, oh, how I envy them! Yes, I do. I envy them. Do they have this to bear? Are they old, and ugly, and ill?"

She was wringing her hands now and sobbing violently.

"Don't Claire, please don't," Robert said; "if not for your own sake, then——"

"Hush!" she said. "Don't finish it. I will not be careful for its sake. I want it to die. What do you suppose I want it for? I tell you I hate it. Look at what it has done for me—and I cannot get away, I cannot do anything. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Suddenly she came to Robert and knelt beside him, clasping her hands on his knee and looking up at him with wild, frightened eyes.

"Oh, Robert," she whispered, "I am so afraid, so terribly afraid. I cannot bear it, the horrible pain, and—I am so afraid—I am *sure* that I am going to die. Oh, I cannot die; I cannot die!"

She sank to the floor, completely prostrated. Robert lifted her up and laid her on the sofa. Then he sat down beside her. Softly as a mother soothes a suffering child, he quieted her, talking in tender tones and comforting words. Slowly the sobs ceased, and by and by she slept.

Morning had dawned when Nancy came in, and they succeeded in putting a pillow under Claire's head without waking her. Then, without waiting for even a cup of coffee, Robert started for the train. He thought he would go home, and tell Mrs. Atterbury what he had done, and leave Claire in her hands, while he took the rest of which he stood in so great need.

VIII.

When Robert opened the door and stepped out, he thought the cool air which struck him was only the morning freshness; but when he came out into the road he found that one of the sudden changes of the New England climate was upon them. The temperature had fallen many degrees, and the east wind was blowing strong and cold from the ocean. His thin summer clothes offered slight protection to his already exhausted frame.

He hurried on, but before he reached the train he knew that he had taken cold. That unmistakable sense of great fatigue, which seems to start in the bones and to creep over the whole body, gave warning of a coming chill. He fought against it. He summoned all his strength of will and purpose to oppose the enemy whose approach struck terror to his soul; but it was in vain. Huddled together in one corner of the car, where he tried to shelter himself, he shook from head to foot, and his teeth chattered.

When the train reached Boston, he called a cabman, took a blanket that had covered the man's horse, and, telling him to drive at once to Dr. Newton's, sprang into the cab. The horse started off at a quick pace, and the vehicle jolted over a rough pavement. Robert swayed forward, then put his handkerchief to his mouth to meet the rush of warm blood which filled it. He looked at the crimson stain, and knew his fate.

"Oh, my love, my precious love," he moaned.

Rapidly there passed before him the closing scenes of his father's life and of Dave's, and he felt that they were about to be repeated in his own. It was horrible! Life had just become so beautiful, so wonderful. He cowered before the blow, and Death triumphed over him.

* * * *

Weeks passed. Robert's mother watched and tended him with ceaseless devotion, but with a breaking heart. For himself, he submitted to all the wearisome round of medical treatment without question and without hope. He wished that his mother and the doctor should feel, afterwards, that they had done what they could; but he had no expectation of being better.

Before his mind there was continually the one thing which he had still to do. That thing accomplished, they might do what seemed good to them.

"We must get him away," the doctor said. "The disease is not yet settled, and in a milder climate, with good care, he may have many years yet before him. I think a voyage on a good clipper ship is the best thing for him. If he goes at once he will get into the south before the cold weather has really come, and the warm sea air may do wonders for him."

"I am not a very good sailor, but of course I shall go with him," Mrs. Atterbury said. "We will stay together as long as we can."

Her voice quivered, but she would not give way to her grief. Already she felt the coming of the days when Grief and she would sit together at her desolate hearth, and she forbade his presence now.

"I do not understand Robert's great depression," she added. "Usually, in these cases, the last person to be convinced of danger is the patient; but he has been hopeless from the first."

The doctor looked very grave.

"That complicates matters," he said. "There may be something on his mind, or his nerves may be unstrung."

The doctor, who was also Mrs. Atterbury's life long friend, had a painful duty to perform. He felt that it was necessary to oppose her, but he did it with infinite tenderness, gentleness.

"My dear Mrs. Atterbury," he said, "if you will be guided by me, you will not go with Robert. Not on your own account, of course, but because it will be far better for him to be in the care of a young, strong, light hearted man; one who, while taking intelligent care of him, will not himself be depressed by anxious fears. Now, John Richards has just returned from Berlin.

He is a full fledged M. D., and he wishes to come into my office. I like him very much, and have been thinking of taking him to relieve me of some of my night duties. Suppose we see if he would not like to go on this voyage with your son? It seems to me that he would fulfil all the requirements of the case."

The blow struck home. Mrs. Atterbury bowed her head in silent agony, but mother-like she resigned her last sad pleasure to even a faint hope of prolonging her son's life.

When they told the plan to Robert, he listened without interest, recognizing in it only one step of the well known path. After his mother and the doctor had left the room he ordered the nurse to bolster him up with pillows, and to give him pencil and paper. He was white when he began to write, and the cheek bones seemed ready to protrude through the transparent skin. As he wrote, bright, hectic spots burned red on his cheeks. He began slowly:

Beloved, I must be strong for your dear sake——

There he stopped, looked at what he had written, and tore it up. "I need not tell her that I must be strong," he thought. "I must be really so." He leaned back on the pillows and closed his eyes. From under the lids two bitter tears found way, and on his forehead stood great drops of sweat. Again he took the pencil and this is what he wrote:

Beloved, a great calamity has befallen us. I am stricken down by the same fatal disease which has taken so many of my family. There is no hope; I am already as a man dead.

What can I do for you, O my love? Would that my arms might be around you when you feel this blow, that my breast might receive the tears which you will shed for me. I know, my love, all that you would say, all that you would wish to do; *but I will not have it so. I give you up.*

What can you do for me, dearest? I will tell you. *Live.* From this deathbed let my voice reach your soul and give you help and strength. Live out all the grand possibilities of your great woman's nature.

Give way to your grief for a little while, dear love; then rise to meet what life brings to you. I see her coming, in her hands all joys and pains, wifehood, motherhood. Fulfil yourself, beloved, and do not let me cast a shadow upon you. I, who owe to you all the bliss of my life, *bless you.*

When he had sealed the letter he sent the man out to post it and lay quietly back upon the pillow. Presently his mother bent over him, listening to his breathing. He opened his eyes and looked at her, and she smiled at him—one of those heart breaking smiles, so much sadder than tears. His lips moved and she stooped low to catch the faint sound.

"The bitterness of death is passed," he said.

* * * *

That night he slept well, and the next he seemed better and stronger, so that the doctor, who was impatient to get him off, urged that he should go on one of the steamers to Aspinwall and then cross over to Panama, where he could get a ship bound for some of the South Pacific Islands. He made no objection to anything, so in less than a week he was carried on board a steamer and, with Dr. Richards, was southward bound.

The days were wonderful in the beauty of the Indian summer. The doctor put Robert on a long steamer chair, where the warm salt air was around him and the sun shone on him. He lay, looking now at the blue sky, now, as the great ship rolled from side to side, at the heaving billows. He recognized all the soothing influences around him, and he thought they were ministrant angels who were lulling him to his last sleep. He had no more to do on sea or shore; he had made his last perfect sacrifice; now he had but to wait.

But God's angels come with healing in their wings.

(*To be continued.*) on page 170

THE GREAT BALKAN INTRIGUE.

The true story of the Vacaresco incident, which almost drove Charles of Roumania from his throne—Carmen Sylva's part in a romance that proved to be a conspiracy.

"IN our century of prose and reality love has for once manifested its power despite all opposition. It is from the land of the sun, from the land of Carmen Sylva, who sings from the heart and soul—it is from Roumania that this ray of light comes," wrote Queen Elizabeth in the summer of 1891, while her kingdom trembled with the excitement caused by the Vacaresco incident. "Prince Ferdinand and Helène," she continued, "stand before us a precious example of valiant love, braving the thousand storms raised by the shadow of that crown which hovers over the young man's head. The Roumanians will applaud their union, and all truly patriotic hearts will beat with joy when the happy couple plight their troth at the altar."

Today the poet queen, resting among the verdure clad mountains of Sinaia at the picturesque castle of Pelesh, in harmony with her husband and people, surrounded by friends, respected and honored by the great dignitaries of state, blushes as she recalls these pages from her diary. Her romantic friendship for her former maid of honor, which was ended by the king's order despite Elizabeth's hysteric protests and impotent threats—this fanciful attachment that came near wrecking her throne, proved to be a one sided, sentimental illusion, as her majesty is now well aware. The gentle Helène was long ago unmasked as an adventuress, and the lovelorn Ferdinand has for two years been the contented husband of another woman.

Three summers ago, the most sanguine observer would not have dared anticipate so happy and prosaic a solution of the imbroglio that set the war ministers of all Europe to overhaul their marching orders. The writer, at the time, was a foreign correspondent stationed in Vienna, and the passage just quoted from the queen's diary was among the choice bits of gossip that reached his office from her majesty's "cabinet" in Bucharest, the communications being invariably signed "Schaeffer, Her Majesty's Secretary."

They say journalists are born, like strategic and poetic geniuses. Bismarck is of opinion that they are men who have missed their proper vocation. Both maxims fit the case of Schaeffer. A journalist by the grace of nature, he became amanuensis to a royal mistress who dealt in anything but facts.

I have read through several of Carmen Sylva's romances, but none of them—nor even her majesty's translation of the "Songs of the Dimbovitza," gathered by Helène Vacaresco among the gipsies—wild and unreal as they are, can compare, as works of untrammeled imagination, with the version of the Vacaresco affair sent out by the queen's secretary on official, crowned, and crest laden paper. It was all in the general key of the queen's diary effusions—unbridled, rhapsodical, of childlike artlessness, presupposing a state of the public mind which hardly existed in the days of the troubadours. Denuded of highfalutin phrases, endless periods, fulsome declarations, hysterics and hyperbole, the queen's typewritten statements were to the effect that her nephew, Prince Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the crown of Roumania, had fallen desperately in love with the young and innocent Helène Vacaresco, who was a lady of the court of Bucharest, a renowned poetess, and daughter of a noble family; that she—Carmen Sylva—had permitted the couple to become engaged; that they were man and wife before God's altar, and that the people of Roumania were eager to hail Helène as their future queen.

Photographs exhibiting the queen, Prince Ferdinand, and Helène, posed together in a loving group, were inclosed, and the sympathies of the correspondents enlisted on the plea of chivalry.

Of course, when a queen—and, forsooth, a lovely woman—unbends to ask favors of a handful of journalists in a foreign country, the readers whom they serve are liable to become her majesty's converts. Oh, the wonderful romances concerning the royal trio we telegraphed and cabled to all parts

of the globe, during the fortnight when we put our trust in the loquacious and sly Schaeffer! Alas, the lovely mess of crow upon which we dined a little later!

The Roumanians, and particularly Bucharest society, do not incline to prudery. While the love making between Helène and Ferdinand was the theme of general gossip in the capital, it excited little more than passing comment. Not until the foreign press busied itself with the case, and declared it an affair of state, did the journals of the kingdom take cognizance of the subject. Then, at the mere mention of the fact that the crown prince intended to *marry* Mlle. Vacaresco, there arose a storm that threatened to sweep King Charles from his throne. Ministry, court, and people had at last discovered a point on which they could agree, and declared themselves bitterly opposed to the contemplated mésalliance. "It is not love that inspires the Vacaresco woman," they vociferated; "it is treason, tempered by blackmail." And Prince Ferdinand was characterized as a "noodle—just such an imbecile as an ambitious woman would victimize."

Helène Vacaresco.

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

The queen was abused in even more shameful style. Two days after the scandal had become noised about in Bucharest, I saw a caricature of Carmen Sylva posted in

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva")
From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

the neighborhood of the royal palace. It represented the queen as she entered Roumania, poor, bare headed, and in a dress much the worse for wear—a German *Aschenbroedel*. A companion picture exhibited her majesty as a person grown rich and puissant by the bounty of her people, dealing out royal crowns to her inferiors.

This cartoon, the more objectionable as it affected a semblance of truth, was permitted to disgrace the dead walls for many hours, and hundreds of thousands came in steady procession to look and gloat over the coarse likeness. Then came the queen's journey to Venice, which was nothing short of flight, followed by rumors of divorce and of King Charles' abdication. The uproar lasted five or six weeks, finally to be quieted by the reports of a visit paid by the king to his ailing wife, in company with the premier, the secretary of the ministerial council, and a number of other officials. The nucleus of a settlement of the whole affair was then and there agreed upon. Elizabeth consented to discharge Mlle. Vacaresco and secretary Schaeffer, withdrew her approval of the contemplated match between Helène and Ferdinand, and promised not to interfere in her husband's selection of a wife for the heir presumptive. A month or so later she was moved to Neuwied, the residence of her brother, the Prince of Wied. There she remained in seclusion until October last, when she returned to her kingdom a changed woman, a queen who had profited by the political lessons that had been taught her.

At present Carmen Sylva is holding court on Mount Sinaia, a district which the royal authoress has charmingly described in "Tales of the Pelesh." The Roumanian sovereign's summer residence is the Mecca of hundreds of scientists, artists, and literary men and women, every season. There one meets no end of celebrities, and all are cordially welcomed by king and queen, who

Charles, King of Roumania.

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

give each a day or two to become thoroughly acquainted, and then politely proffer their regrets that the guest's departure should be made necessary by the host of other names on the court marshal's invitation list.

At Pelesh Queen Elizabeth and her ladies wear the national costume, a motley garb, the most unusual feature of which is the apron, worn at the back, and made of damask silk of a very delicate red, streaked with silver threads. A chemise of white wool, very soft and fine, and richly embroidered at the neck, sleeves, and edgings, serves for a waist.

Carmen Sylva has a classical mouth, a musical voice, deep set eyes of light blue, and teeth of pearly whiteness. Her wavy hair is prematurely white, but her tall, fine figure stands as erect as ever. Her majesty's complexion is fresh and healthy, her step elastic, and her whole manner winsome.

Behold, in contrast to this truly royal woman, her quondam "friend" and all but destroyer—Helène Vacaresco. Below medium height, dark skinned, of full figure, she has thick lips, an abundance of raven tresses, and a smooth, round forehead. Like most ancient families of Roumania, the

house of Vacaresco claims Roman origin. All its members of this generation are essentially French in training and tastes. Besides Helène and her parents, there are two brothers and a sister. The latter married a Catargi, a member of the family which dethroned the former ruler of the Roumanian country, Prince Couza, in spite of the fact that he had a son, Demetrius by name, by leagues. The Bucharest government today possesses positive documentary evidence that the love affair between the crown prince and Mlle. Helène was the result of a conspiracy entered into by the Vacaresco family to the end of driving King Charles to abdication and of enthroning Demetrius, Carmen Sylva being their unconscious tool, and Russia furnishing the funds. Secretary

The Crown Princess of Roumania and Her Eldest Son
From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

the elder Catargi's sister. This boy, heir to all the Couza millions—stolen millions, by the way—is the favorite candidate of the Panslavist party in Russia and the Balkans for the Roumanian throne, and herein lies the key of the historical intrigue of which we have been speaking.

The father and brothers of the young woman who aspired to the Roumanian crown, share her unpleasant characteristics. Through Helène's influence they secured high positions in the diplomatic service, four or five years ago, but wherever they went—to Belgrade, Vienna, or Rome—they gained a most unenviable reputation, and were treated with contempt by their colSchaeffer, who has been a fugitive from justice for years, is known to have been a Russian agent.

While the removal of King Charles from the throne, and the demolition of the rampart that blocks Russia's way to Bulgaria and Constantinople, was the chief issue involved, the Vacarescos, as usual, had private irons in the fire. By extortion—or, to be more explicit, by common blackmail—they succeeded in fleecing both the king and queen out of hush money to the amount of several million francs. The authorities have proof of all this, and the Vacarescos need but lift their hand against the crown to be clapped into jail

under charges of high treason. Thanks to this fact, Mlle. Helène's threatened memoirs have never seen the light of a printing office; and for the same reason the world has been spared a perusal of the love letters indited by Prince Ferdinand to his aunt's wily maid of honor.

Mlle. Helène differs from the rest of her family in that she is highly educated, and has really brilliant talent. Many years of her life have been passed in Paris, where she obtained a reputation as one of the clever young women who sat at the feet of Victor Hugo. This famous patron corrected her verses, and probably for that reason her "Chants d'Aurore" won a prize from the French Academy, seven or eight years ago. She also published a volume of Roumanian folk songs, "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," already mentioned as translated by Carmen Sylva.

Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania.
From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

Prince Ferdinand was only twenty six when he achieved notoriety as the lover of a clever woman four years his senior in age, and twenty in knowledge of the world. He is the second son of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and was originally intended to spend his life as a German officer, drilling recruits or riding at the head of a regiment or two. King Charles, his uncle, having no son of his own, selected him for the post, it is said, as the candidate least calculated to excite the suspicions and jealousies of the great powers. That may be true or not; it is quite certain, however, that Ferdinand, since his marriage to the eldest daughter of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has given evidence of increased mental activity and of devotion to his military and administrative duties. His clever wife, the Princess Marie Alexandra, a bride of two years, has presented her husband with as many bouncing babies, and Roumania has its wished for male heir. She is deservedly popular with all classes, and, being a granddaughter of Czar Alexander II, as well as of Queen Victoria, guarantees Russia's sympathetic tolerance of the *status quo*, which is an excellent thing in the Balkans.

King Charles, who won military distinction in the war with Turkey, is a ruler of twenty nine years' experience, and a firm adherent of the Triple Alliance. He is a fine looking man, famous for boldness, grit, and perseverance. His very crown denotes as much, being constructed of hammered steel, the metal of Turkish cannons captured by his own hands at Plevna.

As a younger son of the house of Hohenzollern, he was called to the throne in his twenty seventh year, when holding a lieutenantship in the second Prussian dragoons. He entered his country gripsack in hand, and with a posse of Austrian gendarmes at his heels. "First class promotion for a lieutenant, at any rate," said Bismarck at the time.

Henry W. Fischer.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SINCE the death of her husband by an assassin's knife, Mme. Carnot, widow of the late martyred President of the French Republic, has been living in strict seclusion; but that she is not forgotten by the people of France has been shown by the warm and repeated expressions of public sympathy she has received.

She was a Mlle. Dupont White, the daughter of a prominent politician of the second republic. She was twenty when she was married, in 1865, to M. Carnot. The match was not considered as a brilliant one. Her husband was a young engineer, the bearer of a historic name, but possessed of a very slender fortune. His rise, however, was rapid, and much of his success was due to the tact and popularity of his wife.

Always a devoted mother, Mme. Carnot is more than ever attached to her children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, is married and herself the mother of a son and daughter. The eldest son, Sadi, holds a lieutenant's commission in the French army, and may one day repeat the achievements of his father and of his great grandfather. The others, Victor and François, have not yet completed their education.

Mme. Sadi Carnot.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

* * * *

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has a theory that you ought to devote all your energy to the work you have on hand; that you should not divide your interest and fritter your time away on a great many things. He is himself a good example of the success of this theory. He has followed it carefully, and he has been an eminently useful member of the New York State Legislature, an admirable civil service commissioner, and he is now the energetic and practical "reform" president of the board of police commissioners of the City of New York.

There is a cheerful and courteous aspect about police headquarters now that has never been there before, and Roosevelt not only sets an example for the employees in the building, but he insists that they shall be considerate of the feelings of every caller. The old woman in the sunbonnet can ask questions of the brass buttoned young man in charge of the elevator with the same impunity that the police commissioner himself enjoys, and receive the same sort of an answer. Courtesy to citizens is one of the principles on which the reformed police force is based. Its members are instructed to recognize the taxpayer as their employer, and show him the deference due. Mr. Roosevelt is gaining a practical knowledge of the workings of the police system by looking after all its details in person. A woman came to the commissioner a

few days ago and waited patiently in the outer office until Mr. Roosevelt made one of his periodical visitations. When he asked her what she wanted, she told him that her husband, a member of the force, allowed her only three dollars a week, and abused her shamefully.

"I will look into the matter and see that justice is done you so far as I can," said the commissioner.

The woman started to tell him of the language her husband had used to her.

"I haven't time for that," said Mr. Roosevelt, pleasantly but firmly. "Your case shall have full attention."

A little later the commissioner said to Acting Chief Conlin, "Call officer so and so before the board. I don't know what authority we have in this matter, but I am going to tell him that he cannot abuse his wife, and that he must provide for her better. We don't want men on the force who do not care for their wives."

Men seeking appointments come to the commissioner in swarms. He smilingly refers them to the civil service board. If they are known to him personally, he tells them that so far as character is concerned he will be glad to recommend them, but that he has no power to go behind the action of the board.

The president of the Liquor Dealers' Association called to see the commissioner while the writer was in his office. He wanted to tell Mr. Roosevelt what power his association wielded, and what good or harm it could do. Mr. Roosevelt listened, and then told him pleasantly but positively that he did not care a snap of his fingers about the power of the association.

"I want to see justice done to you as to every one else," he said. "You shall have the protection of the laws, you may be sure, whether you are powerful or weak."

Mr. Roosevelt's offices are on the third floor of the building on Mulberry Street, which has been the headquarters of the police force for many years. Across the way are a couple of tenements, on the lower floors of which are the offices of the police reporters of the daily newspapers. From this point of vantage they can survey the building at all times, see who goes in and who comes out, and form their own judgment of what is going on inside. Occasionally they come forth from their dens and visit the office of the chief on the first floor, or that of Police Commissioner Roosevelt on the third.

In the outer room of Mr. Roosevelt's suite

Theodore Roosevelt.

is a big desk, standing between two windows, and a typewriter desk in the corner. In another corner stands a rack on which are the files of all the New York morning papers. All articles about the police board in these papers are marked in red, so that the commissioners can know each morning at a glance just what the journals are saying about them.

The second room is an anteroom to the third. In it sits the attendant who guards the commissioner's door. He is an officer in full uniform, and he takes visitors' cards in to Mr. Roosevelt. When several cards have accumulated, the commissioner comes out, excusing himself if he has any visitors in his private office, and disposes one by one of the people who have been waiting to see him. It does not take him long to deal with them. If any one has business of importance, he makes an appointment for an hour when he can discuss the matter at

length. From about 9:30 until 11:30 the reception in the commissioner's outer office continues. Then, on days when the board holds meetings, the commissioner goes to join his colleagues. He comes out half an hour or an hour later and returns to his office, to receive more visitors, until one o'clock. He remains until four o'clock. He is up and down stairs a great deal, consulting with his colleagues and with the chief.

Wilhelmina Queen of Holland
From a photograph by Kameke, The Hague.

While Mr. Roosevelt has other ambitions than thief catching or managing a force of four thousand police officers, he is content for the present with the reform work. This he is doing with energy and success.

* * * *

In less than four years little Wilhelmina will be Queen of the Netherlands *de facto*, with power to select her ministers, her councilors of state, and her husband.

For some time the atmosphere of The Hague has been hazy with political intrigue. Every royal house of Europe—except the Roman Catholic families—that has a marriageable prince to offer, has designs upon Wilhelmina's hand. Quite recently Count Rantzau, the German ambassador at the Dutch court, was recalled on the plea that his father in law, Prince Bismarck, desired his society at Friedrichsruh. The real reason for his retirement may have been the ill success of his alleged mission to prevent the *entente cordiale* between the royal houses of the Netherlands and Great Britain. The Kaiser has six sons, and one of them, he thinks, would make a handsome prince consort to Wilhelmina, even if the Hollanders could not be persuaded to accept him as king. The King of Saxony and the irrepressible Coburgers — the old line as well as the new Edinburgh branch — have let Queen Emma know that several impecunious scions of their houses are waiting for an opportunity to offer their hand and heart to the young queen. The Tecks, the Battenbergs, and the princes of Schleswig-Holstein are in line, as a matter of course; but the most formidable candidate, so far, is Prince Albert of Belgium, son of the Count of Flanders. If Wilhelmina should choose him, their marriage might possibly lead towards a reunion of the Netherlands with Belgium, a state of affairs which France would not approve.

There is still another possibility weighing upon the mind of Queen Emma. Her daughter might prefer to remain single, and to designate a successor to the throne, according to the Dutch constitution. All these are questions of grave moment, which

Four Generations of English Royalty.

Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Edward of York.

may, in a few years, make Wilhelmina's life more burdensome than is that of her humblest subject.

* * * *

WHATEVER may be said regarding the probable duration of the English monarchy, there is certainly no present prospect of its coming to an end for lack of an heir to the throne. Should Victoria lay down her scepter, her son, her son's son, and her son's son's son are ready to take it up in their turns. A group that contains

William Morris.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

four generations of one family is always unusual; and when, as in the quartet pictured on page 41, they represent a sovereign and her heirs, apparent and presumptive, it is even more remarkable.

Eight or nine years ago there was published a similar photograph of four generations of the German imperial family. It was called "Hohenzollern Glück"; but the Hohenzollern luck was speedily changed by the death of two members of the royal quartet within a few months. It would be a strange repetition of history if any such fate should befall their cousins, the Coburg-Guelph dynasty of England.

* * * *

WILLIAM MORRIS is without doubt one of the most gifted and versatile men of his time. He has won brilliant success in a dozen different fields. He is a poet, designer, inventor, and manufacturer; he has his own weaving establishment, his printing house, and a dyeing plant of his own contrivance. To the tattered and homeless masses of London he is familiar as an orator of great power, in commercial circles he has the repute of a man of wealth, and among the lovers of art and literature he is hailed as a leader.

Morris has of late thrown himself heart and soul into the socialistic movement. He is a determined foe of the capitalistic system, which, he asserts, has killed the beautiful in the nineteenth century, and has plunged us into a morass of ugliness from which there seems no escape. His disgust with existing conditions is, however, tempered with an unbounded and optimistic belief in the future—differing in this from Ruskin, whose conception of a remedy for

present evils lay in a return to the primitive conditions of the past.

Mr. Morris is a tall man, of erect bearing, with keen eyes, a forceful brow, and a heavy gray beard. Like other members of the socialistic group to which he belongs, he has discarded the regulation form of modern attire, and dresses in soft hats, long cloaks, and shirts of cloth, after the fashion of a sailor.

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It is not so very long ago that E. Lawrence Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, was regarded by one portion of the reading public as a hopeless Utopian in political matters, a dreamer to whom the practical side of popular government had no meaning whatever; while another section of the community—that which patronizes the New York *Sun*, for instance—set him down as a common scold, a malignant Tory, opposed to the comfort, welfare, and prosperity of the "plain people"; a snob, a prig, a dyspeptic mugwump, and what not!

It is not our purpose to pass upon the various criticisms of which Mr. Godkin has been the object, but we are bound to admit that the main cause which he has championed so earnestly and so long, that of non partisan municipal government, has to a great extent become an accomplished fact in the metropolis, and to no single citizen is credit due for this achievement more than to him. For his persistent "pounding" of what he describes as the "powers of darkness," both in municipal affairs and in the ranks of the national parties, Mr. Godkin has aroused bitter animosities and has suffered virulent personal abuse—all of which, however, has not caused him to budge one

E. Lawrence Godkin.

John James Ingalls.
From a photograph by Kleckner, Atchison, Kansas.

inch from his position. He can now afford to look back with complacency on the last dozen years of his editorial career, for this period has witnessed the realization of many of his cherished dreams. His advocacy of Cleveland against Blaine in the campaign of 1884 is considered to have carried great weight with independent voters, if not to have actually turned the scale in Cleveland's favor. His onslaught on the "spoils system" contributed largely to the introduction of civil service reform methods all over the country, while his denunciations of the successive political heresies of the day have done much to form a correct and healthy public opinion.

Mr. Godkin's methods have often been criticised as unnecessarily harsh and aggressive; but, like Dr. Parkhurst, he doubtless believes that cancers are not to be cured with bread poultices. It should be remembered that he is a native of the Green Isle with Cromwellian as well as Celtic blood in his veins—an ideal combination, one would think, for fighting purposes. But aside from its scathing editorials, in which political evil doers are handled without gloves, and often with the "slangisms" of their own creation, Mr. Godkin's paper occupies a unique position in the daily press of America, as an exponent of what good English writing should be. Its avoidance of sensationalism, of all that panders to the morbid instincts of a portion of the community, has doubtless closed many sources of revenue to the *Post;* but it has placed the paper on its high plane, and made it one of the intellectual powers of the country.

* * * *

JOHN JAMES INGALLS of Kansas has announced his intention of appearing before the Legislature of his State as a candidate for the seat in the Senate now held by Mr. Peffer. Five years ago, when some one told Mr. Ingalls that a man named Peffer was a candidate for the seat he had held with such distinction, he asked rather scornfully, "Who is Peffer?" Mr. Ingalls has identified Peffer since.

The fame of Mr. Ingalls in public life was due largely to his power of invective. He possessed a remarkable speaking vocabulary,

gained by reading and study. He achieved a reputation as a coiner of phrases, made up frequently of words seldom used in ordinary conversation. He seldom made a speech that he did not use some phrase that lingered for many days after on the public tongue. He was a parliamentarian of recognized ability, and he owed to that fact, rather than to personal popularity, his election to the post of president *pro tempore* of the Senate, on the death of Vice President Hendricks. As a presiding officer he was generally recognized as fair, though some of his decisions were accounted partisan by his political opponents. He conspicuously refused to have anything to do with a scheme to ignore the Senate rules and pass the so called Force Bill in defiance of the protests of the Democrats.

The most remarkable speech which Mr. Ingalls made during his term in the Senate was a denunciation of the rich, made just before his retirement. This was commonly interpreted as a bid for the favor of the Populists in his State, and it lost him many friends. Some of the attacks he made upon his fellow members will live long in the traditions of the Senate. Notable among these were his assaults on Joe Brown of Georgia, and his famous combat with Senator Voorhees of Indiana.

Mr. Ingalls could always pack the Senate galleries when he spoke, and he was considered such an oratorical marvel that his friends thought he would be an instant success on the lecture platform. He began lecturing when he left the Senate; but the result was scarcely what had been expected, and presently he retired to Kansas, where he has been spending most of his time for the last four years, living on a farm, cultivating crops and public sentiment.

Mr. Ingalls is a hero in his own home. He is an affectionate husband and father, and he had no more earnest and attentive listeners, whenever he made a public speech, than his wife and daughter.

* * * *

SUSAN B. ANTHONY lays down the scepter of command in the women's movement, having, like Gladstone and Bismarck, set her standard of victory on the crumbling walls of the enemy's citadel. There are few figures so picturesquely impressive as this of the venerable champion of her sex. For more than half a century she has believed with all her heart, taught with all her might, and wrestled with herculean force against the powers of ignorance and despotism. She found her sex in the deeps of social and political inequality. She takes off her harness now with

Susan B. Anthony.
From a photograph by Veeder, Albany.

every woman in the land conscious at heart of her imprescriptible rights, and, in a measure, competent to enforce them.

Before the temperate persistency of Miss Anthony, all the old sophistries of the "unsexing" of women, the sepulchral train of evils supposed to be involved in admitting their equality, have become a derision and an emptiness. It was not for the "new woman," or the man woman, or the fantastic nondescript who outmans man, that Miss Anthony battled. Her plea was for the mother's right, the wife's prerogative, the maid's security before the law. All these have been substantially won.

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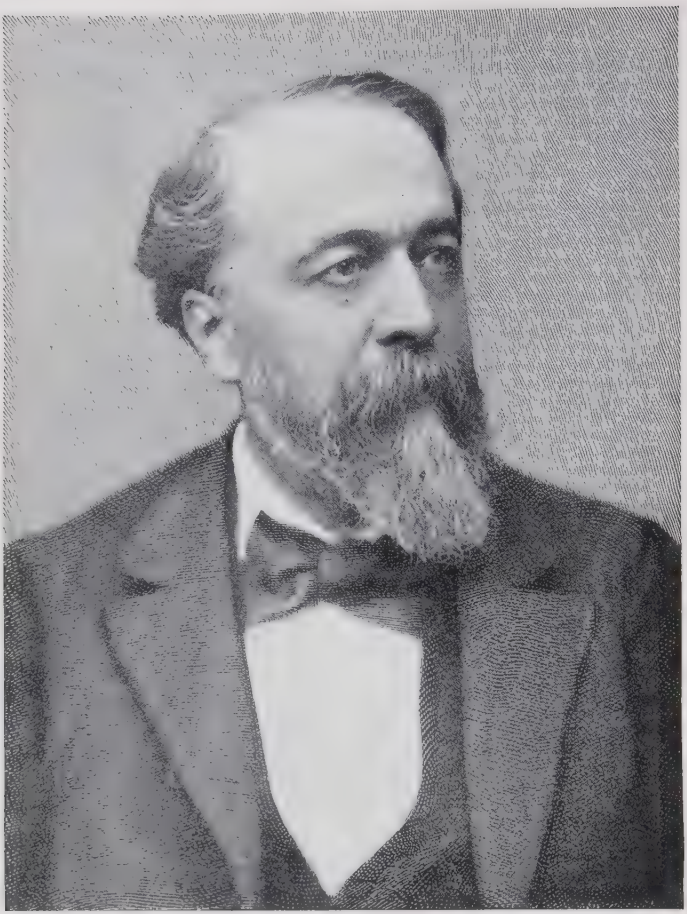
"BRUSQUE as Brutus was," sedate of temperament, honest to a fault, and generally disliked—such is Henri Brisson, one of the foremost French politicians of the day. He wears shabby clothes, inhabits a fifth



Henri Brisson.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

story flat in a back street, and is said to possess all the virtues, but not a single attractive quality. Do you wonder that as a candidate for the presidency, after the resignation of M. Grévy, he received only twenty six votes?

M. Brisson has just completed his sixtieth year. Under the empire he was an obscure lawyer. Gambetta made of him a successful journalist, who delighted in proclaiming himself an advanced mason and the unalterable foe of Jesuitism. In September, 1870, when the second empire fell, the government of national defense appointed Brisson deputy mayor of Paris; and five months later he saw the great ambition of his life fulfilled, when he was elected to the Assembly. Newspaper readers are familiar with his subsequent career as parliamentarian, as vice president and still later as president of the chamber of deputies, as chief of the Panama Commission, and as minister of justice. Brisson's attempt at premiership, in 1885, was satisfactory neither to his party nor to the nation at large. Today he stands midway between radicalism and opportunism—which latter signifies that blind conservatism met with on the European continent.

Brisson is a man who would rise to the highest position within the gift of the people in almost any country but his own. Honesty, force of character, high intellect, and political integrity are a tolerably complete equipment for a statesman in most lands, but in the Gallic mind these virtues lose much of their significance if unaccompanied by grace of personality, by brilliancy and verve. M. Brisson will probably live and die in his fifth story flat; the Elysée was built for cleverer, if not more courageous men.

A Ward in the Hiroshima Hospital.

THE RED CROSS IN THE FAR EAST.

An eyewitness' account of the remarkable work done by the Red Cross Society of Japan during the recent war with China—The phenomenal development of an organization that was formed upon American models.

WHEN the civil war broke out in Japan, twenty seven years ago, the Red Cross Society was a thing unknown there. There were no surgeons, doctors, or trained nurses attached to the forces of either belligerent party, and it was then with the Japanese exactly as it has been with their Chinese adversaries during the recent war. The wounded were left to die on the battle fields, and for lack of medical aid and proper nursing hundreds of men, whose lives might easily have been saved, perished in misery and neglect in the places where they had happened to fall. Soon after peace had been reëstablished, the Japanese applied themselves to the cultivation of western civilization, and as a natural result began the formation of the army and navy which have lately won the admiration of the world. Their desire has been to get the best of everything, including not only instructors, weapons, and ammunition, but also the perfection in minor details without which no army can be said to be complete. Special attention has been paid to obtaining signal corps, military telegraphists, and a commissariat of absolute reliability and efficiency. In the march of improvement the medical department was not forgotten, and a Red Cross Society was duly organized, the empress and the ladies of the court taking the utmost interest in its establishment.

Under the direct auspices of her Japanese majesty, a school for trained nurses was founded in Tokio. I visited it some years ago, and was amazed to observe the perfection of the system which governs it. In all branches of modern surgery and medicine the Japanese have achieved the same success that has crowned their labors in other fields, and many of their surgeons and physicians have already made their mark in the world of medical science. To the chief surgeon of the second Japanese army, who was for many years director of the Tokio hospital, is assigned the credit of a very interesting discovery—that of the wonderful antiseptic properties of ashes. "The great advantage of this knowledge," he remarked to me, "is that one can almost always obtain the ashes. Merely light a handful of straw, for example, and in a

moment you have this simple antiseptic, which when applied to a wound will prevent all further complication." Many trials of the efficiency of this discovery have been made not only in the hospitals in Tokio but during the war, and all have been very successful.

The services rendered by the Red Cross Society of Japan, by the medical staff of the army and of the hospitals, during the recent war, can hardly be estimated. And not only did they look after their own injured soldiers, but everywhere and in every case after the Chinese wounded as well.

Japanese Nurses Dressing the Wounds of a Japanese Soldier and a Chinese Prisoner.

At the battle of Pen Yang, when General Oshima unsuccessfully tried to dislodge the Chinese from their forts, the medical corps without exception behaved like heroes. Those in charge of the ambulances, and the entire staff of the Red Cross Society, had been on the alert since the beginning of the fighting. Surgeons, nurses, and bearers, with the utmost courage and self sacrifice, braved all dangers and seemed to be everywhere at once. Under a continuous and deadly fire from the enemy they managed to attend to nearly all the wounded in a manner little short of miraculous. When the troops began to retreat to their camps, they remained behind on the field to aid all who might be in need of their services. Many, however, they could not reach, because of the unceasing fire from the Chinese forts. And woe to the unfortunate Japanese soldiers left upon the field. With the advent of night the Chinese scoured far and near, and cut off the head and hands of every wounded foeman they could find.

On the morning of September 16, when the Mikado's army entered the forts, they found in several of them the frightfully mutilated bodies of their friends who had been made prisoners. Hands and heads were missing, others had been scalped, others lay with their eyes plucked out and ears slashed away. The city itself had been long since deserted by the Coreans and sacked by the Chinese. It presented a pitiful sight. Every house had been broken into, the streets were piled high with broken furniture and strewn with the bodies of dogs, horses, and men, while the ground was covered with Chinese uniforms and long queues. Strange to say, as soon as

the Chinamen perceived their defeat, they had cut off the latter and thrown aside their uniforms in the hope of being able to pass themselves off as Coreans.

General Notzu and his staff immediately proceeded to the governor's palace, but lately abandoned by the Chinese commanders. There, in the middle of the large hall, was discovered the bloody and mutilated head of a young and gallant Japanese officer, Lieutenant Takeuchi. The day before he had been slightly wounded and taken prisoner, and in all the disorder and haste attendant upon the evacuation of Pen Yang the Chinese had not forgotten to accomplish this last horrible deed.

After such horrors would it have been surprising to see the Japanese soldiers, excited by the battle and by this barbarous execution of their comrades, cast all discipline to the winds, and avenge their friends by shooting every Chinese prisoner? Yet, in spite of the rage which filled their hearts, the Japanese exhibited the most marvelous self control. Such was their discipline that not one soldier, though half maddened by the fighting and by the sight of so bloody a harvest, would have dared to ill treat one of the eight hundred prisoners without an order to do so. And the only order that came from the officers was: "These men must be well treated."

Well treated? Yes, and more—treated more kindly than the prisoners of any nation were ever treated by their conquerors. I went to see them a few days after the battle, and what a sight they presented! With their cruel and ferocious faces they were more like savages or wild beasts than human beings. Among them, in a private room, were a commander and several officers. At first the commander could not be induced to speak, but after I had told him that I knew Li Hung Chang, and many other officials in Tientsin, and that I had come to see whether he needed anything, he became more communicative. I asked him how he was treated.

"Oh, so well, so well," he answered; "three meals a day and all the rice and fresh water I wish for. I cannot understand it."

Considering what it cost Japan to carry rice and provisions to such a distance and through a mountainous country, where roads are unknown, such treatment was more than generous.

"So you cannot understand it?" I said. "Well, it is because the Japanese are civilized and you are barbarians. Are you not glad they did not cut off your head?"

"Yes, very glad. No words could express my gratefulness."

"Suppose you should in some way recover your liberty and return to your own forces, what would you do if one of these officers who are treating you so kindly now, fell into your hands? Would you treat him in the same way?"

"I would like to, but"— and he shook his head—"I fear I could not."

"But why? Are you not ashamed of the treatment you accord to prisoners?"

"Yes, it is very bad. But it is the result of orders from higher authority."

It cannot be doubted that almost without exception the Chinese officials approve of the slaughter and mutilation of prisoners. In the papers which the Chinese general left behind him were found proclamations promising rewards for Japanese heads, or parts of a head! The governor of Formosa and other high officers issued similar proclamations, and at the same time the Emperor of Japan was directing his ministers to announce that all the Chinese residing in Japan need have no fear; that should they be attacked in any way, they would be guarded; in short, that they were under the imperial protection.

I told the Chinese commander that in passing through Hiroshima I had seen seventy Chinese prisoners, and that they were treated as well as he himself was. It seemed to be beyond his comprehension.

From the prisoners' quarters I went to the hospital for wounded Chinese. I may mention here that the Chinese had no doctors, no ambulances whatever, and that they were accustomed to abandon their own wounded to die like dogs. The Red Cross Society had picked up eighty of the latter, and they were treated exactly as were the Japanese. Their hospital was admirably fitted up, and fully provided with medicines, drugs, and surgical instruments. These were carried in large and very strong lacquer chests, divided into compartments. I witnessed a number of operations, some of them extremely difficult, and I was amazed at the quickness, dexterity, and wonderful skill of the Japanese surgeons. I have seen operations performed in the best hospitals of America and Europe, and it is my conviction that nowhere was quicker or better work to be observed. Upon my arrival at the hospital, a Chinese soldier who had received two rifle balls in the chest was in the hands of the surgeon, one bullet having pierced him through, the other being still in the wound. In much less time than it takes to write it, the first wound had been

attended to, the bullet had been extracted from the second, and both had been washed and dressed. It was admirably done. Only three of those eighty wounded men died.

Upon my return to the military headquarters, where I was the guest of the commander in chief, I witnessed two extremely interesting scenes.

Four Chinese boatmen were brought in by soldiers. These men owned a large junk, and on the day of the battle it had been seized upon by some Japanese soldiers, who commanded the boatmen to ferry them across the river, which of course they were obliged to do. They were terribly frightened, and dropped upon their knees fully expecting that they would be beheaded. To their surprise, a generous sum of money was handed to them for the help they had rendered the Japanese soldiers, and they were told that they could return to their country ; and in order that they should not be stopped on the way by Japanese men of war, a passport was given them.

Just behind these men stood a very pretty Chinese woman, of extremely refined appearance. She did not seem in the least alarmed. She was the wife of the Chinese telegraph operator of Pen Yang, and was the only woman found in the deserted city, the Corean women having fled long before the arrival of either hostile party. She had not been annoyed in any way, but had been left perfectly free, and provided with food and provisions. She had come to headquarters to ask that her husband, one of the prisoners, be set at liberty. This request, of course, had to be refused, the man being considered a very important prisoner on account of the knowledge of Chinese secrets and plans which he had undoubtedly obtained as telegraph operator. She was assured that he would be kindly treated, and was then advised to take the opportunity of reaching her family offered by the return of the Chinese junk—which she finally decided to do. Those who have any familiarity with the customs of war know how victorious soldiers, in any country, usually treat the women of a conquered city ; and yet in a town occupied by twenty thousand soldiers and coolies—these last belonging to the very lowest class of people in Japan —the only woman present, the wife of an enemy, was entirely unmolested.

Everywhere, at Kinchow, Tallian Wan, and Port Arthur, the Japanese medical staff and the many aids were constantly at the front, bestowing their attention and skilled care upon friends and enemies alike.

The military headquarters of Japan are situated in Hiroshima, and during the war the residence of the emperor was in the same city. It is but two miles distant from Ujina, the great seaport from which all the ships and transports were sent. The city lies on a beautiful delta in one of the healthiest and most picturesque spots of Japan. To it the transports brought all the wounded from the field hospitals, as soon as they could safely be removed. I arrived from Pen Yang with a large number of wounded officers, ten days after the battle ; for, knowing that a second army was soon to leave Japan for China, I was anxious to follow it rather than to remain with the first army in Corea. The day after my arrival in Hiroshima, I went to visit the hospital, or rather the hospitals. They are situated on ground presented by the emperor, a short distance from the city, at the back of the old and wonderfully picturesque castle, in a charming little valley divided into gardens and parks, many of which extend as far as the wooded hills which entirely surround it. There are four series of hospital buildings, accommodating a total of more than three thousand patients.

I was graciously received by the surgeon major general of the Japanese armies, T. Ishiguro.

"I have heard much about you from Pen Yang," he said. "In his report (which I read yesterday to his majesty) our surgeon general in Corea mentioned your presence there, your visits to the ambulances and hospitals, and the interest you manifested in both the Chinese and Japanese wounded. If you wish to visit our hospitals here, I shall be very glad indeed to show you around."

Before leaving his room, the surgeon general opened a silk bag, and taking from it a roll of bandages made of the finest material, he said :

"These have been made by her majesty, the empress. You know that she takes the greatest interest in our wounded and sick soldiers. Since the beginning of the war she and the ladies of the court have been accustomed to spend several hours a day in making bandages and a dozen other useful things. An apartment in the imperial palace at Tokio has been turned into a work room, and her majesty and the other ladies work very hard, I can assure you."

Upon this we started on our visiting tour, the surgeon general taking along the precious bag. The buildings, which are one story in height, are separated by small but attractive gardens. Immense windows open on both sides upon the wide surrounding verandas.

The first hospital we visited was divided into private rooms, occupied by officers. I never in my life saw daintier or cleaner apartments. The patients were undoubtedly well treated, for in each room I saw flowers, fresh fruit, cigarettes, books, and a dozen other luxuries. A commander was being attended by his daughter, a pretty young girl of fourteen or fifteen, dressed in a magnificent silk *kimono*.

To each officer the surgeon general presented one of the bandages made by the empress, and I cannot describe the emotion with which the gifts were received. It reminded me of what I had read some years ago about Napoleon visiting the ambulances, and I could well imagine the feelings of a wounded soldier receiving the cross of honor, or a mere look of interest and sympathy from his beloved emperor.

The buildings occupied by the common soldiers were equally well kept and clean—so clean, indeed, and so well furnished that nowhere could I detect any of those disagreeable odors always met with in our own hospitals. In these, instead of private rooms, were long dormitories, at one end of which were lavatories and bath rooms. Each bed was covered with a spotless white quilt, thickly padded with feathers, and each man was dressed in a long white *kimono* with a red cross on the left sleeve. They were provided, as I have already intimated, with the best tonics and wines, the choicest fruits, cigarettes, books, and newspapers.

The surgeon general took the keenest interest in everything, inquiring about the serious cases, carefully examining some of them, and addressing a kind word to all. Among the Japanese was a Chinese soldier wounded at the battle of Assan, but now looking well, clean, and perfectly satisfied. I asked him whether he was well treated.

"Yes," he answered, "but I would like to have Chinese food. I do not see why they do not give me Chinese food."

It was a staggering demonstration of ingratitude. And while he was offering his petty complaint his comrades were mutilating and beheading every Japanese unfortunate enough to fall into their hands!

Among the buildings of each hospital there is one entirely devoted to surgical operations. In one of them, while I was there, the surgeons were amputating a soldier's leg, above the knee. It could not have been done with more dexterity or nicety. The man was a common soldier, and yet, the case being very serious, the chief surgeon of the hospital himself operated. I need not say that the latest devices and methods in medicine and surgery were employed.

The staff in charge of the hospital was composed of a chief, thirty surgeons and doctors, seven druggists, eighteen head nurses, and two hundred and thirty eight ordinary nurses.

The kindness and attention of the nurses towards the patients was beyond description, At their head was one of the most respected women of Japan, Countess Nere, wife of Admiral Count Nere. Like the other nurses. she was very simply dressed in a white linen gown. Many of the wealthiest and noblest ladies of Japan were among her assistants, having left their beautiful homes and given up all the pleasures of life to come to these hospitals and care for the wounded. The noble example set by the empress was followed by women of all ranks.

On returning with the surgeon general to his office, he showed me a package of disinfectant bandages. Every Japanese soldier carries one of these under his coat, so that as soon as he is wounded he is able to dress his wound or to have it dressed by a comrade.

"Thanks to this," the surgeon general added, "and to the quick attention given to injuries, we can cure in fifteen days a wound that otherwise would require two months."

As I was leaving, a band began to play in the garden.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A military band which the emperor has sent to play for the amusement of the wounded. His majesty has ordered a military and a naval band to come here in turn, every day."

Where in the world are wounded soldiers or prisoners better treated?

Nor did the Red Cross Society and the ambulance service neglect the sailors. One of the finest steamers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japanese Steamship Company)—the Kobe Maru—was fitted up as a hospital, and followed the fleet everywhere. Its magnificent cabins, larger than those of any ship I know, and its beautiful saloons, were transformed into a model hospital.

No one will deny after this simple statement of fact, that the Red Cross Society of Japan, together with the medical staff, earned as substantial glory in the late war by their good work in the cause of mercy, as did the Mikado's sailors and soldiers by their victories in battle.

A. B. de Guerville.

ON THE WAY NORTH.

THE train strolled along as only a Southern train can, stopping to pick flowers and admire views and take an unnecessary number of drinks. Why should you hurry when you have barely a dozen people in your three cars, and the down train will keep you waiting anywhere from half an hour to half a day at the switch? Everybody in the three cars would have taken the same view, except the young man from the North, who was trying to get back there again. He read his paper down to the last "Wanted," and calculated on its margin how much it must cost the company to run a car for one commercial traveler, very sleepy, one old man near enough to his second childhood to claim half fare, a negro nurse with a white baby that wasn't big enough to have any fare at all, and himself, Gardiner Forrest—of New York City, thank goodness!

If only things were different and she were on this train! He had heard her tell Douglas that she expected to go North about the twenty seventh, though she hadn't taken the trouble to mention it to him. If she had chanced to take this train and things had been different, they could have disposed of her aunt some way. Perhaps fate would have sent her one of her numerous headaches. Amy never had things the matter with her, which was one reason you liked to travel with her; and she was the nicest, jolliest girl in the world, which was the other reason.

Was there ever such a slowcoach of a train, or such a stupid journey? It was a relief when the conductor banged the door, and, coming down the aisle with a step that was almost hurried, stopped at the opposite section to speak to the negro nurse.

"There's a lady fainted in the forward car, and there don't nobody seem to know what to do with her," he said. "There's nothing but men in there, and they ain't much good at nursing. Can't you come in and lend a hand?"

"Course I can," she said with only a slight negro accent, rising in evident enjoyment of the situation. "I'm a fust rate nurse. I'll drap the baby right here, sir, if you'll just see he don't fall off. He won't trouble you a mite." And to Forrest's dismay, she plumped the child down on the seat facing him, and bustled off after the conductor.

The two eyed each other in silence a few minutes, each measuring his man. Forrest decided to begin with a high hand, and let the other see who was master.

"Young man," he said, "if you dare to yell or wiggle or do anything unusual, I'll lick you!"

The nurse had said "he," and he took her word for it. If it should turn out to be a lady, he would apologize and retract. The baby leaned towards him and said distinctly, "Papa!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Forrest. "Do you want to start a scandal? I'm not your papa. You have made a mistake."

"Papa," repeated the baby, breaking into a gummy smile with two absurd teeth in the middle of it.

"Don't say it so loud," implored Forrest. "Really you're all off. We're not related at all. You can't bunco me, my friend."

This evidently reminded the baby of something funny, for he burst into a hic-coughing little giggle that made his temporary guardian roar with laughter.

"Papa, take baby," he shouted.

"Oh, I can't possibly. I don't know how. I'd lose your head off or something," remonstrated the other. The baby still held out eager arms, crying,

"Take him, take him!" and a warning change began to come over his face. Even Forrest knew what that meant.

"Say, drop that," he exclaimed. "You mustn't cry, you know. Nobody does now, it's bad form. Here, I'll come over beside you and you can get in my lap if you know how to work it. Steady there, general. I suppose the proper way is to grip you around the waist, only you don't seem to have any. What a lot of clothes you do wear!"

He was so absorbed in getting the baby safely settled that he did not notice that the train had stopped at a wayside station, and that a tall girl, evidently of the North, was staring at him in utter amazement from the door of the car.

"There you are, Napoleon Bonaparte," he was beginning triumphantly, when a girl's voice with a suspicion of laughter in it said, close beside him,

"You seem to have a new business, Mr. Forrest."

Forrest started to spring to his feet, but remembered the baby just in time.

"Miss Baramore!" he said. "I never was so glad to see any one in my life, but I can't get up very well. Do sit down and tell me if I'm holding the little beggar all right."

Amy Baramore laughed outright as she dropped into the opposite seat.

"Did you steal it?" she asked.

"No; it is a ward in chancery. I am to manage its affairs till its nurse comes back from the forward car, where some one is ill. What good luck brings you here—without your aunt," he was going to say, but changed it to a rather lame "any way?"

"My aunt is going to join me at Ross. She went on there while I stayed over night with the Carters," she said, answering the unspoken question with calm directness. It was much better to say a thing right out than to have it in your mind and try to hide it, when you were talking with Amy Baramore.

"Papa!" broke in a little voice.

"There he goes again," Forrest exclaimed. "It is a clear case of blackmail, Miss Baramore. I offered to compromise on 'uncle' and a gold watch, but he wouldn't even consider it. I'll smash him if he doesn't give it up before your aunt comes. She doesn't like me any too well as it is."

Miss Baramore leaned forward and held out a gloved finger to the baby, without noticing the last remark.

"I never knew a baby intimately," she said. "We haven't had any in the family for years, except some little cousins that were too far off to count. I didn't know how dear they were," she added, as the baby's hand curled around her finger and tried to put it in his mouth.

"Mamma?" suggested the baby, evidently not very sure on that point.

"That will do," said Forrest severely. "This has got to be stopped. He'll be setting up some little brothers and sisters next. I suppose the first duty of a nurse is to tap on the window and point out objects of interest."

"Pretty horsies and baa lambs and choo-choos," added Amy. Forrest looked dismayed.

"Say, I don't really have to talk that rot, do I?" he broke out. "It won't injure his brains or anything to hear straight ahead English for a little while? I'll stick to words of one syllable, if necessary, but I can't do baby talk, and I won't."

"I'll interpret for him," she answered. "I can do it fairly well. I used to practise it on my dog."

Forrest laughed a little to himself.

"I'll tell him a story, and you translate it for him," he said. "Nurses always tell stories. Well, once upon a time there was a poor little boy who played all day in a shabby back yard; and right next door there lived a beautiful little girl who had everything she wanted, including a stunning back yard to play in. The little boy loved her so much that he couldn't keep away from the fence that divided them; but when the little girl saw him she always nodded pleasantly, but coolly, and strolled away to another part of the garden, sometimes with another little boy. He was miserably conscious that his little coat was disgracefully patched and his little trousers disgracefully unpatched, and that his back yard was no place for such a beautiful little girl, but still he went on—why don't you interpret?"

"It isn't very much of a story, baby," said Amy, "but of course if you want to hear it, you shall. It's about a little boy who was poor and loved a little girl who had lots of pretty toys, and he wouldn't come near her because he hadn't so much as she had. And when she looked over and smiled at him, he was always looking down at his poor patches, so he didn't see it. Wasn't that silly?"

"She is not a literal translator, baby," said Forrest, "but she improves on the original. I advise you to keep to her version. Do you think he could have induced that beautiful little girl to play in his dingy back yard, Miss Baramore?"

"Perhaps it only needed some straightening to be a very attractive little back yard," she answered, looking out of the window. "Girls are rather clever at that." Her lips twitched a little, then their eyes met, and they both laughed.

"I wonder——" he began.

"Kid all right?" asked the conductor, pausing at their section. "Nurse says she'll stay in there a spell longer, if he isn't troublesome. The lady is sort of nervous, and don't want to be left alone."

"He's all right now," said Forrest. "We'll send for her if there are any complications."

"Yes. Well, we may stop on this switch

a considerable time if you want to get down. The other train is generally pretty late."

"Shall we?" Forrest asked his companion.

"I'd like the air, but I am afraid the baby would be in the way."

"We'll go and sit on the back platform, then," he said, shouldering the baby and leading the way through an empty car that was behind theirs to the rear platform.

"Give me little Napoleon," she said, seating herself on the steps. "He is going to take a nap right here. What a delicious day it is!" Forrest dropped down on the step below, leaning his back against the car that he might face her.

"When did you leave St. Augustine?" he asked presently.

"About a week ago. We have been making two or three necessary visits."

"I suppose you left Mr. Douglas in tears?"

Miss Baramore laughed.

"It is very humiliating," she said; "but an awfully pretty Southern girl, a Miss Potter, turned up the day you left, and she utterly cut me out in twenty four hours. Mr. Douglas and his yacht and his millions were entirely at her service all the rest of the time. Aunt Emma was horribly disappointed. I was sorry not to see more of you, but you only stayed such a minute."

"I was glad to get away," he said frankly. "It's dismal to be at a place like that on business when every one else is there for pleasure. You were the only person there I cared anything about, and I saw so little of you."

"You didn't try very hard to see more."

"No, I didn't care to compete with Crœsus, Jr., and his yacht. A rising young lawyer, who hasn't risen yet, wouldn't stand much of a chance."

Miss Baramore gave him an inscrutable look, and turned her attention to the baby.

"I had quite a long talk with your aunt one day while I was at St. Augustine," he said, after the rickety little down train had scrambled past them. "She gave me some of her views on matrimony."

Amy looked a little annoyed, but only said, "Yes; she has a great many of them."

"I didn't know but what some of them were yours, too," he went on. "She dwelt particularly on how unhappy a girl was when she gave up the things she had always been accustomed to."

"Oh, if she loves her brougham and her maid better than she does her husband, I suppose she is," Amy answered, bending over the sleeping baby, who would have seen something if he had been awake. "I wonder why we don't start? The train passed some time ago."

Forrest leaned out to see the reason, then jumped to his feet with an exclamation of dismay. Neither engine nor train was in front of them. The little way car stood all alone in state upon the switch. Over the tops of the trees, several miles below them, lay a vanishing trail of smoke.

"What on earth shall we do?" she asked, after a bewildered silence.

"We might walk on to the next station and telegraph to your aunt," he suggested.

"She wouldn't get it in time. The train must be half way to Ross now. I'm not worrying about Aunt Emma. It's the baby."

"Confound it! I never once thought of him."

"His poor nurse will be simply crazy. Oh, we must catch that train!"

"The last station was behind that ridge, wasn't it?"

"The one ahead may be just as far off, and you never can carry this heavy baby. He weighs a ton."

"Isn't it just like this lazy, slipshod, good for nothing country, leaving cars around on switches! Oh, I wonder—wait here a minute."

It was fully fifteen before Forrest came back and seated himself again on the step.

"You know we're in a hole," he began seriously. "If it were just for ourselves, I should propose walking, but we've got to get that baby back as soon as possible, or the nurse will be wild. We have passed the morning train, and there won't be another along till three thirty. Now, we are on a down grade, and it looks like an easy slope for several miles. What do you say to coasting as far as we can in this car?"

They looked at each other in silence a minute.

"What do you think?" she said at last.

"I think there is a certain risk in it. We may strike a bad grade or jump the track, though I don't think it is at all likely if we are careful. Moreover, Ross is in a valley, I know, and we may coast almost to the town, where the baby's nurse will probably get off to look for us, poor woman. I think we ought to try it, but I will do just what you say."

She looked off at the blue outlines of the hills, rising above the thick tangle of woods in which they stood; then down at the baby in her lap.

"I'll take little Napoleon in before we start," she said. They laid the sleepy little

passenger on a seat near the front door; then Forrest started the car, and they began to roll slowly towards the North.

"Isn't this delicious?" Amy cried, leaning against the rail of the front platform while Forrest kept his hands on the brake and watchful eyes on the track, which wound easily down through the dense woods. "Why don't people always travel this way? You are spared all the noise and dirt of the engine."

"It might be awkward when you wanted to go up hill," he answered.

"Oh, you wouldn't. You would start at the North Pole and coast down to the South. I never get over the feeling that you go up hill to go north."

"It's lucky for us you don't," he was beginning, when the car rounded a curve and, without a second's warning, plunged down a sudden grade. Forrest's heart leaped as he looked first at the descent before him and then at Amy beside him, for there was real danger.

"Hold that!" he shouted, giving the brake a vigorous turn and dashing through the car to set the one at the rear. When he came back, they were still traveling along uncomfortably fast, bumping and jerking on the uneven track. Gripping the brake with one hand, he flung his arm around her to steady her. Their eyes met, and it was all said without words. At last the track began to stretch out level before them, and even a little up hill, and the tension relaxed. Forrest drew a long breath, and, without preface or apology, stooped and kissed her.

"You're dead game, Amy," he said. He might have added more, for he had taken his other hand from the brake, but a long wail came through the open door of the car.

"That poor kid!" he exclaimed remorsefully. "If I didn't forget his little existence. There, old man, it's all right. Here's your friend. Do you think it's too cold for him out here?"

"Not a bit. Give him to me and I'll fasten his cloak. What do you say to getting off the car now and walking the rest of the way? I don't care for any more tobogganing, myself."

"I don't believe there are any more bad grades," he answered, sitting down on the step beside her. "You can see that we are nearly at the bottom of the valley." He did not add that as both brakes were set, and the car was still running along at a pretty good rate, he saw no way of getting off with her and the baby. "Well, little Napoleon Bonaparte," he went on, "have you heard about the latest engagement?"

"It isn't announced yet, baby, so you mustn't breathe a word about it to any one," she added.

"Tell me, Amy," he said presently, "did you care for me down at St. Augustine? You took a funny way of showing it, if you did."

"I wondered if I didn't, but I wasn't sure. I'll tell you something if you'll promise never to breathe it to Aunt Emma."

"I'm not likely to."

"Well, then, Mr. Douglas asked me to marry him the day you left, and I refused."

"Because of—somebody else?"

"I suppose so, though I didn't acknowledge it till I saw you in the car with the baby. You were so dear with him! Then——"

"Then?"

"I knew I wanted to play in your back yard."

They were at the bottom of the valley now, and the car was moving very slowly. Forrest had taken off the brakes, but it was evident that their ride was nearly at an end. As the car came to a standstill near a bend in the track, a sharp whistle close in front of them made his heart contract with fear that was not for himself. Was it a belated freight train? Had the time table been wrong? Before Amy could get her breath, he had swung her and the child down to the ground with a command to "Run!" and was dashing down the track, pulling off his coat to wave as a signal.

At the bend she saw him stop suddenly, lean against a tree for a minute, then put on his coat and turn back again. Around the corner stood the little station of Ross, and in front of it lay their own train, whistling signals to its scattered passengers. Buckets and a hose near one of the wheels, at which men were still tinkering, showed that the daily hot box had not been omitted.

They mounted the rear platform, and sank down with a sudden feeling of exhaustion.

"Poor child, you look all done up," said Forrest. "We must go and pacify the baby's nurse, and then you shall rest?"

"Oh, here you is," said a cheerful negro voice behind them. "Hope the baby ain't troubled you. You've been right kind to him. I stayed till the lady dropped off. She hadn't no business to be on the road at such a time. There, honey, come back to your mammy."

They stared at each other blankly after she had left them, then Amy began to laugh hysterically.

"They never knew it," she exclaimed.

"Conductor!" shouted Forrest.

"Oh, you're back, are you?" he returned, pausing at the steps. "I was whistling for you. Thought you might have walked farther than you meant. We're most ready to start."

"Yes, we are back," said Forrest. "I think that car you left on the switch must have followed us. I saw one like it around the bend there. You couldn't have been very careful about the brakes!"

"Them brakes are no good," said the conductor calmly. "She's done that several times before. Lucky she didn't smash into us. I was going to pick her up on the return trip, but we might as well take her along, now as she's come so far."

He disappeared, and Forrest was bending over Amy for a little private communion when a somewhat acid voice remarked from the doorway of the car,

"When you are at liberty, Amy, perhaps you will come and speak to me."

"Oh! Aunt Emma," Amy explained, "I'm so sorry. I quite forgot you."

"And yourself too, apparently," returned Aunt Emma, inspecting Forrest through her lorgnon. "I should think you might have waited to speak to me before plunging off into the woods with a casual acquaintance."

"But, Aunt Emma, you don't understand," began Amy.

"And I don't wish to," said Aunt Emma severely, leading the way back into the car. "You are under my chaperonage at present. When you are home again, you may do as you please. I shall wash my hands of you."

They followed her lingeringly, not as abashed as they ought to have been, and stopped to look at the baby, now lying at happy ease on his nurse's broad lap.

"We ought to do something handsome for him, Amy," Forrest said.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "Dear little man! But for him it might never have happened. What shall we give him?"

"Dindin!" suggested the little Napoleon.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

A BIT OF LIFE.

THE persimmon tree that marked the forks of the road was laden with frost ripened fruit. In the woods scores of nuts awaited the shake of vigorous hands; the wild grape vines hung low with their burden of juicy black bunches, and the red haws gleamed like tiny points of flame amid the low growing bushes. It was distinctly the "accepted time" to garner in the harvest so dear to boys, but all these things were as naught to Dan Mason, that October day. He was even deaf to the appeals of Cuff, his dog, to whose keen ears the "whirr" of the quail, as they broke cover, was a call to come and kill.

In the fourteen years of Dan's life, mighty few things had lived as close to his heart as this same Irish setter, with his silky hair and great human-like brown eyes. As the boy sat there on the horse block, his battered hat drawn low and his dark brows lower, his thoughts were mostly of the dog. But they were of his father, too, who lay within the rough log house, racked with rheumatism; and now and again the vision of the young man from New Orleans, and the gold coin he had offered for Cuff, obtruded itself.

Dan had at the time laughed his offer to scorn. He was poor, but then so were most of the people thereabout, save the folks up at the big house. He did not sharply feel the need of money, and no amount of it, he had proudly declared, could buy Cuff; but sickness brought necessities, and resultant perplexity as to ways and means.

Notwithstanding the reiterated statement of Aunt Polly, who had "brought him up by hand," that she had taken a "sight o' pains in his raisin'," Dan's knowledge of various Scriptural teachings, whereby we are adjured to love and honor our parents, was of the vaguest description. In the "old man's" right to "lick" him when he

deemed it wise, he recognized parental authority; but of parental affection he knew nothing. What wonder, then, that he shrank from duty which pointed to the comforts ten dollars would buy for the sick man, and instinctively turned toward inclination which in doggish guise thrust a loving, if cold, nose into his palm.

The boy's fancy was not of the liveliest, but the impossibility of life without Cuff was strongly borne in upon him, and again and again he said he could not give him up. Yet by and by, when the slanting shadows proclaimed the approach of evening, and the faint blue haze of the autumn day took on a gray tone, he slipped down, his young face stern with resolve. Whistling to Cuff, he set off through the woods to the "big house," where the young man was visiting.

Deep in his heart, I doubt not, Dan prayed that the possible purchaser of Cuff might have gone. He must have felt as deeply the hopelessness of his hope, for, before he reached the house, he went down on his knees, and, taking the dog's head between his hands, looked appealingly into his eyes.

"Yo' sho'ly know I don't want to sell yo'," he said; "but I'm 'bliged to."

And Cuff whined and licked his master's tense young face sympathetically and understandingly, for just so had Dan confided his joys and sorrows since the day when Cuff, a curly brown ball of puppyism had been given to him for his own.

The visitor from New Orleans was lounging on the gallery, chatting with the son and the fair young daughter of his host, when Dan came up and timidly asked if he still wanted Cuff, and would give ten dollars for him. The young man had not learned to look beneath deeds to ascertain the motive ere sitting in judgment, nor had years brought to him the force of what Goethe says about 'life teaching us to be less strict with others than with ourselves.' Just now he was somewhat pessimistic, and rather proud of being so. Smiling obliquely toward Miss Hallie, he murmured something about "everything having its price with the lower class," and thought of several high sounding and sarcastic remarks upon the subject, to be said later. Yet, at the same time he was conscious of a sense of disappointment. He had appreciated the fineness of the boy's refusal, and felt vaguely regretful that he had not kept to it, though he assured Dan of his willingness to pay the price asked. He handed over the ten dollars, and straightway began to make friends with Cuff, after the approved fashion of gentle pats and low toned confidences.

Dan took the money silently and half turned away. Then he stopped.

"If yo' please, sir," he said slowly, while the cords of his throat seemed to be tying themselves into uncomfortable knots, "would yo' mind if I kept his collar? Of co'se you'll buy him a nice one, an'—an'——"

"And that one will do for another dog, when you get him some day. Certainly you may keep it."

The young man smiled meaningly again. He was thinking that the lad had evidently no intention of giving too much for his ten dollars. He mused upon the grasping disposition generally evinced by the "lower class," while Dan, with a boy's reluctance to justify himself where he felt to be misunderstood, did not explain that he wanted to keep the collar as we keep the possessions of our loved dead; nor did he give voice to the passionate protest sent up by his whole being against owning another dog.

"Go back," he cried, with a stern gesture, as Cuff bounded after him, though he could not bring his eyes down to the questioning ones of the brute. Cuff, not venturing to disobey, shrank back to his new master's feet, only expressing his perplexed misery in one prolonged howl, which was dumbly echoed in Dan's heavy heart, as he walked away, holding his head rather higher than usual.

Once more in the woods, quite away from those people to whom life, he fancied, was all laughter and song, he stopped and looked about. The world seemed suddenly to have become a very wide and lonely place. The wind sighed among the trees, the dead leaves showered down with a disconsolate rustle, and there was no hope nor comfort anywhere. He dropped down, his face hidden in his hands, which tightly clenched the money and the worn leather band, sobbing bitterly and uttering useless, disconnected mutterings against the hardness of his lot.

The young man did not give back the dog and insist that Dan keep the money also; nor did the young daughter of the house of Autrey take the Masons under her gracious care and favor, for she never knew of the boy's sacrifice. It even came to pass in the course of time that Dan fitted the collar about the neck of another dog, for this was life.

Blanche Carr.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE storm was over. The Pacific had calmed again. The waves rolled in and broke on the sandy shore of the little guano island as monotonously as before; but nowhere was the schooner Martha, a week overdue with water and provisions for the men, to be seen. It was hardly probable that she could have lived through the gale.

The "niggers," the cowardly wretches, had stolen the bulk of the water the night after the storm, and had put off in an open boat for their nearest neighbor, miles away over the trackless ocean. There were twelve of the blacks. They might have killed their two white "bosses," but they seemed to have been satisfied with leaving them to die of thirst and to bleach with the guano beneath the burning sun of the South Pacific.

The two white men were brothers. They had come to the island a few months before to superintend the guano gathering. The tropic fever had seized Harry, the younger of the two, and even when the storm broke he was raving with delirium. A week later, when calm came over the troubled waters, he was slowly recovering. Their scanty supply of water was fast diminishing, and no signs of the Martha. The elder brother, Tom, was becoming hopeless. They would have been without water long before, but Tom had not taken his share. He had hardly drank enough to keep his dry parched throat from cracking during those days when Harry's fever was the worst, and Harry raved about rippling brooks, the orchard and the old apple tree that grew by their bedroom window at home.

Another morning, and no sign of the boat in all the wide stretch of blue sea.

Harry roused himself from his stupor, and looked eagerly into his brother's face.

"No signs of the Martha this morning, Tom?" he said feebly.

"None, Harry, none."

The sick man fell back wearily. Tom Dudley turned his face away to hide his emotion.

"Well, never mind, old man," Harry tried to say cheerfully, "we'll pull through all right, never fear. How long did you say the water would last?" Tom had not said, but Harry caught him unguarded for the moment.

"Two days only, Harry, and—and"—Tom's voice faltered—"two days at the most, and—and the storm——"

"Yes, yes, I know, Tom," the sick man went on; "the Martha may have gone down in the storm last week, but 'while there is life there is hope,' you know, old man, and I suppose the same may be said of water; so cheer up, old fellow; two days are a long time sometimes, you know, and the schooner has probably only been driven off her course. If such is the case she'll be here before Wednesday; we'll be all right, after all. Make the best of it, Tom, and let's see what we have for breakfast."

There was little enough to eat, and but a drop of water to quench their consuming craving. They ate in silence. When they had finished, Tom left their little hut and hastened down to the beach. He gazed long and wistfully over the sea, but there was only the placid blue water glistening in the sunlight. Not a sign of life in all the great expanse, except now and then a sea bird skimming over the waves toward that line in the distance where the blue sea and the still bluer heavens met.

"No sign of a sail, no hope for relief," he sighed, as he threw himself down upon the sand. There was a terrible pain in his head and his limbs were becoming unbearable. He knew what that meant—before long he, too, would be down with the fever. His throat was dry and parched, and burned with a terrible heat. He had already consumed his share of the water for the morning and to take more would be death to Harry.

"Two days, only two days," he murmured; "not much chance in that time if the Martha has gone to the bottom. Four or five there might be hope."

He began to wonder how he could make the water last four or five days instead of two. The pain in his head was intense. A few hours and he must give up to the fever. He knew, too, that he had no chances of recovery. He knew that Harry would give him all the water there was, when he became delirious, and go without himself. He couldn't measure it out then,

as he did now, and soon, very soon, it would all be gone. Two days. What were two days? He would only be shortening his brother's life so much by living them. Ah, what was the use?

A few minutes later a pistol shot rang out amid the sound of breaking waves and the silence of the sands, and Tom Dudley sank with a moan upon the beach.

* * * *

The forced expression of cheerfulness went out of Harry's face as his brother left the hut, and he fell back exhausted upon the bed.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" he murmured. "To die like a rat in a trap! Oh, God! will the Martha never come? Oh, if I could but do something!" He half rose from the couch and gazed around the little hut.

"Two days, only two days more," he groaned, "and then—and then—oh, will aid never come!" He closed his eyes and sank back upon the bed.

"Water enough for both for two days, Tom said," he repeated to himself; "only two days for both, but were there but one to drink, four or maybe five days with care. The Martha or some other vessel will surely be here in that time. But in two days the owners will hardly have had time to learn of her loss and send out another schooner.

"Tom, dear old Tom"—and his blue eyes filled with tears—"*you* shall be saved, any way." His eyes wandered around the hut again as if in search of something, and fixed upon a cupboard on the wall. "They say it is an easy death," he murmured—"that stuff we took from Malay Tom?"

By a superhuman effort he arose, staggered to the cupboard, and took a small tin can from one of the shelves. It was filled with a sticky green mass.

"Ten grains should do it," he decided, "though Malay Tom used to take as much as that to make him drunk." He put some of the stuff on the blade of his knife, looked at it eagerly for a moment, and then swallowed it. He staggered back to the bed, and fell limp across the mattress. A moment he lay there still. It was then that Tom's pistol broke the silence. Harry started, raised his head and tried to get up. But the drug was acting, he could not rise.

"I wonder what Tom is shooting at," he said half aloud; "dear old Tom, he'll be sorry at first, but then, he'll be saved—to go home—and take care of mother." He felt happy, strangely happy, and he began to laugh.

He thought he could see the old home again. He could hear the birds singing in the apple tree before his bedroom window; there seemed to be so many—more than ever before. He wandered down by the little brook that ran through the meadow. How sweet the water sounded as it rippled over the pebbles; and the long grass, how tempting; it was so cool and shady, he longed to lie in it forever. But he could not, he must not. Tom was calling from down in the orchard—calling to him—was waiting for him.

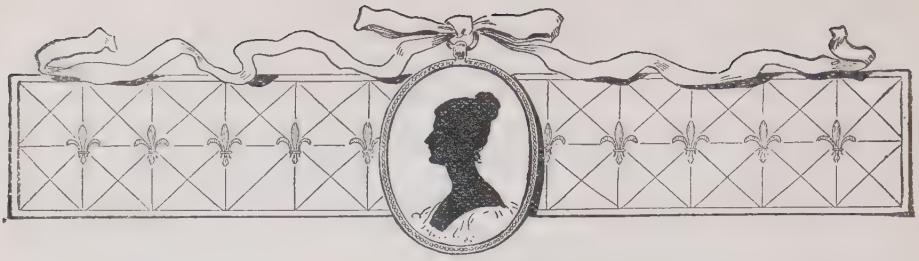
"Yes, Tom, yes, I'm coming, coming," he called. He sprang from the bed and commenced to run. He was speeding through the meadow; then he climbed the high fence that separated it from the orchard. He was running as fast as he could, but Tom kept calling, and his mother, too. Their voices were growing fainter, fainter, as though they were running away from him.

* * * *

Even then the Martha had sighted the little guano island and was making for the cove of anchorage.

They found the bodies of the two brothers side by side on the sand, and in the hut water enough for both for two days.

Herbert M. Brace.



RECONCILIATION.

I.

I SOMETIMES wonder when and how
  You will come back to me,
Across what stretch of burning sand,
  Across what sobbing sea?
What word will break the silence long
  That now sweet Speech denies,
And what will be the tale that each
  Reads in the other's eyes?

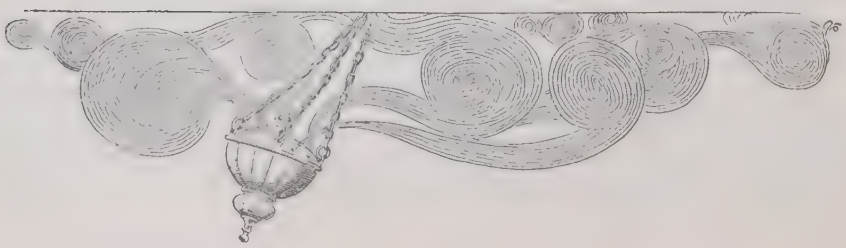
II.

Will floods of sunshine, golden fair,
  Across our pathway flow,
Or will our souls in rapture meet
  Beneath the starlight's glow?
Will flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,
  To welcome in the day,
Or will dead leaves be blown across
  A sky of tearful gray?

III.

Let it be soon! Come as it may,
  Enough there is of pain
Without the added weight of woe
  If love like ours were slain;
Come back to life and hope and joy,
  These arms are open wide;
Come back and find our early love
  Thorn crowned but sanctified!

Clarence Urmy.



THE GREAT GOOD HEART OF CORPORAL DWIGHT.

CORPORAL TEDDY DWIGHT of the Seventh Regiment was the most popular man in his company, and deservedly so. His hearty laugh, his amusing speeches, and his faculty for picking up the newest songs and singing them in a good baritone voice to a rattling piano accompaniment, were all potent factors in insuring this popularity; and the general impression among his comrades was that the company would be a very lifeless organization were it not for the abundant jocularity of Teddy Dwight.

In one way Teddy was a paradox—a kind of happy family of earthly blessings. He had health and wealth in abundance—two *desiderata* rarely found together—and also a liberal allowance of cleverness and good looks, qualities that are usually regarded as deadly enemies. Laughing, light hearted, and to all appearances entirely care free, he won for himself the affectionate appellation of "Joyous Ted," and was generally looked upon as among the blessed of the earth and the beloved of the gods.

This was Teddy Dwight, as he appeared in the company room, or on the various festive occasions when the men were gathered together. But there were those who contended that in the seclusion of his trim bachelor quarters, with his enormous cherry pipe clouding the air with fragrant wreaths of smoke, Teddy was not only melancholy, but absolutely morbid. Charley Keene, who knew him best, once confided to a few of us that on entering Teddy's room the night before he had discovered our little comrade on his knees by the divan, with his face in his hands, and big tears creeping out between his fingers. From this and other stories of a like nature arose an impression that Teddy had some secret sorrow; and naturally this imbued him with a peculiar interest. We all admired his self control, and wondered what the hidden thorn could be, little guessing in what a dramatic manner we were destined to witness its revelation.

I distinctly remember the night when Joyous Ted announced his engagement to Winifred Schuyler. She was a remarkably beautiful girl, a member of an old New York family, and accounted a brilliant match. And yet here and there there were dubious shakings of heads and whispered words of hope that she would make him happy, with so strong an emphasis on the "hope" as to convey serious doubts of the desire ever coming true.

Frankly, Miss Schuyler was reported to have no heart. She had broken three engagements, sending one man to South Africa, another to the dogs, and the third into politics, without a symptom of regret. Now Teddy was all heart, and a sensitive little chap, in spite of his careless ways; and it made us miserable to think what an effect such treatment might produce upon him.

He had the most strikingly original way of doing things, and the fashion in which he elected to announce his engagement was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The first sergeant had just dismissed the company, and we were all turning to our lockers, when Teddy stepped forward and remarked in a loud voice that he had a few words to say. There was a general hush, in the midst of which Teddy stood looking about him with a smile that seemed to meet behind his ears.

"Well," he said, "I'm engaged to Miss Winifred Schuyler, and I want to mark the event. There's some punch over at my rooms, and no end of tobacco, and every man has to come over and celebrate;" and he burst into a mighty shout of laughter, in which we all joined with much cheering and slapping of his fat shoulders.

The celebration was an immense success. Teddy sang all his latest songs, danced breakdowns, and enjoyed himself hugely. Some of us noticed that in spite of his rapturous rejoicings he did not once touch the punch, although he was very liberal with it, as well as with his cigars, which were short and fat, and altogether had much the same appearance as their owner. Charley Keene said that during the past year Teddy had been a total abstainer. We puzzled over it somewhat, but Joyous Ted fell upon us with a whoop, and we were whirled off to join in the chorus of the next song. We remembered the circumstance of his not drinking when later events supplied an explanation.

That was in February, if I remember

rightly, and Teddy seemed to grow happier with each succeeding hour. Miss Schuyler was wearing a magnificent hoop of diamonds on her finger, and he used to walk up and down the avenue with her every day, his short legs twinkling along, and his round eyes beaming with joy.

Some time in May there was a celebration in honor of the dedication of the Washington Arch, and the Seventh paraded in all the glory of full dress uniform. It was a blistering hot day, with the pavements like the top of a range, and a great swarm of people banked up on both sides of the avenue to see the troops. We swung along at a rattling pace, with only a momentary halt or two, until about Seventeenth or Eighteenth Street, when something blocked the head of the column, and we all came to a standstill, and had a chance to look about us and cool off a bit.

Teddy was the fourth man from the left of the second platoon—a position assigned him as a tribute to his small stature. He was a prodigiously funny spectacle at that moment, with his round, red face beaded with perspiration like the outside of a tumbler of ice water. Most of the company were looking and laughing at him; and Joyous Ted relegated his discomfort to a secondary place, and gave free rein to his powers of repartee. Metaphorically he bowled over one after another of his adversaries, and the spectators were enjoying the exhibition immensely. Then something strange happened.

A hoarse voice from somewhere in the throng on the sidewalk shouted "Edward Dwight!" very distinctly. It was so clearly and unmistakably intended for our comrade that the chaffing ceased instantly, every one turning to discover the speaker. I was standing near Teddy, and had a quick intuition that something was wrong when I saw him wince and throw his hand, palm outward, before his eyes, as though avoiding a blow.

He did not look up as the author of the interruption pushed his way through the crowd and stood before him, but remained with his head bent and his lips drawn in till his mouth looked like a thin red line.

The man who had spoken was as disreputable a specimen of humanity as could well be imagined. His face was bloated by the telltale stamp of drink, his clothes soiled and shabby to the last degree, his eyes mere red blots beneath shaggy brows. Standing with his legs far apart he swayed to and fro, and regarded Teddy with the veriest wreck of a smile.

"E'ward," he said, "doan' sher know me? Why doan' sher speak to me?"

Teddy's comrades had gathered close about the two men, surveying their faces curiously.

"Doan' sher know me?" repeated the man, adding, "damn yer," half to himself.

Teddy appeared to gather himself together with an effort.

"I know you—yes," he answered. "What do you want here? Go back on the sidewalk."

The other's face showed that he did not immediately comprehend this. When its meaning finally dawned upon him, his small eyes fairly blazed with fury, and lunging forward, he dealt Teddy a sharp blow across the eyes, with a savage growl of "Take that, ye young devil!"

Sergeant Ripley, who was standing directly behind the man, here justified his reputation as a fighter. Grasping him firmly by the collar, he whirled the wretched creature around, and tossed him, as limp as a bundle of rags, upon the curbstone.

"And *you* take *that*," he remarked blithely, "and get out, unless you want to feel the point of a bayonet."

In the excitement of the moment no one noticed that Teddy had sprung forward until we saw him on one knee, carefully supporting the man's head and smoothing back the tousled hair. He looked up at Ripley beseechingly, and on his face one could see the print of the blow, while his honest blue eyes winked rapidly to keep back the tears of mingled emotion and pain.

"Sam," he said, "of course you didn't know, but this won't do. You have struck my father."

His father! That!

The men stepped back blankly, some turning their heads aside as if in the presence of death. Ripley stood motionless, his fine eyes shifting from side to side.

"All right, Ted," he said, after a moment. "All right, old man. I apologize."

He wheeled about and went slowly back to his place, and as he passed we heard him mutter, "His father—good God!"

It was reverently said, as one might breathe a prayer, and it was the thought of all. Ripley said it half aloud, the rest of us in our hearts.

When the bugle sounded the advance, Teddy was left behind. We saw him, aided by a police officer, supporting the miserable form of his father through the crowd, his white belts soiled and disarranged, and the pompon on his shako black with the mud

into which it had fallen. We saw Ripley run forward, and, after a whispered word with the lieutenant, drop out and follow them. Then the scene was blotted out as the column marched forward to the clapping of appreciative hands and the swelling music of the band.

Jack Pennington had news for us when we reached the armory again, and were eagerly discussing the incident in the company room. Jack always was an observant sort of a chap, who saw both sides of questions and the minor features of every situation. Heaven knows the case of Teddy's father was deplorable enough at best, but when we heard what Jack had to tell us, we felt the crisis to be greatly magnified. Lieutenant Harvey, who had seen the whole affair, sighed and said, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children," and that was about what we were all thinking.

It seems that Jack had been watching a group of girls in a balcony directly opposite our halting place, and that he had seen Winifred Schuyler step forward when Teddy's father first called his name. How she came to be there without his knowing of it was a mystery, but nevertheless there she was, as straight and slender and beautiful as ever—so Jack said—with a cool smile on her lips, and her calm eyes watching the little tragedy before her. Yes, she had seen it all; seen the man that was to be almost her father, seen the blow, and seen poor broken hearted Teddy on his knees in the street with a drunkard in his arms. We knew Winifred Schuyler too well to doubt the inevitable outcome of it all.

None of us saw Teddy Dwight again, with the single exception of Charley Keene. To the latter he intrusted a letter, which was read aloud at the last company meeting of the year. For once the careless chatter was hushed, and the men listened with serious eyes and compressed lips.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

I feel that I cannot leave you without some little word of farewell. My father is as nearly recovered as I can ever hope to see him, and I am taking him to the far West for the few remaining years it is likely that he will live. What this has all been to me it is not necessary or possible for me to tell you. You will believe me when I say that my heart is with you always, and that if in the future I am able to rejoin you—and you will have me—the best hour of my life will be when I am once more a member of the Seventh.

EDWARD DWIGHT.

That was his last farewell, and with it he vanished more or less completely from our lives. Young Rathebone, a new recruit, has taken his place at the piano, and sings the newest songs very creditably, but it is not the same as having Joyous Ted. We hear of him at long intervals, and know that he is doing his duty, and know, too, that the sacrifice his willing, childlike heart has made will be laid to his account at the last.

Miss Schuyler was married early the following autumn. Her husband had a title and — strange combination! — unlimited means. It was a brilliant wedding, with a bishop to officiate, hosts of presents, and an imposing reception. Nearly all of us were invited, but on comparing notes afterwards we discovered a singular coincidence. No one went.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE POET'S SOUL.

WITHIN his soul are singing birds,
And diamond thoughts and golden words,
Mountains, meadows, lowing herds,
Within his soul;

And joy and sorrow, darkness, light,
Sunshine and shadow, day and night,
Hatred of wrong and love of right;

And one eternal, constant prayer
A hunger and a thirst are there,
For deathless deeds to do, to dare—
Within his soul.

Robert Loveman.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THAT genial and appreciative theorist, Max Nordau, has had his fling at music along with about everything else in this degenerate world and under this degenerating sun. His attitude is not new, and has few terrors to one who is at all widely read in the literature of satire, that strange backward aspiring world where each satirist finds the Golden Age in the generation before him. So though Herr Nordau may bark exceedingly loud at the moon and other bodies far above him, the rest of the world is not likely to follow his example and go to the "demnition bowwows." He advises a conspiracy of silence toward the degenerates. It would be better, perhaps, if his advice should be turned upon himself.

When Lombroso the criminologist, and Nordau, his disciple, lay down as the characteristic of a maniac "a stubborn perseverance in one and the same fundamental idea"—a quality that was once preached as a virtue and a trait of genius—it is easy to see how anybody can be dubbed degenerate.

Nordau's chief musical ailment is acute Wagner-phobia. After howling at supposed faults which the majority of musicians have now learned to understand as invaluable and noble, he says patronizingly: "As a personality, Wagner will occupy an important place in music; as an initiator, or developer of his art, hardly any or a very narrow one. For the only thing that musicians of healthy capacity can learn from him is to keep song and accompaniment closely connected with the words, to declaim with sincerity and propriety, and to suggest pictorial ideas to the imagination by orchestral effects." These three gigantic oracles are alone enough to give any composer something quite different from a "very narrow" place in the development of his art.

* * * *

ANOTHER bit of silly inconsistency is Nordau's attack on *fin de siècle* music. "At opera and concert," he says, "the rounded forms of ancient melody are coldly listened to. The translucent thematic treatment of classic masters, their conscientious observance of the laws of counterpoint, are reckoned flat and tedious. A coda graceful in cadence, serene in its 'dying fall,' a pedal base with correct harmonization, provoke yawns." All of which is founded about equally on ignorance of the real spirit of the classic composers and glaring misrepresentation of the present status of the art. It is vanity to argue with a man who bawls, "Black is white! If you deny it, you are a color blind degenerate!"

* * * *

NORDAU makes the antique plaint that not all recent art and literature is intelligible to the general public. Is Bach intelligible to everybody? Whose fault is it if Shakspere is a "mystic" to Hottentots and babes? It was once hard to understand things that are now commonplaces of science. The kindergarten pupil can see through many things that once puzzled Socrates. So with the arts, it is necessary that every creator and every explorer should bring forth things that must for long be mysteries to any but his intimate disciples. This does not prove that he is a "mystic" surrounded by a clique of "degenerate maniacs." Early operas of Wagner's, so revolutionary as to provoke riots, are now patronized as ingenuous and Italian.

* * * *

THE opera season has been very well laid out. Except in a very few instances, we know who is to come over—it is always "come over"; none of the singers claims America as home any more—and awaken the Metropolitan and the Academy of Music from their long sleep. Just now the Metropolitan stage is a place for piles of scenery, and checked cloths are draping the boxes. By the 18th of November those same boxes will make a chain of brilliants about the house.

Mr. Abbey may not know all the people he has engaged, and whether all of them are coming or not, but he has made up his mind that Calvé shall open the season in "Carmen."

Bevignani, who has been a little neglected by the side of his fellow conductor Mancinelli, will have an opportunity to take the baton a little oftener this winter, with his old friend absent. It is doubtful, however, if Bevignani, with all his solid musical ability and fine personality, will ever become the popular favorite that Mancinelli was. There were dramatic touches about the old conductor that held his audience. He put actual physical force into his work. One of the members of the official staff at the opera house, who had only known Man-

Marie Brema.

From a photograph by Hans Brand, Bayreuth.

Marie Engle.

From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

cinelli as the poet musician, the dreamer, who seemed to wave his baton like a fairy wand, asked that he might have the baton with which "Falstaff" and "Samson and Delilah" were first conducted in America. Signor Mancinelli sent him a bundle of splintered sticks, on one or two of which he had written his autograph.

"I break a dozen every evening," he said. "You are welcome to the splinters."

Bevignani brought his daughter last winter, and kept up a domestic home here in a strange land.

Seidl will conduct the popular Sunday concerts during the winter.

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THE contraltos never make the impression upon the public that comes from a soprano, but Marie Brema, who is to be a member of Mr. Abbey's company this season, is gaining many friends for herself among critics and public.

She is an English woman of German descent. Her operatic career has been a very short one. It was only six years ago that she made her initial bow to the musical world at St. James' hall in London. Conductor Levi, who had always taken a great interest in the young girl, introduced her to Frau Wagner, who engaged her for the part of *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin" and gave her the benefit of personal instruction. Even the great composer's widow was surprised at the brilliant results.

It was a surprise to the musical world when Damrosch allowed this voice to escape

him. It was confidently expected that Brema would be seen with his company this season in her Wagnerian rôles. It appears now that Damrosch is going to have a very serious rival in the Metropolitan's short season of German opera. With Seidl as conductor, and with the fine voices he has to call upon, there is no reason why the interpretation given at the latter house should not be the finest possible.

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MARIE ENGLE, who hails from Chicago, and who is in private life Mrs. Gustav Amberg, is one of the very few grand opera singers who have not gone to Europe for their musical education. Miss Engle learned all she knows about music and the arts from American teachers, in New York and at her home. She has been heard this season at Covent Garden, as Sir Augustus Harris' prima donna in several rôles of importance. The London critics praise her sympathetic charm of manner and her high soprano, which is declared to be of the purest quality.

Mme. Bauermeister.

Miss Engle is of medium height, with a willowy figure, hazel eyes, a fair, clear complexion, and masses of burnished, light brown hair. Her father is a German, her mother a Frenchwoman. The parts of *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo" and of *Baucis* in "Philemon and Baucis," in which Miss Engle appeared in London, were entirely new to her; she had not even seen the operas played before she was called upon to sing in them. Her success in these rôles was therefore the more creditable.

* * * *

ONE of the most useful members of the Metropolitan company, one of the best liked, and the one who receives most presents from her fellow artists, is a singer

Mme. Mantelli.
From a photograph by Dupont, New York.

Georgine von Januschowsky.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

of whom the public hears comparatively little.

Mlle. Bauermeister might be called the professional understudy. She was brought up by the great Teresa Titiens, which accounts for her thoroughness and conscientiousness. She sang in Madrid years ago—for she is no longer particularly young—and was a great favorite there. Jean de Reszke says of Bauermeister :

"She has had a long training and a thorough one. She should do better things, but she is now so fully identified with the work she does, that it is impossible for her to change."

It never was possible for her to change. She has not the dominating personality that would make her a star. She knows almost every second rôle in opera, and is ready to take anybody's place on an instant's notice. Her voice keeps its clearness and sweetness as remarkably as Patti's, but it is a fact that is seldom noticed. It is her lot to do a great deal of work, and see others take most of the applause. She is never allowed to keep a part long enough to make it peculiarly her own.

Last year, at the height of the season, somebody asked her how she managed to keep so well.

"I have no time be ill," she said. "I am too busy taking the parts of the invalids."

There is no singer who is so much loved by her companions as Bauermeister. No young prima donna ever went to her for instruction without becoming more fully equipped for her part before the public. There is no selfishness, no jealousy, in the singer's heart. As one looks at her career it naturally brings up a query as to whether it pays in this world to be selfish.

If Bauermeister were to leave the stage and become a teacher, she would doubtless make a great fortune. As a member of the opera company said recently, "Bauermeister could not make the success that Calvé makes as *Carmen*, but she could teach another to do it."

* * * *

MANTELLI is the best actress of all the singers who come back to the opera house this season. Like Nilsson, she was driven back to the stage, after several years of retirement, by heavy financial losses. She married a wealthy South American, and went to live with him in a beautiful home just outside of Milan. Their house was a gathering place for the artists in the days when a successful début at La Scala meant world wide success to an opera singer. Here, in her gardens, the voice which had been priceless was given to her friends. But invalidism came to her husband, and financial reverses followed. The gift of song remained, and Mantelli went back to the stage. Her husband travels with her, and she gives up all social life to spend her time with him. If her voice were to leave

Max Alvary.

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin.

her, Mantelli would still have, in her great gift as an actress, a sufficient equipment for the stage.

JANUSCHOWSKY has been heard here a good many times before, although the fact has not been widely heralded. Indeed, we were

Signor Kaschmann.

asked to look upon her as a new importation. Long ago she sang with Emma Juch and the Boston Ideals. Her first appearance here was in "The Beggar Student"; her last with Hammerstein's English opera company.

Januschowsky, whose real name is Mrs. Neuendorff, was born in the Austrian town of Olmütz, of a noble Polish family. This season she is to sing *Isolde*, *Elizabeth*, *Brunnhild*, and perhaps *Aida* and *Michaela* in Italian.

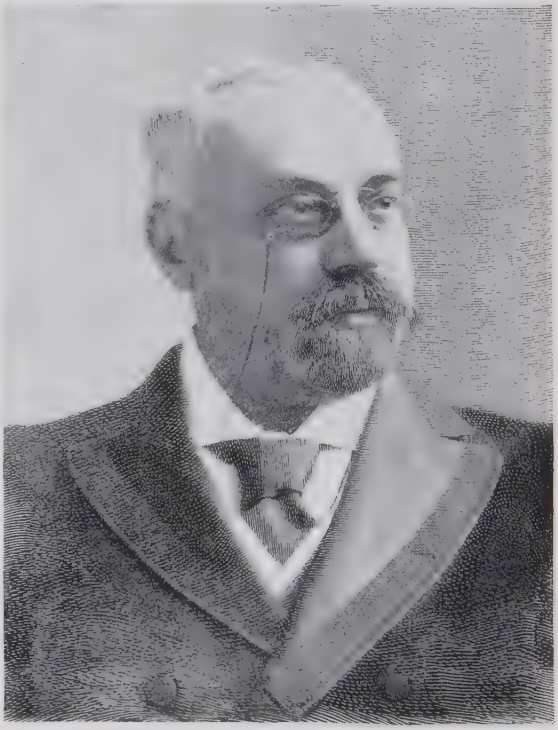
* * * *

THERE is a disposition to accept the verdict of Jean de Reszke as final upon all questions of operatic casts. He has been for so long the one successful tenor, and belongs to a family so distinguished in opera, that he is considered to be entirely unprejudiced and competent to speak. The great tenor is said to have been studying "Tristan" for the Metropolitan season, and it is an open secret that he was very much disappointed that Klafsky was not selected to sing *Isolde*. It is even hinted that he may throw up his part entirely, as he considers that there is only one perfect *Isolde*, and she is engaged for Mr. Damrosch's season.

Frau Klafsky lives in Hamburg, whence the Damrosch tenor, Wilhelm Gruening, also comes. She was very lately married to Herr Lohse, and lives in a magnificent home in Kloster Allee.

* * * *

IN Milka Ternina Europe sends us an interpreter of Wagnerian rôles who is said to be unsurpassed. It was in 1888 and 1889 that she rose from utter obscurity to be a fêted prima donna, the admiration of the Wagner school. She was born in a small village near Agram, where she was sent to school. An unknown music teacher showed the child that she had a voice worth cultivating, although even she never dreamed of an operatic career for her pupil; but the latter grew



Signor Bevignani.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Rosa Sucher.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

ambitious. When she was sixteen she went to Vienna to see Professor Gausbacher. He heard her sing, looked delightedly into her face, and said, "We shall make an excellent artist of you."

He sent the young girl to the Viennese conservatory. Upon one occasion, at a performance given by the conservatory pupils, young Fräulein Ternina sang the second act of "Lucrezia Borgia." She eagerly looked for the account by the critic. He mentioned the fact that "Fräulein Ternina had an aristocratic profile." It was not until she went to Bremen as the successor of Frau Klafsky—who comes to America with her this winter—that Ternina made her great success.

Theodore Thomas.

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ROSA SUCHER and Max Alvary came over with a great flourish of trumpets last year, but the reception they met was disappointing, and when they went back to Germany it was generally supposed that they had bidden a long farewell to America. Mr. Damrosch announces, however, that Alvary will be here again this season.

* * * *

AN old favorite of the New York public comes back this year in the person of Kaschmann, who was here long ago for the opening of the Metropolitan. He has sung all over Europe since then, and returns with an added reputation.

* * *

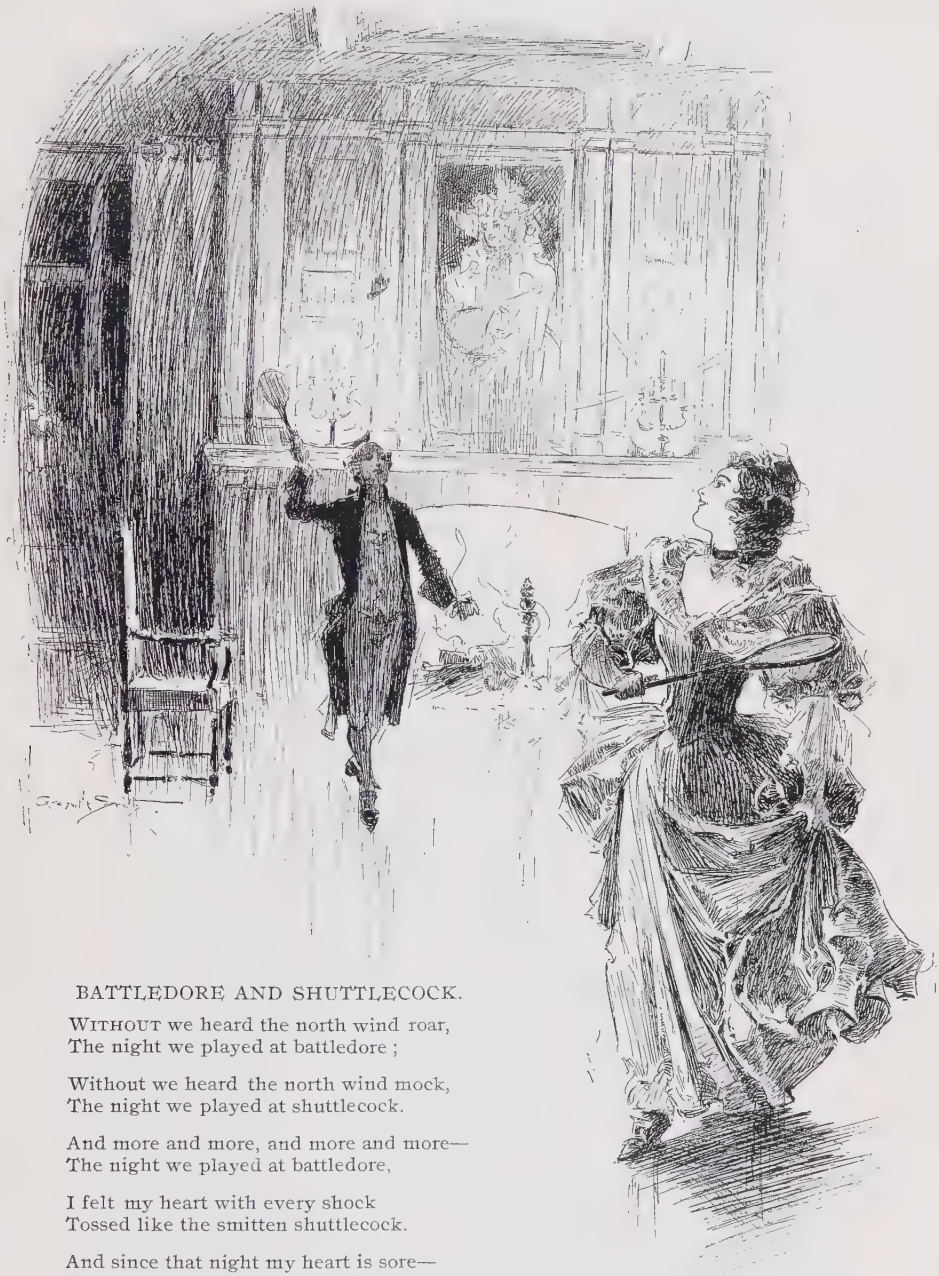
THE great Chicago orchestra will be heard here for the first time in its entirety during the coming season, and New York will have another opportunity to realize what she lost in Theodore Thomas.

A series of seven concerts, popular in character, will be given at the Metropolitan in March. The orchestra will also go to Philadelphia for two days.

The Chicago orchestra will break its regular routine of rehearsals and engagements this season, giving Mr. Thomas an opportunity for private work. It is said that its last season's receipts exceeded the income of any previous year by twenty thousand dollars.

* * *

SOME little dissatisfaction is showing itself here and there concerning the series of fashionable recitals which are given in New York every winter. It is said that they are not only expensive and rather poor for their cost, but they are ceasing to be even fashionable. Almost anybody who cares to pay the price of a ticket is welcome, and the morning concerts, to which the singers come in the poorest possible voice, are not quite as exclusive as the opera house. The fashionable woman stays away, because she finds herself attending a half way social function with a great many people she does not care to know. As musical events—well, the musicians smile at that term.



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

WITHOUT we heard the north wind roar,
The night we played at battledore ;

Without we heard the north wind mock,
The night we played at shuttlecock.

And more and more, and more and more—
The night we played at battledore,

I felt my heart with every shock
Tossed like the smitten shuttlecock.

And since that night my heart is sore—
The night we played at battledore ;

And since that night I take no stock
In battledore and shuttlecock.

Clinton Scollard.

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

The numerous and important organizations founded on patriotic American descent—Their insignia, their leaders, their remarkably rapid growth, and the work they are doing.

PATRIOTISM is a virtue, and pride of ancestry is a commendable or at least a permissible feeling. The success in recent years of the many hereditary societies, to which descent from a worthy patriot is the essential requirement for admission, is significant of the fact that more and more we are developing a faith in the heroism and worth of those who first settled in this country.

The growth of the movement is readily traced. It began with the centennial celebration of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill in June, 1875, and culminated in the great celebration of the inauguration of George Washington that took place in New York in April and May, 1889.

All these patriotic societies are hereditary, but they may be grouped into two classes—first, those in which membership is restricted to the eldest male descendant of an officer who participated either in the war

General Horace Porter, President of the Sons of the American Revolution.

of the Revolution, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, or the civil war; second, those in which membership is free to any descendant of a patriot who participated in the colonial wars, the war of the Revolution, the war of 1812, or the civil war. The societies connected with the civil war are too numerous and too well known to be included in a paper such as this, and therefore they may be dismissed at the outset.

Oldest, most honorable, and the one in which membership is most prized, is the Society of the Cincinnati. It was organized in the quaint old Verplanck house, near Fishkill on the Hudson, on May 13, 1783, by the American and foreign officers who had served together in the Revolutionary war. Baron Steuben, the Prussian American soldier, presided over the preliminary meeting, and George Washington was requested to act as chief officer of the society until the first general meeting, which was appointed for May 4, 1784.

The Rev. Morgan Dix, President of the Military Society of the War of 1812.

Frederic J. de Peyster, President of the Society of Colonial Wars.

The curious wording of the society's statement of its purposes is worthy of presentation. It says: "To perpetuate therefore as well the remembrance of this vast event (the war of the Revolution) as the mutual friendships which have been formed under the presence of common danger, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American Army do hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute, and combine themselves into one Society of Friends, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their closest male posterity, and in failure thereof, the collateral branches who may be deemed worthy of becoming its supporters and members."

At this preliminary meeting provision was made for thirteen State societies, corresponding, naturally, to the

General John Cochrane, President of the New York Society of the Cincinnati.

original thirteen States; and triennial meetings of delegates from the State societies were to be held, beginning with 1784. The feature of hereditary descent gave umbrage to many influential persons, among whom was Benjamin Franklin, and the society was at once fiercely and bitterly attacked. In consequence an amendment was presented at the meeting held in Philadelphia in 1785, abolishing all succession, and confining a society to those who had actually served in the Revolution. This amendment was carried by the general society, but failed to receive the assent of a sufficient number of State organizations, and in consequence the Cincinnati fell back upon its original constitution. Another element of peculiar interest is attached to the failure of this amendment. It provided for the establishment of a chapter in France, and before the failure of the amendment had been announced such a society was organized. It was disbanded in 1793, at the time of the French Revolution. Notwithstanding the fact that without constitutional sanction the French society could have no proper existence, as has been very clearly shown by General John Cochrane, president of the New York State Society, still the Cincinnati authorized its revival in 1877, and it now flourishes in Paris.

The Cincinnati continued full of vigor until the arrival of Lafayette in this country in 1824, but thereafter the interest waned, and seven State societies disbanded. In 1854 the last of the original members died; and there are now but two or three survivors of the second generation. General Washington was succeeded in the presidency by Alexander Hamilton, and other distinguished officers followed, until 1854, when Hamilton Fish, of New York, was called to the chair. His death has left the post vacant, although the vice president, Robert M. McLane of Maryland, is the acting president, and if precedent is followed he will be elevated to the presidency

Robert M. McLane, Acting President of the Society of the Cincinnati.

at the meeting to be held in Philadelphia in May, 1896.

The present membership of the Cincinnati is about 500, distributed among the State societies in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and the revived societies in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and France. The eagle, as the badge of the society is called, was designed by Major Pierre C. L'Enfant, the French engineer who planned the city of Washington, and the colors of its rosette and ribbon are light blue and white.

Soon after the celebration of the first of the centennial anniversaries in 1875, overtures were made to the Society of the Cincinnati to broaden its policy so as to admit all male descendants of participants in the war of the Revolution, but the society declined to take such action. Accordingly, early in 1876, John Austin Stevens of New York issued a call, in which he said: "The approach of the centennial anniversary of American independence is an appropriate time for the foundation of a society on a broader basis" (than the Society of the Cincinnati), "which may include all descendants of those who served in the war of the Revolution," and named February 22, 1876, as the time when a meeting for organization "will be held in the rooms of the New York Historical Society."

John Lee Carroll, President of the Sons of the Revolution.

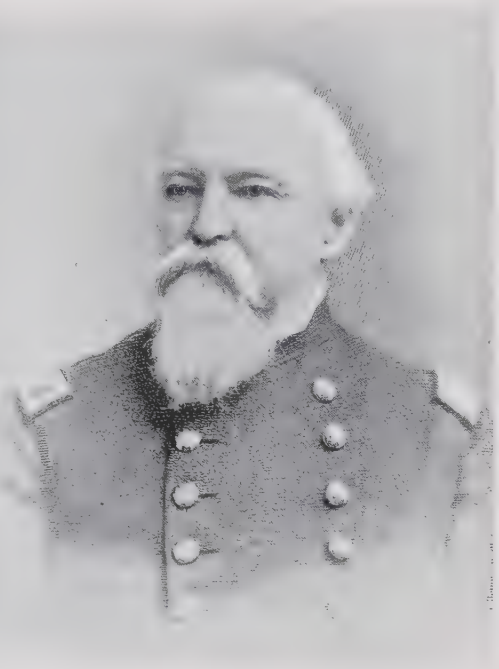
John Cadwalader, President of the General Society of the War of 1812.

It was in this way that the Sons of the Revolution came into existence. For some years the organization was maintained, but not as an active body until December 4, 1883, when at a meeting held in Fraunce's Tavern steps were taken "toward effecting permanent organization."

To follow in detail the growth of the Sons of the Revolution is impossible in this article, but the

organization steadily increased in membership, until in February, 1890, it had 539 sons on its rolls. In 1888 a State society was organized in Pennsylvania, and others followed in the District of Columbia and in Iowa. Its development led to the organization of a general or national society in March, 1890; and at the last meeting, held in Boston on April 19, 1895, the secretary reported twenty five State societies, with a total membership of 4,192 persons, of which number the New York society had 1,574 names enrolled.

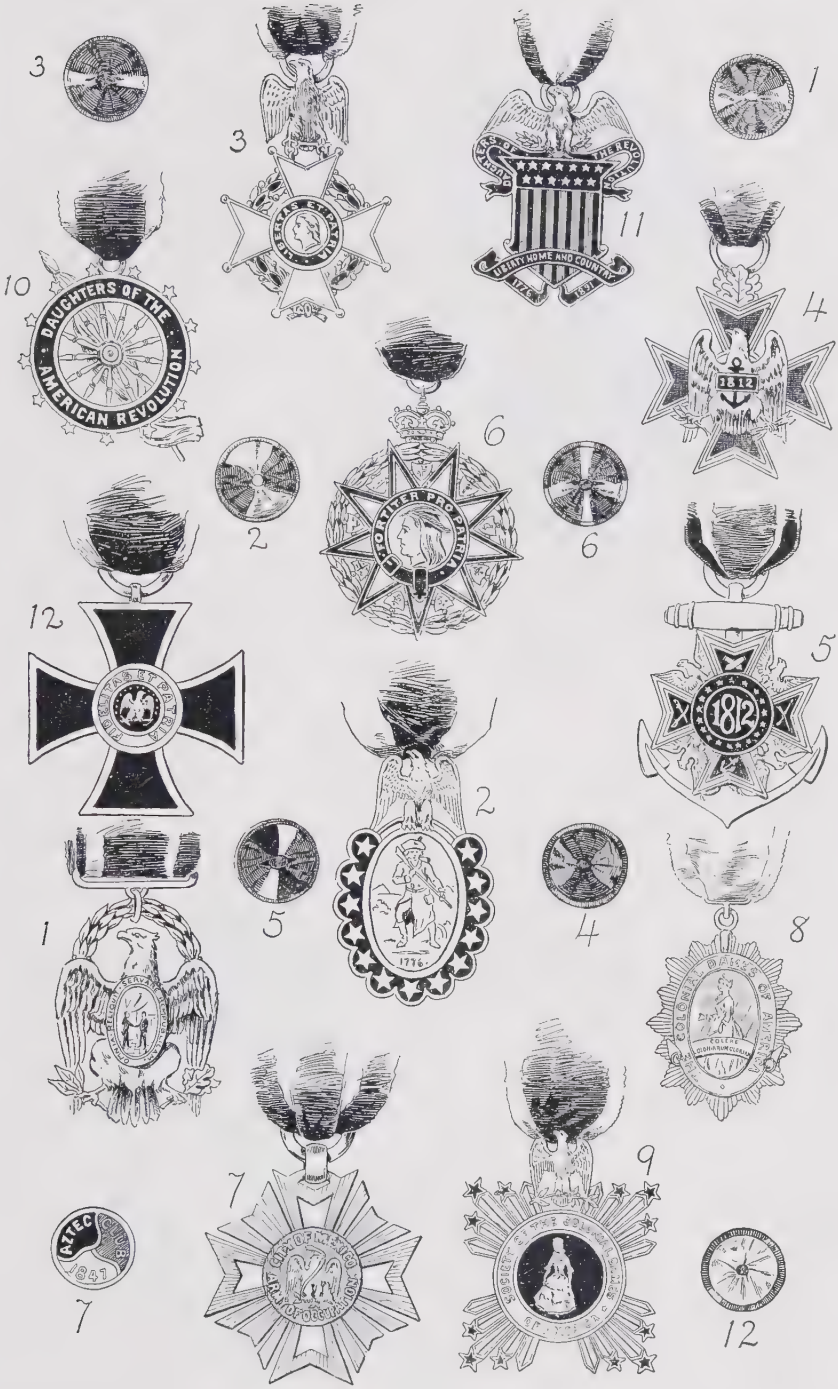
In considering these patriotic societies the question naturally arises: "What have they done?" Let us apply the question direct to the Sons of the Revolution. In their constitution they say that the society has been instituted "to perpetuate the memory of the men who, in the military, naval, and civil service of the colonies and of the Colonial Congress, by their acts or counsel, achieved the independence of the country, and to further the proper celebration of the anniversaries of the birthday of Washington and of prominent events connected with the war of the Revolution; to collect and secure for preservation the rolls, records, and other documents relating to that period; and to inspire the members of the society with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers."



General John P. Hatch, President of the Aztec Club.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, President of the National Society of Colonial Dames.

In the accomplishment of these objects they have furnished addresses on patriotic subjects; they have celebrated Revolutionary events with patriotic exercises; and have held commemorative church services on Washington's Birthday. The New York society has marked nine historical sites with bronze tablets, and raised a statue to the memory of Nathan Hale, whose last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." The Pennsylvania society has likewise been active. Its members erected memorials to mark the location of Washington's encampment at Gulph Mills, of General Wayne's



INSIGNIA OF AMERICAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

1. Society of the Cincinnati.
2. Sons of the Revolution.
3. Sons of the American Revolution.
4. Military Society of the War of 1812.
5. General Society of the War of 1812.
6. Society of Colonial Wars.
7. Aztec Club.
8. National Society of Colonial Dames.
9. Society of Colonial Dames.
10. Daughters of the American Revolution.
11. Daughters of the Revolution.
12. Naval Order of the United States.

Mrs. John W. Foster, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

headquarters at Centerville, and of the struggle near Fort Washington after the battle of Germantown. They have in hand the collection of funds for an equestrian statue of General Wayne, to be erected in Philadelphia.

The general president of the national society is John Lee Carroll of Maryland; the presiding officer of the New York organization is Frederick S. Tallmadge, a gentleman who has done much for the society. The insignia of the Sons of the Revolution contain a medallion of gold bearing on its face the figure of a soldier in Continental uniform; the ribbon is dark blue, edged with buff, recalling that uniform's colors.

On July 4, 1875, the ninety ninth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated with unusual exercises in San Francisco. In the procession a platoon of men in Continental uniform attracted much attention, and along the route were suspended the names of celebrated battlefields and heroes of the Revolution. In the following October, a society "to honor the founders of the nation, and to perpetuate the principles for which these heroes pledged their lives and their sacred honor," was organized in the Golden Gate city. This society, which took the name of the Sons of Revolutionary Sires, was the first of the newer societies to effect a permanent organization, and is fully entitled to recognition as such.

Certain members of the New York society of the Sons of the Revolution desired, in 1888, to form a New Jersey society, but their action failed to receive the sanction of the parent body. This led to the organization of a separate society, whose members promptly turned their energies toward the formation of branches in every State and Territory of the Union. A call was issued for a convention to be held in Fraunce's Tavern in New York, on April 30, 1889. Delegates from eigh-

Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers, President of the Daughters of the Revolution.

teen States, including California, there met, and after the withdrawal of the representatives from New York and Pennsylvania, the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution was organized.

This society, as there formed, and as it today exists, has two important characteristic features. First, it admits no man to membership "unless he is a lineal descendant of one who participated in the American Revolution," and second, it consists of one national society divided for convenience into coequal State societies, and the latter subdivided to some extent into local branches or chapters. At the meeting of the general society held in Boston on the 1st of last May, a membership of 5,878, distributed among 31 State societies, was reported. It is also proper to add that since then societies of the Sons of the American Revolution have been formed in France and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The objects of this society do not differ materially from those of the Sons of the Revolution, but the newer society is entitled to credit for its remarkable activity. It has celebrated more than a hundred anniversaries and important events in the Revolution. The popular observance of June 14 as "flag day" is largely due to it. The headquarters of Jonathan Trumbull (Brother Jonathan) have been saved from destruction, and through the society's efforts the building has been converted into a museum. The Massachusetts society has undertaken to mark the grave of every Revolutionary soldier with a bronze marker, on which appears the design of a minute man, with the letters S. A. R. (Soldier of the American Revolution) and the date, 1775. In New York it was largely through the influence of the Sons of the American Revolution that the City Hall was saved from destruction; and elsewhere many memorials have been raised to the memory of American heroes.

The president of the general society of the Sons of the American Revolution is General Horace Porter. Its insignia follow in their general form the cross of the order of St. Louis of France, thus commemorating the fact that Louis XVI, who sent his soldiers to the aid of the Americans, as well as nearly all of the French officers, were members of that order. The colors of the ribbon and rosette are blue and white, which were the colors of the uniform of Washington's staff.

The excellent patriotic work accomplished by the two foregoing societies led to a revival of interest in two patriotic societies that had long been in existence, but which had almost entirely passed from public view. Both were originally organized by participants in the war of 1812, and membership in them is restricted to descendants of those who took part in that conflict.

The Military Society of the War of 1812 was instituted in 1826 by army and navy officers who had taken part in the second war with England. In 1848 it was consolidated with the Veteran Corps of Artillery, in the State of New York, which had been founded as far back as 1790 by officers and soldiers of the war of the Revolution, and which had been called into the military service of the United States in 1812 and 1814. On September 10, 1890, the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, the twenty two surviving members of this body met and adopted a new constitution. On January 8, 1892, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, the society was incorporated anew as a hereditary institution, with many new members. Its membership clause was amended in 1895, so that only descendants of officers are eligible. The society meets annually on the 8th of January, in the New York City Hall, and its membership is less than a hundred, including six surviving veterans.

Besides its publications and reunions, no actual patriotic work has as yet been undertaken by this society. Its president is the Rev. Morgan Dix, whose father, General John A. Dix, saw active service from December, 1812, until the close of the war. Its insignia consist of a Maltese cross, on which is an American bald eagle with wings displayed. Its colors are red and blue, and were so chosen because during the war of 1812 dark blue coats edged with red were the regulation uniforms of the militia artillery and infantry in most of the States.

Distinct from this association is the General Society of the War of 1812. This latter body is of similar character to the two societies of descendants of soldiers who took part in the war of the Revolution, and freely admits to membership any lineal descendant of one who served in the war of 1812. That is, the membership is not restricted to descendants of officers, as is the case with the Military Society of the War of 1812.

The society's history is an honorable one. It was formed at a general convention held in Philadelphia in January, 1854, of surviving veterans of the war, who then organized the Pennsylvania Association of the Defenders of the Country in the War of 1812.

When the present interest in patriotic societies became prevalent, the society was reorganized under its new title, and the Pennsylvania Association became the Pennsylvania State Society. At the same time the Association of the Defenders of Baltimore in 1814, which had dwindled down to a very small number, was admitted as the Maryland State Society. More recently, State societies have been organized in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Ohio, and the rolls now show the names of over five hundred persons, forty of whom are surviving veterans.

The society has grown slowly but steadily, and has already a satisfactory balance in its treasury. Its work has included elaborate exercises under the auspices of the Maryland societies on the centennial anniversary of the occupation of Fort McHenry by the United States government, and the eightieth anniversary of the battle of North Point; and it has published many historical documents pertaining to the war of 1812. John Cadwalader, of the Pennsylvania Society, is president general. In common with other similar societies, it has a vice president general from each of the five State societies. Its colors—dark blue, white, black, and red—appear in its rosette and in the ribbon from which its insignia are suspended.

A vacant field was discerned in the failure of the foregoing societies to provide for the descendants of the soldiers of colonial times. Messrs. S. Victor Constant, Charles H. Murray, Nathan G. Pond, and Edward Trenchard were among those who first recognized this fact, and who, on the 18th of August, 1892, at the office of the first named, in New York, organized the Society of Colonial Wars. This was a success from the beginning, and numbers among its more than one thousand members the names of the very best families in the United States. State societies exist in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, the District of Columbia, New Jersey, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio. Membership is rigidly restricted to descendants of residents of the colonies between May 13, 1607, and April 19, 1775, and military service of an ancestor is a necessary requisite. Indeed, an examination of the year book shows that most of the members are descendants of officers, so that it may almost rank as a military society.

The Colonial Wars has had the good fortune to be officered from the outset by men of experience and executive ability. Its president, Frederic J. de Peyster, was for some years the presiding officer of the St. Nicholas Society, and knew well where to lead. Much of its success, too, is due to Howland Pell, its secretary. As chairman of its committee on the Louisburg memorial, Mr. Pell planned and carried to a successful inauguration the beautiful monument that was erected last June at Louisburg, Nova Scotia, in honor of the victory over the French which made Canada an English province. A handsome medal was issued to commemorate the event. Mention should also be made of the facsimile reproduction—issued by Dr. Charles S. Ward of the Connecticut Society—of the historical record of the "Conquest of Cape Breton," taken from the *London Magazine and Monthly Chronologer*, dated 1745.

The colors of the society are red and white, and its flag consists of the red cross of St. George on a white field, bearing in the center the society's escutcheon, surmounted by a crown and surrounded by nine stars.

Also of colonial times is the Society of Mayflower Descendants, which was organized last December, and now has a membership of some seventy five persons. Its badge is a ship under full sail, surrounded by a wreath of hawthorn, the ribbon being pink with white stripes. The button is a hawthorn blossom—the mayflower of England. Its board of officers has not yet been chosen, but Captain Richard H. Greene, to whom the society owes its origin, is the acting president.

Very brief mention must be made of the Aztec Club of 1847, which holds the same relation to the war with Mexico as do the Cincinnati and Society of the War of 1812 to earlier wars. It is a military society, and its members include participants in the war with Mexico or their lineal representatives. Its mission is to "keep alive the traditions that cluster about the names of those officers of the army, navy, and marine corps who took part in the Mexican War." Its membership is about 250, but among the names that have been on its rolls are those of Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Scott, Lee, and others chiefly associated with the history of the civil war. The Aztec Club holds annual meetings, has a large collection of historical material, and has published some monographs.

Its officers have included Hancock, Joseph E. Johnston, and Fitz John Porter among its presidents. The incumbent for 1895 is General John P. Hatch, who served as second lieutenant of the Mounted Rifles

during the Mexican War. The colors of the society are those of Mexico—red, green, and white, which are conspicuous in its insignia and also in the enameled button.

None of the foregoing societies, except that of the Mayflower Descendants, admits women to membership. It was therefore but natural that the patriotic women of our country should rise to demonstrate that they too were capable of doing honor to the illustrious ancestors of whose noble deeds they were justly proud. Younger in organization, but already greater in members, they have indeed performed a magnificent work, putting to envy their less energetic brothers.

On May, 1890, several women who were "legitimately descended in their own persons from some ancestor of worthy life who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1786" met in New York, and organized the National Society of Colonial Dames of America. While this body is distinctly exclusive, and membership is only permitted by invitation, yet there were excellent reasons for such procedure. The society's object was the study of the history of prominent persons connected with colonial times, and especially of their ancestors, as procurable from family archives. Meetings were held in the drawing rooms of the members, and only their personal friends were invited to join them. A valuable library has been accumulated, in which the beautiful book plate of the society, designed by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, its secretary, is conspicuous; and commemorative entertainments are held twice a year. The Colonial Dames are now collecting funds for the preservation of the old mansion of Fort Crailo, which was built in 1642. It is on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Albany, and was General Abercrombie's headquarters in 1756. It was here that Richard Schuckbury wrote his famous

> Yankee Doodle came to town
> Riding on a pony,
> Stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called it macaroni,

when the Connecticut contingent, commanded by Thomas Fitch, reported at headquarters. These tall, lean Yankees rode small, sorry looking horses, the best their farms afforded, and were dressed in blue homespun, with a turkey tail feather in their caps, the parting gift of their wives, sisters, or sweethearts.

The courtly Mrs. Archibald Gracie King is the society's president, and the badge, rich and dignified in pure gold, with a stately colonial dame upon its face, is worn attached with a gray ribbon bordered with white. For convenience, there are societies of the Dames in Philadelphia and Baltimore, but candidates for membership must be elected in New York.

The conservatism of the original Colonial Dames was not without its influence, and a rival organization, called the society of the Colonial Dames of America, came into existence, formed by delegations from the Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey State organizations that met in Wilmington, Delaware, May 9, 1892. Membership in this body is more extended, and while the rule that "no person shall be a candidate for admission unless invited" prevails, there are now nearly 1,500 dames on the rolls of the State societies which exist in the thirteen original States and the District of Columbia, and of the branch organizations in some of the non colonial States. In the prosecution of patriotic work this society has shown its activity by organizing series of patriotic lectures, by offering prizes for essays on colonial history, and by presenting schools with portraits of national heroes. It president is Mrs. John Howard Townsend, and its colors are blue and buff.

By far the most important of these patriotic societies for women is the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose membership of over eight thousand women, claiming descent from the heroes of the war of the Revolution, extends into every State and Territory in the Union, excepting only Alaska, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, North Dakota, and Utah. Local chapters may be formed wherever twelve or more members reside; in Connecticut alone, for example, thirty four such chapters exist, each of which busies itself with some good and patriotic work.

Of all that this society has accomplished, mention can be made only of two items. It has obtained possession of the old block house (Fort Pitt) in Pittsburg, and the chapters in that city are engaged in restoring it. In New York funds have been raised for the endowment of a chair in colonial and Revolutionary history in Barnard College, New York's first women's college of standing. Its participation in patriotic exercises and its many celebrations of Revolutionary anniversaries can only be hinted at, for they are so numerous that a mere catalogue of them would fill pages.

The Daughters of the American Revolution were organized in Washington in October, 1890, and each year, during the week in which Washington's birthday falls, a

Continental Congress is held in that city. The first president general was Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. She was succeeded by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, who this year gave way to Mrs. John W. Foster. The insignia of wheel and distaff, so suggestive of the early history of our country, are pendent from a blue and white ribbon corresponding to the similar colors of the Sons of the American Revolution.

The admission to the society of members who were of collateral descent proved an element of discord, and although this practice has since been abandoned, it was not until the flourishing society of the Daughters of the Revolution was organized. In this latter body only descent that is lineal will admit to membership. Since the society's inception in 1891 its membership has grown to 1500, all direct descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. It has its headquarters in New York, and Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers is the president of the general society and also of the New York society.

The Daughters of the Revolution have been industrious in the celebration of patriotic anniversaries, and they have collected much historical data. At present they have in hand the collection of funds for a memorial to be erected in Brooklyn to the ten thousand American prisoners who perished in Wallabout Bay, where the navy yard now is. Their colors are blue and buff, similar to those of the Sons of the Revolution.

Space is wanting for a description of the United States Daughters of 1812, and of the Daughters of the Cincinnati, two societies of recent origin. The Children of the American Revolution are an organization that came into existence in 1895, in which membership is restricted to those who are under eighteen years of age. The Naval Order of the United States, the Military Order of Foreign Wars, and the Colonial Order of the Acorn are likewise very recent societies.

That a grand wave of patriotism is spreading over our beloved country is clearly shown by the growth of the societies whose history been given in bare outline in the foregoing article. It is well that the young should be taught to honor their ancestors, to be proud of the history of their land, and to reverence their nation's flag. The accomplishment of such objects is the mission of our American patriotic societies.

Marcus Benjamin.

"ONCE MORE THE FALL WITH EMPTY FIELDS AND SAD."

THE year once more is verging to its close;
The monitory wind all day long grieves;
And from the hedge, like startled birds, the leaves
Are scattered far on every gust that blows.
The blithe birds are departed with the rose
That bloomed but now along the cottage eaves—
All save a few that 'mid the garnered sheaves
In silence build against impending snows.
Although beyond this gloom and dearth, you say,
The spring shall come with song and flower and bee,
And all these scenes forlorn again be glad,
My soul keeps sighing this dark autumn day;
The summer, too, must follow, and, ah me!
Once more the fall with empty fields and sad!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

A PRINCESS AND A WOMAN.*

By Robert McDonald.

IX.

A MAN may be in the midst of adventures, may hold his life in his hand, may not know what tomorrow will bring him, yet there are things that can make him content, and can put him to sleep with a smile of gratified happiness on his face. Howlett had passed through such an experience in his interview with the Princess Wasia.

It was of small moment to him that he had left a man for dead behind him. What was the life of one man more or less, when men died somewhere and somehow every minute, compared to the fact that he had held Wasia in his arms and knew that she loved him? It was not that he was heartless, but the greater fact dwarfed the lesser in his mind. Stefanie's warning appeared of little consequence, and he went peacefully to sleep.

It was noon when he awakened, to find his man standing over him, and Curt in the doorway behind.

"Get out! Get out!" the young Russian called. "I have ordered breakfast for you. Get through your bath, and I will talk to you. If you are going off on that hunting trip with me, you should have your traps at the station in two hours. Better let your man begin to pack at once."

With an accurate aim, he threw a heavy package across the room to Howlett, who lazily broke the seal, and found a long and rambling letter from Mr. Folsom. Evidently the minister had for the moment given his secretary a holiday, and had taken his pen in hand to give good advice and admonishings to his young friend. The letter was supplemented by a cheery note from Mrs. Folsom, and very full and elaborate passports, allowing Lieutenant Howlett to travel wherever he would. It appeared that, upon thinking it over, the minister concluded that a holiday would do his hot headed young attaché a world of good, and that the dominions of the Czar were by no means the place for him. There was all Europe to choose from. He could be gay in Paris, solemn in London, or anything he liked anywhere else. Until his recall came he might play.

The man had hardly closed the door when Curt came close and sat down on the edge of the bed. He was trying to look serious, but there was a beam in his eye, and a line about his mouth, which showed that his soul was full of joy.

"That was one of Johann's men," he said. "I haven't been able to find out whether you finished him or not. I hunted up Serge—or, to be more explicit, Serge hunted up me—at an early hour. He sent word that he wanted me. I have just come from there. Marie sent a messenger to him immediately after we left, and then another when they found the blood on the snow."

"Did you——?"

"*Did* I? I told him that I had heard of a nihilist plot, and had gone out to warn him; that I had evidently been followed for I had been attacked. Serge suggested that it might be advisable for me to take a little run over to Paris."

"I suppose that in Russia the police know everything," Howlett said, while he inspected and rejected a coat.

Curt gave a crow of laughter.

"Know everything! That's good! If they did, how do you suppose the nihilists and all their ridiculous machinery could exist? There is nothing on earth any stupider than most of these Russian detectives. All sorts of schemes go on under their noses, day and night. Johann could have us both killed if he had time to make a plot. I don't want to give him time, nor do I want him to know that I am off to Carpathia. It is puzzling me that the stupidity of my own brain will not allow me to think of a way to outwit him."

Howlett looked gravely at him for a moment.

"Passports all right?"

"Oh, yes!" Curt slapped his chest. "I am always at liberty to travel."

* *This story began in the August number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Howlett discarded the clothes he had taken out, and arrayed himself in a full dress uniform. "I am going down to Cronstadt on official business, to consult the captain of the war ship Nebraska, lying there in harbor. Come along."

"All right," Curt said carelessly.

"I am afraid," Howlett went on, as the two young men tramped down the steps, "that my traps will stay in Russia for some time. We can buy clothes anywhere."

"Are your naval officers accommodating enough to take you anywhere you like?"

"Not by any means, but there is a yacht which belongs to a man I know lying in Cronstadt harbor. We will take that down to the German coast."

"And lose several days."

"It is the only way I see."

"And tame enough," Curt grumbled, as they came within two steps of the street.

At the door a woman with a basket on her arm, a fat woman, almost shapeless, with quantities of cheap jewelry on her person, knocked against them, letting her basket fall. Curt swore a little and passed on, but Howlett saw that the things which had fallen were embroideries.

"What do you want?" he asked in French, as his head and that of the woman came together over the fallen goods.

"Johann's favorite servant was killed last night," she whispered. "He is wild. You are not safe from open attack in the streets. He knows that you have seen the princess. Make haste away. Make your country help you away. Your life is not safe for an instant, nor is Count Curt's. There are assassins all about your house."

"My good woman," Howlett said in Russian, "we do not care for your embroideries. Pick them up and get along."

He took Curt by the arm and pulled him back up the stairs. Walking into his bed room, he pulled out another uniform. It was his best, kept for great occasions.

"Get into that," he said.

"But——" Curt began.

"Oh, nonsense! A woman who had stolen the crown jewels of Russia once saved herself from arrest by wrapping herself in the American flag. I don't believe a hired assassin is going to dare to kill either of us in the open street in the uniform of an American officer. We can be in Cronstadt before the matter can be carried to the police. Our passports are all right. Come along;" and merrily whistling "Yankee Doodle," the two young men ran down the steps and into the street, arm in arm and clothed in the United States livery.

They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked jauntily forward, as if they were entirely ignorant of danger, or defied it. Consequently they did not see that the woman with the embroideries had been put into a closed troïka, and was being driven rapidly away; nor did they see that a man ran up the steps of their apartment and met the Swiss coming down.

"Where to?" the German asked.

"To Cronstadt, where they will take a yacht and go to Carpathia. The prince will try to stir up a rebellion."

The Swiss spoke with a degree of calmness which belonged to his nationality. It was a simple commercial transaction. There was an exchange of bank notes, and then the German hesitated on the landing.

"I make you a free gift of all of the American's belongings," he said. "He will never come back for them."

X.

THE little village on the west side of Carapeth, the old capital city of Carpathia, is as quaint as if it had been forgotten since the middle ages. Curious old doorways and rough flagged streets seem like some composition which must have been made for an artist's temporary use. They have the familiarity of theatrical scenery.

The way south had been long, and now that they were here, staying at the little inn as two British tourists, poor young men of little consequence, they felt that a whole century separated them from St. Petersburg and its modern life. Spring had dawned upon the south, and the little blue flowers were coming up along the edges of the roads, and the yellow jonquils were all abloom in the old stone courtyard of the inn.

"So far," Curt said, as they sat in the dusk of the evening and smoked cigars, "we are merely on our travels. I am going up to the city tomorrow to see the Russian representative. He is an old friend of my father's."

At the next table a stolid young German, his face dimpled with scars, evidently made by thrusts of swords, sat and smoked. He wore thick heather stockings and English shoes, and at a first glance might have been taken for an Englishman. While a second glance assured Howlett that he was German, the touch of England in his attire made the young men careful of their conversation. Presently Howlett, apropos of some question about the university, turned and spoke to their silent companion in German. To his

amazement the latter arose, lifted his beer mug, and put it down at their table.

"Bob Howlett!" he said in excellent English. "Where did you come from?"

"Klessner!" Howlett put out his hand, which the German took. "This is my friend——"

"Count Petrovsky," Klessner interposed, as Howlett hesitated. "I have often seen him in Petersburg." Klessner looked easily, smilingly, into Curt's face. "When are you going to come over here and pack Johann about his business?"

"I fear I should have an unpleasant time of it if I were to try. Carpathia elects her princes. Who knows me here?"

"Come over and try. I am a Carpathian, a professor over yonder in the university;" and he pointed to the distant hill where the fine old towers of the university buildings cut the sky line. "We keep up with the times, if the stones in our walls are old."

"And you went to school with Von König," Howlett said dryly.

"And stood your second when you gave him that little memento he still carries. Von König was a brute, and the boy was father to the man. He never moves here without a menace. This good marriage seems likely to settle him on the throne, however."

"Would there really be a chance for Russian intervention?" Curt asked, as if he were discussing some trivial question of news.

Klessner was evidently keen enough to read the strain underneath.

"Would you make the trial now, when this marriage is about to come off?" he asked.

Howlett could contain himself no longer.

"Klessner," he said, putting his hand on his old friend's shoulder and gripping it hard, "that marriage shall never take place, if the whole country—all Europe—is blown up with dynamite. That bully, that devil, that low brute, already married, shall not ruin the life of the sweetest and noblest of women."

"H'm—ah!" Klessner said, and he looked at Curt with interest. Evidently he supposed that Howlett had been enlisted on the side of Curt, who hoped to win Johann's throne and Johann's bride by the same throw.

"You need not look at me," Curt said. "There is the madman. The Princess Wasia of Hesse-Arnheim is too high and mighty a personage for me to aspire to. That audacity is left to an American. It looks like fair play for a woman of title to marry an American now and then; we have it the other way round so often."

Klessner's eyes, behind their glasses, took on a look of deep if amused admiration.

"Bob Howlett," he said slowly, "we used to say at school that there was no audacity too stupendous for you to undertake. Our imaginations were unable to grasp your possibilities." He stretched out his hand across the table, and Howlett could see the gleam of his white teeth under his mustache. "I helped you nearly kill Johann once. Take my hand on the compact to try and do it effectually this time."

"Oh, we don't want to kill him," Howlett replied, while he grasped the offered hand. "Let him live and take care of his wife and child."

"The university is full of students, hot headed young fellows, ready for anything. What are your plans?"

"They are vague, but we must act as soon as possible."

Klessner arose to his feet and looked about him, peering into the dusk, which the little colored lanterns in the trees hardly broke.

"This is not a safe place to talk. I will go. Come up to the university tomorrow early, and ask for me. My rooms are very quiet. I will introduce you to some of the other men. Count Petrovsky will find that his name has been mentioned in those rooms before."

After Klessner had gone, Curt and Howlett stood for a moment silently congratulating each other upon the luck of the encounter, when the professor's step was again heard on the gravel.

"Come up to the university before you see the Russians," he said, and turned away.

"Let us go along the road with Klessner," Howlett said, "and find the way."

But in another moment they saw him speeding along the road on a bicycle. The effect was so incongruous that the two young men laughed and walked on. Their road seemed to be opening before them. Only a few days more, and it might be that their plot would be ripe fruit, ready to drop.

They did not talk of their plans. The road was smooth, but it ran abruptly up a hill bordered by jagged rocks and overhung by trees. The rising moon cast her rays on the branches, fuzzy with new foliage, and the light filtered softly down upon the young men. Howlett's heart went tenderly back to Wasia, and he thought again of that night in the country house when he

had held her in his arms. How girlish and young she was! How completely his own! He walked on in a mist of tenderness, and when an arm clutched his shoulder, and he felt a revolver at his temple, it brought him back to solid things with a drop.

But Howlett had not spent some exciting years in the Indian country for nothing. His shoulder was wrenched free and his own revolver was cracking in a space too short to reckon. He did not even see Curt in the embrace of the two who had fallen upon him, but he heard the mighty oath the young Russian gave as he shouted, "This is some of your friend's work!"

For an instant Howlett believed that it was, but he remembered the Klessner of the old days, and chided himself as harboring an unworthy suspicion, even while he was whirling the revolver and pouring bullets wildly into the crowd about him, whose ranks visibly lessened.

"Kill him!" he heard a voice say, and a bullet plowed its way along his shoulder, paralyzing his arm, just as another seemed to explode in his brain. But in the moment of losing consciousness he heard some one say, "Do not hurt him, fool! Dolt!" and then came unconsciousness.

XI.

When Howlett regained his senses, he was lying on a rude camp bed in a stone room. For several minutes his brain seemed sore and numb, and unable to go through the natural processes of reasoning. When it regained its power, he turned his face to the stones, and some of the grimness that he had inherited from Puritan ancestors must have come into his face. "Defeated!" was the message the rocky walls gave him. Who was to help Wasia now? He and Curt were prisoners. Even the hope that Curt might have escaped was denied him, for against the opposite wall he could see a bed similar to his own, on which his comrade lay. The young Russian appeared to be seriously hurt. His face was gray.

Howlett started up in horror. It was within the bounds of Carpathian cruelty to put him here in this room with a dead man, and leave him to starve beside the body of his friend. They told more terrible tales than that.

Sore as he was, Howlett sprang from the bed, and put his hands on Curt's face. There was a dry, ugly streak down his cheek, from a cut in his head, which had been rudely bound up. But it was not dead flesh. It was living, and at the touch of Howlett's fingers the black eyes opened and looked coolly and calmly into his.

"Well," Curt said, stretching his arms, "I can hardly say that I call that a comfortable night's rest, but I have slept in worse beds;" and he thumped the thin mattress. "You were unconscious. I killed one of them, thank heaven."

It seemed strange that the two should have been imprisoned together, where they could talk and plan for escape. Perhaps it was simply through the negligence of their captors; perhaps Johann's prisons were overcrowded already. Possibly their enemy had more subtle terrors in store for them than solitary confinement. At any rate, Howlett did not stop for speculation on the subject.

"Why didn't they kill us?" he asked Curt.

"What is the reason a red Indian out in your country doesn't kill an enemy at once? Oh, we are reserved for better things. Johann will come home now, and they will have us up before a tribunal. We shall be asked to give the particulars of our plot. When we say we are simple travelers, they will pull our finger nails out by the roots, slit our ears, and, after pouring oil over us, set us on fire. Yes, my dear Lieutenant Howlett, the eagle may scream and the Stars and Stripes may wave, but you will make an illuminating torch for Johann. And"—the boy's voice broke—"a d——d fool you were to embark upon this wild goose chase to put me on the Carpathian throne, and a cad I was to let you."

"I am not afraid. My position is some protection."

"In Carpathia? Not much! Don't build any hopes there. We have done everything to cover up our trail. Actually nobody except Klessner knows that you are in this country; and if he was not our betrayer, how is he to know where we are?"

"Curt," Howlett said, "talk with some sense. We are going to get out of this mess. This is too ridiculous. Such things cannot happen in the end of the nineteenth century. It is preposterous."

Curt laughed. "If there is anything more medieval than Carpathia, you will have to go back to a very ancient history after it. Behold this dungeon! These rocks are just as strong as they were four hundred years ago, and will hold the king's enemies just as securely, even if he is elected by the people instead of born in Carpathia's cradle. But the fact is, Howlett, it would be ridiculous for us to be offered up as a sacrifice to Johann's gods,

and whatever fate does is usually dignified. Her little ironies are more delicate than this. Something must happen. How's your head?"

But Howlett was not paying any attention to him. He was listening to a sound which came faintly to his ears through the iron door. A padlock rattled, and a little square in the door opened, to show a barred grating with a man's face behind it.

"Get back there," the man said. "Get in the corner, and I'll give you food."

"We'll turn our backs," Curt said good naturedly, and a big jug of water and two loaves of bread were pushed through.

Curt burst out laughing. "If it were a drama it couldn't be more complete! Say, my good man, you are wrong," he called to the visitor. "They give decent food to prisoners nowadays."

The man was gone. Curt ran to the trap door and gave a bang against it. He looked back with a curious expression on his face, picked up the water and the loaves, and brought them to Howlett's bed. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, moistened it, washed his face, and then in the calmest tone said, "The door is not fast."

Howlett started up, but Curt held him.

"Don't touch it yet. Let them all get away. The hinge has been pulled from the wall. It has rusted. It gave when I knocked on the little door. Let us eat our breakfast, such as it is, and see where we are."

But Howlett could not wait. A little window high above their heads had let the sunlight in. Howlett turned the bedstead on end, and, standing on it, looked out. He could see a dry moat, filled with weeds and rubbish, and showing evidences, in its gray grimness, of long disuse.

Curt climbed up beside him.

"We are well hidden up here," said the Russian, "somewhere in the hills. It cannot be far from where we were attacked, but doubtless our guard is a strong one."

Even as he spoke, a big fellow who wore a peasant's dress, but carried himself like a soldier, walked across their line of vision. The iron grating of the window was solid; and even if it had not been, the fall to the moat below would have been too great. Howlett sat down for a few minutes, and thought.

"What did you come here for?"

"To set myself upon the throne of Carpathia," Curt said solemnly.

"It was to foment discontent, wasn't it? To stir up the people, to make them believe that Johann was a bad ruler, and that you would be a better?"

"That's a plain exposition of the case."

"Why not begin with the jailers? The country is made up of men. These are two or three, or half a dozen, as it may be. Convince them."

"The first one hardly stays long enough."

"He will stay longer next time," Howlett said.

The jailer did not return until the next morning, and a diet of bread and water, with the long night in which to examine the door, had sharpened up the wits of the young men. When the fumbling came at the lock, the man looked in and saw the two iron beds side by side at the other end of the cell. Apparently his two prisoners were lying upon them, fast asleep. He pulled the grating back and put his arm through. Quick as a flash Howlett, who was crouching in the angle beside it, pulled the arm through, and, bringing the man's face into the opening with a jerk, he put his hand upon his throat before he could cry out. Then Curt sprang from his bed, and pushing aside the iron door, whose hinges had rusted until they were like matches, drew the man inside.

"Call out, and I will kill you," the Russian said cheerfully.

The man looked at him stupidly.

"Are you a Carpathian?" Curt asked.

The man nodded.

"You are at pretty work, imprisoning the man who has come to save your country." Evidently the country's salvation meant little to the jailer, compared to his own, judging by his expression. "How many men are there in the place?"

"Six," in a whisper.

"Germans — Johann's countrymen — or Carpathians?"

"Two Germans."

"I see nothing for it but to kill them," Curt said in his mildest voice.

The man suddenly fell upon his knees.

"Sirs," he said, "I had nothing to do with locking you up. I am the caretaker of this castle. They make me bring you food because they do not wish to be seen. They have known too many changes in Carpathia to wish to be seen by one who may some time come into power."

"Ah, indeed!" Curt said complacently. "A fine lot of loyal gentlemen! Prince Johann appears to have a noble retinue. Here, go!" He held the door open. "We will wait here. Do you tell those men to appear before me at once. Tell them that the whole country is in a state of revolt, that the government will be changed in a week, and that they are all known. If they

make their allegiance now, some part of their assault shall be forgiven them. Send them here."

The jailer arose, in a dazed condition, and walked out. Three minutes later six men came into the room ; neither Howlett nor Curt had expected to see the two Germans, but they were there, and their presence threw new impressiveness into Curt's voice as he made his dignified little address to the men. He confidently expected them to go to Johann's friends and tell all he had said, but he hoped to be able to make his words good before any result could follow.

One of the Germans, an old fellow, had been looking at Howlett, paying little attention to Curt's fiery periods. His gaze compelled Howlett's glance, and their eyes held together for an instant. Then the German stepped forward.

"I remember your mother, sir," he said, "and if there is anything we can do, it shall be done. We are hired servants of the prince's suite, and there is not a man among us who would not be glad to see him lose his throne. Putting him there was no affair of ours."

Howlett drew Curt to one side and spoke to him. The Russian's eyes took on a peculiar gleam which made a part of their black balls appear white.

"That is a capital idea!" he said. Then he turned to the men.

"One of you go to the university and ask Professor Klessner to come here. We will stay here in this place. See to it that no one suspects that we are not held as close prisoners."

XII.

A WEEK runs rapidly by when life is full of action; and to Curt it seemed that seven days had never been so short as those between the night of the attack on the mountain side, and the day when the news of Johann's return was placarded everywhere in the city with the date of his coming marriage. For the young men had laughed in the face of fate, and now it appeared that she was about to play into their hands after her fickle fashion. Night after night they left their prison, and went to the university or down into the town, and night after night they came back and were locked behind hingeless doors. They even took in the daily dole of bread and water, and ate and drank of it, although they knew suppers where wine flowed merrily and toasts went round. They had heard the glasses ring down on the table to a "Long live Prince Curt! Down with the black Brandenburger!"

The rebellion was ripe and in a day Johann could be set off his toy throne. The Russian representatives and the handful of Johann's friends were the only people left in Carapeth who were ignorant of it. The half oriental Carpathians love an intrigue, a secret, and they hugged the news to themselves. The merchants could do no business while stable laws were unknown; the army could hope for nothing but the defeat of their puny arms, into whatever field they embarked. The whole nation wanted the security which annexation to a great country like Russia would bring. Added to this, everybody hated Johann; everybody regarded him as an upstart forced upon them by a few schemers in the government.

Klessner had advised that now was the time to take the Russian representatives into their confidence, to let the news of the turn in popular favor be sent to Petersburg, and to make Johann an exile before his return; but Curt objected.

"It looks like a lack of hospitality to entertain a man and steal his throne while he is away from home; and there are more reasons than one."

Howlett was lying down in their cell, but Curt and Klessner were sitting on the edge of the old moat, smoking.

"And that would break up the marriage," Curt added.

"But surely," Klessner began, "you do not want to marry the Princess to that brute? I thought that was your object in coming here ; or was that only Howlett's object?"

"You know my mother was an American," the young Russian began. He was hugging his knees and looking off over the ragged tree tops where a few crows were whirling about before they settled down for the night. "My mother was an American, and she made an irregular marriage, and was happy. Wasia is half English, and her head is full of all this 'new woman' movement. She will never be happy married to a man she hates. No woman could be who was like Wasia. There are no hereditary traditions alive in my blood to make me consider that she is committing a crime if she marries an honorable gentleman whom she cares for. I am going to help her to marry Howlett."

"But how can bringing her here to marry Johann help her to marry Howlett?"

"Your Carpathian wits need shaking up, Professor Klessner," Count Curt said

politely, "if you do not realize that almost anything may happen in a time of revolution. What will happen to Wasia I am sure I do not know; but I think the marriage in the cathedral next week will hardly take place."

An hour or two later the jailer came running down the corridor, put his mouth to the grating, and whispered excitedly,

"Sirs, prepare yourselves! His royal highness is about to appear."

Curt was lying on his bed, reading, by the light of a student lamp which he had purchased in a shop in Carapeth the day before, and Howlett was writing. The Russian put his feet a trifle higher on the iron framework at the foot of his bed, and Howlett did not move. The six men came in, bowing backward, as if to a stage king, and Johann, impressively wrapped in a long military cape, made his entrance. But it would have taken the dignity from an older monarch to receive such a greeting.

"Stand up!" he said furiously.

Howlett wrote on, Curt looked around his legs, twisting his head to do so.

"Hello, Johann!" he said easily. "Speaking to me? Sorry I haven't a chair to offer you, but our landlord neglected to provide us with superfluous furniture. He evidently did not expect us to remain so long, or to receive such distinguished visitors. How did you leave the cousins in Petersburg?"

Johann opened his mouth to order them set on their feet before him, and then he gulped down his anger and spoke suavely.

"I left them very well. I have the pleasure of announcing my marriage, on Thursday of next week, to the Princess Wasia of Hesse-Arnheim. I came in to invite you to the wedding—you and Mr. Howlett." Johann turned towards Howlett with an ironical bow.

"We shall be delighted to come if we can only get away from our many engagements in this part of the country," Curt said.

"I will attend to that," Johann said. "You shall be amply provided for, and I will see that you attend and witness the whole celebration—the procession through the streets and the ceremony itself. You shall see the Princess Wasia securely seated on the throne of Carpathia."

"Thank you. We will try to be there," Curt said. "So kind of you to remember us simple travelers."

After Johann had gone Curt turned to Howlett with a smile, but he found the American looking at him with a troubled face.

"We'll take that day for a *coup d'état*," Curt said, but Howlett stopped him.

"We must get away from here. Johann means to change our prison, to torture us by showing us the wedding from captivity."

"But the people will rise."

"Not without a leader. The problem now is to reckon how long we can safely stay here. When our absence is known, something will be suspected. If we are taken by Johann's own suite, we may be kept prisoners until the marriage is over, or there will be no one to take care of Wasia, and she will be sent back to Hesse-Arnheim, and lost—to me. What was that?"

He stopped and listened. A sound of many feet echoed in the stone corridor, the key turned in the lock, and the little room seemed to be filled with strange German faces. One man carried coils of rope.

Howlett sprang by them to the open door, but half a dozen hands grasped his arms. He plunged his fists into a man's face, sending him reeling, but before he could recover his own equilibrium, his arms were tied with ropes, he was flung to the floor, and his legs were treated in the same fashion.

The lamp had been overturned, and Howlett could not tell what had become of Curt; but when he was carried out and thrown into a carriage he felt the bound form of the Russian beside him. Handkerchiefs had been bound tightly over their mouths, so that the relaxation of speech was impossible.

They drove for several miles over hilly roads, and finally settled into a steady trot on roughly paved streets. They could see nothing, for their eyes were covered; but as Howlett was finally lifted out, he felt rather than saw that there were lights in his vicinity. He was carried through a narrow door which rubbed him on either side, and then into an echoing place full of drafts. It smelled like a church. There was a heavy odor of incense everywhere, and that peculiar atmosphere which inhabits old churches, like selfish prayers that had been too earthly to ascend to heaven. A narrow staircase, winding, turning, came next, and then Howlett felt a sudden sense of fear.

"Don't move, on your life!" one of the men said to him. "Catch the rope," he added, to a companion.

Then, rigid as he was, helpless, Howlett felt himself passed, or almost tossed, across what he divined to be a bottomless depth. The men breathed hard, and drew sighs of relief when it was over. Then he felt himself laid down on cold stones in a lighted room. One hand—his left—was untied, and the door clanged and all was silence.

Howlett put out his hand as far as it would go, and tried to sit up. His fingers

encountered something which he felt was a knife, evidently placed there that he might free himself from his bonds. It was the work of an instant to free his right hand, and working with them both together, to take off his bandages and bonds, look about him, and free Curt. Then they arose, cramped and sore, and took in the situation.

They were in a tiny room, built for some unknown purpose, in the cathedral wall. On one side a window showed the cathedral square below, and on the other an opening gave a full view of the altar, alight now with a few votive lamps.

"Johann has certainly kept his word," Curt said coolly. "We have all the advantages of a private box for the wedding ceremony."

A wax candle, very short and small, burned on the floor, and beside it were food and wine and a jar of water. The door was of iron. Howlett went over to it. To his surprise it was not locked, but opened in his hand. He took the light and looked out, or rather down. They were in one of the towers. The cathedral was built on a hillside, and they were in a tower on the lower side. The fall to the ground was at least three hundred feet, sheer to the stones below, while to the body of the church it seemed to be about two hundred. But from the body of the church they were effectually concealed by carved masonry, as they were from the square. There was a gloom here always. Lights below showed them the interior, but while Howlett or Curt could push out an arm, it was too small an object, at so great a height, to attract attention.

Fifteen feet away they could see how a ladder had been pushed out, and rested on a ledge, making a way across. It had been steadied by ropes, and the whole machinery pulled back after they were imprisoned. Johann had an ingenious mind. He had thought out the most cruel torture to which he could subject them. They would witness the great bridal procession, the wedding itself, and after that they might be left in that hole to starve. Future generations might find their bones.

Curt put his head as far out as possible, and, reckless of consequences, gave a yell which exhausted his lungs. The sound died peacefully away without making an echo in the church, dissipated in the depth below them, and lost in the groining and carving around their lofty prison.

Day after day they sat and looked at each other, watching the beard grow on each other's faces, watching the haggard lines deepen, watching hope die, until Wednesday night came—the eve of Wasia's marriage. They could see the whole city illuminated in honor of the coming day. Lanterns and flags swung from every point; the square was filled with holiday makers from all Carpathia, and tourists from every country of Europe, who had come to see the gaiety of the king's nuptials.

"They are our people. The revolution will break tomorrow," Curt said.

"Do not mistake the crowd," Howlett said gloomily, from his place in the opening overlooking the square. "They will never rise without a leader. How will you ever reach them? And should they rebel, Wasia will be taken back to Petersburg, and that will be the end."

For once even Curt had no answer. He drew the cork from a bottle of red wine, and drank enough to clear his throat. Then he filliped the cork out into the square.

"Howlett," he said suddenly, "we are a pair of fools, and Johann is another. Give me your pencil."

"I have none."

"Of course you haven't. We should not be properly romantic unless we were reduced to the prisoner's time honored writing fluid —his own blood. Paper?"

Howlett shook his head. Curt went to the opening, which looked down upon the altar. A woman was kneeling there with bowed head.

XIII.

THE morning of Johann's wedding day seemed as if it had been made for the celebration of some great event. The roses were in bloom in all the hedges, and the sweet wind blew even into the streets of the town, and brightened up the faces of the holiday makers. Carpathia had never seemed more peaceful than on this brilliant spring day, when the prince was to ally himself with half a dozen of the royal families of Europe by means of the delicate graft from Hesse-Arnheim.

The princess, her sister, and several cousins had come to witness the event. The old capital city of Carpathia was filled with tourists who had flocked here out of curiosity to see as much as possible of the royal pageant. It was said that Johann was so proud of the beauty of his bride that he had had a glass coach made, in which she was to ride to the cathedral by his side. There had been a great deal of discussion upon that point, everybody except Johann insisting that the glass coach should only be

used after the ceremony, when, as Prince and Princess of Carpathia, they might show themselves together to their loyal subjects.

As for Wasia herself, she appeared to have no opinions upon the subject. She was pale and white, with dark circles under her eyes. People who looked at her said that she had had a struggle to give up the English church, in which she had been educated, for the Greek religion of Carpathia. It appeared to enter the mind of nobody that she was not delighted at giving up her own life to marry a man she hated. But to the surprise of every one who knew her, the sight of her wedding gown made a new woman of Wasia.

At first she would not look at it. For two days after it came, the Frenchwoman who had brought the embroideries and ermine cape from Paris, had vainly and passionately wept, and assured everybody that her reputation would be ruined unless she were allowed to fit the gown to Wasia's own figure. The day before the wedding she had forced her way into the princess' presence, and had only whispered a word, when Wasia allowed her to bring the gown to her. Sending every one else away, she put it on. When she came out of the room it was with dancing eyes and a high color, and yet the news that she had heard was of doubtful purport.

"Madame," the Frenchwoman had said to her, "do you know the whereabouts of Prince Curt and the American?"

Wasia gripped the woman's shoulder as she bent over the folds of her velvet train.

"Where are they?"

"That is the secret," the woman said. "Until a few days ago they were in a castle in the hills, ostensibly prisoners of Johann, but really going out every night, stirring up the people, making a plot to put Prince Curt on the throne. Heller, one of my old servants, had served the mother of the American years ago in Dresden. He was for a time one of the guard at the castle. Last week the guard was changed, and no one seems to know where they are."

"They are here." There was hope and joy in Wasia's tone. "He is here! Everything will be right. I *knew* I was right to come! I *knew* he would find a way to save me! I *knew* it!" She looked at herself in the glass, and two tears rolled out of her eyes and down her cheeks.

"But nobody knows where they are. It may be that Johann——"

"Johann!" Wasia said with scorn. "That fool! What is he to a man like Lieutenant Howlett?"

The woman's face flushed.

"He is in his own country, and the power is his for the moment."

"Who are you? How do you know?"

"I am Stefanie Levasseur, of whom you may have heard," the woman said. "I had the honor to precede your highness in the affections of the Prince of Carpathia." Her voice was full of bitterness. A flush rose in Wasia's cheek.

"I am sorry," she said. She looked at the gorgeous wedding gown, and realized what a stinging humiliation its existence must be to the woman before her. "I am sorry," she said again; but for herself, her heart was full of joy. Howlett was there. There was no danger now. She persuaded herself that there never had been a moment when she doubted that he would come to her rescue.

She let the gown be taken away. All through dinner she was gay. The gossips whispered to each other and laughed.

"Wasia has tried on the ermine cape," they said. "She is beginning to realize her new dignity, to understand the happiness in store for her."

After dinner, Wasia even allowed the prince to lead her to the piano, where she sat and sang love songs, sometimes looking triumphantly up into Johann's face in a way that set his dull pulse beating.

If he could only keep that look on Wasia's face tomorrow, man could ask no more. If only his arch enemy might look down upon his wedding with that expression upon the face of his bride, then his triumph would be complete. In a spasm of generosity, he thought that he might even let the young men go. They would be harmless after his marriage. Curt had rightly read his first intention to let them starve to death in the tower after the wedding was over.

As Wasia sang, one of her sister's attendants came to the piano and stood respectful, as if waiting.

"What is it?" Wasia asked kindly.

"The grand duchess begs that you will attend her for a moment. She is ill."

Wasia ran hastily, and went into her sister's room. She found her walking the floor excitedly.

"Shut the door!" she gasped; and then, with shaking fingers, she held out a heavy ring bearing the royal arms of Russia for Wasia to see.

"It is Curt's ring. It was thrown at my feet from the cathedral wall. The nihilists have killed him and sent this as a warning."

"You are insane on the nihilist subject.

Why would they harm you? Where were you?"

"At the very altar. Nothing is sacred to those fiends."

"It is probably some trick of Curt's. He intends coming to the wedding although he was not invited. Give me the ring." Wasia controlled her voice, although she was trembling. Where Curt was, there Howlett would be. She soothed her sister, went to her room, and sent for Mme. Berg and Lady Jane.

"I am going to the cathedral to—say a little prayer," she said. "Can you arrange it that I may go unnoticed, and will you come with me?"

An hour later, when Howlett and Curt looked down into the church, watching, as they had been doing since the ring was thrown to Marie, they saw three heavily wrapped figures stealing up the aisle of the dim, silent place. Howlett gripped Curt's arm, and the breath of both came in short gasps.

As Wasia approached the altar, she put back her head covering, and stood under the great altar lamp, looking up. To Howlett, even at that distance, she seemed like a saint come down from her niche.

"Curt," she called, "if you are here, answer me."

They could not hear her in their eyrie, but they knew that it was she, and that she asked a message from them.

A white object came through the air and fell at her feet. It was Howlett's empty match box with Curt's handkerchief twisted about it. On the handkerchief's heavy hem Curt had managed to write, with the ends of the burnt matches, "We are prisoners in the southeast tower. A man could release us with a ladder at the head of the tower steps. Go for Professor Klessner at the university."

Wasia read the message, and, giving a glance upward which was brilliant with smiles, ran toward the door of the tower, followed by Mme. Berg and Lady Jane. There was a heavy oak door here which evidently led to the staircase. It was fastened with an old padlock and chain.

Lady Jane, cool as a capable Englishwoman who has hunted everything from foxes to boars, gave this a contemptuous glance and looked about her. Wasia had slipped a votive lamp from its shrine, and held it up by its chains. There was nothing in sight, and Jane took a heavy gold hairpin from her head.

"I've picked many a stiffer gate lock than this," she said.

After five minutes' fumbling, the bar shot back and left the chain in their hands. Crowding together, they pushed their way up the narrow steps. There was a room at the top, and here lay the heavy ladder. The two young men had come to the door and stood in it, watching. Wasia saw them, and stood smiling in their faces.

"You should not be here," Howlett said. "Go back! I beg of you, go back! Suppose you were seen!"

"Oh, let them alone. They can push the ladder over," Curt said. "Easy now, Jane. Help her there, madame. Don't try it for the door; push it back to the ledge."

"Oh, you shall not come!" Wasia gasped. "That place is too narrow!"

But before she could say another word, Howlett's feet were on the narrow way, he was over the shaking bridge, and was holding her in his arms, while Jane and Mme. Berg steadied the ladder for Curt to cross.

It was almost dawn when the carriage brought the excited girls back to the palace.

"I heard somebody say once, Wasia, that they didn't know what you would do with a latch key in Carpathia. One turns out to be no end handy tonight," Jane whispered, as they unlocked a little door and slipped in. "This is a gay old world, where we all do unconventional things when it suits us, and pretend at other times that they are impossibilities."

XIV.

When Johann awoke that morning, it was to lie for an instant watching the sunshine, his heart full of content. He was out long before any of his suite, changing arrangements, giving orders here and there, and admonishing the photographer who was to take pictures of every movement of the procession.

"The coach shall stop for an instant at the entrance to the cathedral square, and you will take a photograph of us there," Johann said to the man. He was smiling, thinking how Howlett and Curt would have time to have a good view of them before they entered the cathedral for the ceremony.

A little balcony overhung the front of Johann's castle, and looked down upon the town. He went there now and stood looking over Carapeth and at the crowds already beginning to move. He heard a movement behind him, and turned; and as he did so, coward that he was, he put his hand up to shield his face. Yet Stefanie, who looked at him, had no weapon but her eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked,

and started towards a bell across the room; but Stefanie put her hand on his arm.

"I have come to make a last appeal to you. Remember me, remember the child. You can only make that beautiful girl miserable——"

"You must be a fool!" he said roughly.

"You will be killed! Heaven knows I *am* a fool to warn you, but the people do not intend to let this marriage take place. They hate you! They do not want you. The girl hates you, too."

She fairly flung the words at him, and his answer was to throw his heavy hand against her face and knock her to the floor. Heller came in answer to his bell.

"Take this woman, and send her over the frontier; and discover who let her in."

But a drop of poison had been put into Johann's cup. A cloud had come upon his day. Suppose the people should rise! He would certainly ride in the glass coach now, whatever anybody said. They would not kill him at Wasia's side. The woman was angry; she would say anything. But he would send a guard to that door in the cathedral tower. He had not put one there before because it might excite comment. The cathedral was under the charge of the metropolitan, and the metropolitan was a Russian; but until the ceremony was over, he would be sure.

He was just stepping into his coach, for the hour of the wedding had arrived, when his messenger came hastily back to say that the tower door was wide open, the ladder had been put across at the top of the steps, and the American and the Russian were at liberty.

There was no time to storm now. The marriage must not be delayed for an instant. Upon it depended Johann's salvation; but his face was livid. It brightened for an instant when he looked at Wasia. There was none of the pallor of the traditional bride on her cheeks. Her tread was almost jaunty, as she stepped down the steps over the crimson carpet that led to the glass coach, leaving relations and friends behind her, taking Johann's hand.

She was in such a state of exaltation that Johann hardly dared speak to her. He could not so much as touch her hand after they were seated inside the coach, for the whole world was there to see. Wasia, a gay smile upon her lips and in her eyes, bowed to the right and left, and the people shouted themselves hoarse. But even in Johann's ears the huzzas were a bit ironical. It appeared to him that a great many people were laughing. He wished that he could call out to the driver to go faster. He knew that the priests and the great dignitaries of the church were waiting at the altar. The carriages of the Carpathian nobility had gone ahead, and as the glass coach stopped in the square the coaches that held Wasia's friends moved on. The outriders and guards pushed out of the way, on account of Johann's orders that the photograph might be taken. He knew now that Howlett was not in the tower, and he cursed his folly in having given such an order, but there was no time to change it. The people pressed closer, and then, Johann never knew how it happened, but the soldiers were gone, and surrounding the carriage was a howling mob of university students.

Johann put his hand to his pistols, and snapped one in the face of a man who opened the coach door. Half a dozen yelling students took him by the feet and the shoulders, and dragged him to the ground. The driver was pushed from his box, and with a guard of students, Wasia and the glass coach were driven rapidly away.

"Down with the black Brandenburger!" were the last cries she heard. There was a shot or two, but it was a bloodless revolution, with army and people in one accord.

At the edge of the city the glass coach was exchanged for a carriage containing Mme. Berg. When Johann's state carriage turned and was driven back, it held the gem embroidered skirt of the wedding gown, and the ermine cape. The careful Wasia had worn her traveling gown underneath.

The whole of the story never got into the papers. In court circles they know where Wasia is, but it is popularly supposed that she went into retirement for a few years, sick with disappointment over losing the Carpathian throne. As a matter of fact she joined Howlett at the frontier and traveled with him and Mme. Berg to Paris, where she married him.

That was last year. They are saying now that Curt's brief tenure of the Carpathian throne is about over, and that he will soon be another king in exile in Paris. Lady Jane is one of the great society women of London, waiting for the end of his royalty.

And Johann? He sits in a box while Stefanie dances. They say he is growing jealous.

Lieutenant Howlett and his wife are stationed in the West. If Wasia has regretted exchanging a throne for an American army post, it is a discovery her husband has not made.

THE END.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

WITH the opening of the year at the principal universities and colleges throughout the country, sport, which has been more or less a mere pastime during the summer, takes on a new life. The return of the student to his books brings the football man into his canvas suit, and places him in the arena from now until the first of December, as the hero of the hour.

* * * *

IN speaking of the game of football as played today, it has been said, and said well, that "history repeats itself in football as in other human events. Once more the demand is for more open play, less concentration upon the center, more kicking and passing, less of the scrimmage and wedge work—in a word, more strategy and less brute force." Back in 1876, when the first Rugby game was played in America, passing and kicking and free individual running abounded; while but two years ago tangled masses of shock headed players disfigured the field from "play" to the call of "time." Only at long intervals, when such a play became forced, did a kick afford a bright spot in the game.

Last year it was confidently expected, early in the season, that the kicking game would predominate, and rule the play of all the teams. This anticipation was never fully realized; yet the tendencies of a return to the old methods became more and more marked as the season progressed, and finally, at its close, warranted the prediction that this year the hopes of last season would be realized.

In the illustration of the Yale wedge, on page 98, it will be observed that the players are not massed as closely as they might be—a fact which clearly illustrates the remarks made in the foregoing paragraph. Four years ago a wedge would have been shown to consist of eleven men in the form of a triangle—solid and compact. Note in the picture the position of George Adee, quarter back. He can be seen easily, peeping over Stillman's back, the latter being the one with right hand upon the ball. In the old wedge the individuality of the players would have been entirely lost. In accord with the "complete return," this '94 wedge will have broadened out still more, rendering the play still more open.

* * * *

THIS return to old methods is an absorbing topic among football men now that the season is opening. Until the games actually begin, however, the unpleasant discussions of last year—the charges of brutality, Harvard's stand in the matter, and Yale's action—will be taken up and rehearsed.

So far as brutality goes it really seems a pity that the football Solons should not have seen fit, the past winter, to undertake the modification of the playing code, with a view, in one important respect at least, more clearly to define the duties of the officials, and in particular those of the umpire, who is the judge of the players as to their fair or foul actions. But no one in authority has had the necessary push to undertake this work, and the existing rules, acknowledged by all to be faulty and incomplete, will govern the play of another year. Hinkey's alleged kneeing of Wrightington in the Yale-Harvard game at Springfield, on the 19th of last November, will receive renewed attention. It is too bad that such things cannot be dropped. There was kneeing in plenty during that particular game, as in other contests of the season, and, indeed, as there will be this year, unless the officials for 1895 are an altogether different lot of men.

So much for brutality. The question of Yale's action in demanding an apology from Harvard for her charges requires attention and will have its due.

It is one of the most regrettable features of the football game today that so much ill feeling has been engendered between the colleges and between individuals connected with them. The great games between the university teams are deadly battles, and are often fought in the spirit of bitterest malice instead of being played, as they should be, in a manner befitting gentlemen and sportsmen. So extreme had the feeling between Harvard and Yale become at the close of last season, that their future meetings on the football field were threatened, and no dates were left open for games between the two teams this season. Recently, however, it has been stated authoritatively that the Yale mediators would succeed in their efforts at reunion, and that the teams would meet as usual.

* * * *

WHILE Yale and Harvard have always been considered the leaders in American college athletics, Princeton, and more recently the University of Pennsylvania, have won first rate prominence in football. The Yale-Princeton games, usually played in New York on Thanksgiving Day, have been beyond all comparison the most important events of each successive season. But this has not been the ideal type of a "college game." The element of professionalism has been so marked—in its environment, if not in its personnel—that many lovers of the sport attribute to it the spirit of professional contention that now marks nearly all the meetings of college athletes. But of this there is food for other articles.

Football in the West has followed naturally in the development of the Western universities. The teams of Stanford and Berkeley develop as much interest among the people of the Pacific Coast as the elevens of Harvard and Yale attract along the Atlantic, while through the central States and in the South the State university teams carry the game to the

A Practice Game at Princeton—A Scrimmage for the Ball.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

people. So that football, for the fall months at least, is the reigning amateur sport everywhere in the United States.

* * * *

It is not the purpose of this department to treat sports technically. The question of where it is best to play the captain of a football team may sound that way, though it is not. Yale's captains have played in every position in the college eleven. "Pa" Corbin, the 1888 captain, was center rush. His first day on the field he made a most awkward exhibition of himself. Even the big Heffelfinger was scarcely more clumsy; yet Corbin earned the name of being Yale's best center, while "Heff" came to be unquestionably the greatest guard that ever played the game.

Billy Rhodes, who was captain in 1890, and who played at tackle, lost the Springfield game through his center's lack of experience. Harvard saw the advantage such a weakness gave her, and by hammering away at the center and putting in a fresh man against Rhodes himself, finally weakened the Yale line. Nevertheless Rhodes' team, during the last ten minutes of play, gave the most magnificent exhibition of "brace" ever seen on any gridiron. By a series of sharp, snappy plays and short, fierce rushes right through Harvard's center, they had almost reached the goal when the call of time prevented a touchdown and a tie game.

In 1891 McClung, who was chosen captain of both baseball and football teams, played at half back. He had a peculiar way of running—an uneven stride that gave him the appearance of moving slowly with one foot and fast with the other; and this, with his clever dodging, made it well nigh impossible to tackle him. No half back ever followed his interference better.

McCormick, his successor, directed the play from quarter back, and brought the Yale team successfully through three fiercely contested games played in the last ten days of the season.

All football men were surprised to see Hinkey, the silent, slightly built freshman, develop into the wiry and energetic captain of the 1893 and 1894 teams. Hinkey seemed to follow the ball by instinct, and when he tackled an opponent who was trying to circle his end, there was never any question of its being a "down." That he played fiercely everybody knows; it was the passion of the man; but that he would intentionally harm an opponent

The Famous Yale Wedge—Yale Begins the Game.

From a photograph by Hemment, New York.

in friendly contest no one who knows him can believe.

Thorne, Yale's captain for 1895, was full back on his freshman team, but on reaching the 'varsity has been playing half back. He is a heady, aggressive player, strong and speedy. Much of Butterworth's success in "bucking the line" is due to the manner in which Thorne opened up the way for him. The present captain's team is sure to be a credit to the university.

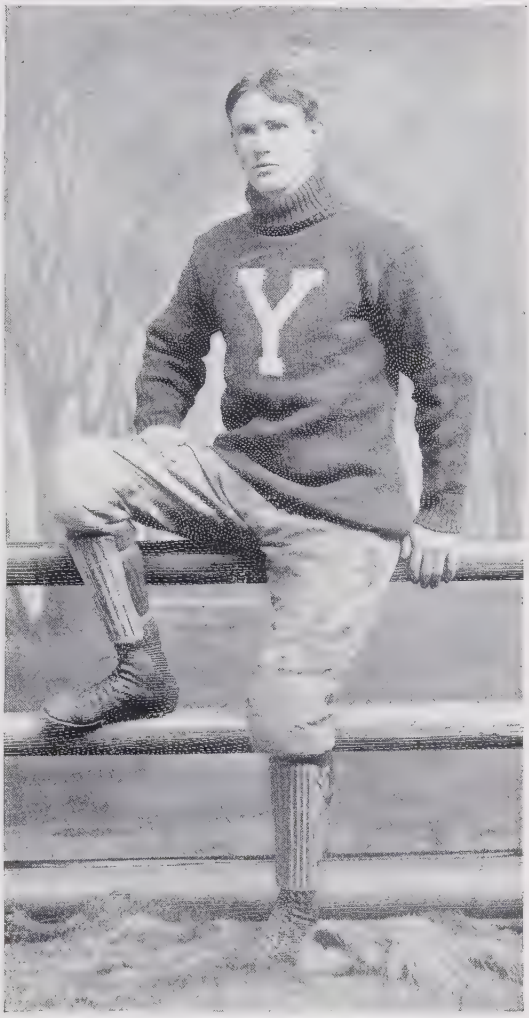
* * * *

THE general enthusiasm manifest in tennis a few years ago is on the wane. Championship games are still being played about the country, but, except as they interest the locality in which they occur, few pay much attention to them. It is characteristic of sport in America that its life is dependent upon its variety. One year it is tennis, the next baseball, the next golf. None of these games dies out altogether, but they cease to be popular, or become too common to be suggestive of material for the newspapers, and so publicly are dropped. People who enjoy tennis play the game whether it is the prevailing fad or not; and people who do not enjoy it, and who never played it, have their day at golf or cricket.

Still there has been some marvelously good tennis this summer. Perhaps the work of W. A. Larned, though sometimes surpassed, has been as brilliant as any. He has won any number of cups, including the Canadian championship at Niagara in July, the Longwood bowl, taken from F. H. Hovey, the Long Island championship, for the fourth time, won from John Howland at Southampton, and the Norwood tournament cup, over Wrenn. Hobart and Hovey, last year's champions in doubles, have not played up to their usual form. In the contest at West Newton, early in the summer, they met and won games from the famous Irish players Pim and Mahoney, but their off days have been noticeable, and they lost the national championship in doubles at Newport to R. D. Wrenn and Malcolm Chace. Other players of note in the season's contests have been John Howland, W. Gordon Parker, Arthur E. Foote, Richard Stevens, and the Neil brothers of the University of Chicago.

* * * *

THE Grand American Handicap, which is the recognized event of the year among lovers of the gun whose talents run to shooting pigeons from traps, is coming to be more and more popular each season. Not alone is the meeting attracting crack shots from all parts of the country, but the number of interested spectators present at the shoot increases steadily, showing a general interest in the sport.



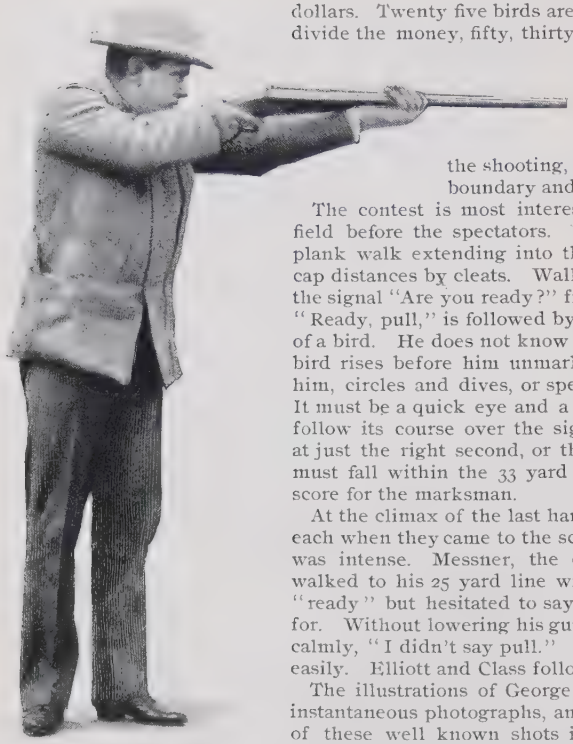
Captain Thorne of the Yale Eleven.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

This year the handicap was held at Willard Park, New Jersey, early in April. There were sixty four entries, and the contest was sharp. The winners were J. G. Messner of Pittsburg, J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, and Frank Class of Morristown, New Jersey. Each killed his twenty five birds and tied. Messner shot from 25 yards, Class from 32, and Elliott from 33. In the shoot off, ten birds are required, each shooter standing at his original handicap distance. Messner won first place by killing all his birds, while Elliott scored 9 and Class 7.

* * * *

THE conditions of the Grand American Handicap prescribe an entrance fee of twenty five



George Work, at Fire.

dollars. Twenty five birds are allowed, and the three highest guns divide the money, fifty, thirty, and twenty per cent respectively. The handicaps are from 25 to 33 yards; the gun is limited to 8 pounds in weight, and must not be larger than 12 gauge. Modified Hurlingham rules govern the shooting, and killing is done within a 50 yard boundary and a 33 yard dead line.

The contest is most interesting. A line of traps occupies the field before the spectators. The shooter takes his place on a plank walk extending into the field, and marked off into handicap distances by cleats. Walking to his handicap mark he awaits the signal "Are you ready?" from the judges. His reply of assent, "Ready, pull," is followed by the opening of a trap and the rising of a bird. He does not know which trap is to be opened, and the bird rises before him unmarked. Now it flies directly towards him, circles and dives, or speeds away across the field to cover. It must be a quick eye and a steady hand that mark its rise and follow its course over the sights, and the trigger must be pulled at just the right second, or the bird is off out of bounds. Birds must fall within the 33 yard dead line, or their death does not score for the marksman.

At the climax of the last handicap, ten men had killed 24 birds each when they came to the score for the final round. The interest was intense. Messner, the champion, was first to shoot. He walked to his 25 yard line with marked coolness, answered his "ready" but hesitated to say "pull," and the bird rose uncalled for. Without lowering his gun, Messner turned his head and said calmly, "I didn't say pull." He got another bird, and killed it easily. Elliott and Class followed, each killing his bird.

The illustrations of George Work and J. A. R. Elliott are from instantaneous photographs, and give a correct idea of the manner of these well known shots in holding and firing.

* * *

THE coming Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Texas will offer two fields of speculation to those who interest themselves in such sport. Will it come off at all? And, if it does, who will be the champion?

Prize fighting in this country is no longer simply a question of strength and training; it is a matter of evading the law and locating a governor that can be bulldozed. Governor Culberson of Texas appears to the pugilistic element to be such a statesman, and sporting eyes are turned in his direction. In its many years of existence, the "prize ring" has not advanced to any high moral plane. The champions of recent days have proved themselves to be men of the same stripe as their predecessors, and decent people are pretty well disgusted with their performances. It was not much different in 1719, in the days of Tom Figg, England's earliest champion, or in those of Tom Hyer, the first champion of America. After Hyer, Yankee Sullivan held the American championship honors until 1853. Then came John Morrissey. Morrissey was a street fighter, but he had higher ambitions, and attained wide reputation as a Congressman from New York. Still, he did nothing to elevate the sport. The men who succeeded him seemed more than ever to represent nothing but the brute element. Some of them served their terms in prison, some of them were killed in fights, some drank themselves to death.

During his period of supremacy, John L. Sullivan enjoyed a marvelous prestige among a numerous class. For years he was petted, applauded, idolized, and it is probably true to say that he became one of the best known men in the world; but his tactics and principles were little better than those of the pugilists who had gone before him.

Ruin is in the life led by a champion prize fighter. It is fast, furious, and brutal in every detail, and it leads to no good end.

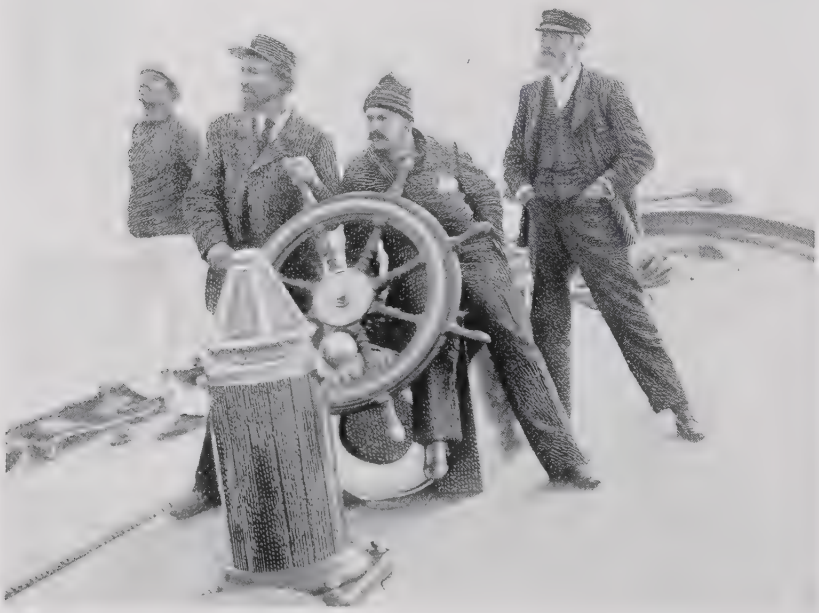
J. A. R. Elliott at "Ready, Pull."

The Great American Handicap Pigeon Shoot at Dexter Park, Long Island—Frank Class at Score.

The sport had some hopes of elevation in Corbett, but he, too, seems to be fast going the way of his predecessors.

* * * *

AMONG the men whose money and time have been spent freely in the interest of American yachts and yachting, George Gould has in the last two years won a high place. The illustration on this page shows him sailing his famous centerboard sloop Vigilant, and is engraved from a "snap shot" photograph taken aboard the boat during one of her races in English waters. Sailmaker Wilson and Pilot Tom Draper are well known characters in the yachting world, and their names were often mentioned in the news of the Vigilant that came from abroad last season.



Aboard Vigilant, Cowes, August 4, 1894. An Exciting Moment: Passing the Britannia on Second Tack. Pilot Draper at the Wheel, with George Gould and Sailmaker Wilson.

* * * *

THE amateur golf championship, which is to be played for at Newport the first week in October, will give another impetus to the sport in this country. The trophy of the championship is an elaborate silver cup, the gift of T. A. Havemeyer, president of the United States Golf Association. Until the next tournament it will be held by the club of which the winner is a member. The present amateur champion is L. B. Stoddard, who belongs to the St. Andrew's Golf Club, of Yonkers. To retain the honor he will have to defeat players from fully a hundred clubs in this country, and probably some from abroad. The cup will be the seventh presented to golf players by Mr. Havemeyer this season.

* * * *

OF the sportsmen who have come across seas to meet Americans in the field or on the water, Lord Dunraven easily ranks first. At the present time his name is as familiar as that of his beautiful boat, and his sportsmanlike bearing has made many American admirers for him.

Lord Dunraven's personal name is Sir Thomas Wyndham-Quin. The Quins were one of the oldest of Ireland's noble families. They came from the Celts, and trace their descent from kings. More directly Lord Dunraven is descended from Donogh Quin of Kilinallock in County Cork. The family was prominent among the landed gentry, and after the union of Ireland with Great Britain its head was ennobled under the title of Baron Adare, later becoming Earl of Dunraven.

The present Lord Dunraven was brought up in southern Ireland, where he gained his love for an outdoor life. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1865 entered the 1st Life Guards. He served two years, and then went to Abyssinia as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. In the same capacity he went through the Franco German war. He succeeded to his title and estates in 1871. A little later he was made under secretary for the colonies in Lord Salisbury's first administration.

The motto of Dunraven, "Quæ sursum volo

Lord Dunraven.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

videre" ("I wish to see what is above me"), is characteristic of the man. His predilections have always been for everything aquatic, and in Valkyrie III he realizes one of his cherished dreams.

* * * *

THE American firm of yacht builders known as "the Herreshoffs" is famous the world over. Boats of their designing and build sail every sea; the medals and honors they have secured for their patrons are the richest and best, and they have done notable service in our long defense of the America's cup. The two brothers, John B. and Nathaniel, have made an art of yacht building. Though the elder Herreshoff has been totally blind for more than forty years, he is nevertheless a very active part of the firm. His marvelously developed sense of touch enables him to give valuable suggestions on the lines of a hull. Following his directions, a tiny model of the boat to be built is made and then turned over to him. He retires to his rocking chair in the seclusion of his room, and endeavors to obtain a complete picture of the craft by rubbing his hands lightly over the model. He often spends days in this silent occupation, alone with his thoughts. When he finally passes on a boat, his mind is fully made up as to the alterations and improvements necessary. Thus have been conceived, in the dark, as it were, some of the best yacht models of the day.

But on Nat Herreshoff falls the burden of designing and carrying out the plans for the boats of the house. He is head as well as eyes and hands; and the fame of the Herreshoff business is due chiefly to his good judgment and vast experience.

WHEN she proposed my heart beat fast;
My blushes came; with eyes downcast
I listened while she told her love,
While earth below and heaven above
Had seemed to meet at last, at last!

She begged me not her hope to blast,
And showed the wealth she had amassed
Was for us twain more than enough,
When she proposed.

I could not turn from love so vast
When I was as an angel classed,
And caught and kissed and called "her dove";
So, while I thrilled with joy thereof,
A trembling "yes" from my lips passed,
When she proposed.

Vincent F. Howard.

THE STAGE

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S début was made under conditions exactly the reverse of those that usually fall to the lot of the tyro. Tony Pastor had heard her sing one night at a friend's house, and induced her to consent to an appearance at his theater. Ordinarily, persons with such an ordeal before them are beset with nervous qualms that make them miserable up to the moment of appearing on the stage. But Miss Russell, in telling of the occasion, declares that she was quite calm and collected until she heard the first note of the orchestra presaging her entrance.

"From that moment," she says, "until I had finished my third song, I was practically in a trance. I was told afterward that I did splendidly, but to this day I cannot tell what occurred from the time I went on the stage until I reached my dressing room and donned my street clothes."

Previous to this she had striven to obtain an opening with some manager of opera, but McCaull, D'Oyley Carte, and others said frankly that she was not up to their standard. Tony Pastor advertised her as "the English ballad singer," and she passed for a "find" at

Lillian Russell.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by John H. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.

the London music halls. Her salary was fifty dollars a week.

One night Arthur Sullivan and D'Oyley Carte came to the theater. Going behind the scenes after the performance, Carte engaged the supposed English girl at a salary of $150, never dreaming it was the timid, nervous amateur who had shaken in her shoes while she was singing for him in the hope of meeting his approval.

Ada Rehan.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

During the past summer Miss Russell has succumbed to the fad for bicycling, and has found it so fascinating that her devotion to it is said to have been the reason for the postponement of her August engagement at Abbey's to February.

MOST workers in the various fields of art have to toil through a long period of obscurity before fame comes to reward their efforts. With celebrated players it is usually different. Give them but the opportunity, and they leap, almost at a bound, to the pinnacle, if they are to leap at all.

Ada Rehan is one of the exceptions. She had been playing for several seasons with her sister, Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron, without setting the world on fire, and was also leading woman for Mrs. John Drew. Then Mrs. Byron took her to Mr. Daly, and persuaded him to give the ambitious girl a trial. He consented, and she appeared in an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir." She did not make an immediate hit, and it was as much Mr. Daly's genius for discovering latent ability as it was Miss Rehan's own capacity for improvement that gave the American stage the most noted leading woman of the epoch.

The American season at Daly's London theater opened on June 25, with "The Railroad

of Love," and lasted for two months, when Miss Rehan went to her bungalow on the Irish coast. The company begins its American tour in Chicago, on September 23, and, learning a lesson from experience, Mr. Daly will not divide his forces.

* * * *

SINCE Gilbert and Sullivan terminated their mutual relations, each is constantly finding a new collaborator—than which no higher compliment could be paid to the partnership that once existed between them. Pinero is the latest mate for Sullivan. He is at work on what he calls a "melodious satire" on the decadent movement in art and literature. The new work is to be brought out this fall at the London Savoy, when the Aubrey Beardsley "dreadfuls" will doubtless make their first appearance on any stage. Meantime we are to have here, at the Broadway, Gilbert's "His Excellency," with music by F. Osmond Carr, while Francis Wilson gives us, at Abbey's, Sullivan's "Chieftain," the book of which is by F. C. Burnand.

"His Excellency" is preceded at the Broadway by "Princess Bonnie," whose long run last year was the marked feature of the season in Philadelphia. In August, 1894, we printed the answer of the representative of the company to the question whether he would bring the opera to New York. Here it is:

"Not for a mint. We are not hazarding a Philadelphia success in the metropolis."

Now that "Princess Bonnie" has determined to have a New York verdict, the reader already knows whether this business manager's reasoning was based on good ground.

An interesting incident in connection with the production of "His Excellency" will be the American début of Nancy McIntosh, sister to Burr McIntosh, the original *Taffy*. She has been singing for some time at the Savoy with great success.

* * * *

A CERTAIN St. Louis photographer made rather a specialty of theatrical folk. His little daughter, a tot of three or four, was in and out of the shop, and her precocious ways early took the fancy of managers who happened to need a child in their performances. For in those days only the principals accompanied a play on tour, all the accessories, from the policeman on his beat to the infant in arms, being recruited en route. Mr. Fox was asked to let his daughter help a company out, and thus little Della obtained her start.

Jefferson De Angelis.

She took to the business at once, and when she was seven appeared as the midshipmite in "Pinafore." Whether this was her first appearance in boy's attire, deponent saith not. We all know, however, that it was not her last. In her new opera at Palmer's, "Fleur de Lis," she discards gowns for one of the three acts, but as Miss Fox is no longer the sylph she was in "Wang," she may soon cease to be able to fill male rôles, except possibly a well known one in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

* * * *

THE leading comedian this year, as well as last, in the Fox company is Jefferson De Angelis, who has been actively engaged in the business of making people laugh since he was five years old. Although one of his names suggests the South, and the other France, San Francisco was his birthplace.

Like most sons of the West, he has been a great traveler. As a boy he had many a stirring adventure while journeying by wagon with a company of players from St. Louis to the Pacific coast. In 1880, he organized an opera company for a tour of the world, visiting Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa, and Europe. His career as a member of the McCaull company is well remembered, and the

Della Fox.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

summer before last he made the hit of "The Passing Show."

While Mr. De Angelis has a humorous line all his own, in one respect he is like all his brother comedians—he has a constantly growing desire to see his name lead in size all others on the billboard. But just when he will turn from a satellite into a star is not yet determined.

* * * *

COMMENT has frequently been made on the monotony that must fall to the lot of the actor who plays the same part night after night for months. But what of that "artist in vaudeville," as he would doubtless call himself, who has learned one "turn" and executes it year in and year out, at the continuous shows in winter and on roof gardens in summer, till age incapacitates him from further work? It is said, however, that these people infinitely prefer going through the "same old grind" to the labor of learning something new. They have become mere automata.

A somewhat singular fact has come to our notice in connection with the craze for vaudeville with which the country has of late been afflicted—the acts introduced into comic operas and burlesques have been superior to those seen on stages devoted solely to variety.

Among our portraits this month are those of two members of this branch of the profession—Lillian Thurgate, who appeared in "The Twentieth Century Girl," and Vesta Tilley, the famous impersonator of men's parts, whom Tony Pastor imported from England last spring. Miss Tilley made an instant success, and tempting offers at once poured in upon her from other managers. But hereupon she placed herself on a niche apart from all her ilk. She resolutely refused to leave Tony Pastor.

"No," she said; "it was a risk to bring me out. He was willing to take it, and whatever rewards there may be, he ought to reap them."

* * * *

LILY HANBURY, of whom a portrait is given on page 112, is one of the beauties of the London stage. She was here with Beerbohm Tree last winter, and captivated her audiences by the simple charm of her manner, as much as by her altogether pleasing personality.

Mr. Tree's London season, by the way, suffered from the same cause that is bringing managers everywhere to grief—the lack of good plays. He hopes to retrieve his fortunes with Potter's "Trilby," for which he has secured the English rights. Of course the Trees are coming to America again. What English star ever contented himself with one visit?

Henry Irving is to be with us again this season, too, and John Hare is to come over for the first time. Mr. Hare brings us "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," Pinero's nasty play, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell made another of her many hits. She was succeeded in the part by Olga Nethersole, who, according to the foreign correspondents, was artistically great, but commercially a failure. The rôle is to be played here by Julia Neilson.

Miss Nethersole will also be with us again. She is this time under the management of Charles and Daniel Frohman, and opens at the Empire in the early autumn, probably in "Carmen." Whatever the reception accorded her performance of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, Olga Nethersole is one of the few artists endowed with the capacity of arousing enthusiasm in the most unexpected quarters. Men blasé and cynical have gone perfunctorily to see her *Camille*, and come away to rave about this quiet, little advertised Englishwoman, as they never thought of doing after seeing Bernhardt or Terry.

Miss Nethersole's mother was Spanish, but the name has lived for centuries in the county of Kent, sometimes known as the Garden of England.

* * * *

APROPOS of Mr. Tree's last visit to America a new story has reached us. He was approached, in one of the New York clubs of which he was a guest, by a young man whom he did not remember ever having met, but who greeted him most effusively. His self styled friend fluttered about him all the evening, apparently seeking to impress every one with the tremendous intimacy existing between the famous actor and himself.

After supper the young man arose and in a loud voice remarked for the benefit of the assembled company.

"Harry, old man, I take pleasure in proposing your health."

"Awfully good of you," replied Mr. Tree, "but if you are going to call me by my first name, please make it Bertie. My name is Herbert, you know, not Henry."

The answer was appreciated by the listeners,

Vesta Tilley.

From a photograph by Savony, New York.

and it is said that its object made no further demonstrations of intimacy.

* * * *

HAMMERSTEIN'S New Olympia promises to be one of the sights of the metropolis. Many handsome theaters have been put up in New York during the past decade, but little pains has been taken with the exterior effect of any of them. The Olympia, however, is so advantageously situated, where Broadway widens out at Forty Fourth Street, that it would have been a pity not to make the most of the opportunity, and this Mr. Hammerstein's architect has done. The front of the structure is of Indiana limestone, supported by pillars of polished granite. Free use is made of ornamental work in the lengthy façade, and yet all is in good taste. The interior decorations of the theater are to be of blue and gold, Romanesque style; of the music hall, red and gold, Renaissance; of the concert hall, cream and gold, Gothic. The house is to be thrown open Monday evening, November 18—the theater with Rice's "Excelsior, Jr.," the title rôle filled by Fay Templeton, and the music hall with Yvette Guilbert, at an announced salary of $3,000 a week. There is a wager outstanding, made in July, to the effect that the place will not be ready by December, but work is going on rapidly, and both Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Rice are smilingly sanguine.

Olga Nethersole.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

* * * *

EDWARD E. RICE'S career has more of romance in it than that of many a hero of fiction. Equipped pretty comfortably with this world's goods, years ago, by the success of "Evangeline," he lost everything, and went knocking about the world, finding its cold shoulder

Lillian Thurgate.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by J. Schloss, New York.

turned to him everywhere. About three years ago he arrived from Australia, worse off than ever, if possible. In Boston he saw an amateur performance of a burlesque on a theme just then extremely popular and timely — Christopher Columbus.

"I'll take '1492' and give it a professional production," he said to the makers of the burlesque.

Mr. Rice's outward manner was confident, but as the fingers of the hand in his pocket sought in vain for one coin to jingle against another, he must have experienced a slight inward sinking sensation. The young men to whom he made the offer were naturally flattered by it, and did not trouble themselves about the ways and means to which the manager might have to resort in order to carry out his contract.

Mr. Rice went home and set his wits to work. Some ready money he must have, but with his recent record it was not likely he would find anybody willing to advance it after his successive failures. He thought over the piece, and wondered how he could contrive a maximum of display in the mounting with the minimum of money. Suddenly a great and brilliant scheme suggested itself to him.

"Why not make the mounting pay for itself?" he exclaimed, as he recalled the illuminated sign on the side of the apartment house overlooking Madison Square, New York, where the second act was laid.

He at once put himself in communication with the Long Island property owners whose announcements made luminous the dead wall in question. He told them what he was willing to do—for a consideration, and the result was a bargain.

Everybody knows the enormous hit scored by Rice's "1492," but few have been aware of the clever device that made it possible. During the past summer that same dead wall which was instrumental in giving this ingenious manager his new start, blazoned forth, among the Manhattan Beach attractions, the announcement of the "Rice's Burlesquers" it was the means of calling into being. Time's whirligig

Lily Hanbury.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

does not often give such a happy turn to fortune's wheel within so brief a period.

* * * *

WHY should the people of the stage be expected to be more self sacrificing than other folks? Nobody berates the artist who makes more money by drawing in black and white for the weekly papers than he would by painting in oil for fame. The author who earns a fortune by writing humorous stories is not scolded because he does not try to give the public the "great American novel." The publisher of light literature that pays is not held up to scorn because he does not devote his presses to essays and historical works. But what do we find when we look at the domain of the stage?

Actors who have labored faithfully for years, and given the public the best that was in them, are taken to task because they do not create new parts or found a theater devoted to a style of drama that would elevate the public taste—and bankrupt the manager. All this in spite of the financial ruin that Edwin Booth incurred by conducting a theater of his own, and in defiance of the persistency with which the people prefer to see their favorites in their favorite parts.

If somebody must be preached to, let it be the public. Here is Richard Mansfield, announcing that during the coming season he will not appear in any of his old rôles. His new repertoire consists of pieces embodying what he calls a new school of dramatic art. We shall see how successful the departure will be. Should it fail, Mr. Mansfield will receive small sympathy, even from those critics who deplore the profession's lust after the almighty dollar. They will make fun of his attempt to stem the tide of popular taste, and then calmly proceed to abuse some other manager because he produces what people are eager to see.

* * * *

THE theatrical season of 1895-96 may be said to have opened on September 2, and by the time this number of MUNSEY'S is in the hands of the reader, a few successes and a good many failures will doubtless have been already achieved with sufficient distinctness to make a perceivable impression, one way or the other, on managerial bank accounts.

Charles Frohman, as usual, launches the majority of the new bids for favor, but at this writing neither he nor any other can foretell whether it will be "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy of Music, "The Gay Parisians" at Hoyt's, or "The City of Pleasure" at the Empire that will prove a second "Charley's Aunt." Besides the foregoing, all of which are imported, and all to be produced in New York before October 1, Mr. Frohman is going to give us "The Shop Girl" (opening at Palmer's in October), with Seymour Hicks and his wife, Ellaline Terriss, who were here two years ago in "Cinderella"; and (following each other at the Broadway) Gilbert's comic opera, "His Excellency," and the George Edwardes company in "An Artist's Model." All of these are English, with the exception of "The Gay Parisians," referred to in this department last month as the great Paris comedy success, "*L'Hôtel du Libre Echange.*"

Mr. Frohman had considerable trouble in securing a new title for this piece. He finally decided to offer a prize of fifty dollars for one that would suit him. This was won with "The Gay Parisians" by a woman from somewhere off in the country, who had never been to a theater in her life.

* * * *

AT Abbey's we are to have not only foreign plays, but foreign actors, after the Francis Wilson season ends. Henry Irving's engagement opens October 28, and continues eight weeks. John Hare, with his Garrick Theater company, follows on December 23, opening in Sydney Grundy's "A Pair of Spectacles." Then will come Sarah Bernhardt.

The only American venture of importance is to be Bronson Howard's new play, to be brought out late in November at the Empire, when the stock company returns to that house, which during the fall is to be given over to Olga Nethersole and John Drew. The latter opens his season in San Francisco in "An Imprudent Young Couple," the new comedy by Henry Guy Carleton.

* * * *

THEATER goers often wonder how actors can stand the strain of long runs, doing exactly the same thing night after night. They forget that while the performer is going over familiar ground, in each instance the audience is a new one, and consequently he may enjoy the excitement of finding out just how the play will impress its hearers. It is unquestionably true that the attitude of the "house" has a wonderful influence on the work of the players. For this reason matinées are never so successful as evening performances. Women, who form the major part of the afternoon audiences, are poor applauders, their gloves stifling the sound.

The Hanlon brothers, now touring with "Superba," once gave ninety two performances in a single week, undoubtedly a greater strain than that entailed by a long run spread out over a series of years. This record was scored in 1875 at St. Petersburg, during the Mamlitz Fair, where they had a theater seating two thousand people. There were sixteen doors, the old audience being dismissed by the eight on one side as the new one began to come in by the eight on the other.

* * * *

ASK an actor how many members of his profession there are in the United States, and he will probably tell you twenty or twenty five thousand. It is perhaps characteristic that this estimate should be twice as large as the real figures. The census takers of 1890 counted 5,779 actors and 3,949 actresses, a total of less than ten thousand; and it is probable that the number has been diminished rather than increased during the recent period of general theatrical depression.

FRANZ.

IT was the stormiest rehearsal of the season. Everybody's temper was rough edged, from the leader of the orchestra down to the jolly little drummer who played zylophone solos while the comic man was doing his dance. The slender baton which the professor held tightly in his nervous hand had beaten a continuous tattoo on the music rack ; the stage manager's voice seemed harsher than ever, and his commands all the more dictatorial.

Perhaps it all never would have happened but for the carelessness of several of the chorus girls, whose groupings and poses at the last few performances had been worse than the tableaux at a car drivers' ball. The star had noticed this shirking, and, with commendable ambition to make the New York run a series of brilliant hits, had conferred with the stage manager ; and a call for a dress rehearsal posted in the wings was the result. Of course it had made everybody mad.

"To think of it," said the man who played the part of a fat, awkward old prince, who was always getting a laugh for the way he trod on the trains of the court ladies, "it is simply provoking that with the work of a hard performance on us, we've got to rehearse and rehearse, just because a cheap chorus can't do its work."

"And the day before a matinée, too," said the tenor, whose chief ambition was to save his voice for his duet with the prima donna.

Such remarks were being made on all sides, and they only ceased when the cues carried the talkers to the stage. The leader of the orchestra, whom every one feared, and whose remarks and criticisms were cuttingly sarcastic, had the fiercest temper of all. He was as mad as a baby elephant that finds its trunk too short to reach the best hay on the hay wagon. He had said all he could to the members of the orchestra, and every one expected to see him throw his chair at some discordant player at any moment.

He rapped his baton again, and the sweet, restful air of a lullaby floated up from reed and string. It had a quieting effect, but not half so much as the presence of the beautiful woman whose soft, rich voice was mingling with its notes in exquisite harmony. Though they had heard the song a hundred times or more, all listened, so sweet was its melody. With perfect ease and enchanting expression she touched her highest notes, until they sounded through the vacant theater like the tinkling of some sweet toned bell. Her face, fair and serene, was as beautiful as the song she sang, and each note found a responsive chord in the hearts of those around her ; for in the company of three score there was not one who did not love her. She was the prima donna, the one particular star of the cast. To her singing thousands had listened spellbound, only to break forth in rapturous applause—yet she was so lovable, so companionable, so kind and willing to help those below her. Many a time a single word from her lips had fanned into a blaze of success the smoldering fagots of ambition that failure and the lack of an encouraging word had left to die out on the hearth of trial.

Presently there was a fearful discord in the orchestra. It broke into the song like a black cloud across a summer sky. It came from one of the violins. The singer ceased, and the music stopped. With anger in his eyes, and lips quivering with rage, the leader turned towards a crouching figure in a chair beneath the stand.

"What do you mean—what do you mean, I say ? Have you not played that bar a thousand times ?"

There was no reply, but a boyish face, with anguish in every feature, was uplifted towards the angry man.

"Do not look at me in that stupid way. Have I not taught you better ?"

"But, sir," pleaded the boy, "it was all a mistake."

"Bah, a mistake, indeed ! It was all your careless——"

"Never mind," said the prima donna ; "he could not help it. I will sing it again."

"Madame, I will attend to this part of the company. Franz, leave the place. Anton, you take the second violin."

The boy, for that was all he was, picked up his instrument, and looked up over the lights. His eyes met those of the singer. She smiled, and he, brushing a tear from his blue eyes, opened the door and went down into the musicians' room beneath the stage.

"I will sing no more today," said the prima donna, and she left the stage.

Poor Franz ! He threw himself down on an old property bench, and, burying his face in his hands, cried as only a heart wounded boy can. Poor little fellow ! Fourteen years old, and his father, an old instrument maker, had died, leaving Franz and a widowed mother, with but little to support them. His little heart had leaped with joy when the professor consented to place him in the orchestra, for it was his life's ambition to become a virtuoso like those of whom his father had talked so often. But the professor had not always been kind, and the tender feelings had been cut more than once. As he sobbed, he was wondering if he would be sent back home, a failure.

The idea sickened him, and tears were fast returning, when a gentle hand touched his pulsing forehead. He raised his tear stained face timidly, thinking the time for the dreaded scolding had come. But instead of seeing the cold, hard features of the professor, he saw the gentle face of the prima donna. He had never seen her so close before, and her countenance seemed to him like that of an angel.

"Don't cry, dear," she said, as she brushed back the hair from his forehead. "Don't cry, for my sake, and you shall play for me tonight."

His face lighted up, and the great choking lumps in his throat melted away under the caresses of that comforting hand.

"Go home now," she said, "and come back tonight. No one shall scold you."

Then she handed him a flower, and left the room. He could say nothing, he was so happy. His eyes, beaming with joy, followed her to the door; and when it closed, the sound of her footsteps on the narrow staircase was like the sweetest music to him.

In the evening he took his place in the orchestra and played as he never had played before. When the time for the lullaby came, and his "beautiful friend," as he had described her to his mother, came on the stage, he bowed his head down over his violin, and the music that rose from that one instrument alone was in itself a symphony. Then came the applause, and as it died away in echoes, she looked down at him and smiled. The audience saw it, but not one of them knew how much sunshine that one look had placed in a boy's heart.

* * * *

Days had passed since the unpleasant rehearsal, and it had almost been forgotten. One night there was a stir behind the curtain when the stage manager, after reading a note brought by a messenger, had called for the prima donna's understudy. It was not long before the news spread to the dressing rooms, and every heart was saddened, for the note had brought the tidings of the illness of the loved singer. Franz missed her, too; and when the curtain had dropped on the last act, he put his violin under his arm, and went up the dark, winding steps to the stage.

The "light" man, who had always been kind to Franz, was shutting off the circuit for the house lights. Franz asked him about the prima donna's absence, and was told that she had been taken suddenly ill. The answer to his inquiry startled and pained him. He started home with his heart heavy, and his thoughts all centered around the sweet voiced being who had been his comforter. He stopped for a moment before the window of a music store, and his eyes fell upon the score of the lullaby his friend had sung. With a sudden impulse he started off in a different direction.

He walked on for many blocks, and came finally to a brightly lighted apartment house. A hall boy opened the door for him. With a tremor in his voice, Franz asked if the boy could tell him if Mme. Cantori was very ill. The boy simply replied, "Second story front," and taking this as an invitation, Franz passed in and up the broad stairs.

He was just turning the landing, when he met a man coming down. Franz stopped him, and politely asked if he could direct him to the singer's room. The man was a physician. He stopped, looked at the boy, and said that madame was very, very ill, and could not see him. What was the matter, the boy asked? An attack of the heart had stricken her down, the man replied, and life was only hanging by a thread.

Tears came into the boy's eyes, and a sob passed his lips. He went on, and stopped before the door. It was as quiet as death within. He waited there a long time. The physician came and went again, but only shook his head sadly and meaningly, and went on.

Franz knelt down, noiselessly unlocked the case, and took out his violin. He raised the bow, and placing the instrument against his face, began to play. It was the soft, sweet notes of the lullaby that floated through the quiet building, and into the room where the singer lay.

Life was ebbing fast, but as the music reached her ears, her eyes opened, and a smile of ineffable sweetness came to the beautiful face. The watchers leaned over her couch.

"Hear, hear," she murmured; "it is Franz, dear little Franz!"

Still the music kept on, sweeter and softer as each note was played. The singer tried to rise, and loving hands supported her.

"Listen, the lullaby," she whispered.

Not another sound disturbed the scene, so solemn and sad. But just as the closing notes of the music were being played a string on the violin snapped.

The singer opened her eyes, and faintly breathed, "God bless little Franz."

The eyes closed again, and her head sank back on the pillow. A voice, rich and beautiful, was hushed, and the soul of the singer had passed into that chorus whose melodies ring on through eternity.

They opened the door, and found Franz prostrate on the floor. The violin with its broken string lay at his side. He was sobbing bitterly.

Wells J. Hawks.

LITERARY CHAT

OPINIONS differ as to the exact relationship between literature and journalism; but few will criticise the mention in this department of the battle that is just now shaking the world of American newspaperdom. It is only echoes of the war between the United Press and the Associated Press that have reached the public, though the subject is of interest to news readers (and that means to every one) because these two organizations are the chief sources of the news presented morning and evening by the great daily journals. We shall give here an absolutely impartial statement of the condition of affairs.

In the past, the two agencies worked amicably together; they exchanged news, and agreed not to take clients one from the other. If a paper was receiving the Associated Press reports, the United Press was bound not to substitute its own dispatches. It could furnish an auxiliary service, however; and in many cities—Cincinnati and St. Louis were conspicuous examples—the principal papers received both services and used parts of each. In those days there was a healthy competition between the associations, simply because the employees and officers of each took a natural pride in trying to produce the better work.

Those were the days of the old Associated Press. When that association went to pieces, the United Press tried to obtain control of the press news service of the entire country. Local antagonisms between publishers, notably in New York, made it impossible for all the papers to work together harmoniously; so the Western Associated Press, which had maintained its organization, extended its wires to the East, and began a fight with the United Press to obtain some of its subscribers. It succeeded in securing a number of recruits, and for a year the struggle for supremacy has continued. So bitter is the rivalry at present that papers receiving one report are under contract not to take the other.

Both associations have been spending money freely, and there is no doubt that both are losing steadily. While the reading public is getting the immediate benefit of the controversy, it may suffer in time, for the losses of the last year can be recovered only by curtailing news service in some quarters when the long expected truce between the associations is patched up. Papers in large cities must publish the news at any cost; but the smaller communities, now being supplied at a heavy loss, will probably suffer whenever the rivals decide to end their expensive warfare.

The ostensible ground of disagreement is the faith of some publishers in the handling of news by an association of newspapers (the Associated Press), and the belief of others that it is better to buy news from a commercial company (the United Press), which collects and vends it. Beneath this there is the old time jealousy between publishers. Mr. Dana and Mr. Laffan of the New York *Sun* are the aggressive agents for the United Press, while a committee of Chicago journalists heads the fighting forces of the Associated Press.

* * * *

EXCEPTING the Bible, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has probably been more often translated, and has gone into more editions than any other book. A collection was recently sold to the British Museum which contained six manuscript copies of this famous treatise, and eleven hundred and ninety nine editions in thirty seven languages and dialects. They had been gathered together by the Rev. Mr. Waterton. The total number of editions is reckoned at three thousand.

* * * *

THE little book which Ernest Renan wrote in memory of his sister, and whose one edition was limited to a hundred copies, distributed among his nearest and most appreciative friends, has been brought out anew by a Paris publisher. Renan said of his sister, when the book appeared after her death, "My sister was so modest, she had such an aversion to the noise of the world, that I should have thought I saw her reproaching me from the tomb if I had given these pages to the public." In later years, however, the old philosopher thought better of his decision, and concluded that the book might be published after his death. He expressed his wishes as to its form to his wife; but Mme. Renan died without attending to the matter, and now Ary Renan, her son, who is a well known artist in Paris, has taken the work upon himself.

The book is illustrated with designs by Ary Renan and Henri Scheffer, a brother of Mme. Renan, and with portraits. It tells the story of a strong and loving woman, who may be said to have created the Ernest Renan the world knows.

The father of the Renans was a sailor, without any knowledge of business, who lost his fortune and then his life, leaving his children in poverty. Henriette, only seventeen, took the five year old Ernest and managed to educate him and herself by studying and giving lessons. Although she was dowerless, she might have married to advantage; but she had already devoted her life to her brother, and she would not leave him. It was her ambition, too, to pay the debts her father had left. She put the boy to school, designing him for a priest, and went as a governess into the family of Count Zamoyski, a Polish noble with a castle in Austria. It was while she was absent that Renan experienced the loss of faith that led him to give up the priesthood. It was

after a struggle that the young man wrote this decision to his sister. To his surprise, she received it with delight. Her own mind had led her to the same conclusions.

When the two came together again, in 1850, Renan says of their life, "The general plan of my career, the design to be inflexibly sincere that I was forming, was so much the combined product of our two consciences, that had I been tempted to prove false to it she would have been near me like another part of myself, to recall me to duty."

Henriette Renan died in Syria, where she had accompanied her brother on a scientific mission, in 1860.

* * * *

THE present Pope, Leo XIII, is a most liberal minded man, who is said to combine a fine sense of humor with his learning and judgment. Researches of all sorts are in order in Italy just now. Among other treasures of ancient lore, the Vatican library is being thoroughly overhauled, and its multitudinous records investigated. Dom Gasquet, the librarian, is reported as saying that the Pope had given the order to "publish everything of interest, whether it tends to the credit or the discredit of the ecclesiastical authorities. You may be sure," added the pontiff, "that if the gospels had been written in our day, the treachery of Judas and the denial of St. Peter would have been suppressed for fear of scandalizing weak consciences."

* * * *

MARK TWAIN is perhaps the most popular author in the United States, if we consider him in his own private person. He has friends everywhere, for the reason that he does not keep all of his good things for the printers. Almost every one of them holds dear some original reminder of the humorist; from little Elsie Leslie with the slipper he embroidered for her and the letter he wrote about it, to his latest poem, written for Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher.

Mrs. Beecher is one of Mr. Clemens' dearest friends. One day, when they were talking together, the subject of the immortality of the soul was mentioned, and Mr. Clemens took the side of unbelief. Mrs. Beecher exhausted her arguments, and finally said,

"Now, Mr. Clemens, if you meet me in heaven a million years from now, will you confess yourself wrong?"

Mr. Clemens said that he would; but Mrs. Beecher insisted upon a contract being drawn up and carved in the living rock for future generations to note. Mr. Clemens wrote the agreement, which read thus:

Contract—Mark Twain with Mrs. Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y., July 2, 1895.

(*On first stone.*)
If you prove right and I prove wrong,
A million years from now,
In language plain and frank and strong,
My error I'll avow.
(To your dear mocking face).

(*On second stone.*)
If I prove right, by God His grace,
Full sorry I shall be,
For in that solitude no trace
There'll be of you and me,
(Nor of our vanished race).

(*On third stone.*)
A million years, O patient stone!
You've waited for this message.
Deliver it a million years—
Survivor pays expressage.

Mr. Clemens has started on a lecturing tour around the world. It will be a long and arduous task, one from which most men in his physical condition would shrink. But there are debts to be paid, and Mr. Clemens intends to pay them to the last penny, if hard work can do it. They are debts which his creditors ought to regard as paid twice over, for the work which Mark Twain turns out, when he must, is a distinct gain to every English reader.

* * * *

MR. BLACKMORE is about to publish a book of poems called "Fringilla." It is said to be the second collection of verses that the author of the immortal "Lorna Doone" has brought out, although the first one was not over his own name.

In Mr. Blackmore's own neighborhood, we are told, people have not discovered that he is an author. They know him only as a very enthusiastic cultivator of vegetables and fruits.

* * * *

A STORY has been going the rounds about Heinemann, who had the courage to publish Sarah Grand's books.

One day, passing along the street, he saw two toy venders side by side, crying their wares. One of them had a queer, fat faced doll which he was pushing into the faces of the passers by, giving it the name of a well known woman reformer. His dolls went rapidly, while the man beside him, who had bladders on which a baby's face had been painted, was passed by. Mr. Heinemann stopped.

"My friend," he said to the baby seller, "trade seems to be bad with you. Hold up two of the babies, and cry them out as 'The Heavenly Twins.'"

Mr. Heinemann says that the idea was so successful that the seller of the woman reformer dolls was compelled to move up the street, and the neighborhood began at once to offer a market for the famous novel.

* * * *

W. H. MALLOCK, who has put immoral literature into a more attractive form than almost any other living writer, and succeeded in giving it so artistic a finish that we forget its character, is out with his own solution of the marriage question. A great many people who pay little attention to the book they read the year before last, and much less to the book that was the talk of the last decade, will imagine that Mr. Mallock is talking about the marriage question because some English ladies directed his attention to that popular stream

of thought. They only need to go back to "A Human Document," to see that Mr. Mallock was in the field long ago.

In this case he makes his hero expound his views, and he brings the church and its sacrament of marriage into ridicule by means of his portraits of its representatives. Mr. Mallock as a philosopher never bores us, but he seldom convinces us, and we confess to enjoying him most when he tells a straightforward story, as in "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century." Personally he predisposes us to consider him as an altogether artificial *poseur*. He looks like a man whose ideas were fostered in an unreal atmosphere. His hair, parted smoothly in the center and pasted down to his ears, covers a fine high head, but his thick mustache does not conceal a rather unpleasant mouth, and his eyes are neither wide open nor frank. We are inclined to imagine him as being the unpleasant sort of man who would believe that love unsanctified by contract is holy, and that it is the right of every individual to override the conventions of society in the matter. Mr. Parnell is said to have been Mr. Mallock's moral model.

* * * *

CAPTAIN KING has been charged with monotony of theme and treatment; but that he has not exhausted his material is shown in his latest book, "Fort Frayne," which is as lively with action and interest as any of his tales of army life. The story was originally written three years ago, and cast in the form of a play. It had just been completed when the manuscript—of which there was but one copy—mysteriously disappeared. Captain King rewrote it as a novel, and as such it now meets the public eye, its publisher being F. Tennyson Neely.

It will probably be more popular between covers than it would have been upon the boards, though its dramatic possibilities are evident. It is easy and pleasant reading, and would be still more so were it not for the besetting sin of its author's pen—its habit of slipping along in almost interminable sentences. Take the following as a sample, with its wearisome succession of "ands":

Out in quick and ready imitation leaped a hundred more, and instinctively the jog changed to a lively trot, and the dull, thudding hoofs upon the snow muffled earth rose louder and more insistent, and Ormsby, riding at the colonel's left, gripped tighter his revolver and set his teeth, yet felt his heart was hammering loud, and then dimmer and dimmer grew the first line as it led away, and still the colonel's firm hand kept Roderick dancing impatiently at the slower gait and then, just as it seemed as though the line would be swallowed up in snow and disappear from view, quick and sudden, two muffled shots were heard from somewhere just in front, the first syllable perhaps of some stentorian shout of warning, and then one magnificent burst of cheers and a rush of charging men, and a crash and a crackle and sputter of shots, and then fierce rallying cries and piercing screams of women and of terrified little ones, and like some huge human wave the first line of the Twelfth rode on and over and through the startled camp, and bore like a whirlwind, yelling down upon the pony herds beyond.

One hundred and ninety seven words, with twenty four "ands" and nineteen commas!

* * * *

IN the new school of English writers of romance, there is no one whose work is more thoroughly able and satisfying than Mr. Max Pemberton. Unlike the majority of his fellows, his literary career has been a success almost from the start. His first book, "The Diary of a Scoundrel," won for him a moderate popularity, which his succeeding works, "The Iron Pirate," "The Sea Wolves," "The Impregnable City," and "The Little Huguenot," have served greatly to increase.

Mr. Pemberton is still a young man, having but lately entered his thirty third year, and yet he is today one of the most prominent figures in literary London, noted alike for his personal charm, his hospitality, and his marked ability.

"The Impregnable City," published this year, is an extremely strong and absorbing story of a purely imaginative character, which, while very original, contains a considerable suggestion of Jules Verne in its portrayal of men and things. It is by far the best work the author has done; indeed, it is undeniably one of the books of the year, rivaled in its line only by Mr. Pemberton's previous novel, "The Sea Wolves."

Apropos of the latter, it is said that Mr. Pemberton's description of the theft of a large amount of gold in course of its transportation to Russia, has created much discussion among English financiers. The question of such a theft being probable or possible has resulted not only in a searching inquiry, but even in radical changes in the method of shipping gold.

As for "The Little Huguenot," lately published by Dodd, Mead & Company, it has a considerable interest of its own, albeit not so ambitious a story as the others. There is this to be said of Mr. Pemberton's work. Be his books short or long, they are always interesting, always ingeniously conceived and well constructed. And that is more than can be said of many authors.

In addition to his regular literary work, Mr. Pemberton has had a good deal of experience in editorial labor, having been on the staff of *Vanity Fair*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Sketch*. Personally he is dignified and courteous, more than ordinarily good looking, and eminently well dressed.

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TWO books from the press of Stone & Kimball are well worth reading. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," a story of a lost Napoleon, by Gilbert Parker, is a vigorous little narrative, full of a peculiar charm. Where Pontiac is or was we do not know or care. It is a charming place, as portrayed by Mr. Parker, and the character of *Valmond* is full of originality and pathos. We are told that he was a natural child of Napoleon, and his loyalty to his

great father, his life, and his tragic death hold the attention from the first line to the last.

In Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" there lies the attraction of an undisputed novelty. It is a book of children's stories for "grown ups," if the paradox is allowable. So deliciously fresh and naïve is the style, so tender and picturesque in spots, and again so full filled with the subtlest humor, that one reads on with ever increasing pleasure, stopping now and then to smile at some shrewd bit of description that recalls his own childhood with amazing vividness.

Particularly clever is the description of an old uncle, who rather incurred the enmity of the children until a parting gift of half a crown apiece secured his reincarnation as a saint.

A solemn hush fell on the assembly, broken first by the small Charlotte. "I didn't know," she observed dreamily, "that there were such good men in the world anywhere. I hope he'll die tonight, for then he'll go straight to heaven!" But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted; for that in her haste she had called this white souled relative a beast.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edward, the master mind, rising—as he always did—to the situation. "We'll christen the piebald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet, and that'll show we're sorry for our mistake!"

"I—I christened that pig this morning," Harold guiltily confessed; "I christened him after the curate."

The deftness of this humor is too mature for the child mind, for which, no doubt, it was never seriously intended. But what older eyes could read such delicious nonsense without appreciating its delicacy and finish?

* * * *

THAT clever Dutchman who, under his adopted name of Maarten Maartens, has given us "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," "God's Fool," and "The Greater Glory," has surpassed even his own high standard in his last book, "My Lady Nobody." Mr. J. van der Poorten-Schwartz, to give him his own name, is a Hollander, still in his fourth decade, and one of the most deservedly popular novelists of the day. His wonderful command of English idiom, his masterly manipulation of sarcasm, and the inevitable purpose pervading all his work, are, no doubt, the qualities that make him so.

One of his own shrewd little allegories is rather characteristic of the man.

There was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died, and the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said, "and he kicked it."

The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the goal," he said.

That is exactly what Maartens does in "My Lady Nobody"; he kicks the world, and he kicks it hard, but when we come to think it over, we find it has been always toward the goal. His method is suggestive of Thackeray, with whom, indeed, Maartens possesses many qualities in common. With hypocrisy, affectation, selfishness, and mercenary motives he deals in a spirit of unsparing ridicule. Not that he wholly spares the nobler qualities, but his banter is less pointed, and before he has finished one recognizes the value he places upon them.

"My Lady Nobody" is in many ways a painful book. It is rife with suffering, but the author has contrived to demonstrate how large a factor this may be in the perfecting of character. The scene painting and atmosphere of the story are admirable.

* * * *

IT is a curious fact that nowadays the books which would seem most unfitted for dramatization are invariably announced as being in preparation for the stage. We hear that Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Story of Bessie Costrell" is to be thus distinguished. It is a strong story, but so brief that it is difficult to understand how it could be utilized except as a curtain raiser. The book has been a great success, and yet as a play it is well nigh certain of failure. Why not let it rest upon its laurels?

"Chimmie Fadden," too, which the author is dramatizing, is about as far removed from dramatic promise as a book well could be. However, there is no telling what the result will be. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" met with favor on the stage, and as for "Trilby"—well, it is an open question how much of its success was due to merit as a play and how much to the insane enthusiasm which Mr. Du Maurier's very pretty little story aroused in this land of lion worshipers.

* * * *

WHEN we first opened Mr. George Herbert Bartlett's "Water Tramps, or the Cruise of the Sea Bird" and commenced its perusal, we received the very natural impression that it was a book for boys. Such it would be were it not for the introduction of the love element, commonly omitted from fiction for the young.

"Water Tramps" is a story of four young fellows, who, their accumulated finances being reduced to a few dollars, evolve the brilliant scheme of hiring a boat for the summer and selling fish. This truly independent and noble inspiration arouses admiration, until it transpires that they are ashamed of the occupation, and spend most of their time striving to elude friends.

The narrative is enlivened by detailed bills of fare as consumed by the young mariners, and by daily financial bulletins to post the reader on their monetary standing. Of course the cruise is a success. It goes without saying that any four college men can catch enough fish in and around Long Island Sound to maintain them in luxury, whereas the fishermen along the shores are scarcely able to earn their daily bread. Such is the advantage of a college education.

Each of the four young gentlemen acquires a thorough knowledge of seamanship, a coat of tan, and a rich wife, and all of them return to New York rejoicing, and, unless appearances are deceitful, live happily ever after. It is a restful little story, with no moral or immoral tendencies and not obtrusively interesting.

FOR several years Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been recognized as the leading authority on New England character, but lately there has arisen a mightier than she. Miss Alice Brown, author of "Meadow Grass," which is published by Copeland & Day, is a native of Hampton, New Hampshire, though her literary work has been done chiefly in Boston. She is at present on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and her name has been made more or less familiar to the reading world from her many contributions to the magazines.

So far as Miss Brown's "Meadow Grass" is concerned, it proves conclusively that even the well trodden paths of New England may be made to yield much that is novel if one has the "finding eye." We are all familiar with Miss Wilkins' typical story; the little schoolhouse, the milk pans, and the spinster with straight hair, whose bosom is like a board, and whose life all monotony; and from much reading thereof we have wearied somewhat of the scene. "Meadow Grass" comes to us like a salt breeze upon a desert, and New England is no longer a land of gray tones and somber soliloquies.

The exquisite pathos, the absolute fidelity, and the keen perception of humor that lie in every line of Miss Brown's work are things to be thankful for. She has not only caught the atmosphere of the New England town—something which Miss Wilkins, to do her justice, has often depicted admirably—but she has looked into the hearts of its inhabitants, and what she has found there she has given us in "Meadow Grass." Those of us who were born and bred with the savor of new mown hay in our nostrils and the rasp of the katydid in our ears will not need to be told how faithfully the author has done her work; and even in city hearts the completeness of "Meadow Grass" will win its own way without the praise of critics to make straight its path.

* * * *

THAT would-be wicked young man, Mr. Robert S. Hichens, who in fear and trembling published "A Green Carnation" anonymously and then made haste to announce its authorship when it proved a success—save the mark!—has lately given the world another novel. "An Imaginative Man" was evolved in Egypt some time before "A Green Carnation" thrilled the hearts of mankind. It is a story of a tall, thin man to whom we are first introduced as he stands in a smoking suit with a cigar case in one hand, a candlestick in the other, the fourth edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under his arm, and his dark brown, bright and restless eyes watching his wife, who is praying. *Henry Denison* has been all his life waiting with dread to be called "a good fellow." This, according to Mr. Hichens, never happened. No wonder. *Denison* is from first to last a thorough cad, who is consumed with the thought of his own greatness, and uncommonly brutal to his wife. He finishes his erratic career by falling in love with the Sphinx. This aged lady, as might be expected, is stony hearted, and therefore her lover runs violently down a steep place (as others of his species did before him) and dashes himself, "with arms stretched out, as if in an embrace, against the mighty rock that has defied the perpetual, intangible embrace of the gliding ages." We are not told that he was killed, but we hope for the best.

One gift Mr. Hichens has in abundance. His descriptions of scenery are admirable, and his depiction of life in Egypt, of the silence of the desert, of the hideous depravity of the people, is wonderfully well done. It is a pity that his powers are not employed in a better cause.

* * * *

OF all the utterly and hopelessly vapid books ever foisted upon a confiding public, "The Making of Mary," by Jean Forsyth, deserves the palm. The heroine is a small waif who is adopted by a family of apparently harmless idiots, consisting of a husband (who tells the story), a wife, who believes in theosophy, and five children, to say nothing of a mother in law.

The waif develops into a handsome young woman, who spells "uniform" with a double *n*, plays the cornet, and whose conduct on hearing of the marriage of a fancied lover is of the following high order:

Then she lay down on the sand and bawled, kicking and squealing like a year old infant.

Mary's conversation is equally attractive, and all her actions are of the same nature. She takes headers into Lake Michigan in a sky blue bathing suit, holds tête-à-têtes with barbers, waiters, and other shining society lights, and finally ends up in a hospital, with smallpox and a contrite heart. In addition to her refinement, docility, and command of English orthography, *Mary* has other lovable qualities which make her doubly dear to her doting adopted parents, the aforementioned harmless idiots. The book is full of such expressions as "that pretty, innocent young girl," "sweet girl," and "pink and white creature." Her innocence is substantiated by much miscellaneous kissing, her sweetness by the spasm on the sand quoted above, and we presume the pink and whiteness may be ascribed to the smallpox.

Whether the book is a piece of monumental incapacity or a laborious concoction of alleged humor, we know not. In either case "The Making of Mary" was a failure, and the raw material far preferable to the manufactured article.

* * * *

THESE are days when a new work of fiction makes its appearance every few hours, and when, as a natural consequence, novelists are sore pressed for new plots and novel situations. The first meeting of hero and heroine, to use two much abused but indispensable words, is a crisis in every story, and it is indeed a master hand that can bring it about in a natural and reasonable way.

A master hand is something that Miss Florence Warden does not possess. Miss Warden

is one of the writers whom we intuitively associate with Mrs. Forrester and "The Duchess," to the proper enjoyment of whose books a hammock and sufficient time to sleep between chapters are absolutely essential. The meeting of the leading characters in Miss Warden's new book, "A Spoilt Girl," is a radical departure from hackneyed methods. The young lady approaches on horseback at a full gallop, with the intention of careering across the hero's flower beds, a manœuver effectually checked by the latter, *Hubert Besils*, who grasps the bridle rein, and, suddenly stopping the horse, precipitates its rider headlong to *terra firma*. Thereupon the young lady, who rejoices in the masculine name of *Harrington Bracepeth*, falls upon him tooth and nail, and rends open his face with her riding whip. Then *Besils* calls her a wretched, cowardly cad, who is not fit to live in a civilized country, and deserves to be knocked on the head.

Any one who is familiar with Miss Warden's methods will recognize in this a most promising opening for a romance, and shortly after, when *Miss Bracepeth* throws a stone at *Besils* and he boxes her ears, the mind of the reader is at rest. Of course they will be married at last, and so indeed they are, though not without much tribulation.

* * * *

THE American craze for novelty supplies the *raison d'être* of several wild eyed little periodicals which are just at present endeavoring to amaze and in a mild way to shock their readers. *The Lark*, which comes from San Francisco, is the weirdest of these. It is printed on curious yellow paper, and contains certain prose bits and illustrations of an entirely meaningless nature, with here and there a poetical spasm of the following variety :

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But this I'll tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

There is a theory some deny,
That lamp posts once were three foot high ;
But a little boy was terrible strong,
And he pulled 'em out to 'leven foot long.

The Lark's verses are amusing in a way, when taken at their face value, but when, as has already happened, some astute critic endeavors to deduce psychology, philosophy, and what-not therefrom, it must give exquisite joy to their writer.

The Philistine, a native of East Aurora, has already, at the tender age of four months, proved its ability exceedingly to harass, beset, and annoy others of its kind. It has a curious system of marginal notes, such as "What rot is this?" "Where are we at?" and other quotations from celebrated authors. This system is pursued without apparent reason or sequence, to the great bewilderment of the unhappy reader.

The Lark has an unobtrusive sort or humor in the things that it does, as when the announcement appeared in the initial number that it was to be a monthly magazine, five cents a copy, one dollar a year.

Moods, a Journal Intime, is without doubt the most imposing of the new periodicals. In fact, it is a book rather than a magazine, elaborately printed and illustrated. The material which is so lavishly treated is not particularly fine, and almost without exception the contributors are unknown to fame.

* * * *

MRS. JAMES MEADE BELDEN is one of the new writers who deserve more than cursory notice. Her first novel, from the press of the Lippincotts, is entitled "Fate at the Door," and shows a good deal of promise. It deals with society life in New York, which, considering that she lives in Syracuse, the author describes excellently, and the whole story reveals a remarkable knowledge of music and of Wall Street. It is tiresome to the average reader to wade through a book containing much musical atmosphere—witness the dreary wastes of "Miss Traümerei." But Mrs. Belden has introduced her technical phrases skilfully, and makes one feel as if he understood all about them.

We are told that the author of "Fate at the Door" is extremely modest, and that her many contributions to periodicals have all appeared under a *nom de guerre*.

* * * *

THE establishment in England of a literary order of merit for the recognition of those who as journalists and writers of books have done good work will undoubtedly be carried through to the Queen's taste. Certainly the knighting of a writer will have its effect on the sale of his books, if not on their composition. The works of a Knight of the Grand Cross, or a Knight Commander, or of even a Knight Companion, will seem to have a sort of personal recommendation from the Queen, and will sell in consequence. A knight of today is only one whose personal merit in this or that art has been recognized by some sovereign. He may emblazon the cover of his book with the insignia of his honor and sign his name with a K. G. C. or any of the other letters of the honorary alphabet, and he will find many readers that he would not have found without the letters and the honors, for, there is no doubt about it, letters and crests and the Queen's honors *are* attractive to the great reading public. But in the writing of his book the insignia will have little weight. It will be a compliment to be thought of with pleasure, though in general the honor will appeal chiefly to the business eye of the publisher.

Sir Walter Besant is the latest man of letters to receive a title, though it is supposed that he was knighted in recognition of his position as a reformer rather than as a tribute to his novels. It is certain that his last work, "In Deacon's Orders," is sufficiently commonplace to substantiate this theory.

His next book, "The Master Craftsman," will be the first to bear the name *Sir* Walter Besant on the title page.

ETCHINGS

THE LITTLE SHOP UNDER THE BRIDGE.

JUST under the bridge, where the people pass and pass and pass between the great cities, there is a little shop so small that it could scarcely be called a shop except in a story. There is not even room for a name above the door, but its purpose is shown by a case at the entrance, where there are many little images and idols exquisitely mended. And it is so conveniently situated under the bridge where the people are passing, that the business done in this shop is said to be the vastest in the world.

A young stranger entered one day, and seeing no one there but Love, who sat on a high stool at the repairing table, he hesitated. "Are you the proprietor?" he asked. "Do you do all this fine repair work?"

Love pushed up the shade that had covered his eyes, and the young stranger saw that he wore a jeweler's glass held by a strap around his head.

"Yes," Love answered; "I am the proprietor. What do you wish to have repaired?"

"This heart," said the young stranger. "It is not mine, you know. I broke it accidentally, and it is such a precious thing that I did not dare to take it to an ordinary jeweler. I was not altogether sure that it was safe to bring it here, and yet I could not return it to its owner in this shape." He held out the fragile pieces in his hand.

Love took them with skilled fingers. "How you could have been careless enough to let an accident happen to anything as beautiful as this is more than I can understand," he said. "Do you know that not the most perfect repairing can ever make it the same heart it was before?"

The stranger met Love's glance, but his face flushed, and he stood silent. Love opened a great book.

"The owner's name?" he asked. "I must know that."

The stranger told it, and Love wrote it in the book.

"Her age?"

"As young as she is beautiful."

"That will not do," said Love. "This record is strictly for purposes of identification. Her age?"

The young stranger knitted his brow. "It is not that I don't want to tell you," he said; "but I have forgotten it. You see I always thought of her as a little girl—until this happened."

"H—m," said Love. "We will have to let your answer stand. Now, as to her looks, is she fair or——"

"Fair?" echoed the stranger. "Did I not say just now that she was beautiful? She is the fairest thing the sun shines on."

Love shook his head and wrote. "Her eyes?"

"Her eyes change so," the stranger explained, "and—she does not like to have me look at them, and——"

Love closed the volume. "I promise you I will be here when she calls," he said, "and of course there can be no mistakes when I am here."

"Then it is all right?" asked the young stranger. "That is all you need to know?"

"Yes, it's all right," said Love; "but she must come in person when she wishes it again."

The stranger lingered. "I do not like to have her come," he said. "I would rather that she should not know, if possible."

"My friend," said Love solemnly, "that much you must pay. Tell her to whom you have brought it, and that it will be perfectly safe with me until she calls. I promise that she will forgive you everything.

"And more is the pity," Love added as the young stranger went out, "that just at my name they should forgive everything."

He hurried to mend the heart, and as the days and the people passed between the great cities, and yet she did not call for it, he placed it with many others in the vaults of the little shop under the bridge, and he kept it for years and years and years.

Marguerite Tracy.

IN CIDER TIME.

EVERY hilltop flung a pennon
Flecked with red or amber stain;
Fiery maples marched like men on
Some embattled Dunsinane.
Sumacs flared, a crimson study,
Of the day I rode with Bess,
With our load so ripe and ruddy,
Toward the bubbling cider press.

When the ardent sunlight caught her
Braided hair and burned it gold,
Fair she looked as Atlas' daughter
Of the famèd isle of old.
Laughter lurked her Cupid lip in,
Though she seemed a maiden meek,
And as tempting as a pippin
Was the flush upon her cheek.

Sweet was the ambrosial vintage
Yielded by the orchard side,
With the autumn's mellow tintage
In the sparkle of its tide.
Yet, with love as lip director,
On the day I rode with Bess
Did I quaff a sweeter nectar
Than the cider from the press!

Clinton Scollard.

A LYRIC OF JOY.

Look, love, along the low hills
The first stars!
God's hand is lighting the watchfires for us,
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whippoorwills!
Those weird bars,
Full of dark passion, will pierce the dim forest,
All night, on and on,

Till the over brimmed bowl of life spills,
And time mars
The one perfect piece of his handicraft, love's lifetime,
From dewrise till dawn.

Foolish heart, fearful of ills!
Shall the stars
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?
Heed thou love alone!

Bliss Carman.

TWO WAYS OF IT.

The little play was over, and Death sat
Upon the new made grave and grinned.
He buried his chin and chuckled low:
The player had suffered—and sinned.

The curtain fell on the act of life; and still
The actor lay: as some fair sun
An angel watched at his head and smiled:
The player had struggled—and won.

Virginia Leila Wentz.

INACTION.

The man who idly sits and thinks,
May sow a nobler crop than corn,
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,
And when God thought—the world was born!

Harry Romaine.

ENTRANCED.

The wind has hushed its whisperings in rapt forgetfulness,
The brook, reluctant, lingers there, as loath to move along,
The dainty little rubythroat neglects to preen her dress,
And all because a bobolink has lost himself in song!

INCENTIVE.

'Tis well that when the goal is gained
Of one ambition strong,
There is another, not attained,
That urges us along.

Frank H. Sweet.

THISTLEDRIFT.

From her cold lips that careless "No"
Made all life's garden bare;
Ah, from what little seeds may grow
The thorny plant Despair!

Philip Rodney Paulding.

WITCHERY.

Out of the purple drifts,
From the shadow sea of night,
On tides of musk a moth uplifts
Its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or ghost
Of a dream that comes to me?
Here is the twilight on the coast,
Blue cinctured by the sea,

Fashioned of foam and froth—
And the dream is ended soon.
And, lo, whence came the moon white moth
Comes now the moth white moon!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

HER HOME COMING.

She's coming home from other lands
Across the sea's wide, wondrous breast,
And I shall touch her little hands
When at my side again she stands,
And see her eyes; and that is best!
Straight steered into the glowing west,
Unerring borne where breakers comb,
And all my longings are at rest,
For oh, she's coming home!

Again in that dim lighted room
Where all my dearest memories cling,
I'll find the hyacinth's perfume
And hear, soft stealing through the gloom,
The tender songs she used to sing.
I doubt me much if life can bring
Me brighter hours where'er I roam,
Than those that soon with her shall wing,
For oh, she's coming home!

She's coming home, and all the air
Grows soft as spring when she draws near,
And if my heart recks not of care,
If that one thought makes life so fair,
What will it be when she is here?
Alone with her I deem so dear
My heart grows light as laughing foam,
And even now the skies are clear,
For oh, she's coming home!

O strange, great sea, O fickle wind,
She trusts her frailness unto you;
With her within your arms be kind,
In her dear heart my love is shrined,
So bear her safe, so guide her true;
And, heaven, stretch unclouded, blue,
Above her head your depthless dome,
And guide her all the voyage through,
For oh, she's coming home!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

DEAR LITTLE VERSE.

Dear little verse, the careless eye
And heedless heart will pass thee by,
And never needst thou hope to be
To others as thou art to me.

For lo, I know thy bliss and woe,
Thy shallows, depths, and boundless heights,
How thou wast wrought, patient and slow,
Through crucibles of sleepless nights.

Robert Loveman.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

SOMEWHAT PREMATURE.

"DEMOCRACY is dead!" is the startling cry that has been raised in England by a little knot of political cynics who regard the present fallen estate of Lord Rosebery's party as marking the final and permanent failure of liberalism.

It is true that a wave of what may be termed reaction has recently swept over the chief countries of Europe. France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium have felt it, as well as the British islands. In modern times, when universal education and improved communications have done so much to unify the world, political sentiment is contagious to a marked degree. It spreads in waves that now advance and now recede, though the movement of the tide may meanwhile have been steady, though slow or even imperceptible. There was such a wave in 1848, for instance, which shook every throne in Europe, and washed away prerogatives and pretensions that have never been reasserted. The present day may be one of triumph for the reactionists, but we may remind them that in many European countries the conservatives of today occupy more advanced ground than the liberals of fifty years ago.

From such a slender premise as the election of 338 conservative members out 670 in the British Parliament to infer so tremendous a conclusion as the total downfall of democracy is an instance of mental agility that would be extremely interesting were it not utterly ridiculous.

IT IS BAD FORM.

THERE are few phases of bad form in entertaining so objectionable, so senseless, as "over feeding" your guests. A dinner of endless courses is intolerable. No one enjoys it; no one wants it. To eat it is a crime against one's self—one's stomach, if you please. And people are beginning to learn that their stomachs will not forever stand abuse. There comes a day of reckoning. Every one knows this, and yet every one, when he becomes the host, "puts up" the conventional feast. Did we say every one? Hardly every one, for there are, we are glad to add, a few exceptions—a few people who, sure of their position, are broad enough to be independent. These, rising above conventionality, have cut the *menu* in half. Others will follow them. Good sense, when it once works its way to the surface, will prevail. To prolong a dinner beyond a reasonable point, forcing one course after another upon your guests after the appetite has been satisfied is inanity. It becomes nothing more nor less than a process of genteel stuffing. It means discomfiture and rebellion—rebellion against a conventionality that sanctions such torture, for it is torture to be plied with food and feel obliged to eat it when the stomach protests, and you know that you are deliberately injuring yourself, and all this that you may seem to be appreciative of a lavishness that falls little short of vulgarity.

THE VESTMENTS OF AN APOSTLE.

AN "apostle" of London's socialistic democracy recently landed on these shores clad in the costume which he probably regards as a sort of trademark since, with the characteristic and charming modesty of the typical "apostle," he so unostentatiously wore it in Parliament. Sad to say, on landing here, he found that his trademark did not suit the American market, his cloth cap and knee breeches being regarded as a symbol rather of the haughty aristocrat than of the professional foe of caste.

Had Mr. Carlyle been alive, the incident might have suggested a new chapter of "Sartor Resartus," dealing with the subtle connection between headgear and democracy, or between the length of a man's trousers and his standing as an "apostle." The historian of the "philosophy of clothes" might have noticed the charges brought, at about the same time, against the Governor of Connecticut, who was accused of wearing too gorgeous apparel. To go back a little further, he might have found food for reflection in the celebrated shirt sleeved speech delivered by a candidate for the governorship of the Empire State, and might have traced the political decadence of a former Colorado Senator to his thousand dollar night shirts.

As civilized man walks abroad, he presents to the world's critical eye several square feet of clothes and but a few inches of epidermis. It is not strange that the apparel should oft be regarded as proclaiming the man, and that the politician, whose success or failure depends upon his neighbors' estimation, should need to take thought wherewithal he shall be clothed.

DOES UNCLE SAM PAY ENOUGH?

THE present attorney general of the United States having been criticised for maintaining his connection with his law firm in Cincinnati, it is answered that not one of his predecessors, since the foundation of the government, has wholly abandoned private business upon taking office. Besides this, there is the increasing impossibility of living in suitable style upon the salary of $8,000 a year which Uncle Sam provides for his cabinet ministers.

In spite of the precedent to the contrary, it

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.*

would seem as if the headship of the legal department of the United States government was an office that should have all the time and energy of its holder. It is certainly unsatisfactory that its salary should be such as to render this impracticable. Uncle Sam needs the services of the very best brains in the country, and he ought, it may be urged, to pay them as much as they could earn in other employ. Does his salary list need revision?

LETTER WRITING.

As between the letter and the novel, the letter has given to the world the more pleasure. It comes closer to one — comes from husband, wife, father, mother, child, friend, lover. Here lies an interest different and deeper than that felt in the hero or the heroine of a novel. And it is this difference that makes the letter queen. The following from the New York *Tribune* may be considered with advantage :

Notwithstanding the educational facilities of the day and the increased amount of culture, very few people write a really good letter, or seem to have the power, when separated from their friends, of giving an idea of their daily life, or manage to infuse any of their own personality into their epistles. A good letter should leave the recipient with the feeling that he has actually been talking with the writer, and should consist not of meager and unsatisfactory mention of events or, what is even worse, descriptions of places, but of details of the daily life of the individual and purely personal chatter. Nothing is more annoying or disappointing on opening, with feelings of pleasant anticipation, a thick packet from abroad than to find sheet after sheet filled with guide book platitudes, which are utterly conventional and uninteresting. One feels that, notwithstanding the writer has labored conscientiously and painfully to write a long letter, he or she has utterly failed in establishing that mysterious *rapport* between parted friends that the right sort of correspondence should evoke.

Pray remember, therefore, fair traveler, that every average library has a plentiful supply of books of travel containing far better descriptions of foreign lands than you could write, books which are seldom, if ever, opened ; and that it is of you and your friends and associates that we care to hear. Do not be afraid to dot your paper plentifully with capital "I's"; for that, after all, is the subject matter that interests your readers.

A wooden letter is a shock to the recipient. His expectations are quickened. He fancies he will see something of his friend—feel something of his presence—his nature. Instead he merely has a glimpse of environments—sees not the friend, but a lot of external things in which he has no earthly interest. This is not letter writing ; not what the reader craves.

THE COST OF WAR.

A MEMBER of the French Academy of Medicine has published the result of an investigation of his country's waste of human life during the wars of the last century. He calculates that the struggles, foreign and civil, of the first republic, and Napoleon's long fight against the forces of Europe, cost the lives of 4,100,000 French soldiers. Under the restored monarchy and the second republic the exhausted country enjoyed a period of comparative quiet, losing only 215,000 men in war. The second empire renewed the slaughter, and 1,600,000 Frenchmen perished in the Crimea, in Italy, in Mexico, and in the great struggle with Germany. In all, during a hundred years, six million men have fallen in war.

These figures utterly dwarf the losses sustained by the United States in all the wars since the birth of the Union. In the four years of our civil war, bloody conflict as it was, the losses on both sides, from wounds, disease, and other causes, were only about half a million. Perhaps 150,000 additional would be a fair estimate for all our other wars, making a total of little more than one fifth of France's loss during a shorter period.

Of war and pestilence, the two great scourges of the human race, the latter is to a certain extent a blessing in disguise ; it carries off the weak and the unfit, leaving the sounder constitutions to propagate a stronger type. But war is utterly cruel and unnatural ; it reverses the selective process, leaving the weak and the unfit in safety, while it immolates the flower of a nation's manhood upon the lurid altar of military glory.

MILLIONAIRE YACHTSMEN.

MOST millionaires, probably, in a maritime city like New York, at one period of their life or another own a yacht. The public, however, generally accords the name of "yachtsman" to these wealthy skippers with something of a sneer. There is an idea that they take up the sport simply as a passing fad, or as a means of ostentation, rather than from any real liking for the sea, or any willingness to endure the toil and discomforts that even the millionaire must face who sails his sloop or schooner. They have the money—a very necessary element in yachting on anything but the smallest scale—and that is all, people often say; they have no other element of real seamanship. On their own craft they are merely privileged passengers, the work being done by a hired captain who "runs" the yacht, "bosses" the crew, and gives all necessary orders.

Now it so happens that all this is far from being a correct statement of the case. Like a good many other popular impressions, this particular one is decidedly unfair. There are exceptions, of course, but it is a fact that as a rule the rich New York yachtsman is a competent sailor. Were he not, he would speedily find that there is little pleasure in the ownership of a sailing yacht. He gets his skill by going through a regular course of practical instruction, and he demonstrates it more frequently than his critics imagine.

In several American seaport towns there are private nautical schools specially organized for amateur yachtsmen. They are generally presided over by old sea captains, and naval officers and other experts are among their instructors. There is one in New York that has

graduated most of the millionaire seamen of the metropolis, its head being Commander Howard Patterson, formerly admiral of the Haytian navy. It usually has thirty or forty pupils; most of them are New Yorkers, but some hail from elsewhere. Several have come from the cities on the great lakes, where yachting has made a great advance in the last few years. The course of study is long and really laborious. It is recorded that Chester W. Chapin, now reputed one of the best fore and aft sailors in yachting circles, attended for five seasons. Commodore Gerry studied still longer, and afterwards passed the regular governmental examination, qualifying as a captain. Henry M. Flagler, of Standard Oil fame, and owner of the Columbia, Anson Phelps Stokes, and Colonel Delancy Kane and other well known graduates.

It is an easy thing—sometimes—to be a millionaire, but to be a millionaire yachtsman requires study, industry, and some self negation. It is only fair to recognize that these qualities are part of the contribution that some of our wealthiest citizens have made to the magnificent and expensive sport.

MEMORIALS OF GENIUS.

THERE is constantly before the public some project to purchase and hold as a national possession the house where a famous man has lived. In New York a society has been organized for the "preservation of scenic and historic places." In Tennessee a band of patriotic women have purchased the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's old home; and in England a fund has been collected to pay for Carlyle's old house in Chelsea, that it may be held as a shrine for literary pilgrims.

As to scenic beauties, all intelligent people will certainly approve of their preservation, even though a little toll may be taken from commercial interests. No less strongly does patriotism center about those historic buildings to which we are linked by great national events or by association with the giants of the race. Men have an instinctive feeling, which they sometimes call a superstition, that places retain, and can give out again, like some subtle perfume, something of the forces and emotions of which they have been the theater. A young man chooses an old university for his *Alma Mater*, in preference to a new one, because he believes in the inspiration given by the minds that have congregated there, and left some echoes of themselves in its halls.

Yet there is a limit to this sentiment. Few would care for the preservation of a commonplace dwelling in which some man of the second order of greatness had once lived, and whose walls might perhaps have sheltered a dozen other tenants since his day; especially when, as is often the case, the environment has so changed that the original owner would hardly recognize his home. Take, for instance, S. F. B. Morse's New York residence on Twenty Second Street, now surrounded and overshadowed by commercial buildings. But such a house as the Hermitage—typical of a great American and of an age of American history—is well worth the effort and the cost of its preservation. Its needless destruction would be widely felt as a misfortune even by this age that measures too many things by the standard of dollars and cents.

CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

IT is now possible to secure the B. A., and consequently the M. A., degree at one of the two great English universities—that of Cambridge—without a knowledge of Greek. It is only indirectly, so to speak, that the privilege is extended to the scholar who has not learned the tongue of Hellas. To the Cambridge undergraduate its study is still compulsory; but the regular degrees have been opened to the graduates of other universities who may come to Cambridge for post graduate courses, and who—as at Harvard, for instance—may never have taken up Greek as a part of their curriculum.

In the war between the assailants and the defenders of classical scholarship as the basis of a university education, the trend of opinion seems to be rather in favor of the former.

THE SPECULATIVE INSTINCT.

THERE are few race courses in British India; pool rooms and policy shops are unknown there; lottery sharps do not vex the postal authorities, and the guileless natives have no taste for poker and faro. Yet the great Asiatic peninsula is not a happy land where gambling does not exist—a paradise modeled upon the ideals of our associations for the promotion of public virtue. There is betting in every bazaar, the favorite form of wager being based upon the chances of rain. The government, in its paternal care for morals, is said to be considering the question seriously, and to have found it a difficult one. Gambling upon horse races it might stop by abolishing the races, but it cannot prevent the uncertainties of the weather from arousing the speculative instinct that seems to be innate in almost all branches of the human race. Man seems to be a born gambler, nearly everywhere, and it is hard to reform him.

LAW IN THEORY AND FACT.

THAT all laws should either be enforced or repealed is undeniably a sound principle; yet to follow it out to the end would entail some unexpected consequences. What a stir would be created, for example, by a full assessment of property for taxation!

How far apart the legal theory and existing facts now are, may be evidenced by one sample fact—in New York, a city with billions of wealth and many hundreds of millionaire citizens, there are just two individuals—the heads of the two branches of the Astor family—who pay taxes upon as much as a million dollars of personal property.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

A MAGAZINE OF STANDARD SIZE.

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of* **standard size** (**128 pages**) *that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its* **128 reading pages** *is just* **fourteen and two-sevenths per cent** *larger than the magazine of* **112 reading pages** *and it is just* **thirty three and one-third per cent larger** *than the magazine with only* **96 reading pages.** *The* **112 page** *magazine, to sell at the same ratio as* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but* **eight and three-quarter cents,** *while the* **96 page** *magazine should bring but* **seven and one-half cents.**

A NEW VOLUME AND A NEW YEAR.

The dramatic growth of a magazine — The record of two years' dealing with the "impossible"—A move that has revolutionized magazine publishing — What MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *has done for the people.*

WITH this issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE begins a new volume and enters upon a new year of its existence as a magazine. It was just two years ago that we faced an impossible problem. Precedent shed no light upon it. The annals of publishing told always the same story, disaster, disaster, disaster, to the man whose soul led him beyond the narrow channels of monopoly—whose nature lifted him above conventionality. We were as familiar with this state of things as any one. We had seen the wrecks strewn upon the shore and heard the ceaseless grind of monopoly's wheels. We knew the power of conservatism, and what it meant to break away from it. There was no light anywhere save that of faith—faith in the sober intelligence of the people. In this we believed; on this we were willing to risk all, because we knew that we were right—that our price was right, our stand against the middleman was right, and our theory of an up to date magazine was right.

This is a good time to look back upon the situation that faced us in the hot, close days of the waning summer of 1893. Then the world had never dreamed of a magazine of standard size and standard excellence at ten cents. Indeed, under the conditions that existed then, such a publication was impossible. The entire periodical business of the country was handled by the middleman. He could make or break a publisher. In his omnipotence he offered us four and one half cents for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. And this, after many interviews, was his ultimatum. He had offered five cents if the magazine should weigh less than half a pound, but as it was to exceed that weight, the price stood at four and one half cents.

A standard magazine at this price was impossible; five and one half cents to the middleman and retailer out of ten cents was ridiculous—robbery. But what could be done? The middleman was absolute. He had practically said that no first rate magazine should ever be sold in America at ten cents, and his word was law. His voice reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The whole country was under his eye, and his agents everywhere responded to his wishes as one man. No publisher who had ever attempted to reach the retail trade direct had lived. He had been ground to pieces under the heel of this mighty agency. We record this with no feelings of animosity. The management of this gigantic concern are all good fellows—first rate fellows. Personally we like them very much. It is as representatives of a tremendous monopoly that we speak of them. It is not unlike all other concerns which have, or think they have, absolute command of the situation. They were doing business to make money—to make all they could legitimately. In this they are right from their point of view. But our point of view was not the same as theirs. Our interests and theirs did not run parallel; the ten cent magazine and their interests did not run parallel.

To enter into a fight with so powerful a concern seemed to call for a capital running up into the millions. But, just then, there were no millions lying around within our reach. Our capital was all on the wrong side of the ledger. No one believed in the proposition save ourselves. It was ridiculed. We were regarded as insane. This is the way matters stood with us just two years ago; this is the situation we had to face, and we faced it as we like to see men face serious problems, with reliance on themselves and a thorough belief in their cause.

We returned to our office after receiving the ultimatum of the middleman, and straightway wrote a notice for the September issue saying that beginning with the next number—the October number—the price of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE would be ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. Then we wrote to our friend the middleman, telling him what we had done, adding that as there was so wide a difference between the price he was willing to pay and what we regarded as a right price, there was little likelihood of our doing business together; but that in the event of his having occasion to fill any orders he could have the magazine at six and one half cents.

This letter brought forth no response.

We notified the retail trade of our action,

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

saying that dealers could buy direct of us at seven cents, plus transportation, and that it was doubtful if the magazine could be had through the usual channels of the wholesaler. We sent out eight thousand of these notifications. They brought back less than eight responses. We continued on, however, getting out our edition just as if there were some way in view to market it. Our net sales of the September number, the last at twenty five cents, and the last as well handled by the middleman, were about two thousand copies. Notwithstanding these facts we printed an edition of twenty thousand for October.

The day of issue was drawing dangerously near. We then wrote another letter to the middleman, saying that as we had made a better magazine than we had at first intended, we found that we must charge him seven cents instead of six and one half cents, as per our former letter. This time we were honored with a response. A prominent official called with the purpose of making terms. His concern had given more thought to the matter, and had concluded that it was desirable for us to try and get together. In a word, they would pay us a higher price than at first named.

"No," we said, "you forced us to make the break—forced us into this position, and now we will see what there is in it. You had the chance to make terms with us ; it is too late now."

Our twenty thousand edition was still on our hands, and no orders. The day of issue came, and still no orders. But we had something to say to the public. We had been making a magazine for the public, and through the columns of the press we told them what we had been doing; what we had for them. We interested them. They wanted to see the magazine. They asked their dealer for it. He hadn't it, but would order it. He did so—ordering from the middleman. His order received no attention. The customer came back for his magazine. The dealer was sorry, but his order had not been filled. He wrote again, and again no response. The customer came a third time, and no magazine. He was annoyed. Every day he saw a new advertisement of MUNSEY'S. The advertisement was large and brief. It said half a dozen words, but they were the right words. They struck the eye, and left an impress. Every morning he read "*No middleman ; no monopoly.*" His curiosity was up. He was determined to see MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at all hazards. Our advertisements read "On all news stands," and yet his dealer failed him. In fact, no dealer had it. This made him want it all the more. He went to his dealer the fourth time, and still no magazine.

Matters took a turn. We were not present. We did not hear the conversation. At all events the dealer abandoned the middleman and wrote to us direct for a copy of the magazine. He did not write in a cheerful mood. He would not be bothered by sending direct to us ; would not handle the magazine unless he could get it through his regular wholesale agency. Neither would he handle it at the price, and above all things he would not send money in advance. This was conservatism. This was what the middleman had relied upon —what had killed every man who had hitherto ventured beyond the grasp of the wholesaler. It was natural that the dealer should take this position. Our plan was radical, and ten cents was a ridiculous price for a magazine. It meant less to the dealers, he argued. He was not in sympathy with us. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE had no circulation, and he had no time to bother with dead stock. He was in business to make money, to handle the things that sold. Uncertainties did not appeal to him. And he was right—right all the way through—as right then in his disinclination to handle the magazine as he is now, and has been, in his splendid handling of it since it began to make a place for itself—began to show such selling qualities as he had never in his life seen before.

We have recorded this much about the newsdealer's position, as well as the position of the middleman, to show the conditions that confronted us. But all the while we were relying confidently upon the sober sense of the people. We went on without swerving to the right or to the left from the lines we had laid down. Every day our advertising forced itself upon the reader when he took up his morning paper ; every day we were busy on our November issue, and yet barely a copy of October was sold.

But ten days later the sun had broken through the clouds. Copies of MUNSEY'S had made their way into a number of communities, and forthwith there came back a flood of orders. In a few days our edition of twenty thousand was exhausted, and another of ten thousand was on the press ; and before it was off, this second edition was exhausted, and a third ran the sales for the month up to forty thousand. November followed with sixty thousand, and December with one hundred thousand. From a sale of two thousand in September, we shot forward to a sale of two hundred and fifty five thousand in the following September, and six months later—in March of the present year—we reached the magnificent figures of five hundred thousand.

This is the history of the ten cent magazine—*the history of how we made the ten cent magazine possible.*

BUSINESS IS LOOKING UP.

THAT business is looking up is evidenced by an examination of our advertising pages. There is no more accurate barometer of the condition of trade and of the feeling of business men than the handsome advertising pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

As it is the leading magazine in the world in circulation so also it is recognized as the leading medium for advertisers—a medium through which manufacturers and business houses may tell the people—the wide awake, up-to-date people—what they are doing ; what they have for them.

"Iris" (Mrs. J. J. Shannon).

From the painting by J. J. Shannon.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1895. NO. 2.

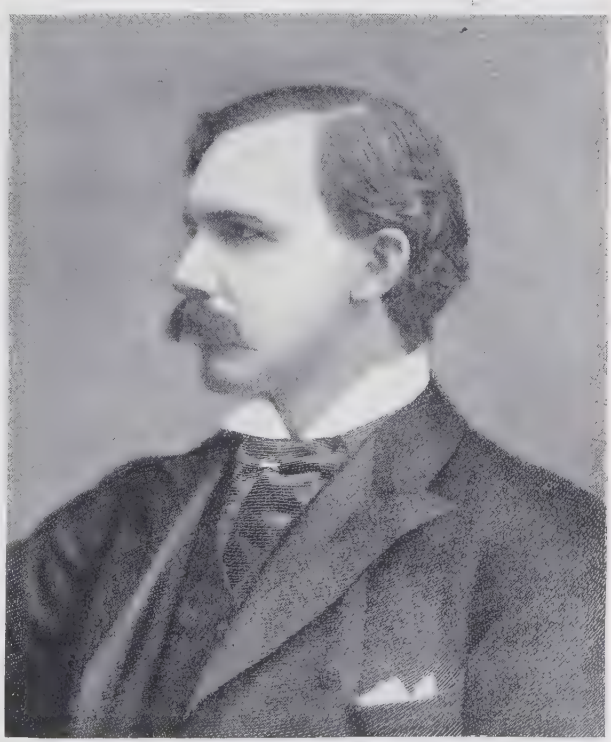
AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF THE ENGLISH COURT.

J. J. Shannon's remarkable success as a portrait painter in London—His genius and his methods, with engravings of some of his best canvases.

THREE distinguished American portrait painters have flourished side by side in this generation among the mists and glooms of London. Of these, J. J. Shannon is alone the artistic child of the foggy British capital, and yet he is the most temperamental and poetic of the three. As in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his work is supremely instinct with the sentiment of beauty—a rare quality in these days of conscious and blatant technique, which subordinates everything to the personality of the painter.

Mr. Shannon was born in Amsterdam, New York State, and spent his early boyhood at St. Catherine's, Canada. Here he received a rude education in draftsmanship under the direction of a local artist. His unformed talents were at first devoted to the depiction of coarse bill posters for agricultural fairs—an inauspicious beginning for a color poet. But poverty drove the boy to his task, in spite of the glimmerings of half awakened imagination that touched his pride and ambition. At the age of fifteen he found his way to London, and entered the art school at South Kensington.

It is the fashion in America to sneer at England as a country totally devoid of pure taste or feeling in the fine arts; and the charge is not without reasonable foundation, for the practical English mind does not easily yield itself to the upper atmosphere in which the muses dwell. So that the mere mention of South Kensington and its commonplace traditions is usually enough to excite the scorn of our Paris bred painters. George the First's "I hate all boets and bainters," is not yet forgotten.



J. J. Shannon.

From a photograph by Taylor, Amsterdam, New York.

Miss Clough, President of Wellesley College.
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

In spite of his early days in the metropolitan fogs, among an unsusceptible people, given over to utilitarianism, Mr. Shannon graduated from South Kensington with high honors, and brought to English art a charm and a style that have rarely appeared since the days of Romney, Hoppner, Reynolds, and Raeburn. He has all the soft grace and tender coloring of that great group, blended with modern skill and accuracy. He may lack the authority and bold brilliancy of Whistler and Sargent, but there is a gracious note of sentiment in his work, a suavity and depth of feeling, that pervade and control every stroke of his brush. He is to Whistler and Sargent what Reynolds was to Rembrandt.

Although Mr. Shannon is only thirty eight years old, he stands in the front rank of the world's portrait painters, and his works hang on the walls of many a stately palace. He has built for himself a splendid London residence, next to the famous house of Sir Frederick Leighton, beside Holland Park. Here the fairest women of the English court have come to sit for their por-

Mrs. Prideaux-Brune.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

traits in the spacious studio of the young American. It is an interesting place. In one corner gleams a gilded chair which a duchess left behind her after her beauty had been caught upon canvas. Close by, on a graceful old carved settee, lies the shimmering cloak which one of the greatest women of England has just slipped from her shoulders. A rare piece of Japanese embroidery hangs from a quaint gallery, while the side wall is covered with Flemish tapestries, whose soft tones of green, brown, and yellow are repeated in the backgrounds of many of the pictures in the room.

The drawing room is filled with fine old furniture, and a great slumbrous divan, covered with dull stuffs, adds the necessary bohemian touch. In the dining room strange and soothing contrasts of blue cool the walls, and the ceiling is supported by massive rafters. Mr. Shannon is painting fairy tales on the walls of his little daughter's room. From roof to ceiling everything in this house bespeaks an ordered love of quiet beauty.

Above all things Mr. Shannon loves to portray the faces of his wife and child. Not many years ago they were his models for a picture of the Madonna and Child. The old church of his native town was in debt, and, to please his mother, the artist painted an exquisitely subtle scheme of white upon white, with doves faintly iridescent, and pearly lights touching the radiant faces—profoundly religious in conception and feeling. This masterpiece was to be drawn by lot at two dollars a chance, the understanding being that the winner should present it to the church. It happened that a poor old washerwoman won the picture, and she was so overcome by the spiritual power of the work that she refused to part with it. Mr. Shannon offered her several thousand dollars, but in vain; the painting remained on the wall of her humble dwelling.

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria gave Mr. Shannon his first commission as a portrait painter, but his price was so high that nearly two years passed before he secured another order from the court circle. The time came, however, when he had his choice of sitters. Among his notable works is his portrait of the young Duchess of Portland, who was married to the most eligible nobleman in Great Britain shortly after he had declined the hand of a daughter of the Prince of Wales. The duchess is six feet tall, and the artist, with consummate skill, has preserved the stately value of her height without impairing the effect of youth and grace.

His portrait of Miss Clough is another powerful illustration of the great range of his brush. The youthful peeress and the venerable pioneer among the teachers of women both inspire sentiment in the painter; but how widely apart are his sympathies in the treatment!

Among the six or seven modern portraits that were hung in the "Gallery of Fair Women" in London two years ago, as foils to the great collection of old masters, Mr. Shannon's "Iris"—a picture of his wife, with a bunch of purple flag flowers in her hand—won high praise. The simplicity and loveliness of the canvas contrasted strangely with the masculine technique of Herkomer's "Miss Grant," Sargent's awe inspiring "Ellen Terry," and Boldini's grotesque "Lady Colin Campbell."

I have seen Mr. Shannon at work. Imagine a slender man, rather under the average height, with fine, regular features; a broad, high forehead; a sensitive mouth, shaded by a dark mustache, and gray eyes that somehow give you an impression of black. A sweet faced woman sits on the model's throne, in a billowy whirl of white satin, her graceful hands resting on the arms of the old mahogany chair. The artist stands in front of her, with the virgin canvas on an easel at his side and the well filled pallet in his left hand. He smokes a cigarette, and walks back and forward, sending gray circles of smoke into the air, glancing anxiously at the face of his subject. Then he picks up a piece of charcoal, and—no, the head must be moved into an easier angle. With a few swift strokes he makes the rough cartoon. Another cigarette—with a courtly apology to the sitter for smoking—and another attack of restless pacing, his eyes searching every point of the lovely countenance. Finally he pauses before the canvas and selects a wide, flat brush—there is not a pointed one in his studio—and with contracted brows, and eager, vigilant eyes, he begins to touch in the key of the color plan. He changes the brushes rapidly, indicating with vigorous splashes the tone of the hair, the dress, the face, and the background, feeling his way until the tones are harmoniously distributed and balanced with one another.

Now for the actual portrait. The painter seems to be working under the stress of some excitement. His eyes brighten, his lips are puckered nervously, and the strong white hand moves lightly over the canvas. The woman in the chair smiles and asks a question. There is no reply. The colors glow under the painter's brush, and slowly

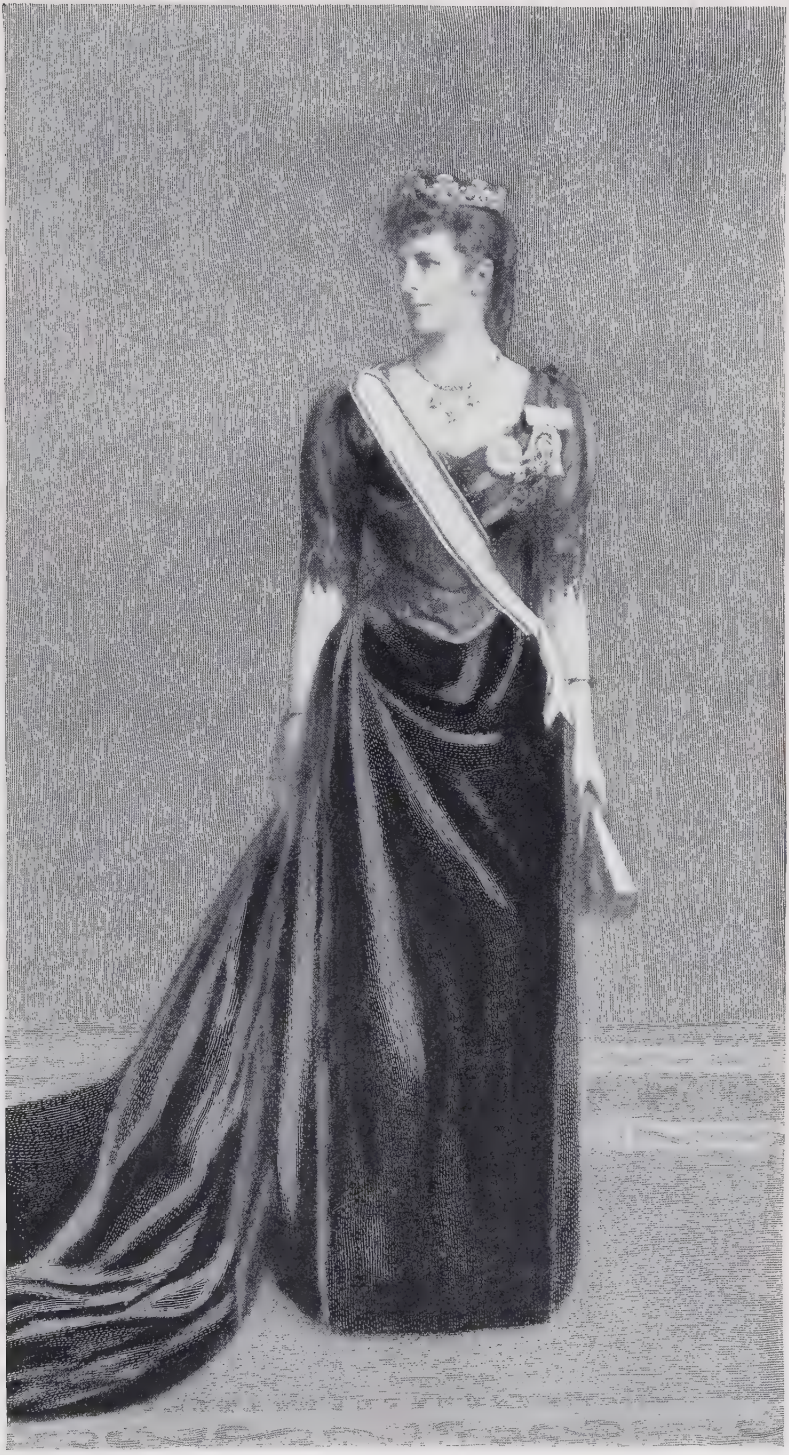
Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

The Duchess of Portland.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

the face emerges from a prismatic chaos, warm and gracious. Still another cigarette and a nimble turn about the throne, with backward and sidewise peeps at the sitter, who tries in vain to engage him in conversation. Again to the attack. His imagination is on fire. He works on the dress, on the hair, on the neck, on the



The Countess of Dufferin and Ava.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

"The Madonna and Child"

From the painting by J. J. Shannon.

background, until the dominating tone of the picture is reached in the adjustments of color.

"I can do no more today."

In an instant the sitter descends from the throne and clasps her hands ecstatically in front of the canvas.

"How beautiful! And you have done all this in less than two hours!"

Mr. Shannon smiles, and puffs at his cigarette.

"That's nothing. Why, Reynolds finished some of his greatest works in eight hours. He could paint a fine portrait in

four hours, when he was pressed for time. One of my best pictures was done in twelve hours, although Mrs. Claude Magniac had to sit sixty times for a half length portrait. In her case I could not satisfy myself with the background."

Presently the sitter departs, and a beautiful Englishwoman, with a rose in her dark hair, glides across the great hall to the painter's side. It is Mrs. Shannon. He watches her face as she scans his work.

"Do you like it, dear?"

The cigarette has dropped to the floor.

"Like it? I'm actually jealous."

Mr. Shannon utters a sigh of relief and gratification. Then a wonderful little fairy of a girl comes dancing across the polished floor.

"Do you like the new picture, Kitty?"

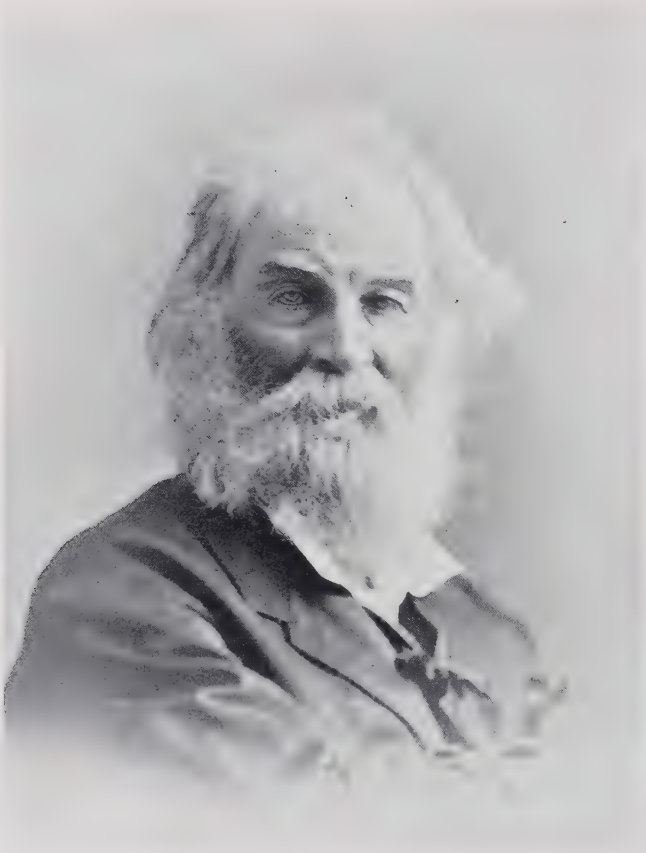
Kitty's rosy mouth is screwed up in a pretty *moue*.

"Ugh, papa! Ith all sthicky!"

James Creelman.

NE'ER a star unveils her light;
Dark and cheerless is the night;
Dark my longing soul till thou
Lend thine ear unto my vow!
On my fond love, pleading now,
Smile, my lady!

If to hold thee close from mine
Sleep doth jealous arms entwine,
Oh, sweet sleep, my image wear!
Lend thy glamour to my prayer!
On my dream eyes, pleading there,
Smile, my lady!



Walt Whitman at Sixty Eight.
From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

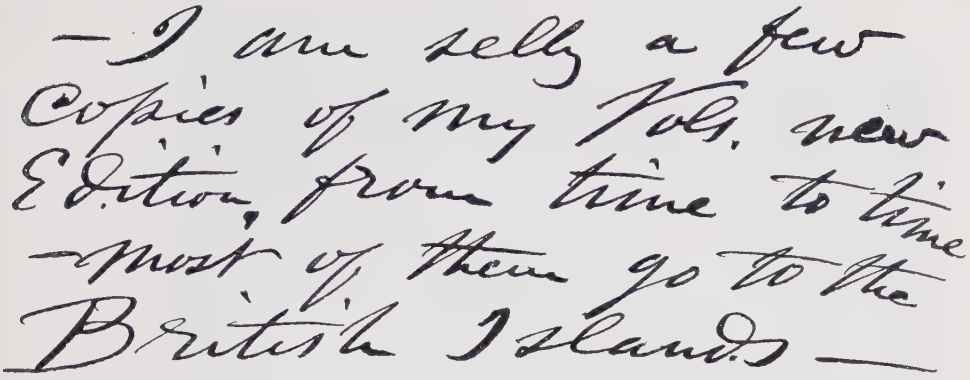
THE GOOD GRAY POET.

Walt Whitman's unique figure in American literature—A sketch of the man and his life work, the fierce controversies he aroused, and the enthusiastic devotion of his admirers.

LESS than four years have passed since Walt Whitman was buried in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden; but already it is clear that the man and his work are in no danger of being forgotten when the generation that knew him in the flesh shall have passed away. As the controversies of his enthusiastic friends and his bitter critics are ended by the impartial verdict of calm deliberation, his remarkable writings have gained a more intelligent appreciation and a more general influence. Never during his life were they so widely discussed and so justly valued as today.

Walt Whitman is the strangest and most striking figure in the whole history of American literature. He defies comparison and classification. He does not fit any of the measuring sticks of criticism. We hardly know what to call his work. It has no rhyme, no meter, and no rhythm like the rhythm of any other singer; many deny that it is verse at all; yet certainly it is not prose. The intelligent reader who takes it up for the first time may be amused, perhaps, at the quaint simplicity of the first line his eye may happen to encounter; the next one may awe him by its majesty of thought and expression.

Never, during his life, was Whitman's audience a really large one—though it grew steadily, and has grown still more since his



Facsimile of Walt Whitman's Handwriting.

death. Of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" only about a dozen copies were sold, besides a number of presentation copies—several of which were returned to the author with insulting notes. Yet while some vituperated him, and the great mass held aloof, to many minds his writings were nothing less than a revelation. There arose a gradually widening coterie whose members regarded him with affection—as did quite or nearly all who knew him personally—and respected his writings as a new gospel for mankind.

The diversity of criticism was extraordinary. He was ridiculed and reviled on both sides of the Atlantic. Swinburne, who at first praised him warmly, afterwards compared him to a drunken apple woman reeling in a gutter. In 1865 he was dismissed from his clerkship in Washington because the chief of his bureau would not allow such a man to remain in the department. Even as late as 1882 a district attorney refused to permit "Leaves of Grass" to be published in Massachusetts. On the other hand, from the vast number of encomiums of Whitman that have been penned by well known men at home and abroad, let us take four specimens. This is what Emerson—then at the height of his fame and of his powers—wrote in 1855, when Whitman sent a copy of his first volume of poems to the sage of Concord :

I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that

Walt Whitman's Birthplace at West Hills, Long Island.

Whitman's House in Mickle Street, Camden.

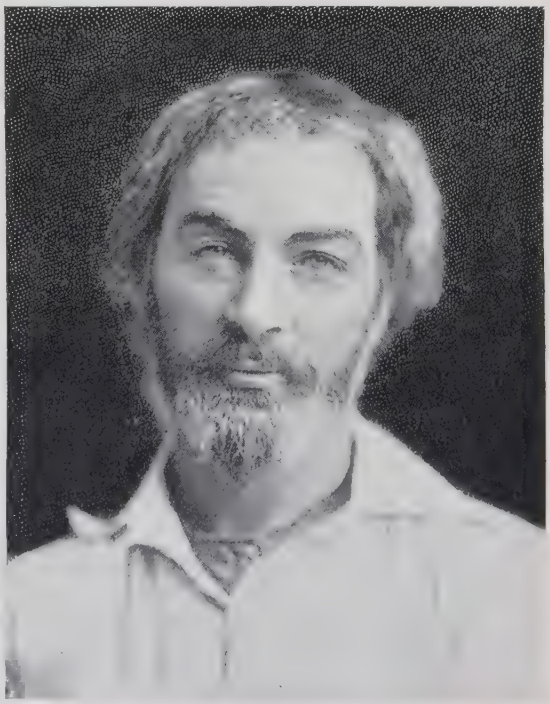
America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean.

I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I find incomparable things said incomparably well. I greet you at the beginning of a great career.

This last sentence, with what by ordinary standards would be considered questionable taste, was printed on the binding of the second edition of "Leaves of Grass." The result was that many of Emerson's admirers severely criticised the sage's opinion, but he declined to withdraw or qualify his utterance further than by saying that it was a private letter.

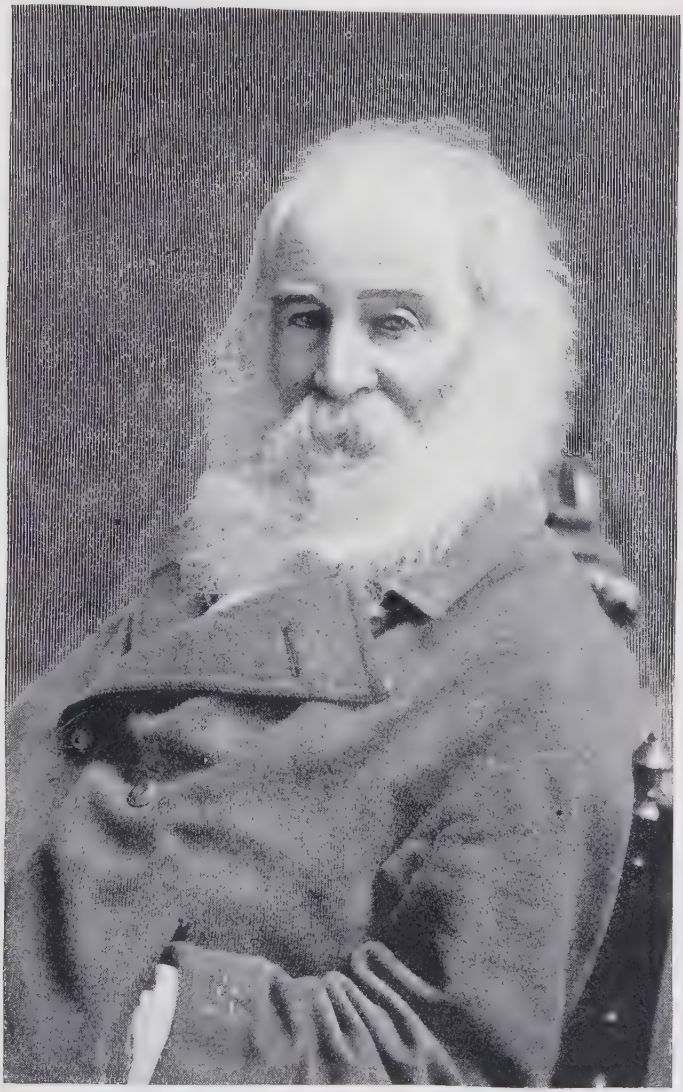
In 1888, when it was thought that Whitman was near death, Robert G. Ingersoll was asked to speak at the poet's funeral. Colonel Ingersoll hesitated to undertake this. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" had long been in his library, but he could claim no intimate acquaintance with the book or its author. He was then asked to read the volume anew, and he promised to do so. Its influence upon his mature judgment was shown by what followed. Some time afterward, hearing that the old poet had rallied, but was helpless and in poverty, the colonel was so much moved that he offered to prepare a special lecture for Whitman's benefit. The result was the essay on "Liberty in Literature," delivered in Philadelphia in October, 1890, which netted nearly a thousand dollars for its beneficiary.

"Walt Whitman," declared Colonel Ingersoll, "has dreamed great dreams, told great truths, and uttered sublime thoughts. As you read the marvelous book called 'Leaves of Grass,' you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions becomes petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of nature."



Walt Whitman.

From a daguerreotype taken in 1854 or 1855.

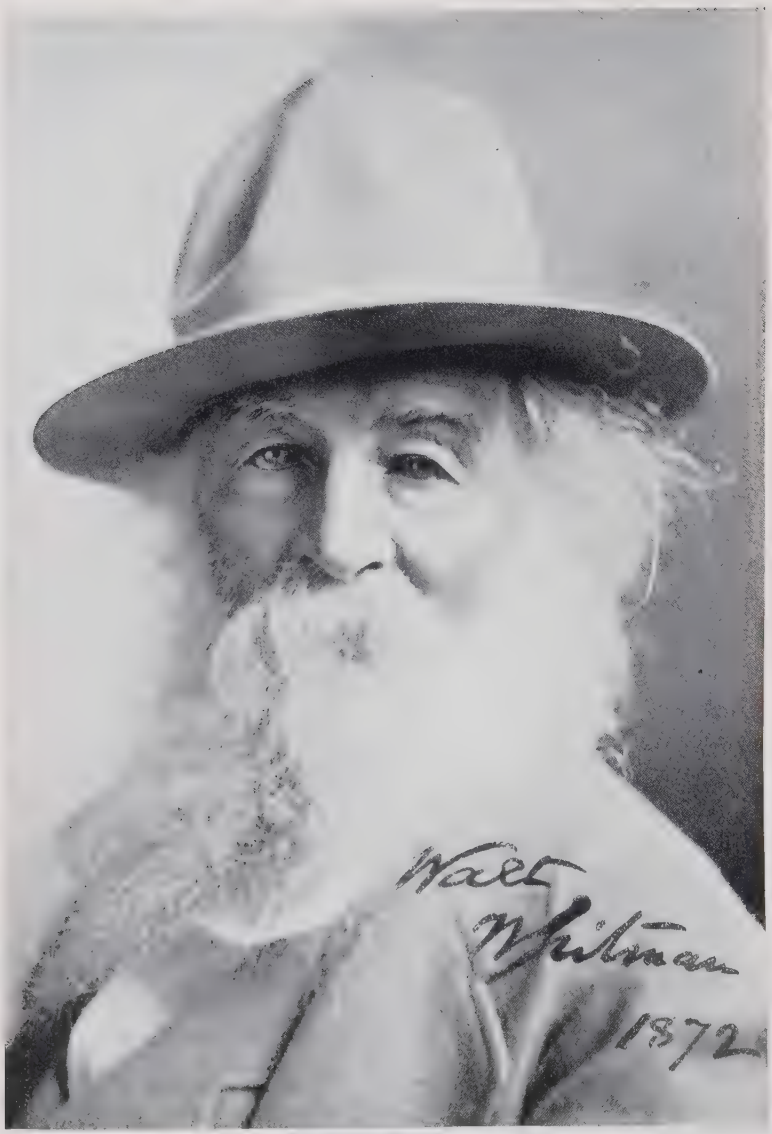


Walt Whitman at Sixty One.

These are strong words, but stronger yet were those of the eulogy that Ingersoll pronounced two years later, when the poet finally passed away: "A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this republic, lies dead before us."

Both practical men of affairs and members of the inner circle of literary culture were profoundly influenced by Walt Whitman's "unparalleled and deathless writings," as they were termed by William M. Rossetti, who first introduced them to English readers by publishing a selection of them. Rossetti lent a copy to his friend Mrs. Gilchrist, who thus described her impressions, in a letter written a few days later (July, 1869):

I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words, and become electric streams like these. I do assure you that, strong as I am, I feel sometimes as if I had not bodily strength to read many of these poems. In some of them there is such a weight of emotion, such a tension of the heart that mine refuses to beat under it, and that I am obliged to lay the book down for a while. Then come poems in which there is such calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine, that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened. Living impulses flow out



Walt Whitman at Fifty Three.

of these that make me exult in life, yet look longingly towards "the superb vistas of death."

Again, this is an extract from the full and complete study of Whitman published by that finished Oxonian scholar and critic, the late John Addington Symonds:

He is an immense tree, a kind of Ygdrasil, stretching its roots deep down into the bowels of the world, and unfolding its magic boughs through all the spaces of the heavens. His poems are even as the rings in a majestic oak or pine. He is the circumambient air, in which float shadowy shapes, rise mirage towers and palm groves. He is the globe itself; all seas, lands, forests, climates, storms, snows, sunshines, rains of universal earth. He is all nations, cities, languages, religions, arts, creeds, thoughts, emotions. He comes to us as lover, consoler, physician, nurse; most tender, fatherly, sustaining those about to die, lifting the children, and stretching out his arms to the young men. What the world has he absorbs.

These four specimen expressions—to which many others might be added—are sufficient to show the extraordinary en-

thusiasm with which Walt Whitman inspired some of the best contemporary minds. Had that enthusiasm been less extreme, and had its eulogies tended less toward hyperbole, it might have evoked less opposition from those who did not share in it.

Whitman's own utterances, characteristic as they were of the absolute frankness of his unconventional nature, were a target for many critics. He thus introduced himself to the public:

An American bard at last! One of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking, and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect, his voice bringing hope and prophecy to the generous races of young and old. We shall cease shamming, and be what we really are. We shall start an athletic and defiant literature.

Then, after complaining of the subserviency of American letters to foreign forms and precedents, he went boldly on:

Self reliant, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer. Every move of him has the free play of the muscle of one who never knew what it was to feel that he stood in the presence of a superior. Every word that falls from his mouth shows silent disdain and defiance of the old theories and forms.

There is no boastfulness in all this, further than an absolutely frank statement of Whitman's thoughts and feelings. His estimate of himself—of his perfect originality, his utter disregard of established forms, and his typically American quality—is a remarkably just one; he gives it without the slightest pretense at the reticence that convention calls modesty. Not for an instant can it be maintained that he was in any sense a poseur, that he ever cultivated notoriety or indulged in eccentricities for business reasons, as some of the world's favorites have done. He was wholly devoid of mercenary motives, and seemed, throughout his life, to be almost entirely indifferent to financial considerations. "I have despised money," he says of himself.

"Whitman didn't even know how to make the dollar mark," an old friend of the poet's told the writer. "I have a postal card written in 1887, a few days after he delivered his lecture on Lincoln at the Madison Square Theater, to tell me that Andrew Carnegie had sent him $350 for a box, making the total profit $600. Each time, instead of the dollar sign, he put the cent mark—a 'c' with a vertical line."

The same story is told, indeed, by Whitman's whole life. He was a Long Island farmer's son, who served his time as an apprentice in the office of a Brooklyn newspaper, and then for two or three years taught country schools in Queens and Suffolk counties. At twenty he started the *Long Islander*, in his native town of Huntington—a weekly paper which is still in existence. "Only my own restlessness prevented my establishing a permanent property there," he himself said; but he preferred to plunge into the more dramatic life of New York. In the metropolis he did all sorts of journalistic work, yet found much time for the study that he loved best, and which was the great formative influence of his character—the study of the people of the chief American city, of their work and play, their natures and occupations.

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus, with varied chorus and light of the sparkling eye,
Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

He had a "good sit," as he termed it, at the editorial desk of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, when a political disagreement led to his resignation, and he went—on the strength of an impromptu offer made and accepted one evening, between the acts, in the lobby of the old Broadway Theater—to New Orleans, to edit the *Crescent*. But he drifted back to the North, and opened a small book store and printing office in Brooklyn, where he also issued the *Freeman* newspaper.

"The superficial opinion about him," says a friend of those early days, "was that he was somewhat of an idler—a loafer, but not in a bad sense. He always earned his own living. He wore plain, cheap clothes, which were always particularly clean. Everybody knew him; every one, almost, liked him. He was quite six feet in height, with the frame of a gladiator; a flowing gray beard mingled with the hairs on his broad, slightly bared chest. I hardly think his style of dress in those days was meant to be eccentric; he was very antagonistic to all show or sham."

At this time he became interested in some building ventures, which were profitable, and offered him the prospect of a fortune—a prospect from which he turned aside, without the slightest hesitation, to take up two other tasks. One of these was his literary life work, "Leaves of Grass"; the other, his self imposed mission to the sufferers of the civil war. When his brother George was wounded at Fredericksburg,

Walt Whitman went to the army on the Rappahannock, and nursed the wounded man back to life. Finding himself in the midst of thousands whose need was no less urgent, he remained as a volunteer hospital attendant, and worked unceasingly for the comfort of the soldiers. He toiled day and night, and denied himself the comforts and almost the necessities of life, in order to contribute to the relief of the distress and agony about him. His own constitution gave way under the terrible strain he put upon it, and in 1864 he was stricken down by a malarial and paralytic seizure. As soon as he was partially recovered—he never really regained his health—he went back again to his hospital work.

After the war President Lincoln—a man whom Whitman enthusiastically admired, and who had an appreciative regard for the poet—gave him a clerkship in the Interior department. Being forced to resign this, after Lincoln's death, he was transferred to the attorney general's office, where he remained till increasing physical disability incapacitated him for duty. He went to Camden, the New Jersey suburb of Philadelphia, and there the remaining years of his life were spent—at first in his brother's house on Stevens Street, and later in a little frame cottage, 328 Mickle Street, where he lived alone, with a single attendant. He died, after a long and gradual sinking of his bodily powers, in March, 1892.

During these last years, in spite of the dark clouds of poverty and physical weakness, nothing could mar the poet's patient and cheery philosophy. He was happy in the ministration of many devoted friends, in the knowledge that his work had found an assured place in literature, and that the bitterness of its critics had yielded to the kindly appreciation of a widening audience. All through his life, indeed, criticism had vexed him very little. When "Leaves of Grass" was first issued, and, to use his own words, "aroused such a tempest of anger and condemnation," he went off to the east end of Long Island, and "spent the late summer and all the fall—the happiest of my life—around Shelter Island and Peconic Bay. Then came back to New York with the confirmed resolution—from which I never afterwards wavered—to go on with my poetic enterprise in my own way." His work was for the man that had ears to hear; the poet had no quarrel with him that heard it not. In this and other ways Whitman showed the "malice toward none," the "good will toward all," of his ideal American, Abraham Lincoln. His charity was as wide as mankind; all human beings, from king to slave, were his brothers. "He *is* democracy," Thoreau said of him. Whatever he hoped or claimed for himself, he hoped and clamed for

You, whoever you are, flush with myself.

To the lowest human outcast he says, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

That noble line sums up the practical side of Walt Whitman's religion. He was sincerely religious, though he frankly declared his disregard of the orthodox creeds.

I heard what was said of the universe;
It is middling well as far as it goes—but is that all?

Accepted theology did not satisfy him; yet he was full of reverence for the spiritual side of life.

I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for Religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worshiped half enough,
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, or how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of These States must be their religion;
Otherwise there is no real and permanent grandeur;
Nor character, nor life worthy the name, without Religion;
Nor land, nor man or woman, without Religion.

He had two profound beliefs—in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul.

I know I am deathless.
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass.
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.
I know I am august,
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;
The Lord will be there and wait till I come, on perfect terms;
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine, will be there.

Technically Whitman may be classified as a pantheist—a believer in a divine spirit manifested in the universe and permeating every part of it—though his philosophy is by no means identical with that of Spinoza or any other pantheistic thinker.

The title of "Leaves of Grass" is characteristic and expressive. It is not the artificial blossom of the hothouse nor the stately flower of the ordered garden, but the native growth of the open, untilled

meadow. "I wished my work," the poet said, "to be something that would not easily die—something that neither cold nor heat would hinder from growing, nor trampling feet would kill."

A child said, "What is the grass?" fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff growing.

These lines are from one of Whitman's earliest utterances—the "Song of Myself." In his valedictory, the "Backward Glance O'er Traveled Roads," he thus sums up the purposes, the "bases and object urgings" of his life work:

The word I myself put primarily for the description of them as they stand at last is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight. Another impetus-word is Comradeship as for all lands, and in a more commanding and acknowledged sense than hitherto. Other word-signs would be Good Cheer, Content, and Hope.

It was curious, perhaps, that from the first Whitman received a more favorable hearing in Europe than among his fellow countrymen. Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") introduced him to French readers, Freiligrath to Germany, and Nencione to Italy. In England—a country always more tolerant than America of revolt against convention—"Leaves of Grass" found its readiest acceptance. Such men as Ruskin, Carlyle, Moncure Conway, and the late Lord Houghton (better known as Richard Monckton Milnes) were among its first champions. Irving, when in America, went to Camden to see the poet. Tennyson, though his own key was so widely different from Whitman's, warmly admired him, and used to pen him a friendly letter at the beginning of each year. "Dear old man," one of the last of these began, "I, the older man, send you a New Year's greeting;" and one of the last letters written by the English laureate was a note of thanks to a correspondent in America, who had forwarded him a notice of the peaceful ending of the life of "brave old Walt."

A description has already been given of Whitman's appearance in the prime of his manhood. The portrait engraved on page 140 belongs to the same period; those on pages 138, 141, and 142 show him in later life, when in features and expression he bore a decided resemblance to Longfellow. The likeness may be strikingly shown by comparing the cut on page 138 with the portrait of the older poet published in MUNSEY'S in December, 1894. Whitman's face is Longfellow's, scarred by years of toil and suffering that never fell to the peaceful lot of the New England bard.

Here is the picture of the "good gray poet" drawn by one of his friends, William Douglas O'Connor, in his story of "The Carpenter," which gives a sympathetic and remarkable character study of Whitman:

The newcomer was tall and stalwart, with a brow not large, but full, and seamed with kindly wrinkles; a complexion of rosy clearness; heavy lidded, firm blue eyes, which had a steadfast and draining regard; a short, thick, gray beard almost white, and thinly flowing dark gray hair. His countenance expressed a rude sweetness. He was dressed in a long, dark overcoat, much worn, and of such uncertain fashion that it seemed almost a gaberdine. He looked an image of long experience with men, of immovable composure and charity, of serene wisdom, of immortal rosy youth in his reverend age.

Of personal anecdotes of Whitman, many are treasured in the recollection of those who knew him. To one of the closest of the friends of his later life—Mr. J. H. Johnston, of New York—we are indebted for some of the facts recited in this article, as well as for the material for the accompanying illustrations, culled from his unique collection of books, portraits, and other memorabilia of the poet. Whitman was a frequent visitor at Mr. Johnston's house, which thereupon became a Mecca for a host of pilgrims of all stations or conditions. One visitor might be Whitelaw Reid or John Burroughs, the next some old soldier whose wounds the poet had nursed in war time. One such man, the driver of one of the old Broadway stages, spent a whole afternoon with Whitman, whom none of his visitors delighted more. The veteran—grateful according to his means—had brought a coffee cup and saucer as a present for his old friend, who valued the trifling gift highly, and, happening to leave it in New York, had it sent after him to Camden.

One story of Whitman, which has probably never been published, tells of a visit he made to some Indian prisoners in Kansas, during his "wander years" before the civil war. It was at Topeka, the State capital, and with the poet were Governor St. John, the sheriff of the county, and John W. Forney, then clerk of the House of Representatives. Some thirty Indians, all of them chiefs, were grouped in the jail yard,

where they sullenly squatted with their blankets wrapped about them. The Governor was formally presented to them, but not a savage moved. They saw in the official the power that had taken away their liberty. The sheriff was introduced, and next Colonel Forney, with precisely the same result. Not an Indian would notice them. Then Walt Whitman, in his flannel shirt and broad brimmed hat, stepped forward and held out his hand—"partly out of mischief," he said in narrating the incident, "and partly out of mere curiosity to see what they would do." The leading chief looked at him for a moment, grasped his proffered hand with an emphatic "How!" and turned to mutter something to the other Indians. Thereupon each of the thirty aborigines rose and took the poet's hand in turn. "I suppose," said Whitman, "they recognized the savage in me—a comradeship to which their nature responded."

Perhaps, too, the keen eyed Indians agreed with what Abraham Lincoln said when he first saw Whitman: "Well, he looks like a *man!*"

Richard H. Titherington.

DESTINY.

LACHESIS spins;
And from her fatal distaff flows
A pitchy thread—the warp of woes
That are to be, the woof of sin
Predestined to enmesh the soul
Of man. Full thrice accursed those
Whose luckless lives today begin.
The strand is strong, the web is wide;
Ensnared by crime or lust or pride,
It drags its victims to the hole
Where shame crowned Death forever grins.
The mist veiled moon shows pale and hoar,
The restless river frets its shore;
A plunge, a shriek, one less, one more—
Lachesis spins.

Lachesis spins;
And now a slender thread of gold
The distaff yields. 'Tis wealth untold
To those who, all unwitting, wear
The web of gossamer the Fate
Now spins. For health and love enfold
Them, like rich garments, fine and fair;
And wisdom, honor, wit, or power
Entwines them from their natal hour
With potent meshes intricate.
One born today forever wins.
The moonbeams flit across the floor,
The loved ones weep when all is o'er;
A nation mourns, one less, one more—
Lachesis spins.

Henry B. Culver.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

[*Being the Personal Explanation of the Rev. Charles Mercer.*]

I HAVE suddenly become famous as a detective. The fact is known all about this part of the world; it has been published in the county papers, and the city dailies have spoken of me as instrumental in bringing to justice a murderer, for which I received a thousand dollars as reward. I write these lines that I may fully state the facts upon which these reports are based, and to end the unpleasant notoriety I have gained. I am not a vainglorious person. I have my share of pride, but I am not one of those ministers who seek to be famous outside of their calling. No one who knows me can deny that modesty is my chief characteristic; in fact, my best friends have told me that this trait has often stood in the way of my just advancement.

The events I shall relate here comprise the only remarkable episode in my life. At school I was a well behaved boy, noted for neither mischief nor intelligence. My main delight is in making the rounds of my parish and ministering to the spiritual wants of my people. My sermons are not brilliant. There was a time when I dreamed of being a great pulpit orator, but I have long ago made up my mind that my gifts do not lie in that direction. My discourses are reasonably acceptable to the people; still, if I excel at all, it is as a pastor. I am an unnoticed man in company. Passing me on the street you would never think of inquiring about me. So, when this fanfare appeared in the newspapers about my ferreting out a famous criminal, and all the rude and vulgar were agog at me, it was extremely distasteful. I admit that at first I had a flush of pleasure at seeing my name so often in print, but I have put away that satisfaction as being unworthy of me.

I want to tell the things in my mind in the order of their occurrence. I am not a story writer, and have no literary skill in arranging the events of my tale. I wish I did have. I would like to dress this narrative in the language of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of Charles Reade. It seems to me that the character of James Ratcliffe has much that is beautiful in it, and if I only had the art to arrange the incidents which I know, I should preach a great sermon.

I like a good story. Some brethren object to novels. Dr. Ambrose, one of the leading men of our conference, in whose judgment I have great confidence, says there are real woes enough in the world without inventing artificial ones. He has often reproved me for having works of fiction in my library. But it has always seemed to me that there were deeper truths than facts. One can take real occurrences and so turn them as to form a lie. So he can tell his fancies in such a way that they shall be profoundly true. However, I have not this latter art. I must confine myself to a plain account of the most peculiar case of James Ratcliffe.

I had just finished my supper one evening, and was helping the children with their lessons, when the maid announced that a man wished to see me in the parlor. I drew on my coat and went to him. He stood up as I came into the room, and I saw that he seemed to be a well to do workman. He had a short, brown beard, light blue eyes, and a dignified and reserved appearance, although he was evidently not one used to moving in what we call good society. I took him to be about thirty five years of age. His voice was deeply resonant and his utterance slow. He rarely took his eyes from my face during our interview.

"You are the Reverend Mercer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you not be seated?"

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" he inquired abruptly.

"Certainly I do."

"Do you think that His example of self sacrifice should be literally followed? Is it ever right in these days to give one life to save another?"

"Under proper circumstances I think it is."

"Well, I have been to your church, sir, and heard you preach. I think you are a good man. I want to tell you the story of my life. I have a request to make of you; and before I can do it, I must confide in

you a sacred trust. That trust is my life's secret."

I begged him to think twice before he did this, as I had no desire to mingle unnecessarily in another's private affairs or receive a secret that might be burdensome to me.

"Some one must take this burden," he replied. "It is not for you, as God's man, to refuse to take what has been weighing me down for years."

With this he began at once to relate his story.

"I never had a father or mother, that I can remember," he said. "The earliest thing I can recollect is being with a lot of other children in a big house somewhere, with a great yard around it. I suppose it was an orphan asylum, or foundlings' home, or some such place. I was sent into the country, in Nebraska, while still young, to a family of good people. I worked on the farm and went to school some. When I was about twenty years old the farmer died; his widow sold the place, and moved away. She made no provision for me, because, I think, she had some relatives that never liked my being with the old folks, and were afraid that they would give me some of their property. So they got the old lady away, and I was sent adrift.

"Then I lived the life of a farm hand. I won't go into all of the details. They are unnecessary. I will hurry and get to the matter that stands out like a blotch on my memory. It has no connection with the rest of my life. It seems like the devil had just reached in and dabbed a big splash of red paint on my history. I ain't bad. I never was. Not that I am religious; I have been converted at several meetings, but being a hired hand, and just drifting around from pillar to post, I never was no good to any church, and finally I quit joining them.

"I won't go over it all, sir, but just say it was at a party one evening that it happened. I got drunk. I don't like liquor; it turns my stomach. But I drank then. I don't know why—except it was just to be smart and not take a dare from the boys. Going home, we all got into a row. I never knew how it came about, but I killed one of the men. No, I didn't, either; it was the red devil inside of me that done it, or I wouldn't have kept on beating him. I was crazy. When my mad fit had run itself out the drunk was all gone, too, and I stood there over his body as sober as I expect to be when I stand before God A'mighty's throne and He asks me about it. There was two or three fellers along, and one says,

"'Lord! Jim, what 'a' you done?'

"'Done!' I says. 'I don't know, Ike.' And I stood there with the club in my hand I'd killed him with—just stood there like an idiot.

"Then one of the boys says, 'We'd better git, boys,' and we all lit out as hard as we could. I run 'most all night and hid next day in a swamp. I kep' on running and hiding for two weeks, living off of handouts, till I struck the Missouri River. I got a job there on a boat as a roustabout, and went down the Mississippi. I was in New Orleans for some time. One day there I got hold of a paper and found the story of my crime. I saw by it that the young fellow I had killed was the son of wealthy parents. The father had offered a thousand dollars reward for my capture."

He drew forth an old pocket book, and taking from it a soiled scrap of newspaper, handed it to me. I read hastily the account of a murder, written in usual newspaper English, and saw that it tallied with what my visitor had said.

"Now, sir," he continued, "I don't want to be tedious, and won't go over a whole lot that I might tell you. I have suffered a thousand deaths for that crime. But, before God, I have been straight ever since then, just as I always had been straight before then. I must have had a good mother. I don't believe it was her fault that I never knew her. I never did want to do anything wrong. Since that terrible day I have never touched a drop of liquor, although, as you may suppose, I have had plenty of chances.

"I have been in this town going on three years. I got a job in a paper mill about a month after I came here, and have been working there ever since. I began as a common laborer, but have worked my way up, and for the last year have been getting three dollars a day as foreman. I boarded around at different places at first, but finally I struck the Widow Emmons' house, and have been there for about two years. She lives in the north edge of town. Do you know her? No? Well she is a good woman. She has been kind to me."

He paused for a while, seeming under great embarrassment, and fumbled with the lapel of his overcoat.

"I may as well confess, sir, to you, as you are God's man, that I love her. Don't tell it." He looked guiltily around, as though he suspected some one might have overheard him. "It is not for me, a criminal, to love her, who is as good as an angel.

"She's got two children and a little home. She keeps boarders. I hadn't been there

long till I learned the struggle that little woman was making against fate. It seems there is a mortgage on her property. She told me about it. Not that I ever conversed with her, as you may say, as friend and equal; but after my day's work I would drop into the kitchen as she was getting supper, to dry my boots, or some such thing, and she got into a way of talking to me about her affairs. The interest on the mortgage is something enormous, and, what with keeping her children in school and making ends meet, she kept running behind. She might have got along better if she had set a poorer table, but she said she never could stand to see working men have poor food.

"As I say, I often dropped into the kitchen, and sat around. Them children kind o' took to me. Phil he'd climb into my lap and make me tell him stories till he'd go to sleep, almost every evening. I tell you Phil is the most beautiful child I ever saw."

The man rubbed a tear from his cheek, and continued: "He is the most confiding little fellow you ever saw. Why, when I would look at that little head laying on my arm, and all them curls falling over my coat sleeve, why it just——" He drew out his handkerchief and mumbled into it.

"Laurie, the little girl," he went on in a minute, "is a likely one, too, I tell you. Smart! Why, there ain't nothing that that young one don't know. Whenever she gets into a new reader she just up and learns it by heart. What do you think of that?

"Well, when I found out the circumstances, I sent the biggest part of my month's pay regularly through the post office to her, marking it, 'From a friend.' I remember the first time she got any money I sent her. She told me all about it, and wondered who in the world it could be. She was mighty pleased, I tell you. Her face flushed up and her eyes brightened. Why, sir, the saints o' heaven couldn't be prettier than that woman was then.

"But, in spite of all, the mortgage couldn't be paid. It is due in three months. It's killing that woman. If she loses her home, what will become of her—and little Phil? She's rassled too hard with that debt to have it down her now. Now, sir, I'll tell you what I thought of the other night. I was awake, just a-thinking. Suddenly a thought hit me—like it was a brick. It knocked me clear out of bed. I got up and stood like a fool for a few minutes. Then I put on my clothes and walked out where I could get some fresh air, for my head was bursting. Mr. Mercer, there is just a thousand dollars needed to make that woman happy. Mr. Mercer, that's the price that I will bring in a court of justice."

Ratcliffe paused. I suppose he expected me to say something; but I couldn't think of a word, and sat fidgeting in my chair. At last he went on.

"But I could never see them again. Think of Phil, and the pleasure of sitting by and seeing her work! When these things came to me I thought I couldn't stand to do it. Then I said to myself, 'Who are you? You are a criminal, a murderer. You need never hope for any happiness in this world. It would be better for her that you go away. Why not make your going away worth something to her? She don't think any more of you than just as a common boarder. You *must* be miserable all your life. She *can* be happy.' And then I kind o' thought, too, that I'd find a sort of contentment in being hung or going to the penitentiary, because I'd know that my secret was out, and the load would be off of my heart. So I made up my mind to do it.

"So that's why I come to you. I want you to take me to the authorities and give me up, but make sure that you get my reward. Thompson's my name here. My real name is James Ratcliffe. She'll never know. I'd a little rather she wouldn't. Take the money and pay the mortgage. Don't deny me, sir, for if you do I must get some one else to do it. They may cheat her and keep the money. I thought you, being a minister, would be sure to give it to her."

He had risen to his feet and come close to me in the earnestness of his entreaty. I arose also. We looked into each other's eyes in silence. It seemed to me that he was the greatest man I ever knew.

"Won't you do it?" he asked pleadingly.

"Let me think," I said.

I am slow at conclusions. I turned away from him and walked to the window. As I looked out into the darkness I tried to grasp the situation. The decision I came to was this:

Here is a man who has nerved himself to do a heroic action; it may hang him or imprison him for life; but he will be glad over it throughout eternity; and when he meets me in heaven he will thank me. I determined to accept his proposition. If I had not believed in heaven I would not have done so. I turned to him and said,

"James Ratcliffe, I'll do it."

He grasped my hand with a grip that made it ache for two days, and said, "God bless you!" Then he sat down in his chair and wept like a little child.

The next day I went to the county seat and consulted the officials. Communication was had with the authorities where the crime was committed, and we found out that the reward money would certainly be paid upon the arrest of the murderer. To cut matters short, I will say that in three months James Ratcliffe was behind the bars of the Nebraska State penitentiary under a sentence of life imprisonment, and Mrs. Emmons received a check for one thousand dollars from an unknown person.

It was not more than a day after she had received the money, however, that she called at my house. She was not what you would term a handsome woman, but she had a very sweet and gentle face.

"Are you the preacher who received the reward for the arrest of James Ratcliffe?" she asked. I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, I am Mrs. Emmons," she said. "I know who the man you arrested is. He is James Thompson. A new boarder told me so, and showed me his picture in the newspaper. I have come to tell you, sir, that you are mistaken. You are all wrong. That man is no criminal. He is a good man. Why did you do what you did?"

"I did it because he laid it upon me to do, Mrs. Emmons. Of his own free will he chose the higher path of self sacrifice. He never intended that you should know."

She looked at me haughtily a moment. "And you never intended to tell me!" she said. "Here, here, take the money—it is blood money. The curse of God is on it." She sat down and rocked herself and sobbed.

"Did you like Mr. Thompson, or Ratcliffe?" I asked.

"Like? I *loved* him. I love him yet. I always will love him. I would rather be with him in his cell today than to have the finest house in this town. He was the best man I ever knew. My children just worshiped him. I knew 'twas him all the time that was sending me his wages. He was so simple, he thought I didn't! But women see things, sir; they don't have to be told. And to think that he done *this* for me!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly. "I know he is a good man," she said in a moment. "He is gentle with creatures; even the cat and the bird liked him. He liked to fix around flowers. He was so quiet and tender in all his ways. Oh, no, no, sir; a man like that cannot have the heart of a murderer."

She dried her eyes quickly and got up. "I do not want the money, sir; keep it, keep it." She drew her shawl about her thin shoulders and went out.

* * * *

When I had finished telling James Ratcliffe's story to Governor Crounse, in his private office at the capital of Nebraska, he was silent a moment. Then he said, "Is this man sentenced for life?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then may the Lord have mercy on the rest of us! Meet me at ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the State penitentiary."

I was there punctually at the hour, and shortly afterwards the Governor's carriage appeared. We went together into the prison office. James Ratcliffe was called. He was very glad to see me, and thanked me again for what I had done. While the warden was talking to the Governor, he took me to one side and whispered,

"How is *she?*"

"What's that he whispered to you, Mr. Mercer?" the gruff old Governor asked, looking suddenly around.

I told him. Then he stood up before the prisoner and said,

"James Ratcliffe, here is your pardon. You are a free man. Go back with Mr. Mercer, and," he added, smiling, "if you don't marry Mrs. Emmons inside of a month, I shall have you hanged."

But James Ratcliffe was not hanged. I had the pleasure of slipping a noose of a different sort from that of a hangman about his neck, shortly afterwards. It was a noose that bound him to Mary Emmons for life, and constituted him the lawful guardian of little Phil and Laurie. Instead of taking a fee I handed to the bride one thousand dollars which I had earned by my detective service.

And so I feel that I acquired my unpleasant notoriety in a good cause. There are many things in the matter which are far from disagreeable. Not the least among these is one that I want to mention; perhaps some of my readers will understand. Little Phil had observed how much his mother and his new father thought of me, and had discerned that I was in some way making them very happy; so when I went to leave the house he ran after me and pulled my coat.

"What do you want, little fellow?" I asked, taking him up in my arms.

"I want to kiss you," he said.

Frank Crane.

AS THEY SEE IT.

The question whether it is more desirable to be born to poverty or to wealth, discussed by leading men in the practical world of business and politics—The opinions of Ex Senator Ingalls, Frederic R. Coudert, Ex Governor Flower, Oscar Straus, and Henry Clews.

THAT riches are the root of evil is a familiar maxim of the copybook; that they are also the most powerful engine of good is a matter of universal experience. The happiness of the individual may be said to depend first on the condition of his mind, then on that of his body, and only in the third place on that of his purse; but his importance to his neighbors is measured primarily by this last standard. We divide men broadly into rich and poor; and the distinction counts for more, in the world of today, than any mental or physical differentiation.

It has been said that if the laws forbade men to leave their property to their children, few fortunes would be amassed, for the chief motive for the quest of wealth would be destroyed. Paternal affection is almost always stronger than the love of self. And yet it may be that in shielding his sons from the possibility of want, and guarding them from contact with the hardships of poverty, the rich man is doing them a positive and irreparable injury. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion from the opinions gathered for MUNSEY'S from some of those best qualified to speak upon the problems of practical sociology. Here, for example, are the views expressed by Henry Clews, the well known New York banker, upon the question of the advantage or disadvantage of being born to the inheritance of wealth:

"To those unlucky sons of fortune who are not born with superior natural abilities, the advantages of wealthy parentage are very great, because their money inheritance may supply their mental deficiency; but as a rule, little is expected of such men and women. On the other hand, a young man possessed of natural and brilliant talents is most likely to develop them if he has to depend upon his own resources, for necessity is the mother of invention. It is a well known fact that the great inventors have all been wretchedly poor. Their efforts to provide for their wants made close application, determination, and industry a matter of life and death with them. This urgent and irrepressible incentive has always been the most effectual in the development of great talents.

"The Almighty never intended a boy to come into the world that had not within him the necessary qualifications to occupy a place in life, and the abilities which, if exerted, will provide for his own needs and for those of his family besides, should he have one.

"The conspicuously successful men—and their number is comparatively small—are the ones who fully appreciate their strong and their weak points, and who apply their abilities in the most advantageous channels. The reason why so many people come into the world and go out of it leaving no mark, and perhaps scarcely a remembrance, is because their lives have been misdirected, if not misspent, and because their abilities have been hidden, like the light under the bushel, by their unpropitious surroundings.

"These observations may strike some of my readers as too harsh. To convince them that my views correspond with recorded facts, let me recall a notable instance—the case of William Orton, the well remembered president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I had the pleasure of being very intimate with this gentleman, and in one of our talks he gave me this account of himself.

"'I was born not only poor,' he said, 'but very poor, with no possibility of getting the slightest assistance from any relative or friend. As a necessary means of existence, I obtained a situation, and after two or three years' hard work I climbed up to a salary of ten dollars a week. At this point I met a young woman of whom I at once became fond. For some time after our engagement, I hesitated to assume the responsibility of marriage on so small an income as five hundred dollars a year. However, we finally determined to run the risk, and were married. Then a child was born, which made an additional responsibility, but I exerted myself

commensurately with the requirements, and the additional income came. In due time a second child was born, making further efforts necessary. With my shoulders still under the wheel, my family increased until we counted twelve children, and as I was a fond father the necessity of meeting my constantly increasing responsibilities impelled me to exertions which enabled me to provide better for my large family than I could at the start of my married life for one small baby.

"'You see,' concluded Mr. Orton, 'if a young man will only select his proper calling, work hard during the day, and sleep well during the night—which hard work, as a rule, renders both necessary and possible—he is bound to maintain himself in this world, fulfil his mission, be a good citizen, a good husband, and a good father, and leave an honored name behind him.'

"On this subject," Mr. Clews adds, "I can say no more, I can say nothing stronger and more to the point than my late friend has done. If I had the choice, I would rather be born poor and acquire a competency by my own efforts, than be the son of a Crœsus with small opportunity to show the stuff within me."

Frederic R. Coudert, a New Yorker whose career in law, politics, and diplomacy entitles his opinion to the respect due to wide experience and versatile success, reaches a similar conclusion from a somewhat different standpoint.

"There are distinct advantages," he says, "in being born rich, and there are equally distinct advantages in being born *not* rich. I avoid the statement that it is well to be born poor, for I cannot see the benefit of poverty—grinding, cruel poverty. We know, of course, that men have been born and cradled where no fairy godmother was within hearing distance of their baby cries, and that they have nevertheless, by mental brawn, fought their way to the front. But these are the heroes of life, the scarred giants for whom the world had to make way and provide room at the top. These exceptions prove nothing. Like the eccentricities exhibited at a dime museum, they establish the proposition that nature indulges in occasional frolics, and destroys or disregards the barriers which she herself has set, and within which, with unimportant variations, she usually disports herself.

"Confining my answer to this big country of ours, and with this reservation, I would say that it is a distinct disadvantage to be born rich. The law was laid down, thousands of years ago, that by the sweat of his face man should earn his bread. The poor fellow whose father's bank account will not allow him to sweat is much to be pitied. The splendid effects of brave and successful perspiration are unknown to him. He cannot use the first personal pronoun in connection with honest achievement; he cannot certainly know whether he was born man enough to win a prize in the struggle for life. He shines, if at all, by a reflected light, the mitigated radiance that is given him by paternal coin; but the great joy of the first dollar gallantly made by hard work he may never know. Even if he tries to work at some respectable business—the law, for instance—he cannot quite feel sure that the clients would come but for the fact that he puts up 'Dives, Junior,' on his door.

"The love of work is not a heaven born gift. It is developed by stern necessity until it becomes habit. There is no promoter of honest industry like quarter day, when you are the tenant; no spur like the shadow of the sinister collector who reminds you of that unpaid bill. When Erskine took the bar and the bench by storm in the case that made him great, he ascribed his success to the fact that, as he rose to speak, he felt his children tugging at his gown and clamoring for bread. His rich and stingy old brother was not so far wrong when he attributed his brilliant junior's success to the fact that he himself had always refused to help the younger man in his struggle for subsistence.

"The history of our rich men shows the same thing. How few of them would have built up such stately fortunes if necessity had not rung them up in the morning, stimulated them by day, and sat by their troubled bedside at night! They learned to love work in time, but the rugged face of coerced effort has no smiles for the beginner. It is only long acquaintance that softens the hard features, and helps men to learn the greatness, the beauty, the happiness of successful effort and personally achieved success.

"Having satisfied ourselves that moderate poverty is good and great wealth is bad, we shall all continue, as in the past, to get rich, if we may; but our children may have to encounter the happy condition which we so justly commend."

A characteristic expression is sent us by John J. Ingalls, the brilliant Kansan whose retirement from the United States Senate, five years ago, left an intellectual gap in that body which Mr. Ingalls may before long refill.

"Honorably acquired and rationally employed," writes Mr. Ingalls, "there is no other form of power so permanent, substantial, and palpable as that which accompanies the possession of money. The desire for money is the supreme passion of the human race; seldom for its own sake, but for what it commands and what it brings. Multitudes are indifferent to fame, glory, pleasure, and ambition, but everybody wants money. Maturity forgets the joys of youth, and age sinks into apathy that cares nothing for the pleasures of love, or the exultation of success; but the need of money survives the decay of the faculties, and, beginning with the cradle, ends only at the grave.

"To be born rich is to come at once into possession of the means of the highest physical nurture and intellectual culture, the best physician in illness, congenial companionship, the wisest instructors, cultivated leisure, books, travel, familiarity with the world, attractive apparel, the delight of the senses, the ability to enjoy the pleasures of the passions and the appetites before the capacity of happiness is extinct, the luxury of doing good, the relief of suffering, consolation in bereavement, exemption from hardship, superiority to many of the accidents of time and fate.

"These conditions should be favorable to felicity and greatness. But destiny is sardonic. It wears a grinning mask. Its decrees are inexorable. Unless man struggles he deteriorates. There is no enduring happiness that is not earned. Black care sits behind the horseman, and satiety waits upon the footsteps of those who without effort can gratify every desire. No man can reach the highest development of his powers except under the spur and pressure of necessity; and the youth who is conscious that he has a fortune at his command is prone to yield to the seductions of sense, and become incapable of strenuous, self denying activity. The temptation to sloth, indulgence, and excess are too often irresistible.

"Of the great civil and military leaders of this generation, the scholars, the inventors, the men of affairs, the poets, the orators, who have achieved the highest renown in America, not one has been born to wealth or reared in luxury and ease. Those who are to do the work and win the prizes of the coming age, which is to be the richest epoch of time, will not be found among the gilded youth of 1895, who neither toil nor spin, but in the ranks of those who now, in poverty and privation, are striving, against formidable obstacles, to enter in at the strait gate.

"But considering the chances against the acquisition of either fortune or fame, where so many are called and so few chosen, to the majority, doubtless, it may well seem more desirable to be born with a million, even with the certainty of dying in an almshouse, than to be born a pauper with the remote contingency of dying a plutocrat."

As a sturdy type of the self made American, Ex Governor Roswell P. Flower speaks with the authority of experience on the powers and the possibilities of the young man whose only capital is energy and ambition. Yet he recognizes that the millionaire's son has his special opportunities—if he will use them.

"As I was not born rich, I do not consider myself fully qualified to say anything about the advantages of starting life in affluent circumstances. I can readily perceive, however, the benefits that would naturally arise in each case. In some instances, what might be beneficial to one, would prove injurious to another. It all depends upon one's temperament, or perhaps one's environment. I can readily see where one born wealthy, as the term is used and understood in this age, can further improve his condition and position, as he has the means to assist himself—that is, provided he will use his opportunities. One favored with an abundance of means naturally has every wish and desire gratified. He is benefited in one way by the material improvement of his surroundings, and may strive further to develop his fortune in a legitimate and honorable way. One of the special advantages he enjoys is his ability to equip himself with a better and higher education than can be reached or gained by most poor boys. His wealth allows him to travel, and thus broaden his mind by observation—one of the best means of mental improvement in the world, so far as I can learn.

"Where one born rich seeks to develop himself further, and in so doing elevates the standard of humanity, it is a good thing for the community that he inherited an abundance of this world's wealth. But the great evil, it seems to me, that attaches to being born rich, is that in far too many cases the person so favored is deprived of all incentive or ambition to exert his powers, and thus becomes a drone. He finds himself, on the threshold of life, in actual possession of what another man devotes a lifetime to secure, and thus becomes an indifferent spectator instead of enjoying the pleasures of activity in professional, financial, commercial, and industrial circles.

Many instances might be cited where vast fortunes bequeathed to those born to wealth, but unable to retain it, have been rapidly dissipated. The cause is perfectly plain. It is the sheer incompetency of rich men's sons who have failed to improve their opportunities for development. The grasp of practical affairs is born only of experience; it cannot be inherited.

"It is always the hope and ambition of the poor man to better his condition in every way he can. He desires to make for himself a name in the world. Fame is a great magnet, no less than riches. His wish to reach a certain plane in life is the poor man's greatest incentive to action, and leads him to accomplish results that the rich would consider impossible.

"One of the principal disadvantages of being born rich, and of the life of luxury that is likely to follow, is the fact that when some disaster like a financial crisis suddenly confronts the inheritor of wealth, he is generally ill equipped to meet the strain, and is likely to be crushed in the wreck. On the other hand, had he in early life divorced himself from the prevailing luxury of indolence, and properly developed his powers, the crisis could have been met and heroically resisted.

"I know of no better illustration of the whole question," concludes Mr. Flower, "than the difference between those who live in warm and cold countries. In a warm country, men's ordinary wants are bountifully supplied, and the natives dream through a lazy existence. Let disaster strike them, and they will be found incapable of coping with their difficulties. The peoples of the northern countries are hardier races, made so by the sterner training they receive from nature. The conclusion is obvious. To sum up, if one born rich appreciates and improves his position, it is an advantage to him; if not, it is a disadvantage."

The last contribution to this contemporary symposium comes from Oscar Straus, formerly United States minister at Constantinople, and a leading New York business man.

"The obstacles poverty imposes," Mr. Straus says, "and the alluring temptations of riches, have been subjects for moralists in all ages. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' says the proverb—doubtless because the path of safety lies between the two. Whether the advantages of being born rich are greater than the disadvantages, is neither a question of statistics, nor a problem capable of mathematical solution. The answer depends upon the individual, his inherited tendencies, his early training, and his aspirations. Poverty, and the necessity to depend upon one's self to win a way through life by the exercise of virtue—using that term in its broadest sense—is indeed a wholesome discipline, provided the obstacles to be overcome are not greater than the effort and the qualities the individual can command. These qualities are not alone moral; much depends upon health, strength, and physical endurance. The moralists point to the immortal dead who have 'left footprints on the sands of time,' and single out the many who have struggled through poverty to fame; but they neglect their statistics, and lose sight of the fact that not one child in a thousand is born with riches.

"While there is no royal road to knowledge, yet that road has been trodden by the scions of the wealthy as well as by the children of the poor. Riches afford opportunities; so do the qualities which constitute genius, but whether these opportunities are to be of advantage depends upon each individual who is so endowed.

"In all ages have parents been solicitous to afford their children the advantages and opportunities that wealth brings; and this desire has been shown by parents who themselves were born and reared in poverty, equally with those who were born and reared in riches. May it not, therefore, with some justice be inferred that this universal desire of parents is itself proof that the advantages of riches outweigh the disadvantages?—or, as the poet says:

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

"If we look for an answer among the wrecks of life, in the poorhouses, among the 'submerged classes,' we shall doubtless find that of these unfortunate beings not one in a thousand was born with riches; on the contrary, many of them have failed because they never were properly equipped for the struggle for existence, by reason of the disadvantages imposed by poverty. For these there was no formative period; like sickly plants in a cellar grown, they never acquired the strength to stand alone.

"The advantages of riches, or at least of sufficient of the world's goods to keep pauperism at a distance and poverty from the door, were perhaps never more felicitously expressed than by the peasant poet:

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor,
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a trained attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

THE HOUSE THEY TOOK.

IT was nearly five o'clock, and Beth was tired enough to sit down on the curb-stone and weep.

"Not more than seven rooms, whether it's a house or a flat," Ada had stipulated. "And be sure that the servant's room isn't in the basement, for no woman would sleep there, and I won't have a Chinaman; they are just as likely to murder the whole family as not. The baby has got to have a sunny nursery, and we must have a guest chamber, of course. It would be nice if there was a music room where I could practise without bothering Harvey, and a little smoking den out of the dining room would be——"

"But, Ada," Beth interposed, "that's a great deal more than seven rooms."

"Is it? Oh, of course; I forgot the kitchen. Well, leave out anything but the nursery. As long as the walls are pretty and the house is sunny—you'd better get a corner house, Beth—yes, dear, mother's coming! And mind, Beth"—this from the stairs—"we can't pay a cent over forty dollars, and we'd rather pay thirty five. Be sure it's a nice neighborhood, and hot and cold——" But Beth had fled.

For three hours she had tramped up and down the Western Addition, list in hand, rushing in where any one but a house hunter would have feared to tread, and getting gloriously snubbed in consequence. She broke up tête-à-têtes, interrupted family rows, assisted at a fire, and barely escaped a funeral. The hunt became a nightmare of glaring pavements, and placarded windows that enticed her in with their impudent "To Let," and grinned maliciously when she went away disappointed. There had always been a tradition to the effect that Beth was a little shy, but after the first half hour she found that she was by nature brazen. A woman could not walk down her own front steps without Beth's plunging after her to ask how much rent she paid, and which was the sunny side of the street. Gradually she began to feel a growing dislike for her sister in law, and a positive hatred for the baby. That "sunny nursery" was like a ghost at her elbow, warning her away from every door.

There was just one house left on the list. It was the most promising of all, but she had avoided it before. When you've told a man you never could care for him in that way, and parted from him with something very like a quarrel, it isn't exactly nice to take a house for your sister in law directly across the street from his home, when everybody knows you spend more than half your time with her. It would look as if you wanted—people are silly enough to say anything. For herself, she didn't think much of a man who could ask you to marry him one month, and go bicycling all the time with that Cragan girl the next. Beth honestly believed those were the reasons she had left that house till the last. If any one had suggested that Walter generally got home about five, she would have wanted to know what earthly difference that made to her, and would have been very angry indeed.

It was a pretty little house, as near what Ada wanted as it was reasonable to expect, with a sunny corner room for the nursery, and a clean odor of new paint and paper.

"It is exactly what they want," she decided, looking around the nursery with deep satisfaction. "And it is all in such nice order. I wonder which way the house fronts?" She went to the window, then opened it with an unnecessary amount of noise and leaned out regardless of the fresh varnish. A young man passing below glanced up, then stopped short in surprise. Oh, Beth, Beth! You who despise the Cragan girl because she is not above small maneuvers, you who never walk past the club unless that is undeniably your way, who pride yourself on having no small motive for word or deed, after all you are but a woman. There was no harm in flinging up the window, or even in knocking on it if you had wanted to, but in that look of genuine surprise as you heard your name, there was.

"Beth!" said the young man, wondering.

"How do you do, Walter?" she said in the grave, rebuking tone we use to people whom we have vowed never to speak to again as long as we live.

"What are you doing up there?" he asked, trying to be easy and natural.

"Have you set up housekeeping by yourself?"

"I'm looking for a house for Ada," she explained. "This is the best I have found yet, though I don't altogether like the neighborhood."

"Perhaps you would like it better if I moved out of it," he said meekly. This was exactly what she had meant; but she had not expected him to show that he understood, so she answered hastily,

"It's rather far from the cars, that's all. Harvey has to go down town early, you know."

"I see," he replied. Then he looked up at her with a sudden smile. "Please can't I come up and shake hands with you?" he asked. Beth had smiled back before she realized what she was doing, so up he came, several steps at a time. He found her standing in the hall looking rather frightened.

"Oh, Walter," she said in a low tone, "I just heard such a funny noise, as though some one sneezed right behind me. I was in here"—going into the corner room rather fearfully—"and it seemed to come from that side, near the chimney."

"You always hear spooky noises in empty houses," he answered, stooping to look up the chimney. "No burglar could get into that little flue. It wouldn't even hold his jimmy."

"Perhaps it's haunted," suggested Beth.

"Oh, ghosts have gone out of fashion, like valentines and keeping Sunday," he answered. "You never would find one in this neighborhood. There's an old suit of clothes behind the door—maybe you heard it bag at its knees. But, seriously, Beth, you ought not to go around empty houses by yourself. I hate to have you."

"You do, do you!" thought Beth defiantly, to cover a little thrill of delight. Aloud she said, "At the last moment Harvey found he couldn't get away, and I was tired of putting it off, so I just came alone. Ada does so long to be settled, and she isn't able to go around herself yet. Be careful of that varnish, it's still wet. I'm going to get most of the furniture for her, too, and see about mattings and carpets and rugs. Do give me some artistic ideas. I don't know where to begin." Beth was talking nervously, trying to ward off the awkward pause that was ready to fall at any moment.

"Have lots of lamps, and places for open fires, and dark shiny floors that will reflect the legs of the chairs," he began.

"You don't put down hard wood floors in rented houses," she interrupted.

"Oh, well, you would in this one," he said. "Have a deep leather chair with a standard lamp beside it where a fellow can read the papers."

"With a rose colored shade to throw a pink glow over everything," added Beth, growing interested. "And little silver lamps on the dining table."

"A little round table, just big enough for a man and his wife," he went on excitedly.

"And a place for the high chair as soon as the baby is big enough."

"What? Oh, yes, of course. And a barrel full of matches in plain sight in every room."

"And ash trays attached to every chair, so that the ashes need not be deposited on the floor. And lots of puffy cushions."

"And a divan in the corner where we could—I mean, your sister——"

"Walter, I heard it again—that queer little cough. Listen!" She had come close to him, evidently startled. "I'm sure I heard something."

"Wasn't it a mouse in the wall?" he asked, offering the masculine solution for all feminine terrors.

"No, it was a human sound, like a choked off sneeze. It might have come from the next room." Walter boldly led the way, closely followed by Beth, who was surreptitiously holding a corner of his coat, to his vast delight. All was empty and silent.

"You see, there isn't any one," he said. "This isn't a bad room. If you want any ideas about furnishing, why don't you ask Miss Cragan? She is awfully good at that sort of thing." Beth's face changed indescribably. If she had been in another walk of life, you would have said that she turned up her nose. I don't know the polite equivalent.

"Thanks, I'm afraid our ideas would hardly harmonize," she said. "Well, I'm very glad to have seen you, Walter, but you mustn't let me detain you." This in the most society of tones, as a mild punishment for dragging in that Cragan girl. Walter, however, thought she was giving him a hint, and straightened himself up rather huffily.

"Please remember me to your sister," he said, with an expressionless handshake. "I hope you will be successful in your hunt. Good afternoon."

"Thank you. Good by," she said coolly, so there was nothing for him to do but go, which he did with much dignity, shutting the door behind him with exaggerated carefulness. Well, he could go, if he was so dying to. Nobody was going to

call him back. Ask that Cragan girl, indeed! Evidently he was *épris* in that direction already, when just a month ago—A girl who married him would have a nice time of it. Fickleness is such a horrid trait. Beth congratulated herself on being well out of it, and felt so relieved that she sat down on an empty box and took out her handkerchief; then stuffed it resolutely back, determined to shake the dust of that neighborhood from her feet. As she started to open the door there was a quick movement on the other side, and, to her amazement, the knob was seized and held fast before she had half turned it. She could not move it one way or the other.

"Walter! What are you trying to do?" she exclaimed indignantly, and then discovered that it was not the hall door that she was trying, but one that she had supposed led into a closet. A shiver of deadly fear ran over her, and her heart beat wildly, but she would not run. Perhaps the door led into the next room, and Walter had slipped in there, though practical jokes were not particularly in his line. She stole out into the hall and looked, trembling, into the next room, but it had no door on that side. Evidently, then, it was a closet, with somebody in it, and she had a right to be frightened, so she ran quickly down the stairs and opened the front door.

Walter, meanwhile, had slowly crossed the street. Not even after the most bachelor of suppers did he ever have any trouble in mounting his own steps and fitting his own latch key, but this afternoon both took an abnormally long time. He was about to give it up and go in when he was rewarded by hearing a low call of "Walter!" from the opposite house.

"What is it?" he asked, hurrying over.

"Oh, Walter," she said, panting a little, "there is some one up stairs in that corner room closet. I tried to open the door, and I distinctly felt some one grab the handle. I couldn't move it. I'm awfully frightened."

"Are you sure it wasn't just stuck?" he asked, following her into the house.

"Certain. Besides, I heard somebody move." Walter grinned a little, as men will, and started to make some teasing remark, but stopped with uplifted head and listened. There was an unmistakable sound from the room above, the whine of a door slowly opening. They tiptoed up stairs, Walter signaling caution and Beth clutching up her skirt in one hand, a woman's first instinct in time of danger. The closet door was gradually opening, and the top of a little bald head was being cautiously thrust out.

"Good afternoon," remarked Walter. "Do you use Macassar Oil?" The head disappeared like a flash, and the door was slammed. Walter strode across the room.

"Say, come out of there," he commanded, laying his hand on the knob.

"I beg your pardon," answered a courteous voice. "It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"What are you doing in there?" Walter demanded. "You'd better explain yourself."

"I shall be glad to, sir, if you will kindly leave the door shut."

"Fire ahead," said Walter, and Beth came a little nearer.

"I happen to own this house, sir, and as the workmen neglected to varnish the window ledges in this room, my wife suggested that I should come over and do it myself. I had just finished, and was making a necessary change in my toilet, when the lady came in. I live across the bay, sir, and after doing such work, it was necessary ——"

"Of course," said Beth nervously. "I'm so sorry."

"In short, sir, I was changing——"

"It was a shame," said Beth. "If you had only spoken—"

"It was an awkward position. I had provided myself with a ——"

"Yes, to be sure," said Beth.

"A clean shirt, sir, and I was about to put it on. If you will kindly hand me the garments that are behind the door——"

"Oh, we'll go away," said Beth. "I want to look at the down stairs, any way." She left rather hastily, and Walter followed a minute later, shaking with half suppressed laughter.

"The poor duffer, in that stuffy closet!" he chuckled.

"No wonder he sneezed," laughed Beth.

"Say, Beth," he went on a minute later, "tell me, don't you like Miss Cragan? You used to, I know, and she admires you tremendously. I do want you to like her," he added earnestly. Beth stood by the parlor window, pulling the shade down by its little brass chain and letting it fly up again.

"Oh, I don't dislike her," she said nonchalantly. "She just isn't my kind, that's all. She's a nice enough little thing, if you don't mind her affectation." The curtain flew up with a rattle, and was jerked down again. Walter looked at her in surprise, then instinct whispered a word or two in his ear, and he replied with an invisible wink of comprehension.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about her," he said gravely, "for I wanted to tell you

something. Did you know that she was engaged to be married to some one you know?" Beth dropped the chain and appeared absorbed by something in the street.

"Yes?" she said, in an odd little voice.

"Of course it's a secret yet," he went on, watching her from the other side of the room. Beth had good blood in her veins.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said quietly. "I've always thought you were just made for each other, and hoped you'd find it out for yourselves." Walter came across the room, mentally calling himself a brute, but unrepentant.

"Oh, it isn't to me she's engaged, but to my little brother. It is to be announced as soon as he gets back. I'm still unconsoled." She changed color a little, but stood bravely by her guns.

"I'm disappointed," she said. "It was one of my favorite dreams." Walter looked a little disconcerted.

"Beth," he exclaimed, "if you don't take that back, I'll make you."

"I must be taking the car back, or Ada will be worried," she answered. "I hope we will run across each other again some day." She started to bow with a woman-of-the-world air that should show him she was not an inexperienced child, and that he did not see through her as plainly as he thought he did, but straightened up again with a very school girlish "Ouch!"

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did something hurt you?"

"Not at all. Don't wait for me. I am not ready to go just yet."

"I won't go till you tell me what is the matter," he persisted. "Are you faint at all? You look dreadfully pale."

"Thank you, there is nothing the matter."

"I know you want to get rid of me, but I can't leave you alone. Let me see you to your car, and then I won't bother you any more."

Beth struggled a minute, then dropped her dignity and began to laugh.

"It's only that nasty little curtain chain," she said. "It is all caught in my hair."

"Let me see," said Walter. "I should say it was! Every little link has grabbed a handful all across your waterfall, or whatever you call it. I'll undo it for you, if you'll take that back."

"Thanks, I can manage it myself," with an impatient tug at the chain.

"You're only making it worse, and you're mussing your hair all up, besides. Take it back?"

"When you say things under compulsion, they don't count, do they?"

"Oh, certainly not!"

"All right, then, I'll take back anything you like, if you'll only be quick."

"Absalom did it by his hair," murmured Walter, disentangling the little chain. "Now you know how it feels to be on somebody's string. There, I think I let you off pretty easy. I might have made you promise all sorts of things."

Beth looked up with sudden mischief in her eyes.

"Weren't you stupid!" she said.

"By the way," said a voice from the door, "I've another house for rent just two blocks from here, six rooms and bath, sanitary plumbing. Perhaps your wife would prefer that."

Walter glanced at Beth, then laughed a little to himself.

"Thanks, we'll look at it," he said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

MY MARY.

A BARD would praise her saucy ways,
So winsome and so airy,
Her form's sweet mold, her hair's red gold,
Her eyes—the teasing fairy!

No bard am I, but shall I sigh?
Her heart is so contrary,
She'll have me say—no other way—
She's "just my own dear Mary!"

Catharine Young Glen.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

JANE HADING.

A brief study of the art and the personality of the famous Parisian actress, with portraits of her as she appears in some of her best characters.

MADAME JANE HADING—who isn't Jane Hading at all, but of that anon—is an accident; a happy, in many respects a delightful accident—still an accident. Here it might be well, perhaps, to pause and remark that there are not a very great many actors and actresses whose success has not been due to fortuitousness; or, to speak more exactly, whose opportunity to display ability was not accidental. "Ostler Joe's" felicitous drawing room début gave the stage Mrs. Potter. The unexpected badness of a *Delesparre* years ago, in Dublin, when Helen Barry was revealing judicious Boucicaultean teaching as *Armande* in "Led Astray," led to Kyrle Bellew's trial rehearsal in the part.

Was Hading a conservatoire pupil? Surely

not. My first recollection of her is that some leading woman in a play running at one of the principal theaters of Paris was taken ill, and Jane Hading, who was either "supering," or playing an unimportant part, came forward to substitute for the indisposed "lead" at a few hours' notice. How did she know the words? Here I'm reduced to gossip, and the "*gyp*" of that hour was that the manager was particularly interested in and benevolent towards the long, lithe girl who was soon to win fame as Jane Hading. She must have satisfied requirements on this occasion, for my next reminiscence is that the manager in question—Victor Koning, of the Renaissance—abandoned benevolence for responsibility and acquisitiveness. This latter quality displayed itself not only in marrying a charming woman, but in controlling the immediate earnings of a promising actress, and the subsequent money value of a new star. I hope I am not doing this gentleman scant justice in these remarks, but in those days we had a definite impression that the marriage was distinctly worldly on both sides.

Jane Hading as "Mme. de Seglières."
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Jane Hading's charm, it is said by her fellow countrymen and women, is her lack of Frenchiness. An inspection of the illustrations accompanying this article at once reveals the fact that the characteristics of French features are conspicuous by their absence. As an experiment, the pictures were shown to a number of people, and the question asked, "What should you take to be the nationality of this lady?" Of those who did not recognize her identity, the majority said "English," a few "American," one "Russian." In the early days of her career there were numerous *on dits* announcing that she was English. The name she bore—whether hers by right or by selection—gave color to this. As to its origin, a good guess would probably be that the Parisian manager, already mentioned, said unto his shrewd self, "Here's a tall, beautiful woman who can act. The English craze is just setting in here. An English name and a few judicious paragraphs will set tongues wagging." And the tongues did wag.

The face of this actress is worth attentive study. Not so beautiful as Mary Anderson's in feature, perhaps, but with a style of loveliness more useful on the stage, for it is desperately hard to get expression into perfect features. They are despairingly immobile; emotion finds little or no anchorage upon them; whereas on irregular physiognomies there seems to be holding ground for such immediate revelations of the thoughts that speech is accessory rather than necessary. Jane Hading's eyes are almost marvelous. No mere picture, how-

Jane Hading in "Nos Intimes."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ever carefully selected, can do justice to the "windows of her soul." She is tall, thin, and graceful in her stage movements. She weighs what women of her age ought to weigh, and not what too many successful stars are injudicious enough to permit themselves to weigh.

Of her acting it would be quite possible to write nothing but agreeable phrases, but to do so would hardly enable the reader to evaluate her position among her contemporaries. She can play quite well, for instance, a part in which Mme. Bernhardt has failed—that is, in the opinion of the author of the play and of the Paris critics. Yet, to be perfectly frank, Mme. Hading does not advantageously compare with her older compeers. The real rivals for the position of *première artiste dramatique de nos jours* are Duse and Bernhardt. Hading is merely among the prominent secondary stars, and her best work is when she depicts the French gentlewoman of private life, the young lady who at the instigation of her parents has made a *mariage de convenance*, and, overtaken by the tender passion too late, successfully combats its dangerous workings.

One of her most interesting assumptions is that of *Clorinde* in Augier's "Aventurière." The part is an odd one. *Clorinde* is the sister of a rascally brother, and pretends to be a highly born dame who has been in grief and trouble, and to fall in

Jane Hading in "L'Aventurière."
From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

love with a rich, and richly sympathetic, old nobleman. The marriage is stopped by the old gentleman's son, who returns from foreign lands in the nick of time, and *Clorinde*, falling genuinely in love, for the first time in her life, with the son, *Fabrice*, retires in a reformatory frame of mind to a convent.

The difficulties of such a rôle are evident. *Clorinde* is used to low life, but must be perfect enough in her presentation of a *grande dame* almost to deceive the entire entourage of the old nobleman's household; yet the audience must be enabled to trace the real woman who is pretending. This severely difficult feat Hading accomplishes with easy success. Mme. Plessy, who originated the character, never deceived the eye. Mme. Bernhardt, all through her performance, sounded a note that was stridently *cocottish*, and entirely defeated Augier's scheme of construction. It led to her *démission* at the Français.

To sum up, Hading is a very agreeable actress and a very beautiful woman, but her superiority to some American players is not distinctly apparent to the present writer. If the possibility of true greatness is denied her, she will never be without great charm—which in these days is much.

Harry Saint Maur.

LOVE UNDER EASTERN SKIES.

I.

BESIDE the rippling of the stream
Where lilies in the shallows gleam,
  Cream white, with hearts of gold,
She waits my coming in the gloom
Where, laden with a strange perfume,
  The jessamines unfold.

II.

But fairer, purer, sweeter she
Than any tender flower could be,
  My Mut-le-fa, my love;
The little lamps that dot the skies
Are dull and dim beside the eyes
  Of Mut-le-fa, my love.

III.

A breeze across the river sweeps
To greet me, where my shallop creeps
  On to her fragrant bower;
And in its arms it bears a scent
That but a moment since was pent
  Within a starry flower.

IV.

But sweeter far, but far more dear,
Is that low singing that I hear
  From Mut-le-fa, my love;
So swift across the stream I win
To find my flower, my jessamine,
  My Mut-le-fa, my love.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SOME UNHAPPY QUEENS.

Famous women to whom a crown brought sorrow and death—The historical tragedies of English, French, and German royalty.

IF every queen is by courtesy "cousin" to the rest, it has happened in too many instances that she was also sister to those in misfortune. As the procession of women who have sat on thrones passes by, most of them move out of our recollection with bending heads. Sometimes they were burdened only with the sorrows of common humanity exaggerated by reason of their high estate; sometimes they passed into exile, sometimes to the scaffold or under its shadow. It is these that interest us most.

Some natures appear to attract the thunderbolts. We are fascinated by their fate, toward which they themselves seem to have, consciously, contributed so little. It takes a century or two for justice to tell her calm story, but in the end she almost always shows that the women who have suffered most have been the victims of luckless schemes in the brains of others.

These women have almost always been the instruments of great changes. They are like the conductors of tremendous electrical charges that break under the strain. Even Anne Boleyn, who died that another woman might become her husband's wife, was the direct cause of the Reformation in England.

The light heart of the young Anne Boleyn was never intended for the seriousness of a throne, and particularly an English throne. When she was only seven years old, she had been sent to France in the train of Mary, that sister to Henry VIII who married Louis XII; and she passed her girlhood at the gay and brilliant court of the first Francis. When she was twenty, her spirit, liveliness, and tact won her a post as maid of honor to the wife of Henry, and, in a little time, a place in his fancy. A throne was offered to Anne if she would marry the king. She had never loved the queen, and doubtless she blinded herself to the thought of the sorrow that would come to a divorced wife. Doubtless her girlish vanity was stirred at her conquest, at the thought that she had the power to change the history of England; and behind her were the counsels of Cardinal Wolsey, who had already broken off her engagement with Lord Percy.

Anne Boleyn

No king ever exercised such a personal influence over his country as Henry

The Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

From the painting by Paul Delaroche.

VIII. He crushed public opinion under his arrogance. His subjects submitted even when he changed the church of the country that the Pope might not be able to prevent his divorce and subsequent marriage to Anne.

It was a short reign for the young queen, and an unhappy one. Hardly a year had passed when another maid of honor, Jane Seymour, had taken his wandering fancy, and he was looking about for a way to rid himself of his second wife. She, poor girl, had learned frivolous ways at the French court. She had been taught that a recreant lover might be brought back by coquetries, and it was thus that the queen gave her enemies their weapons. At a May day tourney, Henry, greatly disturbed, arose and left the queen and rode back to London. It was said that he had found her handkerchief in the possession of one of his gentlemen in waiting. The next day a privy council was called, and in the afternoon Anne was sent to the Tower. In bitterness of spirit she wrote from there:

Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient to draw your Grace's fancy to some other object.

Anne was beheaded, and, like the woman she was, prayed a blessing on her husband's head, even as the axe fell upon her own.

The headsman was kept busy in those days, but there was no victim whose blood has left a deeper stain on history than that of the Nine Days' Queen, Jane Grey. Jane Grey was the granddaughter of the Princess Mary who took Anne Boleyn to France. After the death of the French king, Mary returned to England and married the Duke of Suffolk, who was Lady Jane's grandfather. A gentle, soft hearted girl who loved her books and prayers, and who meekly accepted her lot, it was a slaughter of the innocents to send her to the scaffold by way of a throne. She had been the friend and playmate of the young king

Mary Stuart.
From the portrait by Hader.

Edward, and had never thought of succeeding him. When she was told of the greatness which had come to her, she fell down upon her face and wept.

The crown was thrust upon her by the ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, whose young son she had been forced to marry. It is said that these two children wept on their way to the altar; and yet they became friends and lovers afterward. When her little reign was over, and she was in the Tower, every effort was made to hurt her and break her spirit. She might have saved her life had she changed her faith. When her kinswoman and successful rival, Queen Mary, found it impossible to make the prisoner submit, she was wild with rage. She sent Jane's young husband to his death past her window; she brought her father to see his daughter die, and she hounded the last moments of the poor girl's life.

On the day of her execution, her waiting women could hardly walk from weeping, but Lady Jane came forth, a quiet look in her eyes, and stepped from her cell to the block with dignity and composure. She herself bound the handkerchief about her eyes. Even the executioner begged her pardon for what he

Mary Stuart Receiving Her Death Sentence.
From the painting by Carl Piloty.

Mary Stuart and Rizzio.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by David Neal.

must do. She whispered a word of forgiveness, felt for the block, and put her head upon it peacefully. Only seventeen, and a queen nine days!

When the news of Mary Stuart's birth was brought to her father's death bed, James turned over in bed and muttered, "The devil go with it!" He was thinking of the marriage with Bruce's daughter which had brought the Scotch crown to the Stuarts. "It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman."

No historical subject has been more hotly discussed than the character of Mary Stuart.

Marie Antoinette and Her Children.

From the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun at Versailles.

She was beautiful, with a vivacity of expression, a sweetness of voice, and a nobility of carriage which were irresistible. It has been said that her crimes, if crimes they were, were not nearly so fatal to her as this beauty and charm. They were the faults which Elizabeth could not forgive in her.

Mary was educated to be the wife of the miserable, sickly son of Catherine de Medici. The two women, each powerful in her way, detested each other; and when Mary was left a young widow, she was compelled to return to Scotland. The queen mother, whom she had called a merchant's daughter, could not tolerate her. As she left France, which had been

Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine

From the painting by François Flameng.

Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I of England.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait by Vandyke in the Dresden Gallery.

the only home she had ever known, her tears fell, and she turned to look upon the rugged hills of Scotland with a breaking heart.

When she was seated on the Scotch throne, almost every unmarried prince in Europe was proposed as a candidate for her hand. She settled finally on her cousin, Lord Darnley, one of the poorest, weakest, and most vicious men in the kingdom, whose good looks were his only recommendation. For once Catholics and Protestants were agreed that this marriage was a false step; but Mary was immovable. Her marriage ceremony was hardly over before she realized her mistake. Her husband was a compound of folly and worthlessness. He held her while conspirators broke into

her chamber and murdered her favorite friend, Rizzio, at her very feet. Mary turned to him with "I shall be your wife no longer, and shall never lie well till I cause you as sorrowful a heart as you have caused me."

Mary was a very poor judge of men. Three months after Darnley's murder, she married the man who was believed to have actually committed the crime, allowing him to divorce a young and lovely bride that

The Empress Josephine

From the portrait by Prudhon in the Louvre.

Months later, Darnley lay ill at Edinburgh, and Mary stayed with him. One night she made him uneasy. She talked of Rizzio, and mentioned that the anniversary of his murder had almost arrived. Then she went away to a ball. The festivities were still going on when the house where her husband lay was blown up with gunpowder.

she might become his wife. That was the downfall of her reign. They tore her from Bothwell, and the rabble hooted at her in the streets. She grew to hate the Scotch, and in a mad moment she threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, only to be a prisoner for years, and at last to lay her head on the block. Guilty she may have

Queen Louise of Prussia.

From the portrait by Koppay.

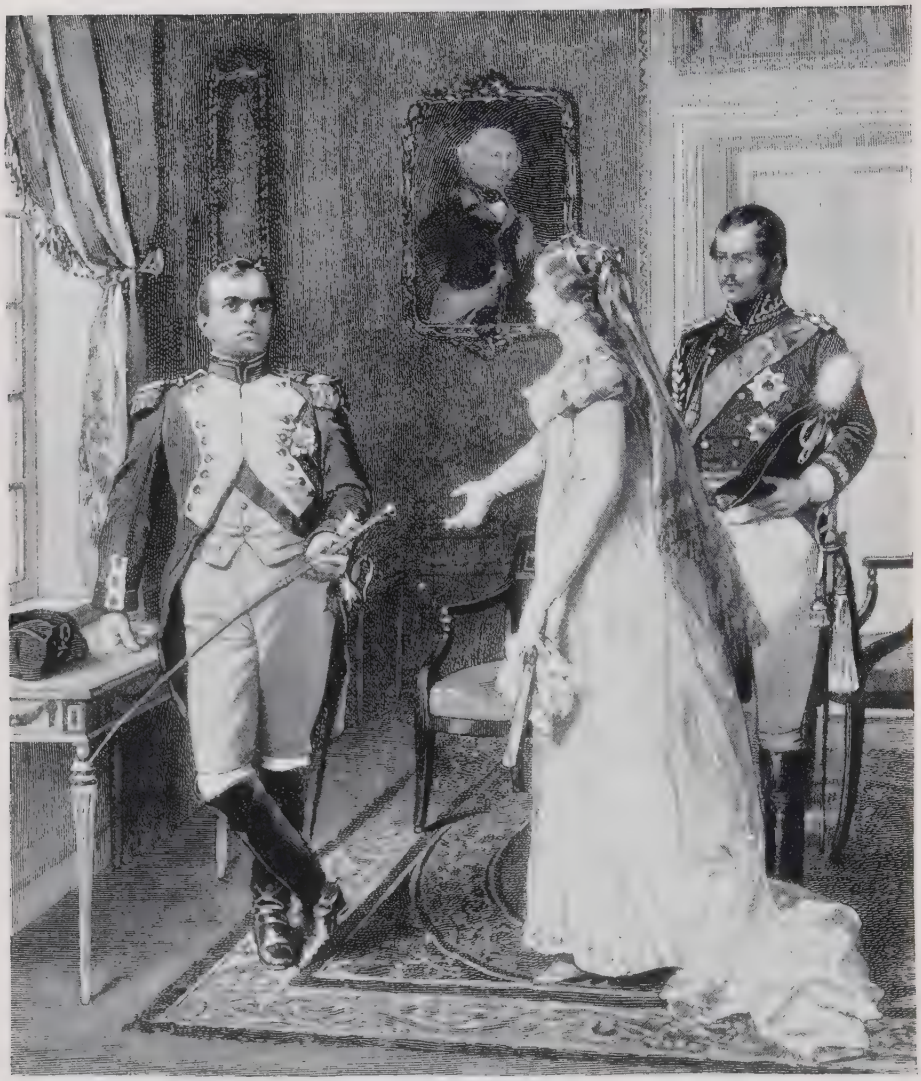
been, but unhappy always. Yet through her trials England and Scotland became one country, joined in her son James.

Marie Antoinette, another queen to end her days upon the scaffold, knew years of happiness before evil fortune came to her. She had the joyous heart that could not see anything but sunshine; like Anne Boleyn, she was out of place amid the ceremonial of a court. It was her delight to go to the Trianon, where she had instituted rules that she was not to be treated like a queen, but to have the simple courtesies given to any lady. Here she played at making butter, and dressing like a country girl. But nothing she did could please the French. She was German, and even then the German was hated. Financiers said that she was responsible for the bad condition of the country because of her extravagance, and she became the subject of the coarsest calumnies. The affair of the stolen necklace turned public opinion forever against her, although it has been proven over and over that she was absolutely innocent. One day a dealer brought a diamond necklace to her, asking two million francs for it. She refused to buy. Some time after, he wrote to her, thanking her for having taken it, and asking for his money. The queen discovered that she had been represented in the transaction by a lady of the court, but the people were never convinced of it. From the beginning of the Revolution they hated her, and tried to destroy her.

She might have fled, but she stayed with her husband until it was too late. They were seized and imprisoned, and the queen was subjected to every insult. Her little son, tenderly brought up, was made to testify against her. The head of her dearest friend was pushed into her face, and at

Queen Louise's Flight from Napoleon's Invasion.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Heydeck.



Queen Louise and Napoleon at Tilsit.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by W. Camphausen.

last she was pushed on a cart and rolled off to execution. The frivolities of Marie Antoinette were those of a gay young heart, but when sorrows came she showed herself a heroine.

It was not always the women who suffered death themselves who had the hardest lot. There are more valuable possessions than life.

When Louis XIII betrothed his sister Henrietta Maria to Charles I of England, he pledged the young lover to a course of conduct that was certain to bring unpopularity upon the couple. The English prince agreed to relieve Roman Catholics from the operation of the penal laws. His defiance of public sentiment made the first years of his married life so unhappy that the young queen would often retire to her apartments to weep.

In spite of all the troubles of his reign, King Charles and his wife were devotedly in love with each other, and no misunderstandings could keep them apart. Henrietta Maria was devoted to her children, too. She meddled little with politics, until it came to the point where she must help her husband in his fight with the Parliament.

She threw herself heart and soul into the work of raising money for him, but with always the shadow of defeat over her. Finally she was compelled to leave the king and take refuge in France. She never saw him again.

As her children grew up, they became estranged from her. Even when her son was restored to the throne of his father, she found herself without honor at the English court. Her health failed, and she went back to France to die in loneliness.

Perhaps both Josephine of France and Louise of Prussia, each of whom suffered so bitterly at the hands of Napoleon, could have endured death with more fortitude than the humiliations that were put upon them.

Louise is the heroine of Prussian history. Her brief life—for she died at thirty four—covered the most eventful period of her country's annals; and in the drama of war and disaster she played a foremost part. She was a devoted wife to Frederick William III, who married her for love, but her husband's weakness brought humiliation upon her and upon his country. He delayed resistance to Napoleon's aggression until resistance was impossible. His military preparations—into which the queen had thrown herself heart and soul—were swept away by the thunderbolts of Jena and Auerstadt; and with Louise he was forced to flee from Berlin before the Gallic invader. At Königsberg one of her children was stricken down with typhoid fever, and she, staying to nurse him, caught the disease. Napoleon still pressed on, and in the cold of midwinter, amid a deep snow, Louise was lifted from her bed to a carriage, to fly further eastward. It was after a journey of extreme hardship along the frozen lagoons of the Baltic coast that she found a refuge at Memel.

Further humiliation was in store for the unhappy queen. Her husband's ally, Alexander of Russia, believed that no man could look upon Louise's sweet, womanly beauty unmoved, and he begged her, for her country's sake, to consent to an interview with Napoleon. She went through what was to her a bitter ordeal, and went through it in vain. Napoleon followed her with the words, "After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

The darkness of those days never left Louise's life. But from it was born the hatred of France that made the Germans a warlike and united people, and that won for Louise's son, the great Emperor William, an ample vengeance for his mother's sufferings, when he set an imperial crown upon his brow in the conquered palace of Versailles.

To the historical figure of Josephine, the wife of the Corsican officer, the divorced wife of the all powerful emperor, there has come a poetic justice which might almost have compensated her for her sorrows could she have foreseen it. In a thousand ways we see, today, how much Napoleon owed to the brilliant creole. She was older than he, not only in years but in worldly wisdom, and it was through her counsel that the young man gained the opportunity to make himself known and felt. Yet when the highest place was reached, Napoleon put her aside at the dictate of dynastic ambition. To Josephine was given not only the seclusion and loneliness of a dethroned queen, but the infinitely sadder lot of one whose affections have been trampled under foot. In her home she heard the guns announce the birth of the King of Rome, and every shot seemed aimed at her own heart. Yet, after all, it was to be her daughter's son that came back to the throne of France, and it was to be her name that has become linked forever with that of the greatest soldier the world ever saw. She may not have been a wise woman, but she was his companion through the stormiest years of his life. Her very faults were part of the discipline of his character; when he lost her, he lost an integral part of himself, and the power to retain his great prestige in the world. The historian traces the beginning of Napoleon's downfall from the hour when he divorced Josephine.

George Holme.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.*

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

In the quaint old Californian town of Santa Cruz, Robert Atterbury, a young theological student, meets and loves Sara Gardner, who is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Towers, and her cousin Margaret. Robert proposes and is accepted, and both write to Sara's father, who long ago left America and settled, self exiled, in Japan. Pending a reply the lovers separate, and Atterbury returns with his mother to their home in the East.

On reaching Boston, he receives an urgent summons from Van Ruger Blethen, whose wife is Mrs. Atterbury's niece, Claire. On discovering proof of her husband's infidelity, she has left him, and Blethen desires Robert's assistance in discovering her whereabouts. Atterbury finds Claire living with her old nurse. He soothes her and arranges to place her in his mother's care. Then, suddenly, Atterbury, whose brother has recently died of consumption, is stricken with the same disease. His physician recommends a milder climate, and he is soon southward bound in charge of a young doctor, John Richards. Atterbury is conscious of his approaching fate, and in despair he writes to Sara, releasing her from her engagement.

IX.

AFTER Robert had left him, Van Ruger Blethen sat long beside his table in sullen anger. Social condemnation was the one thing which he feared, and now that he realized that Robert would not stand by him, he saw that it might be in store for him. In imagination he met the hypocritical condolences and covert sneers of his friends and acquaintances, and he ground his teeth with rage. His mind ran over all the people from whom he could ask assistance.

Suddenly he sprang from his chair, a new look of hope coming into his bloodshot eyes.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "the very thing! I wonder I did not think of her before."

He went out and cabled to Mrs. Whitwell:

We need your assistance. Can you come at once?

He returned to his room with quite a light heart. Under the charming frankness and exquisite politeness of his French mother in law he had always recognized the knowledge and wisdom of a perfect woman of the world. He felt sure the present crisis would never have come if Claire had grown up under her influence; and even now he believed that she would be able to make Claire listen to reason, as he called it. He smiled to himself as he laid his head on his pillow, and he slept the sleep of the just, calm and full of peace.

Claire also slept long and well. The day was nearly gone when she awoke to realize with her first consciousness that her time was come. Nancy summoned the village doctor, and Claire, calling her Puritan nature to her aid, fought her battle alone and almost calmly. Through the long hours of suffering she uttered no complaint, and was quietly obedient to the doctor.

Then, as another new day came in over the sea, a new life, unwished for and unwelcomed, added its cry to the chorus of human voices.

When the doctor had gone, Nancy brought the baby to the bedside.

"Don't ye want to kiss your boy, my lamb?" she asked.

Claire turned her head away with a weary sigh, and Nancy sat down, crooning to the baby in her sweet, old country brogue, and waiting for Mrs. Atterbury to come. She did not know what was wrong, but her true woman's heart yearned over the little one. Its guardian angel—one of those who always behold the face of the Father—may have recognized in her the true mother; at any rate, a few hours later, when Van Ruger learned Claire's whereabouts and all that had transpired, and sent doctors and attendants out to her, no one thought for a moment of giving the baby to any one but Nancy. It was a happy fate for one born an orphan, into a family which was no family, with parents who were neither father nor mother.

Van Ruger did not intrude upon Claire. Every day he sent out to inquire how she

* *This story began in the October number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

was, and at the club he offered himself for the congratulations of his acquaintances. He posed as a happy father, and to all inquiries said that his wife had taken a fancy to go down to her old home for the happy occasion, adding that of course, under the circumstances, her lightest whim was his law. This was the outside ; inwardly he was waiting with great anxiety.

* * * *

"*Eh bien, monsieur!* You have indeed the kindest heart in the world, and the best intentions. That we know; but is it not possible that you have not exactly known how to manage the young wife? That is so necessary. It is even possible that she has been *triste*. One may be very *triste* in this country. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Yes. I remember it well. Now if you had more amused her, might it not have been well? To me that is the grand secret. *Bien!* We shall see. We will surprise her with a little gaiety, *n'est ce pas?*"

Van Ruger was glad to do whatever he was told, and under the direction of his mother in law began to open his town house and prepare for the reception of his wife and child.

* * * *

In the almost bare bed room of the lodge, Claire sat in old Nancy's big arm chair. She wore a simple, dark blue wrapper, her hair was brushed straight back above her melancholy eyes, and in neither her face nor her surroundings was there any trace of grace or beauty. Her ringless fingers were clasped tightly in her lap, and their strained tension seemed to assert utter abnegation of joy.

Into this unattractive apartment entered her mother, bringing at once the indescribable atmosphere of perfectly ordered worldly life. Her costume, the rhythmic motion of her step, the perfect delicacy with which she changed the exclamation of horror, which had risen involuntarily to her lips, into one of enthusiastic and sympathetic greeting, all belonged to a world from which Claire had banished herself, to a world which she had fancied she hated and loathed. Her mother noticed instantly that the child was not in the room, and tactfully refrained from asking for it. In a few minutes, while she made tender little speeches and covered the pale face with kisses, she had caressed the soft hair into its wonted waves. Taking from her own shoulders a scarf of daintiest lace and rose colored ribbons, she threw it around Claire, hiding the uncouth gown.

"Ah! *Comme ça va bien avec les joues transparentes!*"

Then, holding the thin hands caressingly in her own, she talked of Paris, of their friends there, and of what was in anticipation. Without going into details she spoke as if Claire must be interested in it all, because she would have her part in all. With no discussion she succeeded in arranging that her daughter should go to drive with her in a few days, and in spite of herself Claire was glad to go.

When the day for the drive arrived, Mrs. Whitwell sent her own maid to dress Claire. She brought with her a lovely wrap of bronze velvet trimmed with gray ostrich tips, and a dainty bonnet to match it. Mrs. Whitwell had selected them in Paris, and her taste was faultless.

Claire sat before the glass, but she was not looking at herself. The deft hands of the maid piled the fluffy light hair in puffs and waves upon her small, shapely head, and placed upon it the dark bonnet which brought out in perfection its pale golden gleams. Silently and rapidly she worked, asking no questions, but instinctively and artistically making the best and most of everything. When all was finished she stood for a moment contemplating her work.

"I hope that madame is satisfied," she said.

Claire had been absorbed in the thoughts which her mother's coming had awakened. Why should she not go back to Paris with her, and live there? Her mother had always fascinated her, and the memory of those short years of delight the two had spent together, came back to Claire's senses with seducing sweetness.

The sound of the maid's voice recalled her to the present. She glanced at the mirror, then leaned forward and looked critically at herself. It was a poor little glass—old Nancy's; but from it there looked an exquisite picture. The face was perhaps a little pale, the great dark eyes a little hard, but it was lovely, it would win admiration anywhere. She smiled at it; and when the expression of the mouth softened and the eyes grew limpid with pleasure, she added another word to the one that had expressed her thought—it would win love. She felt her power. For the first time in her life she realized herself a woman, by birthright a ruler over men's lives, born to subdue them by her beauty, her fascinations, and her knowledge of their weaknesses. She longed to begin her triumph.

When her mother drove up for her, she stepped into the carriage, caring nothing

that it was Van Ruger's carriage in which she was to be shown to all her acquaintances who might meet them on the road. She thought only of herself and her coming life, and no consciousness of Van Ruger troubled her plans for the future.

They drove for a little while, Mrs. Whitwell expressing the greatest delight in Claire's appearance. Her manner was caressing and tender; she seemed to be simply rejoiced to see her daughter's returning health, and to be with her.

"When do you return to Paris?" Claire asked abruptly. "I am going with you."

Her mother hesitated just an instant before she answered.

"That is most sweet in you," she said with smiling cordiality. "I shall love to have my little queen go with me. I have not quite decided when I will go; we have several things to do first. There are some friends of mine here, who came over with me. Van and I are planning to give them some pleasure, as soon as you are able to go with us. We wish to take them to the White Mountains and to some other places in this beautiful autumn weather. Then," she went on without giving Claire a chance to speak, "I am also arranging for the christening. Under the circumstances"—it was the first allusion which she had made to there being anything abnormal in their situation—"it will be wise to make of the christening a little fête, *n'est ce pas?* We are preparing it for a little surprise for you." She noticed, from the corner of her eye, that Claire was very pale, and that her lips were compressed as if she with difficulty restrained a cry. She did not pause. "I have done everything as you would have wished, and, my love, your gown is simply a dream. It is pale gold, just the color of your beautiful hair, and the train is of velvet, as becomes your new honors. The corsage is of satin and tulle; it is entrancing. The christening will be in the afternoon, as is most suitable, but we will have the house lighted by gas, because that is so much more effective. Van is having the conservatory prepared for the breakfast. There will be about a hundred people to sit down to the breakfast. It will be the most beautiful affair of the kind ever given here. The invitations are to go out for next week Thursday." She stopped to pat Claire's hand lovingly and to smile at her. "There is a secret," she added softly, "and I ought not to say anything about it, but Van has gotten for you the most magnificent rubies that I ever saw. He went to New York for them. There are earrings which are lovely, but the pendant! I have no words to describe it. Just one great, blazing ruby surrounded with tiny points of diamonds. It is a wonderful thing, and I am impatient to see it on your white throat, my darling."

"I will not wear it," burst from Claire. "How dare he get a present for me! I will have nothing to do with him, and he knows it perfectly well."

Her eyes were blazing, and her face expressed all the anger which she felt. Mrs. Whitwell laid her hand softly on Claire's, and only smiled at her, but the girl felt that she had committed a blunder, that in some way she had failed to live up to the social laws which governed her mother's every word and look. She sank back in her seat, moody and silent. Presently her mother began to talk of other things.

"I am most anxious," she said, "that you should meet my friends. They are Mme. Troubat and her brother, M. Jean Sievert. She is my dearest friend; indeed, we have been inseparable for more than a year. I met her at Spa, just after you had left me, and she consoled me in my loneliness. I am sure you will find her charming and sympathetic. Her brother also is delightful. He has one of those perfect natures that are, I think, peculiar to Frenchmen; he wins your friendship at once by his frank kindness to you and his delicate understanding of you, while he is always so absolutely *maître de soi* that you have no fears, simply confidence."

Claire looked inquiringly at her mother. Could it be that she herself was fascinated by this man? There was nothing to indicate it as she proceeded.

"Mme. Troubat and I had made all our arrangements to come over together. The night before we sailed, Jean, who was dining with us, announced that he would accompany us. We expressed at once our delight and our surprise at the unexpected pleasure. 'Why this sudden resolution?' his sister asked. 'I don't know,' he replied; 'I feel strongly drawn to the other side of the water. I don't know what it is unless, perhaps, *les beaux yeux* of madame's daughter.' He was standing under your portrait, which hangs in the dining room, you remember, and of course it was only one of his gallant speeches. Still, he is most anxious to meet you, as is also Mme. Troubat."

When they arrived at the lodge again, Mrs. Whitwell went in for a little while. She waited until Claire's wraps were removed and the maid had left the room; then

she drew her chair close to the lounge where her daughter lay.

"Let us understand each other, Claire," she said.

In broken sentences Claire began her story, but even to herself it seemed very different in the light of those clear, worldly eyes of her mother. The bare outlines of facts she told, but the shame and self abasement, the fierce anger against fate, and the passion of revolt, all these it was impossible to reveal in that cold, judicial presence. When she paused, her mother smiled icily if indulgently.

"Fie!" she said. "I did not think you could be so childish. It seems to me that you have absolutely nothing to complain of. Van has been always perfectly courteous and polite to you. He is liberal to a fault, and if not always thoughtful in arranging pleasures for you, he has but to have them suggested to be enthusiastic with regard to them. What more do you want? For these other things, of which you seem to have made a bugbear, they are simply a part of life, common to all the world; and I must tell you, my dear, it is a part of life with which you have nothing to do. It is not becoming in you to concern yourself with questions in regard to matters in your husband's life which are outside of yours. Ignorance of them is so desirable that I should greatly have hoped that you might have had the delicacy to feign it even if you did not possess it. It seems to me that you have everything that heart can desire, and I fear that you have been in danger of being ungrateful, if not unwomanly. Let us forget all these things, and look at the situation fairly. On the one hand is a lovely home, life in the world, with charming friends to admire and amuse you, and all the countless joys and pleasures of society, with a husband who only asks that you accept with complacence the universal lot of women. You look surprised, but it *is* universal, no matter how it is accepted. On the other hand what have you before you? A lonely life in this *triste* old house"—she shuddered, recalling her own experiences there—"simply to let the days go by from youth to age; nothing more. Think of it, and do not make a false step now. Van has taken every precaution, and no one even suspects that all is not well. It is impossible to estimate too highly his delicacy in the unfortunate circumstances in which he found himself. It only remains now for you to do your duty in a womanly way." She leaned over and kissed the girl's cold face. "Tell me that I may take you home tomorrow."

Claire was silent. She thoroughly understood the pressure that was brought to bear on her. A great chill fell on her as she realized that her mother meant her to understand that she could not go to Paris with her as a woman separated from her husband. It seemed to her to be the very acme of injustice, in view of her mother's own life, but she also knew that it would be vain to appeal against it, that the decision which she made now was the final one.

Still she hesitated. The vision of her own face, as she had seen it in the glass, came back to her. It seemed like Satan's "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." She shuddered and still hesitated. The blood rushed to her pale face, tingeing with its color even her ears, and then sweeping back, to leave her painfully white. She raised herself upon her elbow, and her black eyes looked straight into her mother's.

"I will go back to the house," she said, "and to everything; but"—— the words were hard to say—"it must be understood, entirely understood, that I will have my own apartments quite to myself."

She knew that appearances were what Van Ruger cared for most in the world. This was also understood by Mrs. Whitwell. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"*Ça va s'arranger*," she said.

X.

Out of doors the day was exquisite. The great sea outside the harbor lay sleeping, wrapped in the fleecy mists of the Indian summer. Its gentle breath served only to stir softly the yellow leaves that floated silently down from the great trees on the avenue. Everywhere the mellow October sunshine flooded earth and sky with the glory of a benediction. It was as if summer, already parted, turned once more to look with love upon her erstwhile home, to ask pardon for past pain, to recall lingeringly past joys, and to breathe tenderly, "Farewell."

Farewell, farewell, a word which hath been
and must be,
A word which makes us linger, yet farewell.

It was high noon, and the horses' feet scattered the leaves to right and left as carriage after carriage drew up in front of the Blethen mansion and deposited at the door its burden of well dressed men and women. They entered from the golden glory without, and for a moment the interior seemed lost in gloom; then, as their eyes became accustomed to the subdued light,

they saw the long parlors arranged with seats on each side, leaving a broad aisle in the center, which led to a dais, slightly raised from the floor. On the front of the dais stood a small table, upon which was a silver bowl wreathed in maidenhair fern. Behind the dais was a semicircle of palms; everywhere the walls were hung with smilax, and shaded by the green wreaths were rose colored lights, which filled the rooms with soft radiance, while from somewhere behind the palms came a faint odor of burning incense.

A little to one side of the dais stood a beautiful chair, upholstered in pale golden brocade.

The guests seated themselves, indulging in expectant whisperings, while they noted the details of the preparations. The invitations to which they were responding had read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. P. VAN RUGER BLETHEN
Request the Honor of Your Presence at the
CHRISTENING
Of Their Son,
WHITWELL VAN RUGER BLETHEN,
October 10, 18—.

Softly, as if heard from a distance, came the sound of music, a piano and strings; then a door opened, and a sweet, high soprano voice, a child's voice, began to sing:

"And they brought young children to Him that He should bless them.

"And His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them,

"'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Suddenly a whole choir of voices joined:

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

Now the sounds came nearer, as the procession passed slowly through the hall. Into the parlor and down the aisle came the boy choir of the church of St. Mary the Virgin. They walked two by two, each carrying in his outer hand a tall stem of St. Joseph lilies. Their sweet treble thrilled the air with tenderness and pathos.

"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

"Now, this little one receiving,
Fold him in Thy gracious arm;
There—we know, Thy word believing—
Only there secure from harm."

Following them came the rector; then Nancy, in a black silk dress and long apron of sheerest lawn, bore in her arms the tiny being in whose honor the fête was celebrated. Next, Mrs. Whitwell, who was to be godmother, leaned on the arm of the happy father; and M. Jean Sievert, the godfather, brought up the rear.

When all was ready for the solemn vows, Claire was seen seated in the golden chair, beside the dais. Her fluffy golden hair rested against the paler brocade; the rich folds of her gown wrapped her in an oriental splendor. Her eyes were cast down, and her clear, pale face seemed as if it might have been carved out of ivory. It was a marvelous picture, gold upon gold, pale, rich, and rare. Like a sign and seal, upon her white throat blazed the blood red ruby.

As the ceremony proceeded she looked up, and, apparently oblivious of what was passing, let her gaze wander from one to another of her guests. If it had chanced that any among them had had eyes to see, what revelations they might have found in her grave, melancholy glance!

The clergyman raised his hand, and all rose to receive the benediction. The well instructed Nancy, who had already taken the child, led the procession from the room. She was followed by the children, who sang triumphantly, as they passed out:

Children of the Heavenly King
As we journey let us sing.

Mrs. Whitwell took her place beside Claire to receive their guests, and Van Ruger offered his arm to one of them and led the way to the breakfast room.

The rector of St. Mary the Virgin prided himself upon the fact that he was never at a loss as to what he ought to do. He could be all things to all men. He was very high church, and of course very exacting in the matter of externals, which he was fond of calling the "signs of inward grace." The last dreamy strains of one of Chopin's waltzes were slowly dying on the strings of the violins when, in obedience to the demands of duty, he rose to his feet. In his hand he held an exquisite goblet, in which the amber wine quivered like a spirit in unrest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the most beautiful moments of life are in their very nature so intimate and so sacred that it is seldom possible to share them with our friends. Therefore when, as on this most happy occasion, the innermost shrine of a home is opened, and we are permitted to draw near, we do so with joyful fear, wishing indeed to remove the shoes from our

feet, which are standing on holy ground. Naturally, in viewing such a scene as the one which we have just witnessed, in such a home, made lovely and perfect by all that intelligence and wealth can bring to its service, our thoughts turn to the one who is always the central and essential part of home. I have searched in my storehouse of words for some name which should embody in itself all her manifold manifestations, but I have not found such a one. I therefore add to the time honored toast the one word demanded by this time.

"Some of us know how much more precious is the wife than can be the dearest sweetheart, and in our truest moments we all realize what ineffable glory and worship crowns the name of 'Mother,' highest, dearest, and best in this ever blessed trinity of womanhood."

He raised his glass to his lips, saying, "Sweethearts, Wives, and Mothers." The men drank the toast standing, and Van Ruger returned thanks gracefully, in a manner which entirely satisfied Mrs. Whitwell. It is not possible to say more.

The sun was disappearing when the guests began to make their adieux.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Whitwell, this has been quite the loveliest christening that I ever saw. It was simply perfect in every detail; and dear Claire is looking *so* well and *so* happy."

"Yes, indeed. It almost makes one sick with envy to see the dear girl. She has everything, quite everything in the world. I should think she would feel like doing something to propitiate the evil genius, don't you know? I should be almost afraid to be so perfectly happy."

"I was just thinking the same thing. It doesn't seem quite right that one person should have every blessing—such a home and such a husband, and be so beautiful too. And now a lovely baby added to all the rest!"

And so on and on until the last one was gone.

Claire had endured the day with the heroism which is an absolutely necessary part of a society woman's equipment, but the strain had been terrible, and her strength was almost gone when relief came.

"Will you drink this? You are exhausted, you have eaten nothing."

Jean Sievert stood beside her, handing her a tiny glass of liqueur. She drank it, and handed the glass to him again.

"Thank you. It is most kind in you to drink it. It will do you good."

The words were nothing, but the tones and manner were much. She raised her eyes to his, and saw that he knew; that he alone of all the vapid crowd understood that she was alone and desolate and wretched. He knew it and he cared; not with pity, but with something akin to it, only more kind, more sweet. With a quick movement of her head she turned her eyes away from his, but she knew that she was alone no longer.

Up stairs, in the sunny nursery, old Nancy had taken off and put away the costly finery that had served to decorate the fête; the baby in its simple muslin slip lay on her lap. She sat near the window, and the level rays of the setting sun played softly and lovingly on the face and hands of the sleeping child. Some idea or feeling of the simplicity and bounty of God's gifts passed through her mind. She bent over and whispered, "The blessed Lord love ye and keep ye, my lamb."

XI.

While all these events, so important to her, were happening in the East, away on the shore of the Pacific the days were bringing lessons of pain to Sara. At first she received notes and letters constantly from Robert. While he was on the way home each train that he passed took a message to his love. Then suddenly, as if the sun should go out in mid heavens, all ceased. For a day or two she waited without great impatience; then there began to grow in her heart a sense of coming trouble. She did not doubt Robert for an instant; it would almost be more true to say that she did not even *trust* him, because her love for him was so perfect, so all pervading, that there was no room for anything but simple love.

The days passed, and while she answered the anxious looks of her aunt and cousin with shadowy smiles, dark circles grew under her eyes and her step lost its lightness. Mrs. Towers watched her with a mother's care, and sometimes there seemed to be more of tender pity in her regard than the case called for.

One day Margaret came in from the post office and handed her mother a letter. Mrs. Towers rose instantly and went out of the room. Coming back in a moment she went to Sara, and, putting her hand quietly on the girl's shoulder, stooped over and kissed her.

"Be strong and brave now, dear," she said. "There is a letter for you in your own room."

Sara saw that her aunt's eyes were wet, and she rose silently and went to her room.

There she found Robert's letter—a poor little letter, written in pencil, and telling its tale almost as plainly on the outside as in its contents. She opened and stared at it. The words swam before her, and her heart throbbed so that she could not hold the paper still. She shut her eyes; then, saying to herself, "At any rate, it is his writing," she pressed it to her lips and read it through.

As she read, slowly she slipped from her chair down to the floor; the veins in her throat began to swell, her breath to come hard and rasping through her teeth. "It cannot be, it cannot!" she moaned. Then suddenly she sprang up, seized the letter and read it again. She walked rapidly up and down the room, the blood came back to her lips and the light to her eyes, but no tears moistened them. "He is not dead, not yet," she said. "He shall not die, I will save him."

She sat down and began to write rapidly.

Robert, my love, I am coming to you, at once. I shall start tomorrow, and when this reaches you I shall be almost there. It cannot be as bad as you think; it cannot, and you cannot give me up. You said that *nothing* could now come to divide us and make two lives of our united life. You said so, darling, and I have taken it into my very soul. You cannot give me back my life; it is yours, and I am strong, so strong. I will give you my strength. I will give you my life; I will cure you; I can. Oh, Robert, do not die before I can come to save you. I am coming——

She had written so far when there came a gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Towers opened it and entered. Sara looked up and met her aunt's loving eyes. The strain relaxed; she threw herself into the arms that were outstretched toward her.

"Oh, auntie, he is ill, he says he is dying!"

She burst into a fearful sobbing and moaning. For a long time she wept unrestrainedly, Mrs. Towers thanking God that she could weep. By and by, when the first passion of her grief was hushed, she looked up imploringly to her aunt.

"It is not so bad as he thinks; he cannot be so very ill in so short a time, and people can always be cured at first. Don't you think so? Oh, auntie, tell me that you think Robert will not die!"

Mrs. Towers said everything to comfort her that she could think of.

"Were you writing when I came in?" she asked.

"Yes, I was telling him that I will go to him at once. I will go tomorrow. You will help me, auntie?"

Mrs. Towers drew the girl to her and held her close for a few minutes, as if she found it difficult to reply.

"Sara, my dear child, I have tried to be a mother to you ever since you were a baby; now if I should ask you to do a very hard thing for me, would you try?"

Sara became suddenly very pale.

"Not to give up going to Robert? You would not ask me to do that?"

"No, not to give it up, but to wait for your father's letter." She hesitated for a moment, then added, "I even think it probable that he will come himself instead of writing, and I do not want you to be gone if he should come. It will only be for a little while—a week or so—and I beg you to wait, my darling."

Something solemn and strange in her aunt's manner impressed Sara with the importance of her request. She sat quite still, with compressed lips, restraining all expression of the conflict that raged within her.

"I will wait for the next steamer from Japan," she finally said. "If he does not come and I do not get a letter by that steamer, you will not ask me to wait longer, because I cannot."

Mrs. Towers consented to this arrangement, and from her heart she prayed that Sara's father would come.

Sara spent the days that followed in writing to Robert. She wrote long letters, trying to cheer him and to take from his mind the fatal hopelessness that she found in his letter.

The summer visitors had almost all gone from Santa Cruz. The beach was deserted; the heavy fogs of autumn rolled in and shut out the water, making the whole scene one hopeless gray. The dreariness suited Sara's moods. Each day, when she had written her letter to Robert, she went out and walked for hours on the wet sand or along the cliffs which stretched to the north. When the afternoon light faded she came in, and, going straight to her own room, went at once to bed. She could not endure the presence of even her aunt and cousin. Usually she slept a little while, from sheer exhaustion, then woke. "Her heart made moan, before she was well awake." Then for the long hours of the night she sat up, listening, watching, praying in all the ungovernable agony of youth. Sometimes her aunt, coming softly to her door, heard choking sobs, half smothered in the pillow. Slipping into the room Mrs. Towers would lie down beside the girl, and, drawing the restless head to her own breast, would

try with fond words and tender kisses to comfort her.

One day Sara sat alone on the beach. Not even a fisherman was in sight. Around her the fog folded close; in front of her was a little stretch of sand, and from out the thick vapor, in constant succession, huge dark masses of water rose and came suddenly into sight. Piling themselves higher and higher into mountains of indistinct green, they rushed forward and broke in foam at her feet. For hours she watched these mysterious rollers of the great ocean dash themselves to pieces on the sand. They fascinated her; they seemed symbolical of life in its sudden uplifting and its terrible overthrow. She lost the hope that had sustained her. It seemed to be borne in upon her mind that Robert would die. With this despair came the fear that she would be too late to see him, that perhaps it was already too late.

Moved by a sudden impulse she rose and went down to the post office. She said to herself, "If the letter has not come today I cannot wait." She seemed to know that it had come, and took quite as a matter of course the package bearing the Japanese postmark which the postmaster handed her. She walked rapidly back to the cottage. She had no concern as to the contents of the package, did not even wonder why it was in this shape instead of being a letter. The only thought in her mind was that now she would go to Robert.

Entering her room she threw her hat and gossamer upon a chair, then lit the candles on her dressing table, and sat down. Her heavy hair was damp with the fog; she pushed it back from her face and leaned for a moment on her elbows, looking at her own face in the glass. It was pale and sad, but she smiled at it. "Tomorrow we will start," she said.

Then she untied the package. There were several wrappers, and at last a small tin box, carefully tied and sealed. She opened it, and found lying on the top a letter in her father's handwriting. Beneath it was something wrapped in many folds of tissue paper. Unrolling this, she found a small miniature. She started when she first saw it, almost thinking that it was a picture of herself. Looking more closely at it she discovered subtle differences, and realized that it must be her dead mother's portrait.

It was a sweet young face smiling at her; a dear, loving, and lovable face. She had always been told that her mother had been beautiful, but her aunt had no picture of her, and until now Sara had never seen one. Now she gazed at this, and her thought was that her father had sent it to her as a betrothal gift. It was as if he had said, "Your mother would have wished to send you some token now;" and for the first time in her life she had a strong realization of her mother as something real to herself. Her heart went out in love for the young mother who had died so long ago, and she wondered if in her distant home she knew and pitied the agony and suffering of her child. She kissed the picture; then, with the instinct which lives in us all, she whispered, "Dear mother, if you can, help Robert to get well." She laid it down where she could see the face; then opened her father's letter.

My child, the hour has come; the cup which I have prayed to be spared is pressed to my lips, and I must drink it. It is my Gethsemane; but below and beyond my own pain is the most terrible question, what will it be to you? I do not know you. I have tried to make you strong. Are you so? I have tried that you should be self reliant and brave. God grant that you are! I have also hoped against hope that your life would be absorbed in art or science or work of some kind, and that this day might never come. It had seemed to me that fate might be propitiated by the sacrifice of my whole life, and might spare yours. But it has come, and now, daughter, I bid you bring every strength of mind and body to your aid and bear the burden which life lays upon you.

I send you your mother's portrait. It has lain on my heart for more than twenty years, and I send it to you because the time has come when you must hear her story and mine, which is also yours.

She was twenty years old when I first saw and loved her; for I loved her from the instant that I saw her. I wooed and won her, and in six months I was her husband. There are no words to tell how blessed we were, for she also loved as I did. We went abroad, not so much to see what there was in foreign countries, but that being among strangers we might be more alone together. For one year life was perfect; then, for there was promise of a new life coming to ours, we went slowly back to our home in Oakland.

Her joy in her new hopes was great, and I shared it because it was hers. I had not felt the need of children, my happiness was complete in her. About three months before her confinement there came a sudden change in her. She grew melancholy, then morbid, and I could not hide from myself the nature of her malady. I consulted the best specialists on nervous disorders. They said these symptoms were not unusual, and not especially alarming under the existing circumstances, and bade me hope that all would be well. We tended her with unceasing care and devotion, but she grew worse, and finally, to my unspeakable

grief, she showed such excitement and fear on seeing me that the doctor forbade me to go into her room. At night I waited until the nurse came to tell me that she slept, then went and sat beside her bed and watched her beloved form.

One thing, above all others, roused in her either terror or anger. If she found anything that had been prepared for the child she had expected with so much joy, she instantly destroyed it. Matters stood in this way when the day, longed for and dreaded, came, and you were born.

Can you, now that you are a woman, put yourself in my place, and realize with what agony I prayed that she might be given back to me well, or have rest in death?

She lived, and from day to day the doctor put me off. "Not yet"—eternally "Not yet." He said I must have "patience." One day I sat in my own room, the door open, sadly watching the door of her room. The nurse passed out, stopping a moment to tell me that her patient was asleep. I still sat there, my eyes fixed on the door, when I heard a stealthy step within the room. Instantly I opened the door. She stood, in her long white gown, in front of the fire. She was laughing horribly. A smell of burning wool filled the air. I glanced at the crib; it was empty; then at the fire, and, rushing forward, I seized the blanket in which you were rolled and snatched you from it. I had only time to throw you into the crib—unhurt, thank God!—when, with a shriek which rang in my ears for many years, she sprang upon me. Before the nurse returned and help could be gotten, I had received an injury which deprived me of one eye and left me disfigured for life.

You were at once sent to your aunt, in whose house you have since then found your home. After many efforts to have my darling rightly cared for at home, I was driven to take her to the Napa asylum. The doctor there asked me if this malady was in her blood, if others of her family had been insane. I did not know, and I am sure that she had never known. When I had made inquiries, the facts confirmed our worst fears. The doctors pronounced her incurable.

Still I hoped, and I spent the next two years in Napa, near the asylum, waiting, waiting, and hoping that some day she would open her sweet eyes and know me. Even this was denied me; only when the end was coming, and she grew very weak, they let me go and sit beside her. She did not know me, but it was my hand that gave her food and drink and closed her eyes at last.

Then I turned my back on my country, and hid myself and my misery from all who had known me. For you, my one care was that you should grow up healthy in mind and body; and, as you know, I hoped that you would never wish to marry. You will understand now that marriage for you would be a crime, and by the memory of your unhappy mother, and equally unhappy father, *I forbid you to think of it.*

Do not give way to despair. If I seem to have written coldly, do not think that I feel coldly. I write the plain facts, for they cannot be made other than they are; but now, dearest child, you know why I have lived a stranger to you and to my own country. I have longed for you, but I hoped that you need never know the tragedy of your birth, and so I have stifled that longing. Now, will you come to me? Dearest child of my love, will you come and let my hungry eye see again one of my own? Or shall I come to you? At one word from you I will hasten, only it seems to me better that you should come to me. Come, weep your tears in my arms, and find some balm for your pain in bringing comfort to your devoted, loving father.

Sara's teeth chattered as with great cold while she read. When she had reached the end of the letter she sat quite still, bending forward a little and shaking. Her whole world had gone from her and left her alone, without support. She was powerless to move. Slowly a strong and terrible feeling came over her—a feeling that she had always known this thing, that all through her gay and thoughtless childhood she had been well aware of this ghastly enemy waiting somewhere beside her path. It did not enter her mind to rouse herself and give him battle. After a little she spoke aloud.

"I am glad that Robert is dying," she said.

The sound of her own voice frightened her. She glanced stealthily around, then up at the glass before her. Great God! What was this creature staring at her? For a moment she thought it was her mother, escaped from the asylum and come to claim her; then she saw that it was the reflection of her own wild eyes and haggard face. "No, no," she said. "Not yet, not yet."

She moved away so that she could not see the glass, and sat still again, thinking. Then she put her hand upon the miniature, and, without looking at it, rolled it up in the papers again. She folded the letter and wrote on the last page, "You were right to give me up, Robert." Then she put them both into an envelope and addressed it to Robert. She blew the candles out, moved softly across the room, and stole out into the foggy night. She put nothing around her, and did not notice that the fog was like rain. At the door of the hotel was a post box into which she put the package; then she hurried on.

The streets were deserted, no one saw her, and her aunt and cousin, not knowing that she had received the letter, thought her resting and did not go to her room. She did not pause for an instant, but went over the bridge around to the cliff road,

and on to the lighthouse. As she passed the lime wharf she wrung her hands and moaned, but did not stop.

At the point where the bay meets the ocean, the high cliff turns almost at a right angle. Sometimes, at this spot, the waves roll up in mighty breakers and dash themselves into the air in clouds of spray; then rush out again, swirling round and round in a vortex which the strongest swimmer could not withstand for an instant. At other times the rollers take another direction, and, coming in straight from the ocean, sweep along at right angles to the shore. Then they follow each other in foam crested waves.

The tide was running in, and was almost at the full when Sara reached the point at the extreme limit of the bay. She did not hesitate; her mind was made up. She was conscious only of a terrible pain in her head, and of the imperative necessity of doing this thing before she lost the self control that enabled her to accomplish it. She walked straight to the point, and, holding her hands high to heaven, threw herself off.

As she fell, a great mass of water passed solemnly on its irresistible way into the bay. It caught her, and, folding itself around her, bore her onward. The sharp shock of the cold water woke her as from a dream. In the flash of a lightning stroke she came to herself. She realized what she had done; all her cruelty to Robert, all the despair and disappointment of her father surged through her brain. She understood the cowardice and shame of her act. She was too good a swimmer, too superbly well and strong, to drown in any ordinary water, and before she had time to *think*, she was swimming steadily.

It was a long way to any safe landing place, and when reason had come to the aid of instinct she saved herself by resting at times on the water, then swimming slowly with the tide. Her light summer gown troubled her little, and by and by she saw the long, dark wharf in front of her. She felt her way to the fisherman's stairs, and, climbing up, soon stood beside the same coil of ropes on which Robert had sat to watch the sunrise. She fell down upon it and wept long and bitterly; yet she thanked God that she had not succeeded in killing herself. It seemed to her now that nothing which could come to her could be so terrible as this which she had almost accomplished, and which she knew, if she had accomplished it, would have filled Robert's few last days with pain and suffering. Then she remembered her father, his long years of exile and loneliness, and groaned to think how nearly she had made of no avail all his teaching and his self sacrifice. "Be strong, be well." How often he had written these words to her, and at the first need for them she had thrown them to the winds.

She rose at last and went home. She was broken hearted, but she knew what she had to do, and she was *strong and well*. She went in and slipped her wet clothes off; then, wrapping herself in a warm gown, she sat down and gazed calmly and steadily at herself in the glass. The great melancholy eyes looked patiently and bravely at her.

"We cannot go to Robert," she said, "but we will go to father and try to comfort him, and"—she bent a little forward, still looking steadily into the watching eyes—"and we will never, never let go the reins again."

There was faithful promise in the strong, self reliant face.

XII.

ABOVE, a dome of blue darkening toward the zenith; all around a heaving plain of gray green waters; at the far south a few downy clouds piled up into the semblance of mountains. The solitude is absolute. Here is no stretch of shore with headland and beach to put a bound to the measureless march of the waves. They are utterly unrestrained. Here no mountain clasps hand with mountain to say to the winds, "Turn back." They meet with no opposition.

So it is that in this vast playground the forces of nature sometimes seem to grow sluggish, as if they found nothing worthy of their efforts. The great calm swells follow one another in monotonous succession. The playful winds ruffle the surface of the waves, then fly away to fan the fleecy clouds into shreds and streamers.

This ocean knows nothing of the land, but sometimes, from far away, where the great continent gasps under the throbbing sun, there blows a fierce, hot wind. The sea feels its coming and mutters sullenly; then, as if refusing to receive even a message from the land, it gathers itself together and wages war against it. Then is heard the roar of deep calling unto deep, mingled with the shrieks of the wind warriors. But whether in sleepy peacefulness or in wild warfare, there is nothing here but the elements of air and water. Man has not placed his brand upon the vast plain; no smoke from giant chimneys

blackens its shining surface with the signs of toil; no sewers vomit the refuse of cities into its uncontaminated depths. It laughs and frowns, plays idly with the summer wind, and dashes its foam to heaven when its waves meet in anger, all unconscious of man and his world; of palaces and fetid prisons; of hot, dark forges where amid the roar of mighty furnaces the stubborn iron gives up its will and stretches itself out in long serpents of fire, obedient to its master; of crowded workshops where men, women, and little children spend all their days in labor which gives them only daily bread and strength to toil again.

One would say this part of the world had nothing to do with that—that smoky, toiling, greedy world, so full of care and wrong and pain—this free, irresponsible waste of air and water. Yet the earth is a little globe. The morning sun tinges this lonely horizon and wakes to laughter these foam crested waves before the last light of day has faded in the west to the world weary eyes that have forgotten how to joy in its brightness. Who can know that the quiet, resistless march of ages will not bring these ends of the earth together?

Down in these depths, undisturbed by any commotion on the surface, myriads of tiny creatures are toiling. Slowly but surely they build walls, which in time will be reefs, will be islands, will grow through countless years into continents whose snowy mountain tops will gather the moisture from the air and send soft rains to refresh its smiling valleys; whose spreading forests will creep down to the shores of sweet inland seas. By and by, where now these green waves roll, every sound of life and joy and love will resound.

Out in that other world, the world of men, are also many laborers. They have brave hearts and ready hands. In the dark places of the great cities, in the cruel, blood stained countries of man's earth, man the deliverer is reaching out to his brother men. Across chasms rent by years of wrong and oppression, hand clasps hand; the poor are learning the griefs and sorrows of the rich and have compassion, the rich are learning the nobility of the poor and have respect; and in all lands men are coming to know themselves, and the inherent, absolute laws that control their being. Here and there are those who live according to those laws, actually and truly according to them and by them; and in these rare and possibly isolated places there is growing up a race which will inherit the earth.

We cannot know when it will be, but just as surely as the reef, upon which the coral insect builds, will appear above the surface of the water, so surely that emancipated race will come. It will be, in its freedom, akin to the waves, in its truth and majesty akin to the heavens; and it may be that on the unpolluted soil of that new continent there will at last be true human happiness.

* * * *

It was March, and the day was pleasantly warm and balmy. Over the quiet southern sea the barkentine Santa Mariana glided leisurely along. The breeze was merry and gay; it sang little songs in the rigging, and made rippling laughs along the tops of the solemn swells.

Robert and Dr. Richards sat under an awning which the doctor had rigged up for them—Robert reading, the doctor hard at work on a knotty chess problem. The days had passed into weeks and months since they had left Panama, on the Mariana, bound indefinitely for a cruise among the South Sea Islands, and then for Sydney. Dr. Richards had considered that they were fortunate to have found the barkentine, because she was new and seaworthy, had a hearty, wholesome captain, and was bound to be for some months in a climate that would do much for his patient. Besides themselves, the only passengers were a missionary's wife and daughter. They were returning to their island home from a visit to their relatives in England.

As Robert changed by slow degrees from a sick man to one who was convalescent and only delicate, the two young men had naturally fallen into the relation of fellow travelers rather than that of doctor and patient. They used all of their resources to make the long, monotonous days agreeable; played endless games of chess, and talked still more endlessly. They were well matched in intellect, each ready to find the truth and also ready to follow wherever it should lead when found. They were well matched in chess, of which both were fond, and victory perched now on one side, now on the other. The last game had resulted in checkmate for the doctor, and he had arranged the board again as it had been before the last few moves, and was going over and over the fatal ending, his eyes intent and brow knitted.

Forward, in the west, the sun was settling toward the horizon, and the lights began to pour their colors over the sea and sky as they have no power to do on a broken landscape. Robert went aft and leaned over the side of the ship, watching them at their work. Presently he drew himself up

and filled his lungs with the warm, salt air. The unchanging life of these days had silenced his self consciousness. A man must be with other men, and obliged to make constant comparisons, in order to keep an active sense of his own condition. Now, as Robert stood with his shoulders back, drinking delicious drafts of the balmy, life giving air, it suddenly came to him that he was much better and stronger than he had ever thought to be again. He examined himself critically for a moment, and as he did so he remembered how a few months before he had been brought upon the steamer a dying man. Simultaneously with this memory came a thought of a fellow passenger on the steamer; a woman whom he had noticed because she also had been brought on board in an invalid's chair. He had not thought at the time that he noticed her particularly, but now he recalled her face perfectly. He walked back to the awning where the doctor sat.

"John, do you remember the woman who was brought on board the steamer almost at the same time that I was?"

"Yes, I remember her very well. I was called in to see her several times on the way down. She was going to her home in San Francisco."

Robert looked thoughtfully at John for a minute.

"Did she have consumption?" he asked.

"No, at least not pulmonary consumption. She is the victim of one of the unanswered problems of modern society, or rather of one of the wrong answers; a kind of martyr to what I call a false morality. I do not know what you would call it."

"What is the problem, and what was this answer?"

"The problem is one which confronts most young married men and women in the present time, and can be stated in this way. A and B wish to marry. A's business is sufficient to warrant him in the conclusion that he can support himself and wife in comfort. They marry. At the end of the first year C is born. The sickness and other expenses attendant upon his arrival have made large calls upon A's surplus funds; still, he can manage. In less than two years more, D puts in an appearance. There are more expenses, more sickness, and life begins to look very serious to A. This goes on for a longer or shorter period, but any one can see that the limit is soon reached. If B goes on having children, the time is not far distant when A cannot support them at all, to say nothing of supporting them in comfort. The problem, then, which all those people have to meet is 'What is to be done about it?' Some of them find one answer, some another, according as they are governed by superstition, knowledge, passion, or anything else."

"How do you mean 'by superstition'?" Robert asked.

"It is a most remarkable fact that the most religious people often adopt the methods which to the scientific mind are most absolutely wrong. For instance, this woman of whom you were just speaking. I had a very plain talk with her. I told her that she could not pursue the course which I found she had taken, and live any number of years. She was weak and hysterical, and cried, saying that all she wanted was to make her husband happy. As if a man could be happy living with a nervous, broken down woman who cries half of the time!"

Robert was determined to get to the bottom of John's idea.

"Did you help her to solve her problem?" he asked.

The doctor shut the chessmen up in their box, stretched himself back in his chair, put his hands into his pockets, and looked straight into Robert's eyes.

"Yes, I did. I gave her the only solution that I know of," he answered. "And it is one that doesn't exactly fit in with conventional ideas of propriety. Doctors cannot accept convention as the well spring of truth and wisdom. What we have to do is to study human nature as we find it, and discover from itself the laws that govern it."

"Human nature as we find it is not natural, but fallen," said Robert.

John laughed.

"That is a theological term which we do not know."

Robert got up and began to walk up and down the deck. His loyal love for his human brothers and sisters forbade him to look upon the one as the hopeless slave of his own passions, and the other as merely the minister of those passions, whether as wife or mistress. Yet he could not deny to himself that the whole world seemed to groan under the misery of the existing relation between man and woman. His love for Sara had lifted him up into a higher and nobler world than the one of sense. He worshiped her with his soul far more than with his body, and her body was to him as something sacred to the glorious end for which it had been created. It was for this reason that he had with firm hand put away from himself the temptation to let her come to him, to have

for the short life remaining to him the blessedness of her companionship. He knew that marriage with him would rob her children of their birthright—the right to be born well and strong.

Now as he paced the deck a terrible depression was upon him. He thought of Claire Blethen's almost mad invectives against fate, and of John's philosophy, which seemed to him to mock the whole world's woe. The doctor had said, "We must discover from human nature itself the laws which govern it." This brought to Robert's mind the familiar words of the old Hebrew singer, "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." He paused beside the railing and looked out over the sea.

"What is the 'law of the Lord' about this matter?" he asked.

On the edge of the horizon the last red arc of the sun was resting. It sank slowly into the water, and in the deep night blue of the sky the stars shone out suddenly. Down in the cabin the missionary's daughter was singing:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

The doctor called to him to come in out of the night air, and he went down, saying to himself, "We are indeed 'pilgrims of the night,' but the light must be there, in the 'law of the Lord,' if we can only find it."

XIII.

ROBERT rose late the next morning, having fallen asleep at daybreak after a night of earnest thought. While he was dressing he was impressed with the feeling that something out of the ordinary was going on. The usual quiet of the ship was gone, and instead there was a thrill of expectancy in the air. When he stepped out on the deck he saw John, with the captain and several others, examining something with the captain's glass. He looked in the same direction as that in which the glass was pointed, and thought he could see something like a faint cloud resting on the horizon.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is land," John answered gaily. "That is one of the Samoan Islands. It has been in sight from the mast head since sunrise, and I have been up in the rigging looking at it. What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" he added, as, turning to look at Robert, he recognized his not very satisfactory appearance.

The doctor insisted that they should go below at once. He made a thorough examination of Robert's lungs and general condition.

"I do not understand why you look so badly this morning," he said when he had finished.

"I have not slept much," Robert explained, "but I do not feel ill, only tired."

The doctor turned away, dissatisfied. He had been both happy and proud in the steady improvement of his patient; and being rather dramatic in his temperament, he had planned a little scene which he intended to arrange on their arrival in Sydney, in which he, assuming for the moment Robert's clerical manner, should say to him, "The sins of thy body are forgiven; go and sin no more." Today he did not feel so confident.

Dr. Richards spent most of the day watching the barkentine's gradual approach to the land. When afternoon was merging into evening, he went down into the cabin, where he found Robert seated, writing, while page upon page of manuscript lay on the table beside him.

"Hello! What is all this?" he exclaimed.

"It is my answer to your problem," Robert said. "I have found one which suits me better than yours does, and I am writing it all out. It is of no use for you to shake your head," he continued, "because I must do it. Last night I found that there may be a good and perfect use for even the end of my broken life. I have made my plan." He laid down his pen and held his hand out to the doctor. "You have been very good to me, and now I am as well as I ever shall be, and have no right to keep you from those who need you. I shall miss you sadly, of course, but I am glad that since the time is near for you to go back to your work, there has come to me an absorbing occupation for the remainder of my life. I have a message for my brothers and sisters; I cannot preach to them from a pulpit, but I will write it to them. It seems to me best that I should remain in Apia, and that you should take the first opportunity to go back to the world where you belong."

John had not arranged this, and was not pleased with the plan.

"How much writing is it your purpose to do?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," Robert answered. "The subject grows with wonderful rapidity to my mind. I shall write in the form of sermons, that being rather a natural method for me to use. When I have something finished, I will send it to my friend in Boston.

He is an editor, you know, and a publisher as well. I will consult with him as to the best way of offering what I have to say to the public. Meanwhile, I will write as constantly as possible, to lose no time."

"May I inquire how long you expect to live?" John asked.

Robert looked at him with earnest, questioning eyes.

"I don't know. About how long do you think?"

"Well," said the doctor, "you are about twenty seven now, I believe. That leaves forty three years before you will attain to the allotted three score and ten years of man; and if by reason of any great tenacity of life you should hold out to four score, it will be fifty three years. You are as likely to do it as any one."

Seeing the emotion on Robert's face, he made haste to change his tone.

"Seriously, my dear fellow, there is nothing whatever the matter with you that need shorten your life. I do not say that you are a strong man, or will probably ever be strong. You are not. You will have to live in a good climate; may have to change the climate occasionally; you will have to obey the laws of health rigidly, but granting that you do these things your life is as secure as any one's. If I were examiner for a life insurance company, I would take you at the usual rates."

Robert had been perfectly motionless while the doctor gave his opinion, but the storm which rose in his soul was terrible. What? He was to live! A long life, alone, away from her! It was impossible. He could not face such misery.

John had expected, at least, some expression of satisfaction on the part of his patient, and was amazed to see his face grow stern and white. With trembling hands he gathered up his papers, and said, rising, "Excuse me, John;" then he went into his own room and closed the door.

(*To be continued.* On page 329

THE SONGS I SANG FOR YOU.

I SANG for you one early morn
When leaves with dew were wet.
Though years have passed, that simple song
Rings in my memory yet;
You were my little Queen of Flowers,
I lay low at your feet,
And crowned you with a diadem
Of blossoms fair and sweet.

I sang for you one afternoon,
A bird sang overhead:
"Your song is far the sweeter song,"
Those were the words you said;
I wooed you for my bonnie bride,
You gave your heart and hand,
And forth we wandered arm in arm
Across the twilight land.

I sang for you one starless night;
My tears fell like the rain;
You bade me sing "Abide with me"
I did not end the strain;
You closed your eyes, and lo, your ears
With angel music rang!
I wonder if you e'er recall
The earthly songs I sang!

Clarence Urmy.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

It is unfortunate that there should be recurring rumors affecting the authenticity of some of the art treasures of the Metropolitan Museum. Whatever may be the real status of the museum's oft criticised Cyprian antiquities, however, it is satisfactory to believe that the charges of illegitimate treatment of certain valuable paintings are greatly exaggerated, if not entirely baseless. It is not denied that canvases have been treated, as they are in all art galleries, to counteract injuries due to the corroding touch of time. One painting whose bright appearance has been commented on as suspicious is Rubens' fine "Holy Family Returning from Egypt." It is positively asserted that there has been no retouching of this, but only a careful and thorough cleaning.

A picture that needed more heroic measures was Meissonier's "Friedland," one of the museum's most cherished possessions. Although painted so comparatively recently, this costly work was in very bad condition when it left the gallery of the late A. T. Stewart. It had cracked to an extent that does not speak well for the French master's choice of pigments, and the evil had been magnified by improper treatment. An effort was made to have it retouched by Meissonier himself, but was frustrated by the illness that ended, not long afterward, in the painter's death. The canvas was then taken in hand by George H. Story, curator of the museum's galleries. He has photographs that show how some of Meissonier's figures were almost obliterated by a network of cracks. Upon these he went to work with poppy oil, which he carefully rubbed in until the paint was so softened that he was able to unite the edges of the fissures. The process and its results have been approved by the most exacting critics.

* * * *

Ten or a dozen years ago, the popular appetite for etchings seemed almost insatiable. They were the fashion, with all that that implies. "People used to buy them simply because they were etchings," a New York inporter said the other day. "Now, I cannot sell them unless the subjects are specially attractive." Nor were all of them brought from abroad; good plates were etched and printed in America, and sold at remunerative prices. This is, generally speaking, no longer the case; there is very little demand for native work today, except in the cheap field. The decadence of the etching may be due to the increasing competition of the photograph and the many forms of photo engraving; or it may be another instance of the proverbial instability of popular taste.

* * * *

The Düsseldorf professor, Walter Petersen, who is at present painting portraits in America, is one of the German artists who have produced excellent likenesses of Prince Bismarck without once being able to chain the chancellor down to a regular sitting. Rather than deprive himself of his liberty to move about, Bismarck invited Herr Petersen to visit him at Varzin and Friedrichsruh for an unlimited number of days, and to make sketches whenever and wherever an opportunity offered itself. Of this offer the artist made good use, as is shown by his sketch book, which for a time was exhibited in New York.

Lenbach, the most famous of Bismarck's biographers on canvas, studied his subject in the same manner—"by fits and starts," as the prince once said. "If photography had not been invented," added Bismarck, "the world, I believe, would have to get along without a true portrait of myself, as it does without a genuine likeness of Frederick the Great."

Last year Vilma Parlaghi, the Hungarian artist, who is such a favorite with the Kaiser and the imperial family, while visiting at Friedrichsruh, succeeded in engaging Prince Bismarck in animated conversation on topics congenial to both for two hours at a time. While retailing gossip of her native country and of the Quartier Latin, she made a detailed sketch in oil of the great man's wonderful head.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bismarck, when he saw the clever woman's work, "don't let Lenbach hear of this!"

* * * *

One of Lenbach's portraits of Bismarck was recently added to the Metropolitan Museum's collections. It is a good specimen of the somber, powerful style of the Munich master—a style that has been cleverly caught by his pupil Parlaghi.

Lenbach's fame as a portrait painter has completely overshadowed the reputation he won, early in life, as a copyist. He was a student in Munich when Baron von Schack

"A Song of Springtime."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. Jacobus.

"Autumn."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Eisman Semenowsky.

with varied expressions, and then to combine them into a composite portrait.

* * * *

FEW Americans go abroad to have their portraits painted, nowadays, by the famous masters of Europe. The preference for the foreign signature still lingers in many quarters, to the detriment of our own artists, but an ocean voyage is no longer necessary. The European masters cross

"Forgotten."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. A. Walker.

"Autumn."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Fisman Semenowsky.

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the Atlantic to make professional tours of our great cities, and to go back with pocket-books full of American greenbacks. From the classically correct Benjamin Constant to the dashing Swedish painter, Andreas Zorn, artists of many schools and nationalities have invaded our financially fertile fields and have reaped a more or less rich harvest. Professor Petersen, already mentioned, is one of the latest to follow in the footsteps of these European pilgrims.

François Flameng.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris

Meanwhile we have not only a long list of clever and successful American portraitists—such men as Chase, Porter, Munzig, Carroll Beckwith, Frank Fowler, and many others—but we even export them to Europe; for are not Sargent, Whistler, and Shannon at the very head of the craft in London and Paris?

* * * *

A REPUTATION has been won in Munich by a lady whom the German papers describe as a "beautiful American sculptress." Much has been said of one of her latest works, a statue of the late Ludwig II of Bavaria, recently erected on the banks of the Starnberg Lake, where that unhappy monarch committed suicide nine years ago.

It seems that Miss de Ney was born in South America, and as a young girl came to Munich to study. King Ludwig noticed her, and took a great interest in her work, giving her several commissions, and finally building a studio for her. After his death she suddenly vanished from the Bavarian capital, and went to Mexico, where she remained in seclusion for several years. Then she reappeared in Munich, and set to work upon the memorial which has just been unveiled at his mountain chateau of Linderhof. It represents Ludwig in the picturesque St. Hubertus hunting costume, and the likeness, which is founded upon studies made during the king's lifetime, is said to be an excellent one. It remained in Miss de Ney's studio for some time before the administrator of the demented King Otto's private estate saved up a sufficient sum to pay for it, and to have it set upon a lofty marble pedestal overlooking the romantic Alpine lake.

* * * *

OF the younger artists of Paris, François Flameng, whose portrait appears on this page, is one of the foremost. He made his mark in the historical field, but in the last few years he has followed the example of many another successful figure painter, and has taken up the more lucrative branch of portraiture. Some famous people have been among his subjects; one of his commissions involved a visit to St. Petersburg, where one of the last acts of the late Czar Alexander was to sit for a portrait by M. Flameng.

He was only nineteen when he won his first prize at the Salon—a second class medal, in 1879. His father, Leopold Flameng, a well known Parisian engraver, had given the fullest encouragement to the young man's precocious talent, and had sent him to the very best masters—Cabanel and Laurens, among others. His reputation was fully established in 1884 by his "Massacre of Machécoul," a canvas huge in size, disagreeable in theme, and masterly in treatment, founded upon a bloody incident of the war of 1793 in La Vendée. In the following year he exhibited another picture that has become well known—"Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine," an engraving of which may be found on page 169 of this magazine.

* * * *

THE various schools of nearly half a dozen

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At Eventide."

From the painting by B. W. Leader—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"Sally in Our Alley."

From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nationalities are represented in the engravings on the accompanying pages.

Jean Richard Goubie is a pupil of Gerome's, though his work is not especially suggestive of that veteran master's. A Parisian by birth, training, and residence, his field is outdoor life, and he is best known as a painter of horses and dogs.

Francesco Vinea has the lightness of treatment, the decorative style, characteristic of

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"In Harmony."

From the painting by F. Block—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

the contemporary art of the country of Rafael and Michelangelo. He is a native of Forli, near Ravenna, and studied with Pallastrini in Florence. There is a picture of his, "An Italian Dance Party," in the Vanderbilt collection in New York.

Leader's landscapes—of which a good example is given on page 197—are among the most widely known of recent English paintings. The artist—whose name is self adopted, he having been born to the more prosaic patronymic of Williams—has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for forty years, and was elected an associate of that institution in 1883. It was an American collector who, in 1854, paid him fifty pounds for the first picture he ever sold.

Another regular exhibitor at Burlington House is Blair Leighton, who first attracted public attention in 1879 with "Until Death Us Do Part." He is a graceful painter of idyllic scenes from old time English life.

August Wilhelm Leu is a veteran of the Düsseldorf school, though late in life he settled in Berlin. He was a pupil at the Academy of the Rhineland city under Schirmer, and has painted landscapes all over Europe, from the North Cape to Sicily.

* * * *

MAHOMETAN tradition forbade the introduction of man's likeness into a picture. That this ancient law, however, is no longer observed has been proved by the exhibition, in Berlin, of half a dozen figure paintings by a Turkish artist, Hamdy Bey. They attracted a great deal of attention, and it is perhaps a little surprising to learn that they won general praise from the critics. They are described as rich to gorgeousness in respect of color, and their realistic rendering of oriental character is said to have been strikingly original, in comparison with the somewhat conventional work of western painters who have traveled in Turkey.

"Sunset."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by August Leu.

"Tea Roses."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Corvos.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF SWEDEN.

The crowned descendants of a humbly born French soldier—King Oscar's family and court, his conflicts with the Norwegians and with the nobles who regard him as a parvenu.

THE disregard for legitimacy in questions of royal inheritance has always astonished the people of a republican form of government, though not more so in the past than today, when the royal family of Sweden is trying to bring order out of the hopeless state into which unions that could not be recognized have thrown it. King Oscar, the ruling power, maintains his own through all attacks, though the nobles about him sneer, and the peasants—many of whom trace their lineage to the old Norse kings—turn up their noses. The king, a grandson of the Gascon law clerk, Bernadotte, and the discarded fiancée of Napoleon, Desirée Clary, has been obliged to disinherit his second son and namesake, Prince Oscar, the most promising of his boys, because he married the girl he loved, a woman who happened to be of the common people. It is not an easy thing for even a king to disown his favorite son; it was particularly hard for the King of Sweden, because it was this particular son who is to inherit the colossal fortune that gives Scandinavian royalty its support and standing among the majority of its subjects.

The Queen of Sweden.
From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

King Oscar has little or no income of his own. His civil list of five hundred and seventy five thousand dollars, annually drawn from the government revenues, pays only a very small portion of his expenses. Still, he is considered a very rich monarch, on account of his wife's wealth.

The queen of Sweden was a princess of Nassau. Her father and her brother, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, owned the gambling tables in Wiesbaden while reigning over the little duchy of Nassau, and accumulated a vast fortune. This money the queen inherited. She is now in broken health, and it will probably be but a few

The Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

years before the property passes to her heirs, chief among whom will be Prince Oscar. It happened that the old queen loved the pretty commoner whom her favorite son married, and she has vowed that the young couple shall have all her money to recompense them for the loss of their rights of succession.

So runs life on a throne. The great grandson of a red republican and a bourgeoise throws away his birthright to marry a woman not of the blood royal; his mother, the daughter of the ancient house of Orange, which has given the world many famous princes and generals, and who is a firm believer in the principles of legitimacy, discards all interest in the dynasty she has helped to propagate, and leaves her material possessions to the bourgeois prince, and to his wife, who does not even bear her husband's name.

These royal Swedes are very proud of their crown and prerogatives. They ignore the family name of Bernadotte, and claim descent from the house of Pontecorvo, one of the mushroom titles invented by Napoleon I for his marshal, in 1806, and officially doomed to oblivion three years after, together with the semi independence of the five mile territory in central Italy whence it was derived. But when it comes to parting with forty or fifty millions of the coin of the realm to a son and brother who, according to royal precedents and

judgments, proved himself unworthy of the position "to which nature appointed him," that is quite another matter. Prince Oscar is not mentioned in the family circle, for the king and his other sons regard the future Crœsus in anything but a friendly spirit.

crowns they claim to hold "by the grace of God"?

Until three years ago, the Swedish royal family, with its four stalwart sons, and the three promising boys of Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, was always regarded as a para-

The King of Sweden.

From his latest photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

There has even been talk of contesting the queen's will immediately after her majesty's death, on the plea that she was of unsound mind when it was executed.

May this not be taken for a refreshing sign of democracy? If kings and princes of the blood royal adopt the ethics of millionaires' sons and cousins and aunts as to their relatives' mundane legacies, may we not, in the end, expect them to barter away the

gon among kingly households. Then the bugbear of mésalliance and financial disappointment crept into the palace. The crown prince, a very imperious personage, is said to have induced his father to emphasize his brother's official disinheritance by a special decree, which contained many annoying allusions. This had the effect of cementing the love between the Prince of Bernadotte, as Prince Oscar is now called,

Two Sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

and the queen, and these two have formed a silent coalition against the other members of the royal family.

King Oscar is in many respects a remarkable man. He was forty three years old when he ascended the throne. Up to that time his life had been spent in study, in the army and navy, and in travel. His literary productions show genuine talent, and might have attracted the serious attention of scholars and critics even if their covers were not decorated with crowns and crests. As it is, these emblems may have had something to do with his majesty's reputation as an author.

To the American mind, his majesty's prose writings are a trifle heavy and cumbersome. For that very reason, however, they appeal strongly to a Scandinavian audience. I remember to have seen in Stockholm, some years ago, a play by King Oscar called "Some Hours at the Castle of Kronborg." The title alone would suffice to kill the piece with us. On the Swedish program it had three or four subtitles, and its long monologues, tiresome harangues, involved situations, and impossible dénouement were received not only with respectful patience, but with genuine enthusiasm. Since then I have often wondered why his majesty does not follow up his dramatic success. There is nothing more inspiring to the literary mind than the applause of a large assemblage of men and women.

One of the sights of the Stockholm season is the opening of Parliament by his majesty. Other monarchs of Europe have allowed occasions of that kind to fall into innocuous desuetude, thus missing a rare opportunity for the display of pomp and circumstance. "Speeches from the throne" are read nowadays only by editors, foreign ministers, and diplomats, and the dual kingdom of Sweden and Norway being of little importance to the world at large, even King Oscar's scholarly effusions of state probably do not escape the common doom. That fact, however, does not detract from the charm of their delivery in the gorgeous hall of the Rigsdag, amid scenes of medieval splendor.

Imagine this royal six footer in the gold embroidered uniform of a general, a red and gold mantle over his shoulders, with train and collar of snowy ermine, a high crown on his head, and a jeweled scepter in his hand. Thus attired, see him step forward from his brilliant suite to deliver a carefully prepared oration, which is more of a historic review than a political document. As his impressive voice rings through the throne room, all hearers, be they friends or members of the opposition, listen intently to his words. "Although but a plebeian, he is every inch a king," said a Swedish count to the writer at one of these occasions. Oscar II has a handsome, florid

The Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a photograph by Floman, Stockholm.

face, gray beard and hair, and dark blue eyes, which, as one of the ladies of the court expressed it, "are black as night and bright as day." His figure is tall and erect, and his shoulders broad.

It has been proven to almost a certainty that Bernadotte had Jewish blood in his veins. This would account for his grandson's pronounced aquiline nose, and other slight Semitic characteristics of his face that become manifest on nearer acquaintance. When not on parade, King Oscar invariably dresses in dark blue with a white peaked cap—the undress navy uniform—without marks of rank. He wears no jewelry whatever, save his wedding ring, and his tastes are the simplest. One may run across him any day in the streets of his capital, or in the neighborhood of his estates, walking alone, or, more often, escorting a pretty woman. In the first instance his majesty will remind you of the captain of a great ship, treading his bridge with full confidence in the power of his command. As a cavalier, he is conspicuous for courtly grace. In this his French descent clearly shows, while in other respects no more thorough Swede than the king exists.

His majesty is the first Bernadotte to display any great liking for feminine society. It is recorded of the French marshal that he had none of the Gascon's sprightliness or readiness of speech, and preferred the pedantic Mme. de Stael to his wife. King Oscar delights in the company of women that are young and pretty—feminine attributes which in Sweden almost invariably go together. One may walk for miles in Stockholm without meeting a handsome woman above the age of twenty five or thirty. When his majesty travels through his country, there is always a gathering of the people at the railway stations or naval depots, and the young and pretty girls are bidden to be well in evidence. They are ordered to wear the brightly colored dress peculiar to each province, and must be prepared to accept a kiss or two and a hearty embrace from their king, if the latter should be inclined so to honor them.

On winter days the king may frequently be seen upon the ice, surrounded by a bevy of handsome young ladies attired in the smartest of costumes. Often he gathers about him a small regiment of beauties, who in their turn attract all the men of fashion at the capital. All this is done openly, without a shadow of reserve, either on the king's part or that of his fair courtiers. It may be for this reason that Swedish court life is singularly free from scandal.

Behind all the Norwegian troubles, which in the past summer have evoked so much newspaper comment, there is the proverbial "black horse." The real fight is not for the power to name consuls and foreign ministers; that coveted privilege is but a blind to hide the true issue of Norway's claims. The stalwart Norwegians have never gotten over their resentment against the decree of the European powers which forced them to live under the crown of Sweden. In 1814 they elected their own king in the person of the Danish prince, Christian Frederick; and there is still a very strong party that secretly supports the claims of an alleged brother of Charles XV, Oscar's predecessor on the throne of Sweden and Norway.

The annals of Norway, thirty years ago, record that this mysterious prince was killed while hunting. According to the story told by the prince himself—or shall we say the pretender?—the hunting accident was a fiction invented by his father, Oscar I, to account for his son's dismissal from court after he had secretly married a woman of the people. The marriage and the outcasting of the prince, it is said, happened in the beginning of the forties, and in consequence of it the present king, Oscar II, although only the third son of Oscar I, succeeded to the throne after Charles XV's death. The disinherited prince, cheated out of the dual crown, would now be willing to compromise all his claims for the royal diadem of Norway; not such an unreasonable offer, if the facts outlined can be substantiated.

Queen Sophia will live in history as the modern interpreter of the phrase "The history of kings is made in the nursery." She bore her husband four sons, healthy in body and mind. The eldest, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, is now in his thirty seventh year; the youngest, Eugene Napoleon, is thirty.

Ebba Munck, the wife of the second born, the Prince Bernadotte, acted for many years as the queen's maid of honor. The Muncks have figured prominently in the history of Sweden as statesmen and generals, and several members of the family now hold important offices in the civil and military service. Like their forefathers, they have more than once refused to accept paltry titles of nobility from their more or less plebeian sovereigns.

The crown prince is even taller than his father, but lacks King Oscar's complaisance of manners and grace of speech. Last summer, when the Norwegians became

more troublesome than usual, he was the first to advocate bringing them to terms by force of arms. In extenuation of his rash suggestion, which he will be sure to regret in later years as sincerely as the majority of his future subjects now condemn it, it may be said that the prince is a soldier, soul and body, and unfortunately regards the German Kaiser as the ideal ruler, whom he emulates as far as possible. In this he is supported, no doubt, by his wife, Princess Victoria of Baden, who is the emperor's first cousin. She is one of the few princesses of the present day who can lay claim to beauty, but unfortunately her health is exceedingly delicate, and a weakness of the lungs forces her to spend the greater part of the year in southern climes. She is constantly under a physician's care, and it is generally assumed that she is a victim of consumption, though the Swedish official press strenuously denies the allegation. Princess Victoria has visited Norway once or twice for a few days, and occasionally attends a court function at the Stockholm palace. High bred and amiable woman that she is, she has made many friends in the upper circles of her adopted country, without attaining general popularity. The Swedes do not look with any degree of deference upon their royal family. They regard the Baden dynasty, whose present line sprang from the union of the last Zaehringer with one of his low born mistresses, with even less respect, and refuse to take her royal highness' claims to regal prerogatives seriously.

During his travels in Sweden, the writer was told an amusing anecdote, illustrating this rivalry between the descendants of the old Norse kings and the Swedish dynasty, or rather the former body's persistent attempts to press their claims. At a state dinner, one of the leading members of the Swedish Parliament, who had his seat to the left of the crown princess, once or twice carelessly placed his arm around the back of her chair, and proceeded to chat with her in the most informal manner. Finally, having satisfied his appetite, he moved his chair back, crossed his legs, and, again encircling the fauteuil on which the Princess Victoria was seated, renewed his attempts at conversation with a hearty grunt. Whereupon the royal blood of the Zaehringer began to boil, and Victoria, without an instant's consideration of the political effect of the affront, rose unexpectedly, and, pushing her chair against the Storthing orator, gracefully upset him.

The crown prince has three boys, aged thirteen, twelve, and six years respectively.

Prince Carl of Sweden, the king's third son, is the best looking of the Swedish princes. He is a soldier who is devoted to his profession, and works enthusiastically to complete the reorganization of the army. If he was not so poor, all the princesses of Europe would strive for his smiles. His youngest brother, Eugene Napoleon, bears a strong resemblance to the founder of the dynasty, Marshal Bernadotte, with his black hair, hooked nose, sparkling eyes, and firm mouth. He is known as the "red Prince," as Bernadotte was called the Jacobite on account of his democratic notions. Unlike his other relatives, he cares nothing for the army or the navy. His ambition centers in the art of painting. Several years ago he took a course of study with M. Humbert and M. Gervex in Paris. Of late one of the Scandinavian masters has taken the young man in hand, and great works are promised from his brush.

Henry W. Fischer.

MIRAGE.

How many day lengths have I wander'd here,
In this dun desert's fierce monotonies
Of molten dawns and noons—these whirling seas
Of sand? At times a spectral phasma clear
Dazzles my sun blind eyes; there lingers near
Soft lapse of running waters, and the breeze
Blows briny cool, pregnant with ministries.
And, of all human voices, one most dear
Mocks glibly through the chorus'd undertone,
And goads my soul to madness. Ah, more wise
To bar my senses 't were 'gainst hope's demands,
And stumble o'er the arid plain alone
Till death companion me—where white hot skies
Tent breathlessly the tawny desert sands.

Bessie Gray.

A "BOOM" TOWN TRAGEDY.

FROM the low lying bank of the muddy Missouri, across the flat bottom lands, up the steep hillside and on toward the south where it straggles aimlessly and at last fades into the country, Centropolis stretches its dreary length along the river. It is a patchwork of staring white packing houses and dingy dramshops, caught in the gigantic meshes of a web of railway tracks; on the hilltop a jumble of ill paved, dirty streets lined with low, box-like, red brick shops, with here and there an office building, ostentatious, new, bristling above its humbler neighbors like a self made man among his less successful fellows. Through the residence quarter, toward the south, stretch treeless, dusty avenues, bordered by vacant ground, broken only at intervals by pretentious houses of florid architecture. Crude, unlovely, blatantly new, the town sprawls ever under a heavy canopy of dull smoke.

The gray afternoon of a November day was deepening into twilight. Two men sat in the private office of the president of the Higgins Investment Company in the Higgins Building, the most ornate and towering structure of the city. One of them, a pompous, red faced man with thin brown hair smoothed carefully across his bald head, had been talking earnestly and long, tapping meanwhile with his pencil on the plans of a bridge which lay spread open on his desk. His smooth flow of words ceased at an impatient movement on the part of his companion, and his small, heavy lidded eyes watched that person narrowly as he said,

"It's no use wasting words, Higgins. We have been all over those points before. Your bridge scheme may prove the bonanza you prophesy, but I haven't faith enough in it to advise my clients to invest. Mark my words, Centropolis has seen its best days; a collapse is coming, and coming quick." The speaker arose and picked up his hat.

"You will see your mistake when the bridge is built and is coining money," replied Higgins, smiling uneasily, and rubbing his great hands together. "You had better reconsider your decision, Crandall."

"No! I have made up my mind. Good night, Higgins."

"Good night."

When his visitor had gone Higgins still sat drumming impatiently on the desk with his pencil, a look of perplexity and chagrin upon his face. Finally he rolled up the bridge plans, fastened them securely with a rubber band, and touched an electric bell at his side. He waited for a response to his call with his arms clasped across his ample stomach, his fingers tapping thoughtfully one against another. The door opened slowly, admitting a thin visaged man, sallow, middle aged, deferential.

"Well, sir?"

"There is no hope from Crandall. He absolutely refuses to touch it. And he means no when he says it—damn him! He has only to say the word, and money would pour in like water. It simply amounts to this: I have got to look somewhere else. We *must* have the money by the first of next month!"

"Yes, sir, or let our guaranteed mortgage bonds go to the wall; and that means——"

"Careful, Dodge!"

The man flushed slightly. "Well, you know what I mean," he said.

"I know what you fear—you're a coward, Dodge! You always were one. Confidence is what you want. Look at me! Where would I be by this time if I hadn't had confidence?"

"Yes, I know," returned Dodge humbly; "but I didn't see just where the money was coming from unless Crandall would interest his people. The bank won't do anything more."

"No. Between ourselves, the bank is devilish hard up, too. Let me see—today is Friday."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I shall leave tomorrow night at seven o'clock for the East."

"Is there a chance there, do you think?"

The big man arose from his chair, eying his companion majestically. "Think? I know! Am I in the habit of jumping in the dark?"

Dodge withdrew nervously, closing the door carefully and silently behind him.

Higgins' was a story common enough in the "boom" towns of the Western States. Ten years before, at the commencement of

the wave of real estate speculation which swept over the country west of the Missouri, he had arrived at Centropolis with $1,500 in cash, unlimited faith in his own judgment, and a singularly elastic conscience. Within six months a series of daring real estate speculations had increased his original capital to twice as many thousands as it had been hundreds, and within five years his $1,500 had grown into a sum close upon the million mark. His faith in his judgment and ability grew apace with his increasing reputation as a great "boom financier," and from a daring, unscrupulous real estate gambler he evolved rapidly into one of the representative citizens of the growing, feverish town. He was one of its "solid" men, a warden of its most fashionable church, whose pretentious edifice his money had more than half paid for, and, although close upon fifty years of age, he had rounded out his respectable rôle as a financial and moral pillar of the community by marrying a young and pretty woman. He had installed his young wife in the biggest, newest, and most impossible architectural fantasy of the south end. He was proud of her, and lavishly kind to her as well. His present financial difficulties would have daunted a man endowed with a less overwhelming belief in his own destiny, but luck had not once deserted him during the past ten years, and he believed in it.

As he was driven this evening through the dreary streets of the ugly town, a feeling of confidence in his ability to cope successfully with any obstacle which fate might throw in his pathway possessed him. "Let Crandall and his croaking go to the devil," he thought. "The town is all right and I am on top." To his wife as she met him at the door he said,

"Pack up your traps, my dear. I'm going to take you for a little flier to New York tomorrow night."

* * * *

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day Higgins was still at his desk. A pile of letters lay before him, and as the last one of the line of men who had claimed his attention during the long day retired, he touched the bell summoning Dodge.

"Have all the men gone, Dodge?"

"All except Handly, sir. He is just putting up his books."

"Tell him to go to the Union Station with these tickets, meet Mrs. Higgins there, and check her trunks for her. I can't get away for half an hour yet, and she will be worried if some one isn't there to take care of her."

"Yes, sir." Dodge started to leave the room, but paused with his hand upon the door. "A woman has been waiting some time to see you," he said. "She won't tell me what she wants—says she must see you."

"The devil! I haven't any time for any one now. Some book agent or beggar. Make her tell you what she wants."

"I don't think she is either of those, sir. She looks like a respectable sort of a person—a widow, I imagine. She says she won't detain you but a moment."

"Oh! Well, show her in. I can listen to her gabble while I run over these papers."

She was a gaunt, little woman, thin and worn, with the lines of a hard, unhappy life about her drawn mouth and dull eyes. She was dressed in rusty black; her hands, encased in cotton gloves, were tightly clasped as she stood just within the door looking sharply at Higgins' back as he stooped over his desk, rapidly scanning the file of letters in front of him.

"Well," he said abruptly, not looking up from his desk, "what can I do for you? I'm very busy, and haven't any time to waste."

She made no reply, but stood calmly with folded hands.

"What is it?" he cried, looking up impatiently, annoyed by her silence.

Their eyes met. The woman caught her breath sharply. A sudden look of fear crept over the man's face. The woman smiled grimly as she advanced toward him.

"You ain't quite sure whether it's me or somebody else, are you, Jim?"

"My God! Mary!"

He started from his chair, but fell back quickly, with great beads of sweat on his brow.

"Yes, it's me—flesh and blood. You don't appear to be glad to see me, but I'm most surprised you know me at all after all these years. Lord knows I'd ought to be changed after all I've went through." She sat down beside his desk, smiling viciously and scanning his face closely. "You ain't changed so awful much," she continued in her whining monotone; "only you're better fed looking than you used to be. You ain't changed half as much as your name has, Jim Walton!"

The man was cowering in his chair, breathing heavily. At her last words he sat suddenly upright.

"Shut up!" he said hoarsely. "Don't you dare to use that name again!"

"Po'h! you can't frighten me. It's yours, ain't it?"

Higgins glanced uneasily toward the

window and door. The shade was drawn, and they were free from prying eyes from the street. The door was closed, and Dodge alone was in the outer office, quite at the far end of it probably; at any rate, not within reach of their voices.

"No," he replied doggedly; "it isn't. Neither you nor anybody else can prove that it ever was." His usual dictatorial manner began to assert itself once more. "My good woman," he continued, fixing his little eyes squarely upon her, "you are trying to run a bluff game. It won't work! I hold all the cards, and you can't win!"

The woman eyed him calmly. Unloosening her shawl, she settled herself in a chair. The man's eyes shifted a little under her insolent gaze. He waited anxiously for her to speak. If she would but give him an inkling of what she proposed doing, he could meet her attack. He fidgeted in his chair. At last his impatience led him to make a false move.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"Oh, you ain't quite so sure I can't do anything, are you? I haven't come all the way from Ellensville just to be scared off at the end. You're rich and powerful. I'm a poor woman, and nobody knows me here. But"—pointing a blunt finger at him—"folks will know me before I give up. In spite of your riches and your power I can make this town too hot to hold you, if there's any decent men or women in it. If I can't prove your name's Walton, I can prove it was oncet, and, what's more, I guess your riches and big name nor nothing will help you much when folks knows you're a bigamist!" Her voice grew shrill. The man's air of bravado forsook him as he listened. "You didn't think I knew so much, did you?" she asked, with a hard little laugh.

"It's a lie," he muttered.

"Oh, no, it ain't. Ain't I your wife, and ain't you got another woman who thinks she is, too? I read all about that other woman in the book."

"In what book?"

"The book this town sent out, telling all about its big men, with the story of their lives. If all the rest of 'em was as big a pack of lies as yours was they must be a holy lot. I knew your picture the minute I laid eyes on it. I showed it to brother Wash, and he knew it, too, an' he set me on to coming here to get my rights—give me the money an' all. I don't know as I'd have come, though, if it hadn't been that the book said you'd married a high toned girl, and it gave a lot of fol-de-rol about her. Lies like the stuff about you, I suppose. That made me mad! Lord knows I didn't want you, and I could get along without your money, but when I read you was married to another woman, an' she a trailin' round in silks and satins, while me, your lawful wife, was diggin' and delvin' like I've done ever sence you skipped out and left me, then I got mad, an' I says to Wash, 'I'll go, and if it's Jim Walton sure enough, I'll have my rights'—an' here I am, and you *are* Jim Walton, an' I'm going to stay till I get what's due me."

Higgins sat watching her quietly during this tirade, thinking how common and unlovely she was, flattering himself that he had risen far above her class—his class once—comparing her with a sickening heart to the other woman whom he called his wife. The woman by his desk was growing more excited. She clasped and unclasped her hands continually; she had shifted her position quite to the edge of the chair, and her shawl had slipped off, exposing her flat breast and stooped shoulders.

"I tell you," she went on, "that other woman shan't live in that house. Maybe you think it's too fine for me to live in, but she shan't if I can help it."

He looked at her questioningly. "Oh, I've seen it. I was out there today!"

"You have been to my house?" he asked slowly, his voice trembling a little. "Did you—did you see——" his question died upon his lips unfinished.

"Oh, no; I didn't go in. What kind of a fool do you take me for? Do you suppose that I would give myself away to her first, and let you have a chance to skip out together before I could nab you?"

A feeling of intense disgust crept over him. He was a coarse man, unprincipled as might be, but he fully appreciated, in the young woman he had deceived, all those virtues which he lacked. In a dumb sort of way he fancied that her refinement and moral uprightness offset his own failings, and when with her he always radiated a gentle benignity oddly at variance with his natural brute selfishness. That she should be classed as a guilty partner in his crime filled him with mingled shame and rage.

"I should have killed you if you had dared to see her," he cried. "She is as far above you and me as the sky is above the earth. If she knew, she——" He paused suddenly. He had no wish to inform the woman before him of the fact that the other one would spurn him at once and forever if the truth about his past became

known to her. But for a second time his words betrayed him. His wife read his face aright, and completed his unfinished sentence for him.

"She would leave you, eh?" she said with a chuckle. "Angel, is she? Well, her wings will be pretty well dirtied up after I'm through with her!" She arose from her chair, crossing her hands primly. "I don't want to waste words with you, Jim. I guess I'll move on."

Higgins sprang to his feet.

"Stop, Mary! There's no use in our fighting this way. We always used to, I know"—he attempted to smile a little as he spoke—"but what's the good? Let's talk sense. You've found me out. I don't pretend I'm glad of it. I was a fool to let my picture go into that book. I knew it at the time, but God knows I never thought one of them would get to such a hole in the ground as Ellensville. But as long as it's happened, I'm willing to do the square thing. I'm a rich man." Even in his excitement he remembered that this was a conditional fact. "I'm a rich man, and I'll do what's right. Now, you don't care anything about me, and you are poor. What's the use of spoiling my life and not helping your own? If you will go away and not say anything, I'll give you"—— he hesitated, true to his business craft to the last, trying to hit upon the least sum which might accomplish his purpose—"I'll give you five thousand dollars."

The woman shook her head sullenly, drawing her shabby black shawl about her shoulders.

"Ten thousand if you'll go away, anywhere but to Ellensville."

Still she remained silent, looking up at him with a grin.

"Fifteen thousand," he gasped, wondering where he might be able to lay his hands upon that amount.

"Why, you fool!" she broke forth suddenly, "you must think I'm crazy. Ain't I your wife? Ain't that big house mine if I want to live in it? Ain't a good pile of all you've got mine if I want to claim it?"

What a rusty Nemesis she was, this yellow faced little woman with her dull eyes and thin lips! But she was a Nemesis! This common, unlovely, insolent old woman held his destiny in the hollow of her misshapen, toil worn hands. Whether she went away or remained near him he would never again be safe from her attacks. After all the years, she had tracked him down to denounce him, to ruin him, or at the best to make his life a perpetual nightmare of dread. He felt his past success, his present power, his future hopes, crumbling into the dead ashes of defeat before the obstinate, malicious hate of this worn, old woman, old beyond her years, who stood silently before him with folded arms and grinning lips.

A sudden fury seized the man. His breath came in great, quick, uneven gasps. The woman shrank from him as she saw the change, and stepped backward, but his hands were upon her throat, his arms pinioning hers to her side. She struggled, and tried to cry out, but she was a weak little creature, powerless, lost in the clutch of his great hands, in the vise-like grip of his arms against her own. He pushed her back against the wall with his hands clinging to her throat, his breast pressed against her mouth. His eyes were bloodshot, his red face showed great blotches of purple about his heavy cheeks. There was a mighty roaring like that of raging wind in his ears.

It was past in a minute. His hands weakened their grasp on the woman's throat, and he began to tremble. He looked about him dazed and anxious. What had happened? What was he doing? He stepped back; the woman's body swayed and fell forward. It would have struck the floor, but he caught it in his outstretched arms. There were great dark marks upon her throat where his fingers had pressed. He bent over her and whispered her name. He shook her gently, then fiercely. He unfastened her shawl, and placed his ear to her heart. A great horror froze him as he realized what he had done.

He stood with the woman's body in his arms, staring at her distorted face. He had hated her almost from the first day of their wedded life in the remote village whence she had just come, and where he had deserted her years before. For fifteen years she had been but a hateful memory. At first, he remembered, he used to fear pursuit and discovery, but afterwards, with his change of name and increasing prosperity, came a feeling of security, until finally she had become only a bad dream which came upon him sometimes in the night. But she was here now, in his arms; here, and——

He glanced again toward the door and window. Had Dodge heard anything? What could he do with her?

Adjoining his office was a large closet, where he kept his coat. He opened its door now, carrying his burden carefully. How thin and worn she was! He placed her body on the floor at the end of the

closet, locked the door and dropped the key into his pocket. He sat down at his desk, trying to control his trembling hands, and listening intently with his eyes upon the door leading into the outer office.

The moments dragged wearily; with fumbling fingers he felt for his watch. Fifteen minutes of seven! With a start he remembered the other woman—who was awaiting him at the railway station. Some word must be sent to her, or she would become alarmed at his non appearance and would come to his office. He shivered with apprehension at this thought, and with a supreme effort nerved himself to face the man who might have heard the struggle, and was perhaps waiting now outside his door ready to denounce him. He touched the bell button and waited with anxious eyes.

Dodge opened the door with his usual air of respectful self effacement.

"Well, sir?"

The president of the great Higgins Investment Company spoke rapidly. "I find that I can't get away tonight," he said. "Go to the station, Dodge, explain matters to Mrs. Higgins, and see that she gets safely home." His voice faltered. The glance of the other man was traveling slowly around the room in quest of the woman who should have been there. "I—I hope to get away tomorrow night," he continued haltingly. "Tell her that. And tell her not to expect me home tonight until late. And—and, Dodge, you saw the woman who was here go out, didn't you?" he asked suddenly with parched lips.

"No, sir; I didn't. I was just wondering how it happened. I must have been busy at my desk, and she slipped by without my noticing her."

"Yes, yes, that was the way it happened. She was a little woman and stepped lightly." He laughed uneasily, drawing a shaking hand across his mouth. "She wanted to borrow some money. She might just as well have told her business to you."

Would Dodge never leave him? He felt that in another moment he must cry out, or laugh, or sob.

"Hurry, hurry, man!" he cried. "I am afraid you will be too late!"

"Yes, sir," replied his secretary, passing out with wondering eyes upon his employer's face.

Did Dodge suspect anything? How strangely he had gazed at him! Could he have heard their voices or their struggle? No! His face showed that he suspected nothing when he first entered the room. But he had looked for the woman. He *knew* that she had not gone away. Perhaps he would not go to the station at all—maybe he was lying in wait outside the closed door now! The thought was maddening.

With stealthy steps Higgins approached the door to the outer office. He placed his ear against it, listening, his hands clenched, his eyes peering intently through narrowed lids. Some one was moving about out there! He crept back across the room, the blood leaving his heart wildly. Then a sudden impulse seized him to know the worst. He recrossed the room and threw the door open fiercely. A sigh of intense relief trembled upon his lips. What a fool he was! It was only the night watchman who came on duty at seven o'clock. The man looked up pleasantly at Higgins. "Working late tonight, sir!" he said.

Once more behind the closed door Higgins regained his composure somewhat. "I must think, think!" he murmured, sitting at his desk, his face buried in his hands. He knew the woman was dead. It was an impossibility to get the body out of the building that night. There was but one exit from the room, and that through the main office where the watchman would remain until morning; and in the morning? He tried to think of some way in which he could get rid of that horrible, silent witness to his crime. Dare he leave the building and run the chance of throwing suspicion upon the watchman? That, too, was an impossible thing. Dodge had seen the woman, and had already expressed surprise at not having noticed her when she left the office. Was he devoted enough to his employer to keep his mouth shut? Even if he was it would only be a temporary respite, for the woman's brother knew of her whereabouts, knew where she had gone, and what she had gone for. The whole miserable story was bound to come out when he arrived on the scene; but he was a grasping, miserly wretch, and perhaps his silence could be bought more easily than his sister's. The thought that all this would take time flashed into the brain of the man who sat with his face buried in his hands. Weeks probably would be necessary for him to accomplish all that was necessary, and by that time the first of the month would be long past, the financial crash would have become a horrid fact instead of a possibility to be fought against and overcome. The thought of Crandall flitted through the man's teeming brain. "Curse him! Curse him!" he muttered. "If he had only put his money in I might have a fighting chance even

now." Like a rat in a corner he sought for some loophole of escape. There was but one. On one hand was ruin, disgrace —possibly the gallows; on the other were ruin and disgrace also, but the possibility of life.

He opened his pocket book and counted his money. Then he looked about for his great coat and hat. They were in the closet where *she* was. Twice he went to the door, taking the key from his pocket each time, but twice the courage to open the tomb failed him and he shrank away to the farthest corner of the room, looking back as he went as though he feared a presence behind him. He sat down again for a moment at his desk to get himself together; then, rising, crossed the room slowly, unlocked the closet door, and swung it wide open. It was too dark for him to see to the farther end, even had he tried—he didn't try. Reaching within he snatched his coat from its hook and took his hat from the shelf above. Then he closed the door quickly and locked it. With another effort he opened the door into the outer office, and passed out, mumbling a good night to the watchman.

As the street door swung to behind him he drew a long breath, and, turning his coat collar about his ears, hurried away toward the river. A cold, drizzling November rain was falling, but of this he was glad; it kept the streets free from pedestrians. On, down the narrow street, he pursued his way almost at a run. At a dark corner some one touched his arm. He sprang back with a cry. It was only a beggar, shivering in the rain. Shaking him off he went on, slipping on the steep incline, stumbling in the dark.

Near the river he entered a dingy dramshop and got a flask of brandy. He crossed the bridge and listened, shudderingly, to the hungry lapping of the water below him. At the further end he paused, and turning, looked back across the river to the lights of the town. Slowly his eyes traveled up the hill until they rested upon a cluster of lights which, blurred and indistinct through the rain, burned high above all the others —the lights which encircled the great tower of the Higgins Building. He remembered well the night when first they burned there. How full of self sufficient pride he had been; what a pleasant thing life had seemed, and what an easy thing success! It had been but a few nights before his second marriage, and he had given his friends a banquet—his last social appearance as a "bachelor."

As he gazed and thought, a great longing suddenly possessed him to look once more upon the woman he had wronged, but whom in his hard way he loved. A horror of his future fell upon him—that future when he should be a skulking wretch fleeing from justice, fearful of the daylight, watching and listening in the darkness of night, ever within the shadow of his crime, ever stumbling upon the brink of detection. And with it all—above it all—there glimmered, too, in his dull soul a flame of pity for the woman whom he was leaving, disgraced, nameless, penniless.

Yes, he would go back; he would see her once more.

With dogged energy he retraced his steps across the bridge, and began to climb the steep bluff of the town.

A narrow ray of light shone from the window of a room in his house—the room in which they had been in the habit of sitting together when alone. He fancied he saw the woman there, and he crept noiselessly along by the wall of the house, and crawled up the steps of the veranda, upon which the room opened.

The window shade was lowered. He got down on his knees, so that he could bring his eyes to a level with the space between the curtain and the sash. A fire was burning in the grate, and in front of it sat the woman, with an open book resting on her knees, her anxious eyes fixed upon the flickering flames before her. She was waiting for him, vaguely wondering at his delay and at the sudden changing of his plans. Waiting for him, and he dared not go in to her! He could only crouch outside in the darkness and watch her stealthily, and then slink away through the night into oblivion.

A wild sense of regret for her, mingled with a selfish despair at his own loss of the great house, his social prestige, and his mock respectability, surged over him, and a groan tore itself from his lips.

She heard him, and started from her chair. In an instant he, too, was upon his feet, tiptoeing his way toward the steps. As he reached them, the great hall door was thrown open, and a flood of light caught his retreating form, while a woman's voice called questioningly, anxiously,

"John! Is that you?"

He turned toward her, mumbling,

"Did I startle you? I—I was just coming in."

She came to him, and drew him inside the house, glancing wonderingly at his pale lips and shifting eyes.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing has happened. I have been worried and overworked today. I am not ill —only tired."

She looked at him anxiously, and helped him to get off his hat and coat, which were soaked with the rain.

"Why, you walked home this wet night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I walked home," he returned huskily.

"Why are you so careless, John? No wonder you look cold and sick!"

She lighted a spirit lamp, and heated water mixed with whisky. He listened to the gentle singing of the kettle, watching her movements with confused eyes, as if but half awakened from a heavy sleep.

"Drink this," she said, holding a glass full of the steaming liquid toward him. "You must get off your clothes and go to bed at once."

He drained his glass, and followed her dumbly up the stairs like a bewildered child.

She got him to bed, and, putting out the lights in his room, left him. As she closed his door, a shivering terror came over him, and cold sweat covered his body. Before his hot eyes there arose the vision of that dark closet far below—the glittering lights in the tower of the Higgins Building, and of the shabby little woman in the old black dress and shawl, who lay there with great black marks upon her throat. He clenched the covers of his bed fiercely to stay the nervous restlessness of his hand, and stared into the darkness, shuddering at each chance noise of the silent night. At length, with stealthy care, he slipped from the bed and groped for his clothes. The woman in the room adjoining heard him, and asked,

"What do you want, John?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I am restless. I cannot sleep."

He sat by the window, hoping she might sleep, but she spoke at his slightest move. Twice during the night he attempted to dress himself and escape, but each time she aroused herself and checked his flight. And when the eastern sky broke into dawn he crept back to his bed wondering how he could live through the hours until another night should come to shield him as he fled.

Through the early hours of the day he cowered in the great house, fearfully alert at each sound of footsteps in the door yard, drawn by a morbid longing to visit the scene of his crime, held back by an unreasoning fear of detection should he go.

About noon he roused himself to quiet the woman's alarm at his unnatural nervous state. He repelled her suggestion that a physician be called, and with tight lips laughed at her forebodings of illness. Finally he told her that he must depart for New York that night, and that he must go alone, silencing her quick expostulations with a hard brutality which stung her to tears that he could not dry. She watched him with sorrowing, anxious eyes as he mounted the stairs to make ready for his journey.

It was just noon. With fumbling hands he was busying himself in the dim room when the faint, sharp notes of an electric bell struck his ears. He stole into the hall and listened. The sound of men's voices at the door reached him. He heard them say,

"Something serious has happened. We must see Mr. Higgins at once!" Then he heard the rustle of a woman's skirt upon the stairs. She was coming to tell him he was wanted—wanted for what?

The unreasoning terror of a wild beast at bay seized him, and sent the blood surging from his heart. *They knew!* They had found the body! They had come for him.

He jumped back into his room. In another moment the crack of a pistol shot rang through the house.

The two men below sprang up the stairway, but at the open door of the front room they paused, horrified at the scene before them. Higgins lay upon the floor, with a wound just above the temple, and by his side, holding his bleeding head in her hands, knelt a woman moaning piteously.

Opening the offices of the Higgins Investment Company, the morning after Higgins' stealthy departure, the watchman of the building was startled by a low moaning. He was straightening Higgins' desk when he heard the sound. The window was up. The rain clouds of the night had passed and the bright morning sunlight flooded the room. There was nothing ghostly about the environment, and the watchman stopped to listen, with all his reasoning faculties alert. There was no mistaking the sound; it was a moan—deep and human. He went into the outer office; no one was there. He looked out into the hall, but saw only the scrubwoman, with her pail and mop. He came back into the inner office, and on the threshold listened again. The sound was repeated. It was near him—in that room. He waited until he heard it again, and then crossed to the closet and tried to open the door. It was locked. He put his ear to the keyhole, and shuddered as the knowledge of a presence within became certain. He shook the

door and called, but only a moan, low and deep, answered him. He ran into the hall and shouted down the shaft for the elevator boy, then he went back into Higgins' office and unlocked the closet door.

With an exclamation of terror and surprise he discovered the woman Higgins had put in there for dead the night before. She had recovered from her swoon, and had crept close up to the door for air. She had been too weak to call out—she could only moan. As the door swung open she fell heavily forward at the feet of the watchman.

With the help of the elevator boy he lifted the woman up and laid her on Higgins' couch. In less than an hour she had completely recovered, and was conveyed to the police station.

The news of the finding of a woman, half dead from strangulation, in the closet of the private office of John Higgins, spread through the great building like wildfire, and before noon it was abroad upon the streets.

To the chief of police she told her story timidly, her voice choking with sobs; told it all—from her marriage with Higgins back in the little town of Ellensville, where he was known as Walton, to her visit to his office the day previous and his fierce attack upon her.

"He looked as though he would kill me," she said. "Maybe he thought he had. He offered me money. 'Tain't his money I want. I want my rights. I'm his wife—his wife."

They brought her in as a witness at the Higgins inquest—and there she told her pitiful story again, told it straightforwardly, and, this time, without emotion.

And the newspaper notices of the death of Higgins spoke of him as Walton.

Anthony Leland.

A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

My heart was like a sunless, cold,
  Unlovely land of ice and snow,
Wherein no blessed buds unfold,
  Nor singing waters flow.

But all at once the April skies
  Laughed in your look, and at that hour
My spirit melted, torrent-wise,
  My life broke into flower!

Oh, dearest heart, I had not guessed
  What marvel of immortal seeds
Lay hidden deep within my breast,
  Beneath its barren weeds!

But now I know, but now I know
  The glory of the flower of love,
The joyous splendor of its glow,
  The subtle pain thereof!

Evaleen Stein.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

NOVEMBER is to be a remarkable month in music. On the 2d of the month, Mme. de Vere Sapio will sing in the first concert of the Symphony Society, giving us a new air written for her by Saint-Saëns. On the 22d, the English contralto, Marie Vanderveer Green, will sing in Handel's "Il Pensieroso" in the first of the Oratorio Society's concerts. Three violinists of whom we hear wonders will all be here this month—Ondricek, the Bohemian; Marsick, who hails from Liège, that nursery of violinists; and Rivarde. Emile Sauret, who has played here before, is also coming.

Marsick has engaged a young Brooklyn musician, Howard Brockway, to accompany him in his tour. Mr. Brockway has spent five years in Germany studying the piano. The audiences at the Seidl concerts have heard some of his compositions played by that orchestra during the past summer.

Rivarde's manager has taken great pains to write letters to the papers denying that the young violinist was born in America. It seems that he first saw the light on board a French ship on its way here. Americans are not so prejudiced against home talent as these notices would make it appear, and it is probable that we all expect the artist to make us forget trivial facts when he touches his bow.

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GRAND Opera in this country this winter is expected to surpass all previous seasons in the variety of its presentation, if not in the excellence of its performers. Rarely has it been possible here for music lovers to enjoy in a single season the best production of the three first schools—German, French, and Italian—yet that is what the metropolis is now anticipating.

New York is not to be the only American city, however, to possess a continuous winter season of grand opera. Philadelphia, which has long been under the disadvantage of being obliged to submit to makeshift casts from the New York companies, with a general shabbiness and meagerness of mounting that has placed it in the category of "one night stand" towns of a tenth its size and importance, has at last awakened to a realization of its rights, and will have an opera season of its own with a regular and permanent opera troupe. The company, which is to consist of many prominent singers, will be under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs, and the best Italian and French operas will be performed. The Academy of Music will be the scene of this revival in the Quaker City. A series of fifteen orchestral concerts will also be presented by the same organization.

In New Orleans, the French opera, though somewhat spasmodic at times, will continue to be a fixture in the Southern city.

Many of the large centers through the central States and the West will have short periods of operatic activity. Walter Damrosch and his German company will open at Cincinnati early in the present month, and will play for some weeks in Chicago later. Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and St. Louis, all of which came in for a few bars of music last year, will undoubtedly give encouragement to either or both of the two large opera companies whose movements will mark the ebb and flow of the tide of musical life.

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JANUCHOWSKY has made herself very much a favorite here in New York, and that long before the beginning of the opera season. The Wagnerian festivities at the Madison Square Garden, which began in September, gave the public an opportunity to hear and become delighted with her voice.

Her husband, Adolph Neuendorff, was also a notable figure in these concerts.

Januchowsky is known to us as the leading singer of the Vienna opera house, as the daughter of an Austrian officer, and as an American favorite in New York and Boston in 1881. Her husband is not so popularly known, although he studied music in New York, and some years ago was a director here. In 1860 he and his father made a concert tour through Brazil. Since then he has appeared here in various positions, and he has conducted German opera in New York for several years. In 1870 he produced "Lohengrin" for the first time in this country—a country which then had absolutely no appreciation for Wagner.

In 1871 Neuendorff brought the tenor Wachtel to this country, and in 1872 conducted opera at the old Academy of Music,

where Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, and Wachtel sang.

It was Neuendorff who brought Eugene Pappenheim to New York. In 1877 he brought out "Die Walküre" in America, and the year after was elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In 1880 he conducted the Materna concerts.

Neuendorff is so full of enthusiasm himself that he inspires it in others. He even started a Wagner craze in the city of Mexico.

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THIS year we are to hear at least one opera singer who adds great personal charm to his fine voice. Popovici, who created the part of *Telramund* at Bayreuth, will sing with the Damrosch company. Abbey & Grau offered him a three years' contract, but he preferred to sing with Klafsky and Ternina. Popovici is a Roumanian, and he left the palace at Bucharest, where he was a guest, to come to America.

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ALVARY'S engagement for this season was a surprise to everybody in and out of the musical world. There was great dissatisfaction with his voice when he was heard here before, but the agent of the Damrosch company says that he could find no tenor in all Europe who equaled Alvary in *Siegfried*, and back he comes. Alvary lives in a beautiful villa in Thuringia, in the very heart of the country from which Wagner drew his inspiration for "Tannhäuser."

Mr. Damrosch's agent comes back with the report that among all the music students abroad there are no young singers of great promise. When he comes to collect his artists, it must be from the stock we all know. No singers from the Dresden opera house are allowed to come. Twelve years ago, when the Metropolitan was first opened, Emil Fischer, the basso, broke his contract in Dresden to come to America. The King of Saxony makes a fad of the opera in Dresden, spending three million marks a year for the encouragement of his favorite art. He was so annoyed at Fischer's desertion that he has never allowed a singer to come to America since.

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MARIE VANDEVEER GREEN is to sing here in December. For seven years Madame Green has been among the most successful artists on the concert stage abroad. Even the London *Times* speaks enthusiastically of the charms of her beautiful voice.

When Madame Green left America seven years ago, she had just married. She had been a well known concert singer of Brooklyn, and her departure was mourned. For three years she lived in Australia, where her success was great. Each triumph fired her ambition the more, until she determined to go to Paris, perfect her voice, and try for higher laurels. Since then she has grown to be an actress, a thorough artist as well as a wonderful singer.

The passion displayed in her rendering of *Delilah's* amorous appeal to *Samson* has been likened in expression to Sarah Bernhardt's work. Americans who have heard her abroad are anticipating a great success for her here.

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AMY SHERWIN, who made her first appearance in opera in this country in 1881, has since become one of the best known concerts singers in Europe. Like Melba, Mme. Sherwin is from the Australasian colonies, her home being in Tasmania. She is the wife of Hugo Görlitz.

She is always ready to give advice to a beginner. "A clear and distinct pronunciation is one of the principal elements of a good voice," she tells every one. She does not think that a beautiful voice alone can make a great singer, but that the prima donna is the result of many talents highly cultivated. She strongly advocates the thorough study of church music, as it gives solidity of style and a delicacy and refinement of intonation.

When Mme. Sherwin returned to Tasmania, a few years ago, she was presented with an address of welcome which greeted her as one who had done more than any born Tasmanian to make her country illustrious.

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THE youngest prima donna in the world is Mignon, the eight year old daughter of our own Emma Nevada, who won all our hearts a few years ago, and then left us for a quieter life. Little Mignon made her début before King Alphonso XIII of Spain, some weeks ago, singing the soprano part of Humperdink's opera "Hansel und Gretel," which we are to hear for the first time this winter. His nine year old majesty was enchanted. When the eight year old prima donna had finished her first piece he ran out of the room, reappearing after a little while loaded with bonbons, which he threw into Mignon's lap as she sat on the queen regent's knee. The boy king was overcome with delight. He seized the prima donna around the neck and kissed her on both cheeks, declaring that he would have her sing to him every day in the year. It is not improbable that the queen regent will be forced to engage the services of

little Mignon, and she may make her, at the age of eight, a full fledged royal court singer.

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THERE was no Wagner festival at Bayreuth this year, Munich monopolizing the artists and the great crowd of tourists who go every year to refresh themselves with Wagner at the fountain head. But Wagner opera at Bayreuth has ceased to be distinctively German, and has become cosmopolitan. American, English, Italian, and even French singers take the chief rôles. It begins to appear that the most distinctively German opera in the world is to be given by Mr. Damrosch this winter in America.

The Munich festival in August and September was conducted by three of the most thorough Wagner scholars—Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Franz Fischer. Fischer has become celebrated for his interpretations of Wagner on the piano. No one, save Liszt himself, has ever equaled him in this. Strauss was a favorite pupil of Liszt, and is one of the most poetic of modern composers. Critics who have gone again and again to hear his rendering of his own compositions call him the Titian of music. His direction of the Wagner festival this season added greatly to his fame.

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DR. HANS RICHTER has invited the English prima donna, Miss Marguerite MacIntyre, to participate in the next Bayreuth Wagner festival. Richter has also engaged a number of English musicians for his orchestra. This is an entirely new departure, and it remains to be seen what the Germans will do about it. It is more than probable that Mme. Wagner's wish to promote her son Siegfried's success on the English concert stage has brought about this change of attitude on the part of the festival management.

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THE birthday of Beethoven is to be celebrated in New York, on the 14th of December, by almost all of the musical societies. Bloomfield Zeisler will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat at the concert which the Philharmonic is arranging to give on that day.

The personality of Beethoven has recently been called to the mind of musicians by the published facsimile of the autograph of his sonata in A flat. The facsimiles of great musical works are important, as a note is changed here, and a mark there, by each successive interpreter, until finally much of the original meaning is lost. This Beethoven autograph was discovered in Bonn by Dr. Erich Prieger, who is an enthusiastic student of the German master. All the way through it shows interesting processes of the composer's mind. Bars are altered and erased, the new phrasing being written above. Musicians consider the reprint of it so valuable that it will be doubtless followed by others.

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THE Sunday concerts in the Carnegie Music Hall will continue through the greater part of the winter, with a brilliant list of conductors and singers. Almost every concert performer of note in the United States will be represented.

One of the earlier singers will be Corinne Moore Lawson, of Cincinnati, who is altogether and distinctively American. She was educated wholly in this country, and up to this time has sung almost entirely in the West. Mrs. Lawson is peculiarly fitted for oratorio. She has a fine presence, and the intelligence that grasps the finer meanings of the grand music she sings. During the past summer she sang in the "Messiah" at Ocean Grove, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch, with a chorus of four hundred voices, and the New York Symphony Orchestra. Nearly ten thousand people filled the great seaside auditorium, and it appeared an impossible task to sing to them; but it was one in which Mrs. Lawson acquitted herself with remarkable success.

She will be heard in New York and Boston this season.

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THE music of the new Sullivan opera which Francis Wilson has brought over this year proves one thing conclusively—the humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas was contributed by the librettist. When the words of "The Chieftain" suggest Gilbert, and they very often do, the music comes along with its old catchiness and snap. When the editor of *Punch* forgets that he has a model, the music suffers, as comic opera music.

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MASCAGNI has written a new opera called "La Cigarette." Ever since the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," this clever and dramatic Italian has been looked to for some startling and delightful piece of work to freshen up the monotony of the year's music. The new opera, however, appears to be in trouble. The subject is taken from one of Jules Claretie's novels, the same that furnished the libretto for Massenet's "Navarraise." It seems that Claretie objected to the subject being used by Mascagni, and

it was only through the intervention of Massenet that final permission to produce the opera was obtained. It will be produced some time during the early fall at La Scala in Milan.

Whether Mascagni will ever succeed in giving us an opera equal to his first great success remains to be seen. The failure to do so will not be for lack of effort on his part, as he is one of the hardest and most careful of workers. His is not that temperament which calls for self indulgence, and which has been misnamed "artistic."

Mascagni is at present engaged on a ballet taken from "The Porcelain Figures" by Mathilde Serao. He has been studying "Nana," Zola's disagreeable novel, for some months with the expectation of making it the subject of an opera. The libretto for still another has been furnished by a German. This last is taken from a story called "Duke Theodore of Gothland." Verdi was at one time very keenly interested in this story, and Illica is said to be studying it with the view of using it for a libretto.

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VERDI is engaged upon a new opera bearing the unusual title of "The Purgatory." The libretto is by Boito, who after eleven years of hard labor has just finished the great musical drama of "Nero." The music of "The Purgatory" is the outcome of a bet with Boito. One day during the past summer Boito told the maestro of his resolution to finish "Nero."

"You will never do it," laughed Verdi.

"I will, and before fall, too. What will you bet?" cried Boito.

"Anything."

"If I finish 'Nero' this summer, will you write the music for my 'Purgatory'?"

Verdi consented, being confident that he would never be called upon to undertake the work. Boito, however, set to work with a will. After months of constant application he finished the libretto, and one fine morning appeared at Verdi's house, manuscript in hand. The maestro was delighted with the libretto of "Nero," though not with Boito's way of enforcing payment of the wager he had won by finishing the great work.

* * * *

PADEREWSKI is the musical genius who seems to generate the marvelous sounds that come from under his finger tips, and to have in his personality the magnetism that belongs to every such human storehouse of originality. Every type of artist is attracted by him. The painters beg him to sit for portraits, that they may try to immortalize something of the power they see in him. In Paderewski's house in Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opéra, there are three magnificent portraits of the young man—one by Alma Tadema, one by Burne-Jones, and one by a celebrated Austrian.

The home of the idol of the musical world is full of the offerings that have been laid at his shrine. The air is always heavy with flowers sent in by his Parisian admirers. Pictures of the famous composers are all about the rooms, particularly in the musician's piano room. High above everything else is a bust of Chopin, crowned by a silver wreath, which is one of the many souvenirs of artistic triumphs. The American and Polish flags that were presented to Paderewski at the Metropolitan Opera House, when he played for the benefit of the Washington Monument, have been made into portières for his hall doorway.

* * * *

YSAYE, the famous violinist, makes the astonishing declaration that Russia is the country which will presently lead in music. The Muscovite empire, he says, has some of the characteristics of those early ages which gave us the masters in the arts. She has that tranquillity, that repose, that isolation, under which masterpieces come to perfection. Ysaye says that he has requested the German managers to bring forward the works of the Russians, but this they refuse to do. The Germans live upon their glorious past.

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MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON spent most of the past summer in Sweden, where she was born. She was a peasant girl there, and she never tries to forget the fact. With her first earnings she purchased the farm of Sjöabal, where she was born, and gave it to her brother. Year after year, when it has been possible, she has gone back home and dressed in a short woolen gown, to wander over the fields she knew in her girlhood.

There was always a little strain of melancholy in Nilsson, more of the dreamer than the woman of the world. Patti, gay worldling that she was, was never very friendly with her.

While Nilsson was living over again her childhood days, Patti has been entertaining her usual house party in Wales. This year her great piece at the theater was not an opera, but a pantomime called "Mirka the Enchantress," in which Madame Patti, in the title rôle, danced a Bohemian dance.

* * * *

"READING to music" is a rather unusual

pastime which attained a certain vogue in Washington last season, and is doubtless enjoyed occasionally by the artistically inclined of other cities. From the nature of things, its scope is limited, for it requires as its participators a person who can read or recite so that, unaccompanied, the effect produced would be that of a very slow and quiet chant, and a musician who can improvise fitting modulations, in sympathetic rhythm, so as to emphasize the true meaning and spirit of the words. The effect is essentially lyrical; the verses selected should be short, and must appeal directly to the emotions. Narrative is much more difficult to accompany with any success, and the didactic is not to be thought of. The songs from Tennyson's "Princess," and other short poems by the late English laureate, are particularly effective when recited with a continuous and sustained tone, to the softest possible accompaniment of a piano. Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Longfellow have all written expressive and impassioned verses which are revealed in new beauty, both of color and outline, when placed against the many hued musical background.

If his elocutionary ally be not accustomed to work of this sort, the musician generally finds difficulty in securing a sufficiently deliberate recitative. There should be pauses between the verses long enough to give the pianist time to finish a theme and return to the point in his improvisation admitting either a repetition or a development of the modulations already used, accordingly as the sentiment has remained practically the same or has reached another stage of significance. Subdued chords are most appropriate; rapid or noisy settings artistically inadmissible. Of course the musician should be more or less familiar with the poem, although he may have no idea what he will play until his fingers touch the keyboard. It is only by entering into its conception that he can produce a background of any significance.

For the music is, after all, but a background. It is intended merely to illustrate and reinforce the substance and meaning of the poet's creation, helping to tell the story of love or sorrow, hope or doubt, with the delicate, subtle voice that appeals to the inmost heart.

* * * *

MUSICIANS, like other artists, are prone to cherish warm affections for women, and to marry early—as well as often. Yet there is no lack of warnings to women against wedding artists, and there are instances enough to give good support to the belief that it is a risky step. That artists make worse husbands, as a rule, than other men, would be hard to prove. Even Daudet, who wrote a book on the subject, insists in his prologue that his own marriage was most happy, and his acquaintances bear him out in the statement.

The wife of Haydn was a veritable Xanthippe, whose ceaseless scoldings drove him to find companionship outside the home walls, and compelled him into *liaisons* he was hardly to be blamed for. Mozart's wife had little sympathy with his art, and unlike Bach's first wife, had not even a provident outlook upon expenses. She was a peevish and nagging invalid, and did not attend her husband's funeral, leaving his burial to strangers. Both Haydn and Mozart married the younger sisters of the women they really loved.

Chopin never married, and his natural melancholy was not much brightened by his life with the eccentric and revolutionary George Sand. Liszt's amours resulted in children, but never in wedlock. Beethoven, like Michelangelo, and like Handel and Schubert, can be credited only with Platonic devotion to woman.

But the home life of Bach was supremely blessed. His first wife was his cousin; his second spouse was a devoted admirer of his art and the greatest aid in his work. Mendelssohn's wife made his home a paradise and a proverb for happiness. Schumann's marriage was ideal, and his wife, a remarkable musical artist herself, was a continual encouragement to him. They were like newly betrothed lovers all their lives. Though Wagner's second wife was the natural daughter of Liszt, and left her first husband, Hans von Bülow, to live with the author of "Lohengrin," her devotion to his interests while he lived, and to his memory since he died, is unexampled.

* * * *

THE concert season in America this year gives promise of being the most remarkable ever known in this country. The leading concert companies have engaged the best artists available—vocal as well as instrumental.

There are to be a number of novelties brought out. Richard Strauss' "Der Eulenspiegel," and the pantomime music from "Hansel und Gretel" are among them. Added to the unusual lavishness of the Philharmonic and the Symphony concerts, we are to have six Thomas concerts in March.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

One of the most thoroughly educated royal women of our times is the Queen of Portugal, Amélie Louise Helène of Orleans, who has just finished her thirtieth year. She spent her childhood in England among the most favorable surroundings, being brought up with the Prince of Wales' girls under the eye of their mother and of her own highly cultured parents, the late Count of Paris and his wife. As a young girl she enjoyed the hospitality of her own country, passing the summers at her father's beautiful Norman home, the Chateau d'Eu, and the winter season in Paris. She added the finished grace of a Frenchwoman to the solid foundation of her English training.

As the engraving shows, Amélie is a beautiful queen. She is blonde, lithe of figure, with a sweet and yet energetic face. Like her mother, the Countess of Paris, she is an experienced equestrienne and an enthusiastic huntress, and excels in all womanly sports. The people of Portugal esteem their young queen for these attributes no less than for the happiness she conferred upon the country by presenting her husband with two fine boys—the Crown Prince Louis Philip and Prince Manuel, eight and six years old respectively.

Whether by reason of her "sporting blood," as some courtiers assert, or from her wish to conform with national habits, her majesty is one of the most regular patronesses of the Lisbon *corrida de toros*, the bull fight arena. At one of these gory spectacles, not long ago, she saved her husband's life by pushing aside a flag pole that was coming down upon his head—a feat of strength and bravery that more than ever endeared her to the gallant Portuguese.

The history of Queen Amélie's courtship is a romantic one. Her husband was about to start for Vienna to celebrate his betrothal to the Archduchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the Austrian emperor, when upon his arrival at Paris he received news that her imperial highness had changed her mind. Prince Carlos, then known as the Duke of Braganza, was unwilling to return without a bride, and sought the advice of the Marquise de la Ferronay, an old friend of the family. Her ladyship showed him the picture of a young girl, who she said was rich, talented, and his equal in rank.

"I will have her, whoever she may be," exclaimed Carlos. "Where can she be seen?"

"According to this morning's *Figaro*, her royal highness, the Princess Amélie of Orleans, arrived yesterday in Nice."

Three days later the duke and princess met for the first time, and shortly afterwards their betrothal was announced.

* * * *

Of the descendants of Napoleon's brothers only five male princes remain. These five are Victor and Louis Bonaparte, the grandsons of Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, and husband of Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore; the Cardinal Prince Lucien and Prince Napoleon Charles, sons of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, who was the most gifted brother of the great Napoleon; and Prince Roland, nephew of the cardinal, and son of the late Prince Peter Bonaparte and Justine Ruflin.

Of the five, the last three are of no more interest to the imperialists of France than the grandsons of Jerome's disavowed American wife—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, an officer in the French army, and Charles Joseph Bonaparte, who is a distinguished lawyer in Maryland. The cardinal, as well as his brother and nephew, is more Italian than French in education and sentiment. Napoleon Charles married the daughter of a great Roman noble, Princess Christina Ruspoli, who bore him two children, girls. Prince Roland, husband of Marie Blanc, who inherited from her father several millions, the profits of his Monte Carlo gaming tables, is also the father of two princesses.

Victor Bonaparte, the present pretender to the imperial diadem of France, is the eldest son of Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte—popularly known as Prince Napoleon, or by his nickname of "Plon-plon"—who died in March, 1891. "Plon-plon" was himself the son of King Jerome of Westphalia, by the latter's marriage with the Princess Caroline of Würtemberg. That this marriage was bigamous, and therefore null and void, according to American and French law, there can be no doubt. When Jerome espoused the German princess, his union with Elizabeth Patterson had not been dissolved except by an autocratic imperial decree.

Of the great Napoleon's brothers, Joseph, the eldest, was childless; both Lucien, the second, and Louis, the third, became estranged from the emperor. It was the latter's decree that, in case of the death of

The Queen of Portugal.

From a photograph by Bobone, Lisbon.

his own son, the short lived King of Rome, the succession should go to the heirs of his youngest brother, Jerome. In spite of this arrangement, it was a son of the disinherited Louis who succeeded in restoring the empire and mounting the throne as Napoleon III. After his downfall, "Plon-plon" claimed to be the chief representative of the imperial family; and in 1879, when the only son of Napoleon III was killed by the Zulus, his pretensions would have been generally recognized by the adherents of the Napoleonic cause, had not the young prince designated his cousin Victor as his heir, instead of Victor's father.

Prince Napoleon left three children, Victor, Louis, and Letitia, now Dowager Duchess of Aosta. Of them only the latter resembles the great Napoleon, though Béranger's *bon mot*, coined in "Plon-plon's" honor, and asserting that the latter represented "a medallion of the little corporal dipped in German fat," holds good also in her case. Prince Victor lives in Brussels. He is thirty three years of age, unmarried, and devoted to study. He lets it be understood that he has not waived one jot of his "imperial rights," but does little towards asserting them. At the present time the imperialist party in France is without a head, Baron Legoux and Paul de Cassagnac having declined the honor.

Prince Victor Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Géruzet, Brussels.

Victor's brother, Prince Louis, is an inoffensive young man without political aspirations whatsoever. He holds a commission in the Italian army, and is said to have a pretty hard time getting along on a meager salary and a slender allowance from his mother, the Princess Clotilde, sister of King Umberto.

* * * *

COLONEL WILLIAM R. MORRISON tells a short story about himself. Out in Illinois, it seems, two hunters were quarreling over the possession of a duck, which both claimed to have shot; but after some argument one of them gave up the duck to the other. A spectator who thought he recognized the sportsman who had given way, asked another bystander, "Was that Colonel Morrison or his brother?" The person addressed responded that it must have been the colonel's brother, "because," he said, "if that had been Bill Morrison he'd have got the duck."

The anecdote affords Colonel Morrison no little entertainment; for fortunately it does not touch him at a vulnerable point. It may illustrate his aggressiveness, but it is no indication of acquisitiveness. The colonel's lack of wealth is reckoned by his supporters one of the chief arguments in favor of his nomination by the Democratic party for President of the United States. Among so many men who have grown rich while professedly devoting their energies to the public service, Colonel Morrison stands out prominently as a financial sufferer by his participation in politics. He is not exactly poor, but he would have been much richer if he had devoted his time and talents to his own affairs.

Colonel Morrison was a "forty niner" who experienced the hardships of the plains in the days of the gold fever, a wounded veteran of the civil war, and a Congressman of long service, before he entered on his present duties as interstate commerce commissioner. In Congress he was the pioneer of latter day tariff reformers. As chairman of the House committee of ways and means, he proposed that horizontal reduction of the tariff which gained for him the newspaper sobriquet of "Horizontal Bill." He contended earnestly but ineffectually for this reform, and made himself so conspicuous in his opposition to the protective system that he became a shining mark for its advocates; and one day, by extraordinary efforts in his district, they overturned the colonel's majority and elected his opponent, Jehu Baker, a Republican. The dignity of having defeated Colonel Morrison gave more prominence to Mr.

Baker than anything that occurred during his Congressional career.

Colonel Morrison was never in very close sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, but the latter recognized the Illinoisan's great services to the Democratic party, and his personal ability and worth, by appointing him, at the end of his Congressional term, to a place on the interstate commerce commission. He is now the senior member of the commission, and will probably remain in office as long as he wishes, unless his party should add a greater honor to his record. Colonel Morrison is now seventy years of age, and that is usually regarded as the limit for Presidential candidates; still, his name is mentioned frequently as one to be considered in the convention next spring.

Personally, Mr. Morrison is an extremely agreeable man with a rather rough crust. He is a charming conversational companion, when he will be, and he has a reputation as a raconteur. In Washington he lives at a hotel, but he has a home in western Illinois, where Mrs. Morrison and he spend a few weeks each year.

Prince Louis Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Schemboche, Turin.

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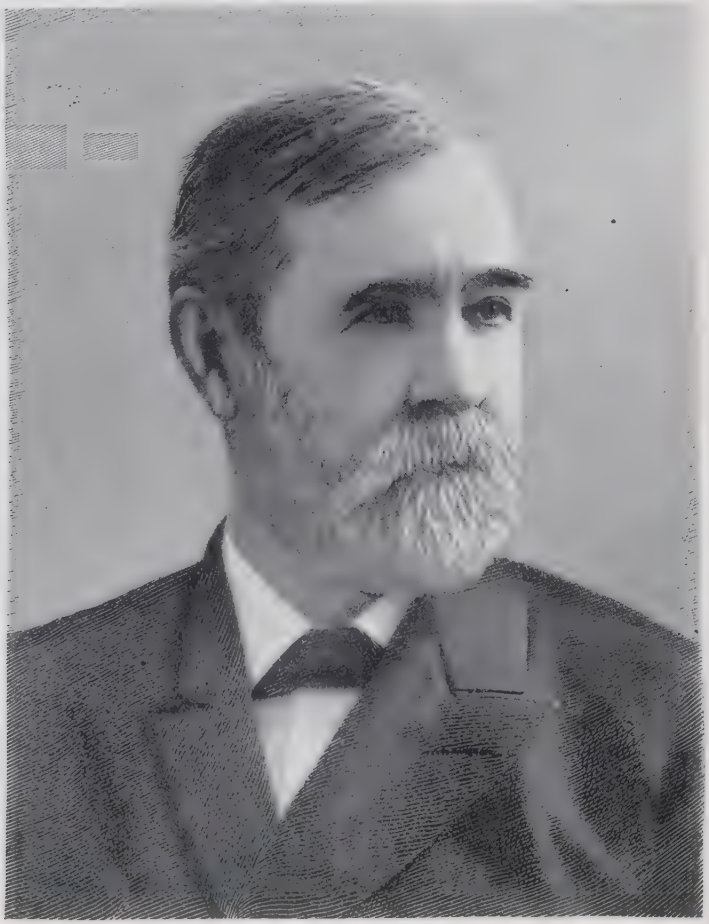
THE name of Garfield is once more heard in Ohio politics. The second son of the murdered president, James Rudolph Garfield, is following in the footsteps of his father, surrounded by a chain of sentimental coincidences. Young Garfield has been nominated for State Senator in the district which in 1859 gave his father an election to the same office. The nomination came to the son on July 2—the fourteenth anniversary of Guiteau's shocking

deed. As in 1859 some of the stern old Republicans of the district thought James Abram Garfield too young for senatorial honors, so in 1895 the same charge was brought against his son; but the objections were overruled and young Garfield was nominated by acclamation. His election is regarded as certain.

James R. Garfield is a lawyer, a graduate of Williams and of the Columbia Law School, and is a partner of his brother Harry, the eldest son of the family. Though practising in the city of Cleveland, he retains his residence at the old Mentor homestead in Lake County. It is the home that his father loved, though since the president's death it has been changed from a modest country cottage into a handsome mansion. James and his wife—who was a Miss Newell—live there with the president's widow, who has always been devoted to her children.

Young Garfield's political career, now just beginning, is one of possibilities. In a few years he will probably take his father's place in Congress, and once established at Washington, backed by the stalwart constituency of the old nineteenth district, who knows what he may accomplish in carrying out the unfinished life work of his father?



Colonel William R. Morrison.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.

* * * *

Adlai E. Stevenson, Vice President of the United States, and possible nominee for the Presidency next year, has seen a good deal of office holding in his time. Aside from local offices in Illinois, he was in Congress for four years, and was first assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's

first term. It was in this last post that Mr. Stevenson conspicuously endeared himself to the national Democracy. Whatever the principles of a party may be, there is a practical yearning for office among its followers when they find their brethren in power. Mr. Cleveland was a public advocate of civil service reform, and when he was made President he did not "turn the rascals out" so fast as many members of his party would have wished. The most extensive patronage, however, was in the hands of the first assistant postmaster general, who had the appointment of fourth class postmasters, not subject to the approval of the President. Mr. Stevenson was in sympathy with those who wished the Republicans put out and the Democrats put in; and he beheaded Republican postmasters at such a rate that "Adlai's axe" was a subject for hilarious congratulation among those who were disappointed in some of the other features of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

It was Mr. Stevenson's agility as a headsman, as much as any other public service he had performed, that made him a candidate of the Illinois Democracy for the nomination for the Presidency in 1892. He had no real chance for this political prize, and he would not have been named for the Vice Presidency if the New York friends of Mr. Hill had not so strenuously opposed Mr. Gray of Indiana.

No sooner had he been inaugurated Vice President than a movement for his nomination for the Presidency was started. It gained strength steadily, until domestic misfortunes compelled Mr. Stevenson to retire from active politics for a time. Two obstacles stand in the way of Mr. Stevenson's popularity as a candidate. Illinois has another favorite son, Colonel Morrison, who has a strong hold on the people as the original tariff reformer of the present political generation. Then, there has been disappointment in the distribution of offices among the Democrats of Illinois, and Mr. Stevenson, who was confidently expected to do something for his people, has found himself with half a dozen minor places in his gift. He has, too, a record as an advocate of free silver coinage; but records of that sort are being effaced every day.

James R. Garfield.
From a photograph by Decker, Cleveland.

Mr. Stevenson is a tall, large headed, plain man. He is dignified but easy of manner, and personal contact always in-

Adlai E. Stevenson.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

creases the number of his friends. As a presiding officer, he has gained the good will of both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate. He has been extremely happy in his home relations, and grief for the death of one of his three daughters has made him almost a recluse for some time. He is a man of moderate means, and his social achievements in Washington are very modest when compared with those of his wealthy predecessor, Mr. Morton.

Mr. Stevenson lives in a hotel in Washington. His family home is in Bloomington. His great grandfather was Ephraim Brevard, the author of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of 1775, the first public assertion of American independence.

* * * *

Two years ago, while traveling in Hungary, the writer came near making the personal acquaintance of the unhappy ruler of Bulgaria, whose attempts at governing appear like spasmodic struggles against political suicide on the one hand, and assassination on the other. A great New York company, at the time, had engaged to insure Prince Ferdinand for the amount of a million dollars, and the writer was invited by its agents to accompany them to Sofia, where the papers were to be signed. On the eve of our departure from Budapest a telegram was received by the head of our little party, ordering us to remain in the Hungarian capital, as his royal highness had decided to come thither on his steam yacht; his arrival was fixed for the following day. This was thought to be a ruse adopted to forestall the fulfilment of the contract contemplated, and the negotiations were considered at end; but forty eight hours later Prince Ferdinand's adjutant appeared at the company's office to report that his master had just arrived by rail, and had taken quarters at the Hotel de Paris. "Tomorrow," he said, "he will meet you gentlemen on board the Vienna steamer."

We mistrusted the information, but never-

theless repaired to the steamer, and traveled to Vienna, much against our will, relying on the assurance of the prince's adjutant—proffered at the moment of our departure—that Ferdinand would join us at a station somewhere between Budapest and the Kaiserstadt. To cut a long story short, our royal customer never "showed up," and we had to pay our own expenses on the trip, and return to Hungary poorer and wiser citizens.

Prince Ferdinand is a man of neither bravery nor resolution. Once in a great while he makes up his mind to do a necessary or politic thing, but suspicions, misgivings, or fears of assassination generally prevent him from acting the part he has undertaken to play. All the members of our party were well recommended to his highness; the representative of the American government had become personally responsible for our good behavior; yet at the last moment Ferdinand's courage failed.

The above, though merely a personal experience, is a typical case. "It is Prince Ferdinand all over," said an Austrian statesman to the writer, who had told him of it. Because Stambuloff dwarfed the prince's personality, he was dismissed, and a nonentity was put in his place. Because Bulgarians continued to regard the deposed premier as their real leader and chief, he was foully assassinated, and his death is openly charged to friends of the crown.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

The chapter relating to the struggles of the Balkan states is one of the saddest in the annals of the nineteenth century, and Prince Ferdinand's biography, we are afraid, will not add luster to its pages.

* * * *

THE venerable Queen of Denmark is now in her seventy eighth year, but her re-

A Royal Family Group.
The Duchess of Fife. The Queen of Denmark. The Princess of Wales.
From a photograph by Downey, London.

markable intelligence and her influence upon the "high politics" of Europe are still unimpaired. As mother of the Dowager Empress of Russia, who appears to be close to the head of affairs in St. Petersburg, and mother in law of the Prince of Wales, who places great reliance in her judgment, she may be said to hold the balance of power in Europe as far as concerns the personal politics of the Czar and of the heir to the British crown—factors that are of the greatest possible consequence to Germany and France. But for her, it is said, young Nicholas might have declined to accept the dangerous crown of Russia after his father's death. It was she, too, that made peace between the Guelphs and the Kaiser. Her son William is King of Greece; and considering her numerous progeny—she has six children, nearly thirty grandchildren, and many great grandchildren—she well deserves her title of "the mother in law of Europe."

Her eldest daughter, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, still lays claim to considerable beauty, though now in her fifty first year.

The English people regard her royal highness with much affection, and sincerely wish her to become their queen. Of her four remaining children the eldest daughter, Princess Louise, married the Duke of Fife. The young duchess has a daughter, styled Lady Alexandra Duff—Duff being her father's family name—who at present stands but one remove away from the line of succession to the throne of the Georges.

* * * *

WITH the exception, perhaps, of that of Wellington, the ducal title of Marlborough is the most famous of the British peerage; and the recent announcement of an engagement between its holder and an heiress of a famous New York family has brought it more than ever before the public eye of America. The present duke—the ninth—is a young fellow of twenty four, whose abilities are said to be promising, and whose maiden speech in the House of Lords was heard with attention. It had often been surmised that he might follow the matrimonial example of his father, who regilded the halls of Blenheim with the gold of a rich American bride.

Lady Lilian Churchill.
From a photograph by Russell, London

Lady Norah Churchill.
From a photograph by Russell, London.

Since his accession, three years ago, the young duke has lived at Blenheim with his mother and his two unmarried sisters, Ladies Lilian and Norah Churchill. His mother was Lady Albertha Frances Hamilton (daughter of the Duke of Abercorn) before her marriage to the late duke, who then bore only the courtesy title of Marquis of Blandford. She has another daughter, Lady Frances, who was recently married to Sir Robert Gresley, a Derbyshire baronet. The two younger girls are described as bright and attractive, and are said to be favorites of their stepmother, formerly Mrs. Hammersley of New York, and now Lady William Beresford.

THE STAGE

SEPTEMBER 2, 1895, will go down in theatrical annals as the date on which New York witnessed more openings than ever before in her history. That in which most interest was taken was the début of the brothers Holland, E. M. and Joseph, as joint stars in a new comedy written for them by the brothers Paulton. Mr. Mansfield's cozy Garrick Theater was crowded with a friendly audience, who knew beforehand that success was assured so far as the actors were concerned. The only question was of the play, which proved to be bright and sufficiently entertaining, if not deeply original or surprisingly clever. Two such sterling artists deserve well at the hands of the public; given a medium of equal merit with themselves, which "A Man With a Past" certainly is not, an evening with the Hollands should come to mean much to the theater goer.

Perhaps all who see him are not aware of Joe Holland's infirmity. Certainly none would guess it from his work. He inherits deafness, and as he cannot catch his cues by ear, he is obliged to learn every rôle in the piece. Then he times the moment for his own speeches by a system of counting which never fails him—

Norah Lamison.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago

Yvette Guilbert.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

unless by some untoward accident due to the blunder of another actor.

The Hollands are well supported by the Garrick stock company. We present a portrait of Norah Lamison, a promising member of the organization. Miss Lamison began only two years ago, with a small part in "The Sportsman." Later she was seen in "The Private Secretary," and "Shenandoah," and has also been with Rose Coghlan. She had long desired to be in Mr. Mansfield's company, and last Christmas he offered her the engagement that had been the object of her ambition.

It is a singular fact that the majority of the singers who make a sensational success on the vaudeville stage have neither good voices nor good looks to commend them. They seem to conquer by a certain charm of manner—an ability to capture the class of audience to which they appeal by throwing out a nameless sort of magnetism which appears to numb the critical faculties. Yvette Guilbert is no exception to the rule, and yet, if reports are to be believed, her yearly earnings exceed the salary of the President of the United States.

The story of her life is an interesting one.

Eleonora Duse.

From a photograph by Bettini, Leghorn.

Her father gambled away his money, and at his death Yvette was obliged to help her mother in the superintendence of a shop for the making of embroidery. But Mme. Guilbert became blind, and Yvette, now seventeen, was obliged to go out into the world to earn bread. She was first a lay figure for the trying on of gowns at a dressmaker's; then she went to the Printemps, the great Paris dry goods establishment, and slaved there as a shop girl for twenty dollars a month. Her health broke down under the strain, and she tried writing society notes for one of the papers. This opened the way to managers, and at last she was engaged at the Eldorado.

She made so little impression that after two months the director reduced her salary from five hundred to four hundred francs a month. But Yvette felt sure she had found her vocation, and persevered. In spite of the apathy of the public, and the insolence of managers, she struggled on, and success came at last. Paris,

as everybody knows, went wild about her; London, likewise, has declared her to be incomparable, and now Oscar Hammerstein, after a fierce competition, has engaged her to open his new Olympia Music Hall this month at a fabulous salary.

Blanche Massey.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

Guilbert was not especially anxious to come, it appears. The correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, interviewing her last May, tells of the impression made on her by the New York *Sun's* prognostications of her failure here.

"I am not a Mme. Duse, I am not a Bernhardt, says the *Sun*. I am not many people. But the *Sun* never says I am Yvette Guilbert. It also says I am not pretty. The *Sun* is right. I am not pretty. You see, I was not consulted before my birth as to my looks. If I had been, oh, how pretty I should have been! The *Sun* frightens me."

To the reporter of a Brussels paper Guilbert once gave the following directions to insure success as a "variety" singer:

"You must buy a pair of long black gloves —real black ones, and very long ones, too. Into them you slip two long arms, as long as possible, and you allow them to hang in a negligent manner in front of you, below your waist. You don't make much use of these long black arms. What is the use of tiring them? Then you must look as if you are greatly annoyed, and the public, which is very kind, will say,

"'Ah! there is a real nice little woman. How full of ennui she appears to be, and notwithstanding that she is good enough to come

Amelia Summerville as "Trilby."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

forward and sing us a little song. How kind of her!"

"So you sing and become a great success."

* * * *

WHEN Duse was here two years ago, she attracted more attention by positively refusing to be interviewed than columns of the usual reportorial twaddle would have gained for her. Nor was her action dictated by the artful suggestion of an enterprising advance agent, skilled in the concocting of novel devices for capturing the ear of the public. The letters of the great Italian actress, whose success in America was so unquestionably great, are about to be published, and in them she tells the reason for her wish to keep the personal side of her life wholly to herself.

Twelve years ago Duse was playing in Rio Janeiro, while yellow fever was ravaging the city. Diotti, a fellow actor, was stricken down during a rehearsal, but the company were compelled to play all the same. The first night they gave "Fedora," and so full were the actress' thoughts of the dying man, that, as she

says herself, she might as well have said, "Loris, I love thee," as "Loris, I leave thee." So weak was her voice that none in the audience would have known the difference. The next program was "Denise," given to an almost empty house.

"My poor *Denise*," she writes, "so simple, so devoid of all sensational elements—no toilets to speak of, no jewels—the audience listened to her during the first act; they paid her some attention in the second act, too. In the third act I had a crying scene; I cried real tears, and the audience cried with me. Mine was victory."

But Diotti died, and Duse's life was changed.

"You cannot help remembering," she says, "what has at one period of life torn your heart. And then come men and women, people you have never seen, strangers for whom you care not and who do not care for you, to inquire who you are and what you are, what you feel, what you think. They want to know all about your past. And when you refuse to receive them, when you do not answer their questions, they call you proud, full of pretensions, arrogant. Arrogant, and why? Because you will not tell them what you are afraid to tell yourself, what frightens you, what you mean to keep a secret from your own heart."

Julia Arthur.

From a photograph by Thors, San Francisco.

We were to have Duse with us this winter, but she has been so ill that her engagement with Mr. Miner was necessarily canceled. She is said to be beset with acute melancholy, and at times her life has been despaired of.

* * * *

OUR portrait of Blanche Massey recalls "The Gaiety Girl," Augustin Daly's incongruous

Madeleine Verneuil.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

success of last season. After Cissy Fitzgerald's defection, Miss Massey stepped into her place. Daly's season this year was opened with a piece of an altogether different character. "Le Collier de la Reine" ("The Queen's Necklace") is such an exhibition of Worth gowns as the stage has never before set forth. Fancy a ten dollar a week "super," with never a word to say, wearing a dress that cost nine hundred francs, and which bears the tag of the most famous maker of women's clothes in the world! No wonder the ladies flock to see a play which presents one galaxy after another of toilets in the pronounced picturesqueness of the Louis XVI period. Mrs. Potter wears no less than twelve different gowns, and it requires two separate tables in her dressing room to hold the hats that accompany them.

Mrs. Potter plays the dual rôle of *Marie Antoinette* and *Oliva*, and in the last act is called upon to make a complete change of costume in one minute. Mr. Bellew is very impressive as *Cardinal de Rohan*.

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HENRY IRVING'S company this season contains a member so familiar to us all that we are wont to look upon her as an American. And yet Miss Julia Arthur owes allegiance to the sovereign who so recently knighted Mr. Irving. She is a native of Toronto, Canada, and played *Juliet* when she was only sixteen. She was leading woman with A. M. Palmer's

company when he produced "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Miss Arthur prefers emotional rôles to any others, and declares that the hardest thing for her to do on the stage is to laugh to order, as she was obliged to do in the first act of "Saints and Sinners."

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IT was at Toronto, by the way, that Amelia Summerville became seized with the burning desire to go on the stage. Mrs. Holman, with her two little girls, was playing in "The Forty Thieves," and Miss Summerville, being little more than a girl herself at the time, left no stone unturned until she brought about the realization of her desires.

Her hit as the *Merry Mountain Maid* in Dixey's "Adonis" is remembered by all. And now she has paralleled it by her success as *Trilby* in the "Merry World's" burlesque. Miss Summerville declines to tell how she transformed herself from the proportions of *Mrs. Pixton* in "Jane" (which character she has also impersonated) to the truest picture of Du Maurier's heroine that the stage has yet given us.

"I saw," she says, "that there was a better opportunity for me in the svelte line, and I have made myself equal to it, as you see. My profession is merely a matter of business. I have the support of my two young children to look after, and although my work keeps me separated from them, the money must be forthcoming. The footlights no longer possess any charm for me. They simply mark the boundaries of my nightly toil."

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SINCE Miss Summerville's defection from the ranks of the "heavy weights," May Irwin reigns alone as star of the realm. She has this season become a star in fact as well as by compliment, and has achieved a goodly store of success with "The Widow Jones," which opened New York's Bijou Theater under the management of Rudolph Aronson. Hitherto this house has borne an uncertain sort of reputation, but now, swept, garnished, its narrow limits apparently widened by walls frescoed in azure tint, and all sense of cramping lost in the comfortable roominess of the new chairs, the Bijou will rank with the best houses in the metropolis—so far as the hither side of the curtain is concerned.

For the rest, "The Widow Jones" is an auspicious note to strike as an overture. It is a light one, to be sure, and farce comedies all have their tedious moments, but May Irwin is so sincere, so frankly conscious of her limitations, and so clever at doing, being, and assuming that for which nature has fitted her, that with her on the stage there is an end to the dead flat level of commonplace on which the usual "comedy with songs" reposes.

To those who have seen "The Widow Jones," and noted that its third act is laid among the Thousand Islands, it may be of interest to know that Miss Irwin owns Island No. 669 in the St. Lawrence river group.

THE ancient Athenians were accused of constantly seeking some new thing. New Yorkers could not well be blamed for doing likewise, after the enervating effects of last summer's roof garden season. And they have actually found the "positive novelty," in ample quantity, too, for it is in the shape of George Lockhart's comic elephants at Proctor's Pleasure Palace. Trick ponies, performing dogs, educated cats, the whole list of brute and human kind who try hard to entertain us, pale before the easy nonchalance with which these three elephants dance, stand on their heads, ride the velocipede, and actually enact a comedy. To see Boney simulate intoxication, even to the rolling of the eyes, is to experience an almost uncanny sensation of wonderment. Not one of the creatures requires to be coaxed, the pitiful spectacle so often seen in the circus ring. The performance appears to be an actual delight to them.

A somewhat unusual addition is being made to Mr. Proctor's new building in the shape of a Palm Garden and an Oriental Divan, so arranged that for star acts like that of the elephants, the two stages, which are back to back, may be thrown into one, when the two audiences will find themselves facing each other.

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THEATER going is being made too expensive. While the general trend of prices is steadily downward, the cost of an evening's entertainment has recently been placed on the ascending scale. And it is just when a manager's outlay promises to be diminished that he proceeds to raise the rates; for with a long run assured, he escapes the expense of fresh mountings for a new piece. The report of a success instantly draws the speculator to the scene, so that three hours in a well located orchestra chair at a really popular play means $2.50 for each person. Compare the value he receives for his money with the return he would get by investing the same sum in a thirty months' subscription to MUNSEY'S!

That reasonable prices for theatrical entertainment are not only practicable but profitable, is evidenced by the continued success of the Castle Square Theater in Boston, referred to in our September issue. MUNSEY'S will be glad to commend to its two or three million readers the next manager who will place himself in this vanguard of the coming era.

The New York houses now charging the old standard price of $1.50 for the best seats are the Academy of Music, American, Broadway, Bijou, Casino, Fifth Avenue, Garden, Herald Square, Olympia, Palmer's, Standard, and Star. The two dollar theaters are Abbey's, Daly's, Empire, Garrick, Hoyt's, Lyceum.

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ALTHOUGH Sothern is not exactly a personage of regal aspect, he has made a hit with "The Prisoner of Zenda," which to those who have not read the story is an extremely interesting play. On the man who has followed Mr. Hope's narrative, the changes that have been introduced into the dramatic version

make a somewhat jarring impression, and yet it is not difficult to understand why "Zenda" stands out as the dramatic success of the autumn. The love of romance is inborn in every breast, and it is romance pure and simple that breathes from every scene of the dramatized adventures of *Rudolf Rassendyll*. The prologue is tedious and quite unnecessary; the management of the Lyceum give evidence of having an impression of this sort themselves by advertising the first act to begin at 8:30, the prologue at 8. The stock season at this house opens during the present month with "The Home Secretary," by R. C. Carton. If this play equals in merit Mr. Carton's "Liberty Hall," Daniel Frohman's clever company should not find it necessary to trouble themselves with rehearsals for the remainder of the season.

The failure of the autumn was "The City of Pleasure." Why Charles Frohman should have decided to put this on at the Empire seems hard to understand. When his handsome theater was opened, he expressly announced that it was to be carefully reserved for the performances of the regular stock company. It seemed like the hand of avenging fate that the admission of melodrama to the place should be attended with dire disaster. New Yorkers, however, can afford to view the failure with equanimity, as it gives them two weeks more of the John Drew season.

Even "The City of Pleasure," whose last and worst act was remodeled before its brief run ended, roused real enthusiasm in spots through the vigorous work of Elita Proctor Otis, who was intrusted with a rôle which in less competent keeping would have utterly damned the piece instead of giving it the right to live as long as it did.

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MR. FROHMAN may recoup himself for the losses sustained through "The City of Pleasure" by the monetary gains from "The Sporting Duchess" and "The Gay Parisians." The last named comes to us from a highly prosperous career in Paris, and appears to have suffered little by the transplanting, an operation which has of late been fatal to others of its kind.

Apropos of the French capital, our portrait of Madeleine Verneuil shows the actress who created the rôle of *Queen Caroline*, one of Napoleon's sisters, in "Madame Sans Gêne," at its original production. She has since gone from the Vaudeville to the Gymnase.

"The Sporting Duchess" is far below "The Fatal Card" in artistic merit, but it is equally well cast. Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, E. J. Ratcliffe, R. A. Roberts, Francis Carlyle, Cora Tanner, Alice Fischer—these are names that seem strangely out of place in a play where horses come and go as freely as do men and women. Or at least they would have seemed out of place two seasons ago. Nowadays one "blood and thunder" drama absorbs as many good people as would have sufficed to cast two or three society plays half a decade ago. If it be true, however, that we cannot find clever plays in the legitimate line, and *must* fall back on the tank, the paddock, and the dynamite bomb, it is an extenuating circumstance that the fall is broken by such clever hands.

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THE most curious feature about a melodrama is the inevitable impression of burlesque which it conveys to the well balanced mind. For five years past we have been regaled with certain alleged jokes of a melodramatic flavor by the humorous journals of the land, and when the hero, the villain, and the persecuted and beautiful damsel once more tread the real boards it is hard to remember that their lines are to be seriously construed.

This is true only of the blasé worldlings who in immaculate evening dress occupy the orchestra chairs and the boxes. In the dim, mysterious heights of the gallery, where coats may be discarded, and where peanuts are strictly *comme il faut*, the heroics of melodrama are surpassingly attractive. The tribulations of injured innocence, the wondrous machinations of the omnipotent detective, the ultimate vindication of the hero—all these bring the gods to their feet in an ecstasy of appreciation. At the various climaxes of "The Great Diamond Robbery" the air is filled with a babel of sound in which shrill whistles, trampling of feet, and cries of triumph mingle strangely. And what do the players think of these noisy demonstrations?

To Mme. Janauschek, who of late has been a comparative stranger to metropolitan audiences, such a reception must be dear as the breath of life. She plays her part excellently. Under the name of *Frau Rosenbaum* it is a faithful representation of Mother Mandelbaum, for years one of the most notorious criminals of the metropolis, and Mme. Janauschek is thoroughly mistress of her work.

To Katherine Grey, the harassed heroine, the vociferation of the gallery gods comes as a new experience, and is not wholly pleasing. Miss Grey is immensely ambitious, and true to the highest ideals of dramatic art, and is therefore sensible of the fact that melodrama dangerously approaches the bourne of barnstorming. But the uproar of her audiences is, after all, a tribute that expresses only unbounded admiration.

The situations of "The Great Diamond Robbery" are well conceived. It is not a very impressive type of drama, but of its kind it is as meritorious a composition as New Yorkers can hope to see; and with the strong cast given it at the American Theater, it really is well worth seeing.

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WHEN the parts for "The Chieftain" were given out last spring, Francis Wilson informed Lulu Glaser that she was to play *Dolly*, his wife.

"Very well," said Miss Glaser, not in the least surprised, for the rôle was precisely in her line. But she had scarcely begun to plan her conception of the character when somebody

discovered that *Dolly* appears only in the second and last act.

"The public will never stand that, you know," said Mr. Wilson. "I tell you what we will do; you must be *Juanita*, the dancing girl. That is *the* soubrette part, after all."

"Very well," said Miss Glaser again, with perfect confidence that she would be cast to the best advantage whatever happened.

The season ended, Miss Glaser went with her mother to their summer home at Sewickley, just out of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Wilson sailed for Europe. He saw "The Chieftain" in London, and at once sent off a cablegram to Sewickley: "You are to play *Rita*."

This was indeed a surprise to Miss Glaser—to be the sedate and dignified prima donna of the house bill! It almost took her breath away.

"Do you think I can do it?" she asked Mr. Wilson, when he returned.

"I will stake my reputation on it," was the prompt reply.

So when Sullivan's brigands' opera was produced at Abbey's in September, the public and the critics were electrified to find that Mr. Wilson's leading woman was as strong in "straight" parts as she had proved herself to be in the lighter lines in which she had first endeared herself to them.

"But oh, wasn't I nervous that first night!" she confessed to the writer. "And didn't I pick up the papers the next morning with fear and trembling?"

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Of the other new comic operas of the autumn, "Fleur de Lis," designed for Della Fox, seems better adapted to set forth the abilities of her clever comedian, Jefferson de Angelis, than her own. "Princess Bonnie" proved groundless the fears of the Philadelphian, cited last month, by remaining for six weeks at New York's Broadway Theater, where Gilbert's new opera "His Excellency" will be playing when these lines are read. The costumes in this last production are of such an elaborate description that the London *Queen* devoted a special article to them. The women's stiff head dresses are said to be extremely effective. They are made of velvet or cloth, with antique jeweled pendants hanging just above the face, the whole secured at the back with bows of ribbon, the long ends left streaming.

At the Casino, now closed for rebuilding, we are to have, on November 4, Frank Daniels as a comic opera star in "The Wizard of the Nile," for which Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert are jointly responsible; while to the Garrick, in the gap left by Mr. Mansfield's illness, comes the new opera by Thomas Pearsall Thorne, whose melodious work was last heard in "The Maid of Plymouth."

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By the time this number is in the reader's hands, the public will have passed upon a new play by that prolific writer, Henry Guy Carleton—"Ambition," now billed for presentation by Nat Goodwin at the Fifth Avenue Theater. James A. Herne will shortly return to this house for a two months' season with "Shore Acres," to be followed by Crane, with a new comedy by Franklin Fyles, co-author with David Belasco of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Speaking of Belasco, much is expected of his "Heart of Maryland," for which clear time has been reserved at the Herald Square Theater. Although not a melodrama, the incident with which the third act closes is well calculated to thrill the most sluggish nerves. Mrs. Leslie Carter, in order to prevent the ringing of a bell that will betray the escape of her lover from prison, climbs the steeple of a church and clutches the clapper of the bell just in the nick of time. The feat is such a hazardous one that Mrs. Carter has taken a special course of gymnastic training in order to fit herself for the rôle. To be an actress nowadays a woman must needs possess not only the dramatic instinct to conceive a part, but the physical courage to face injury and possible death in depicting it. The horses that were latterly introduced into "The Girl I Left Behind Me" literally drove Sydney Armstrong from the stage:

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Who shall decide when two critics employed by the same establishment disagree? Speaking of the Holland brothers' new drama, "A Social Highwayman," produced at the Garrick Theater September 24, the morning *Sun* of the next day said, in the course of its condemnatory review:

> If it were necessary to dwell any further on the weakness of the play, it might be suggested that Miss M. A. Stone has not made a drama out of Miss Train's story with any regard to the demands of effective stage writing. The work is little more of a play than it was in the original form.

That same afternoon the *Evening Sun's* dramatic man wrote:

> Miss Stone has done her work well. The play which the audience saw last night was notable for its unconventionalities. Miss Stone has steered clear of all the familiar claptrap. The climaxes are quiet, and it is worth while noting that with all the materials of a riproaring melodrama close at hand, the actors played their parts with so much discretion that the play was raised into the plane of high comedy at once.

As a matter of fact, "A Social Highwayman" is one of the cleverest pieces of dramatic work our stage has seen in many weary moons. The morning *Sun* man must feel very lonely, for his evening satellite was only one of a host of reviewers who lauded Miss Stone's work. Not to see this play is to miss a treat. And the secret of its success? Action, for one thing. There is something for the eye to watch from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. Then, the effects come naturally; one is spared the sight of labored straining after them. There is no skimping in the cutting of the cloth out of which "A Social Highwayman" is made. Reserve power is an insistent element throughout. And the Holland company are in every respect equal to the por-

trayal of this latest addition to the lengthening list of happily dramatized stories.

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QUITE an interesting little history is connected with the production of "A Social Highwayman." The novel, which is by Elizabeth Phipps Train, appeared last July. Mr. Mansfield read it, found strong dramatic possibilities in it, and passed it over to Miss Stone, who is his private secretary, to turn into a play. This she did, accenting the part of *Hanby*, the valet —now enacted by E. M. Holland—which Mr. Mansfield intended to play himself. Then came his illness, and the sudden need of the Messrs. Holland for a new piece.

"Let them have 'A Social Highwayman,'" said Mr. Mansfield, and Miss Stone was asked to make the necessary alterations in her work.

These were so sweeping that it practically amounted to rewriting the entire play. In fact, the fourth act was completed barely a week before the night of the first performance.

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THE success of this dramatized novel, following so closely on that of "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," threatens to inundate the stage with stories made over into plays. "Tess" has already been turned into one; Hall Caine's "Manxman" made a very good impression last season, and altogether literary men and women do not cut such a sorry figure before the footlights as we have been led to believe they do.

Paul Potter's version of "Trilby," by the way, was produced by Beerbohm Tree at Manchester, England, early in September, with the most gratifying results. But "Alabama" fell flat in London. A like fate was meted out to Augustus Thomas' "The Capitol," produced at New York's Standard Theater early in September, although Mr. Hill made a scarcely laudable effort to force it. Mr. Thomas' name, of course, insured a respectful hearing for the play, but one cannot escape the conviction that had such a deadly uninteresting, awkwardly constructed drama come from an unknown hand, it would, if produced at all, have shared the early grave in which "The Bathing Girl" was buried after one night of life on Broadway.

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"WHAT'S in a name?" Certainly enough to make our playwrights cautious about the category in which they place their work, after Henry Guy Carleton's recent experience. When John Drew produced "That Imprudent Young Couple" in New York, for the opening of his season at the Empire, the critics fell upon it tooth and nail. Even Mr. Drew himself, confirmed metropolitan favorite that he is, did not escape. A visit to the theater, on the night following the publication of these animadversions, revealed a play full of bright touches, replete with clever dialogue, burdened with perhaps two or three scenes that need cutting, and the whole witnessed by a good sized audience, which was undoubtedly amused. The theme is slight, to be sure, and of course it is somewhat of a shock to see the man who was so strongly virile in "The Bauble Shop" making wry faces in a farce. But at the same time it displays the versatility of the artist, and just here is the rock on which the critics split. Mr. Carleton has called his play a comedy, and as such it was reviewed, but it is really a farce.

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DANIEL FROHMAN is reported as saying that there is more money to be made with "The Prisoner of Zenda" on tour than in New York, "even under the most favorable circumstances." As he had previously stated that the Hope-Rose play was as big a metropolitan success as he had ever managed, this last assertion carries much weight, coming from such a source. In very truth, New York is the bugbear of the profession. All managers covet its indorsement, but all realize that they must suffer in pocket to secure it.

One well known theatrical man boasts that although he has controlled many amusement enterprises over a long term of years, he has never brought one of them nearer the metropolis than Brooklyn. Nat Goodwin threatened at one time never to play in New York again. Francis Wilson would much prefer spending his whole season where he can run out to his home in New Rochelle every night, but while he makes money in New York, he makes so much more in other cities, on New York's indorsement, that the temptation to keep on gathering it in is too strong to be resisted. Gothamites are thus placed in the somewhat anomalous position of having the cream of the theatrical menu spread before them while other towns settle the bill.

An investigation into the reason for this condition of things reveals the fact that so many managers are eager for the metropolitan *visé* on their offerings that they glut the market. Even London, with its enormous population, has only some sixteen first class playhouses, while New York, with two rivers cutting it off from its most densely peopled suburbs, boasts of eighteen. When premises such as these are taken into consideration, is it not the inevitable conclusion that the managers themselves are to blame if the metropolis is rated a poor show town from a box office point of view?

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HENRY IRVING opened his American season in Montreal, September 16, and thanks to the speculators, found himself confronted by not a few empty seats. If Americans should take a firm stand in this matter, as the Canadians now appear to have done, perhaps our managers will discover a more effective method of dealing with the nuisance than their present flaunting but futile display of sign boards and transparencies on the sidewalk. The announcement that tickets bought outside will be refused at the door is either a childish dodging of responsibility, or else a tacit confession that the box office is in league with the speculators; for if the tickets are not marked in some way, how is the gateman to know where they have been purchased?

LITERARY CHAT

THEY have a "silly season" in London every year, and it always breeds some question that is furiously discussed for the moment. This year they had two. One was a frantic effort to discover the proper age for love, and the other a discussion whether novel reading prevents marriage.

The weight was on the affirmative side of this last question. Statistics were given to prove that wherever novels are read in great numbers, men and women marry later and later, and many never marry at all. One young man wrote that "novels make real life appear tame; after reading of the turquoise backed hairbrushes which society (?) girls send to their admirers, the modest Christmas card seems poor indeed." It is supposed that novel readers have not the pluck to face the Spartan simplicity of love in a cottage.

But the decision is hardly likely to affect the sales of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel. The book will not be out for two years, but it is said that over ten thousand have already been ordered.

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MRS. LYNN LINTON sees everything in the full daylight. There are no illusions for her. She has spent a rather long and fairly busy life in pricking bubbles of one sort and another. Somebody said, a dozen years ago, that he pitied Mrs. Linton's contemporaries whenever she should begin writing reminiscences; and now she has opened her note books.

Happily, the people of whom she writes are dead. She says that many of the famous women she knew in her youth had already been complacently forgotten by their world. Miss Jane Porter, whose "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was for so long a favorite novel in America, stands in her memory as a living monolith of prehistoric times—a gaunt woman, with a black headcloth and a precise manner. Mrs. Linton recalls that the women who wrote then were few and far between, and to those who gained any applause at all the echo of their own fame filled their ears with music. All of these women were conscious of themselves—all save Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope. We may forgive this lady's hard blows at America when Mrs. Linton lightly describes her as "just a brisk, good natured kind of a well bred henwife, fond of a joke, and not troubled with squeamishness."

But Mrs. Linton's most interesting reminiscence is of Marian Evans, before she became famous as George Eliot. In those days Marian Evans was not even recognized as a conventional gentlewoman, but was regarded as provincial and under bred. She is described as having an unbrushed, unwashed look, together with a high attitude of superiority. Mrs. Linton went to call upon her and Mr. Lewes immediately after they set up housekeeping in St. John's Wood. At that time there was no pretense of a sanctioned union. Mrs. Linton says that the affectation of superior morality that came later was born of success. George Eliot was a perfectly natural woman, happy in the consciousness that at last she had made her choice. She is said to have had a real nobility of expression and grandness of bearing. Mrs. Linton expresses the opinion that she might have been the greatest woman of this or any age; but success turned her head.

"I have never seen," Mrs. Linton says, "any woman so artificial as George Eliot." Living as the wife of a married man, she sought to uphold the sanctity of marriage. Mrs. Linton denies all truth to the report that the union was ever in any way legalized. Still, during Mr. Lewes' lifetime, and until her second marriage, it had the veil of romance and sanctity that surrounds intense passion and constancy. She secured the recognition of some of the best people in England while George Lewes was alive, but her second marriage, according to Mrs. Linton, lost her everything. Her biographer sums up her character by saying that with all her appearance of intensity, she had no real thoroughness. When there came a strain upon her self reliance, she collapsed under it, and her "marriage" with George Lewes fell into ruins like the card house it really was.

Mrs. Linton is always entertaining, but we feel a sense of loss when she pinches values from our idols.

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IT is time for somebody to revive the Dickens cult. The present generation has "no time" to read Dickens, because it considers him old fashioned. He has not the living qualities of Thackeray, but he has not gone entirely out of date. It is safe to say that no popular story of this decade equals "A Tale of Two Cities" for romantic interest. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," at their best, have not one tenth the vividness of "Oliver Twist." One well selected chapter of Dickens' contains more genuine humor than any half dozen books of today that anybody can name.

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EVERY day we have a new instance of fame and popularity created by chance. Of the reading public, one half blindly follows the other half, and nine tenths of the writers see what the tenth man has said he saw. For fifty years Americans have been longing for the blue skies of Italy, because the fog surrounded English poets started the cry, when there is no such blue on earth as that which arches over our own continent.

Mr. Robert Hichens is a man who has climbed to distinction through advertisement. He wrote "The Green Carnation" at a moment when events made the book talked about, simply because his chief character happened to be arrested as a criminal. Being a wise young man, he has since put earnest work into the hands of the people who had learned his name. It was something like *Mr. Merryman*, with his jokes, calling the audience around the medicine wagon.

Mr. Hichens' work is good, but it would probably have fallen rather flat but for his first success. They tell us now that he is to give us another "new woman" novel. He is quite a young man, still under thirty, with a firm, square face and brilliant eyes. He has spent a good deal of time in Egypt, and it is said to have been the sight of the pyramids which inspired him to write "An Imaginative Man."

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Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's marriage is announced, and the self styled "hardened bachelor" will hereafter know domestic joys as well as his hardly earned literary pleasures. Mr. Weyman has been called a man of rare reticence, but whether by his own exertions or not, it is quite certain that there is no living author whose life, experience, and peculiarities are more easily ascertained. He was neither born famous, nor was his fame thrust upon him. He achieved it. His work is conscientious and carefully done. The widespread interest inspired by his books has justified the publication of much that would be trivial if related of a lesser man.

Mr. Weyman has just passed forty, and is today the leading English disciple and apostle of romantic fiction, and with every new book from his pen it becomes more evident how closely he is following in the path blazed out by his great predecessor, Dumas.

He has, from his earliest boyhood, found his best friends in his books, and curiously enough loved best of all to burrow into the history of England, which he now finds lacking in romance. He is an earnest advocate of the new school of fiction, recognizing, as he says, "a healthy reaction" in the work of Stevenson and Conan Doyle Together with these authors he is a lover of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and such old time English poets as Pope and Dryden.

The earlier years of Mr. Weyman's life were dark with discouragement. As a lawyer he failed ignominiously, and when he tried his hand at reporting for the *St. James' Gazette* he was found equally lacking. He retired in despair to his Shropshire house with the depressing conviction that his life was a failure, and, forgetting that "it is always darkest before the dawn," resigned himself to a seemingly unknown place in the world.

All this time he possessed genius. Carlyle has called it "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and the definition is peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Weyman. Every paragraph that he writes is polished and perfected with untiring care, only to be again revised and altered when it comes to him in the form of proof. On "A Gentleman of France," which was to make his name known in every quarter of the English reading globe, he expended a year of unremitting labor, never writing more than one thousand words a day, and revising and altering these with feverish anxiety. What an example for some of the so called geniuses who turn out a novel a month and make our lives miserable!

The life of this narrator of romance and adventure has not been wholly destitute of stirring incident. In 1886, while journeying through the Pyrenees with a friend, he was apprehended on suspicion of being a Belgian spy. Remonstrances were of no avail, and the two Englishmen were marched under bayonets and revolvers along the high roads to the neighboring town. Here, of course, they were released, but not until they had spent a night in a cell, and Mr. Weyman had learned how it feels to be entangled in one of the complications such as he afterwards made famous in his books.

"From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" is the latest work worthy of him which Mr. Weyman has published, for "The King's Stratagem" is marred by several modern stories, and he is not at home in any scenes save those that are rife with the clash of midnight encounter and the mysteries of intrigue. But "A Minister of France" is as stirring as its predecessors. Every page rings with the triplicate hoof beat of horses, with the challenge of brave words and the subtlety of keen contrivance. In such an atmosphere Mr. Weyman is a master. Again we seem to see the dauntless *D'Artagnan*, *Porthos*, *Aramis*, and *Athos*, again the old days when every man's sword was at his friend's service and his enemy's throat. It is a good school, this new romance, and for what he has done Mr. Weyman deserves the admiration of every lover of healthy, robust fiction.

For it is indeed a pleasure to turn from the novels of the hour in which women love their friends' husbands or their husbands' friends—any one, in short, but their husbands—from the heartache and bitterness and unbelief of the day, and bury oneself in one of Mr. Weyman's books, where everything is light and impetuous and rioting with bravery and action and the stern joy of combat.

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We are soon to have a new book by Menie Muriel Dowie, who will always be remembered as the author of "A Girl in the Carpathians." A few years after the publication of that remarkable book, there was a rumor—probably a baseless one—that Miss Dowie never visited the Carpathians, but compiled her interesting book from material collected in the British Museum. She belongs to an old English family, and has been both actress and journalist. She is the wife of Mr. Henry Norman, who is well known on both sides of the At-

lantic. He is the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Like his wife, he has been a great traveler, his journeyings in the far east having furnished him with some of his best material. His "Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a standard book among students of eastern life and character.

* * * *

AMERICA and Americans are evidently pleasing to Dr. A. Conan Doyle, as he expects to seek our shores again during the coming winter, and this time Mrs. Doyle will accompany him. Of lecturing, however, he admits that he has had his fill, for while his recent efforts in that line in this country brought him many good friends and enjoyable experiences, they were but indifferently successful.

"The Stark Munro Letters" is as totally different from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" as two books by the same author could well be. Such a statement seems to insinuate that Dr. Doyle's new book is dull, and so, to be frank, it is. It is absolutely uninteresting when viewed in any light save that of the purpose with which it was written, namely, that "some young man, harassed by the needs of this world and doubts of the next, should get strength by reading how a brother had passed down the valley of shadow before him."

"The Stark Munro Letters" consists of sixteen letters, announced on the title page, for some inexplicable reason, as a "series of twelve." Each letter contains certain reflections on matters religious and ethical, which form a valley of shadow for the reader as well as the author. They may be the outcome of Dr. Doyle's youthful ponderings, or they may be the product of maturer cogitation, but in either case they may be omitted with profit from a perusal of the book.

The writer of the letters is one *J. Stark Munro*, a young doctor who struggles, despairs, hopes, gets married, and dies in the conventional manner of characters in fiction, and the narrative is unenlivened save by his friend and enemy, *Cullingworth*. It would be interesting to know whether in all his experience Dr. Doyle has ever met any one quite so erratic as this personage, or whether he is purely a figment of the imagination. *Cullingworth* is a successful physician, with his house crowded with the maimed, halt, and blind, whom he thus addresses from the top of the stairs:

"Stop your confounded jabbering down there! I might as well be living above a poultry show!"

His treatment of his patients—patient, forsooth, in more than one sense of the word!—is at least original:

> He roared, he raved, he swore, he pushed them about, slapped them on the back, shoved them against the wall, and occasionally rushed out to the head of the stairs to address them *en masse*. . . . To some of his patients he neither said one word nor did he allow them to say one. With a loud "Hush" he would rush at them, thump them on the chest, listen to their hearts, write their labels, and then run them out of the room by their shoulders.

And so *ad infinitum*. Where under the sun Dr. Doyle ever got such an extraordinary conception is a matter for wondering conjecture. Did Dr. Doyle's genius die with *Sherlock Holmes?*

* * * *

"I TRY to tell a plain tale as I know it. I believe the world to be as young as ever it was, the sky as blue, the flowers as fresh—why keep stirring all the time in the cesspools?"

This is the creed of S. R. Crockett as expressed in a letter to a friend, and it is a creed to which he constantly adheres. "A Galloway Herd" illustrates as forcibly as "A Lilac Sunbonnet" or "The Stickit Minister" the purity of the author's ideals. Purity is the rarest of virtues in modern fiction, and the most appreciated when it is sincere.

The story of Mr. Crockett's childhood is the old story of a lonely, imaginative boy, living in a little world of his own and having no great love either for his school tasks or his fellows. He made few friends, and spent his time dreaming over the books he wished to write. His taste for a literary life manifested itself during his course at the University of Edinburgh, where, besides contributing with some regularity to the *Daily Chronicle*, he wrote verse and papers for the magazines.

Crockett has had, for a young man, some extraordinary successes. "The Raiders," the actual writing of which occupied but two months, is the most popular of his books. He spent much time, nearly a year in fact, working up the subject, making elaborate notes, and poring over maps, and the result of his labor has amply justified the expenditure of so many hours in preparation.

He is, like Weyman, an omnivorous reader, and during his college life would often stint himself in his meals so that the money so saved might be invested in a book. His library now fills every room in Bank House, his residence in Penicuick, Midlothian, and numbers among its many thousand volumes some very rare and valuable works.

In regard to his own productions Mr. Crockett says, "I think that if anything is good in my books it is the exactness of the natural history allusions." He is above all things a lover of nature, and his ideal holiday is one spent in the woods, or on the moors, observing the wild things about him.

In one sense the great success which Mr. Crockett has achieved in America is surprising. Dialect is often difficult reading, and the Scotch dialect is especially so. One has to dig deeply for the meaning, but in Crockett's books at least this delving is well repaid by the richness of the ore that lies hidden under the plain, rough diction. This, naturally, applies only to the dialogue. There is no other author whose style is more perfect, and whose English more pure than his in the body of his text.

* * * *

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, the author of "Literary Landmarks of London," is one of the most genial of men, and a shining light in

the small coterie of wits which includes Mark Twain, and William Carey of the *Century*. Mr. Hutton has been abroad during the past summer, and Mr. Carey is authority for the statement that he is writing the "Literary Watermarks of Venice," which is too good a *mot* to be very reliable. Usually, however, he spends the warm months at that little paradise of literature and art, Onteora in the Catskills. Of this colony he is the heart and soul, and like all who enter its boundaries, he throws aside convention and enters joyously into the unique performances there carried on.

Onteora is no place for those whose hearts are not deeply concerned in books or art. It is barred away in the seclusion of the hills and given over to freedom of speech, thought, and action. Mr. Hutton's house, like the rest, is of log cabin simplicity, but hospitality reigns supreme.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1891, a new road around the mountain was opened, and an informal parade was held, followed by dancing in the open air and an authors' reading in the evening. It was a novel and never to be forgotten experience. Imagine John Burroughs, the quiet dignity of whose "Wake-Robin," has endeared him to thousands of readers, dancing a reel in the middle of a country road! Such was the case.

Mr. Hutton offered two contributions to the authors' reading, and delivered them himself with the most inimitable gravity.

A maiden, heavy eyed and sad,
Reclined upon her bed;
She all the horrid symptoms had
Of headache in her head.
The doctor said, "For pity's sake!
Good gracious! I declare!
The reason why your headaches ache
Is 'cause you banged your hair!"

Under the shade of a single umbrella
A maiden fair and her best city feller
Were sailing one day on Lake Lucerne.
They thought, as they sailed so nicely together,
They'd better sail on forever and ever,
So she was his'n and he was her'n!

All of which goes to prove that even the trifling of clever people is clever.

Mr. Hutton's latest clever work is "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," which is said to be the only reliable handbook on "Imperial Salem" ever published. Like the author's "Landmarks" of London and Edinburgh, it is written in a light and interesting vein, which fairly teems with information, and would render a visit to the holy city doubly enjoyable. We have trod the byways of the English and Scotch capitals with Mr. Hutton's books in hand, and found them excellent and reliable companions, and he has placed himself largely in our debt and in that of all seekers after points of literary interest by his careful verification of every statement which they contain.

* * * *

PERSONALLY, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is so much of a *poseur* that the critics would take pleasure in harassing him were it not that his pen is sufficiently facile to command respect. A story has come to us which illustrates how this successful young author arose like the phœnix from the ashes of his reporter's life, and looked down, as from a great height, upon his former associates. In the first year of his fame Mr. Davis was greeted by a reporter whom he had known well a few months before upon the *Sun*. He was strolling into the Fifth Avenue Hotel shortly after a return from Europe, when his former friend tapped him on the shoulder with a cheerful "How are you, old man?"

"You have the advantage of me," replied Mr. Davis, surveying him coldly.

"Do you mean to say you don't remember me?"

The rising author signified that such was the case, whereupon the reporter left him with a cordial exhortation to depart to a certain region in which his frigid manner would be liable to undergo a thaw.

Whether this incident is strictly true or not, it is sufficiently snobbish to be characteristic of the man.

But, as we were saying, the work which Mr. Davis is doing is of a high order. In his "About Paris" he has caught the atmosphere of the French capital to perfection. It is a book of no particular interest to those who are content to remain upon their native heath, but to the lover of travel it will prove interesting as a reminder of sunny days and sparkling, laughter full nights along the boulevards and in the brilliant *cafés chantants* of *la reine des villes*.

* * * *

WE look at the new pictures of Alphonse Daudet, and they look as though a painter had delicately whitened the hair of an old one. There is the same smooth, thoughtful brow, the same brilliant brown eyes, the same southern intensity, that belong to the writer of "Sidonie."

Daudet has been interviewed by an enterprising Englishman upon the "new woman." It was a foregone conclusion that the creator of *Claire* could see no charm in this latest type, but it is interesting to hear what he says:

"Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all of a woman's faults." And then he pathetically adds, "This movement is one of the things that has come to us from America."

If Daudet were right in this imputation there would be more force in what he says.

* * * *

A FEW months ago, we said in this department that if some clever translator could put "Gyp" into English, his fortune would be made. Ever since, we have received letters asking for particulars, such as: "Where can 'Gyp's' novels be purchased?" "Who would publish them?"

It was altogether unlikely that a translator who had never heard of the brilliancies of the Comtesse de Martel could put her frivolities

into English ; but from the appearance of some of the recent translations, it is evident that more than one of them have tried. The English equivalents for the clever Frenchwoman's actual words are easy enough to find, but the inner meaning, the touch of *blague*, is absolutely untranslatable. What is as delicate as a feather blown in the wind when "Gyp" throws it off, becomes a bit of lead falling from the top of a shot tower when it gets into the hands of the commercial translator. The one can offend nobody. It tickles, it sets you looking out of the corner of your eye ; the other offends and hurts everything delicate that it touches.

"A Gallic Girl" is probably the least offensive of the translations.

* * * *

In the spirit of reminiscence, it is always pleasant to say "I told you so." It was in August that we prophesied in relation to the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Professor Brander Matthews. Now we are sorry that Mr. Howells did not write one, and take the prize. His would certainly have been better than these. Miss Wilkins' story is illogical and stupid. There is not a human motive in it, and the reading public, after the first blush of curious interest, said so, flatly. Professor Matthews' "The Twinkling of an Eye" must have made the ghost of Sherlock Holmes writhe. It is a wholly innocuous and fairly interesting moral tale for children, telling how an ingenious young man put a camera in a clock. There is not the ghost of a detective in it, not the shadow of a mystery. The drift of the plot is plain from the first paragraph, and the crowning brilliancy of the *dénouement* introduces as the author of the crime a hitherto unmentioned man. It is as if Professor Matthews had, after proving all his characters plainly innocent, found the crime on his hands with no one to commit it. Well, then, who did it? Why, the third cousin of the office boy once removed! I forgot to tell you that there was such a person, but never mind!

A detective story, to be interesting, must be the logical working out of a theory. Every part must be fitted like a mosaic until the path of the crime is accurately shown ; and a human motive must be the starting point.

Miss Wilkins is entertaining the usual company of biographers this summer. It appears curious that so few of them are gifted with the seeing eye. They are something like Don Quixote reversed. They go to Miss Wilkins' home with their minds full of haycocks and closed front doors which only open to let the funeral pass ; and when they see handsome homes and modish drags in a very up to date town, they come back and describe the farm wagons and the cabins they expected to find.

* * * *

We are much gratified to learn that Miss Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls" have been immortalized in book form. Miss Ashmore's style is entirely unique, and her invaluable hints on introductions, complexion remedies, and the gentle art of sitting in a hammock have for several years shed a brilliant light upon the chaste columns of a Quaker City contemporary.

"Of course," naïvely observes Miss Ashmore, "I shall like it if all my girls will send for a copy of this book—my first one." Of course!

"Side Talks with Girls" will fill a "long felt want." It has not been our good fortune to see the book, but we recognize in its author one of the brightest literary stars of the day. In her thorough mastery of etiquette she is without a peer, and her knowledge of how to make one's eyebrows grow, and whether or not it is proper to kiss a gentleman good night thirteen minutes after a first meeting with him, have aroused the unfeigned admiration of every lover of the esthetic in letters. For pure pathos some of her utterances are unparalleled :

Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly.

It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral.

Do not give your card to your hostess when leaving, but put it on a near by table, or on a special place prepared for it if there is one.

It certainly would be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street.

Now these are very important points, and we cannot sufficiently thank Miss Ashmore for their elucidation.

Well posted as she is on soup and whistling, it is in the field of love and matrimony that this astute author reaches her highest level. She has made straight the path of the marriageable maiden, and has written up the ethics of courtship as they were never written up before. It is a great comfort to know that by applying to Miss Ashmore one may become an adept in love. A few of her *dicta* form a royal road from the first introduction to the very altar.

First and foremost, one must make a good impression. "Well bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside of their rooms in loose wrappers." Then, "if a man friend offers to act as your escort, simply say 'Thank you very much, I shall be glad to have you walk home with me.'" This gets the affair well under way. Difference of age is no drawback. "The marriage of a man of thirty-five with a girl of eighteen would be perfectly proper." But anxious fathers must be cautious. "I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory." And so on, till the damsel has avoided all pitfalls, and is safely steered into the holy state of matrimony.

These illustrations will serve to show how undeniable are Miss Ashmore's claims to high literary excellence. For years we have wished to know how to make our eyebrows darker, whether or not to wear borrowed jewelry, and how to acknowledge our thanks when some one pays our car fare. All these Miss Ashmore's book will tell us, and the American people, redeemed from barbarism, will exult in the infallible standards of etiquette, morality,

and toilet soaps laid down by "Side Talks with Girls."

* * * *

THE "Literary Passions" of Mr. William Dean Howells is worthy of grave consideration, not because of any intrinsic merit, but as reflecting the mind of the author. We have observed for some time past a change in Mr. Howells, which is as disappointing as it is mysterious. For much of his work in the world of letters he deserves our gratitude, but even gratitude cannot overlook insolence, and if the "Literary Passions" is not insolent it is difficult to tell exactly what it is.

In short, Mr. Howells is apparently setting himself up as a kind of literary oracle, one whose yea and nay shall be yea and nay for all men. He is become one enthroned in a high place, and we, the great unlettered, may not approach. Take, for instance, his ultimatum regarding requests for his autograph.

"I propose to give my autograph hereafter only to such askers as can furnish proof, by intelligent comment upon it, that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all cases a stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment,' except in cases of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all of my books, now some thirty or forty in number!"

Such preparations and ceremonies would seem unreasonable if required for an audience with the Czar of all the Russias.

Seriously, the utterances of Mr. Howells are becoming farcical, but before the supreme egotism of "My Literary Passions" one pauses aghast. Here are the idols of the world of letters, Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Irving, and many more, ruthlessly overthrown from their pedestals, and certain little tin gods, Mr. Brander Matthews, Tolstoy, and Zola, elevated thereon. And the only reasons vouchsafed for this monstrous iconoclasm are the likes and dislikes of Mr. William Dean Howells!

Fortunately the book is not likely to do much harm. Mr. Howells cannot steal away our friends without giving us others in their place, and *Silas Lapham*, *Lemuel Barker*, and *Annie Kilburn* will be forgotten names long before *Major Pendennis*, *David Copperfield*, and *Hester Prynne* pass into oblivion. We are sorry for Mr. Howells, sorry that one so charming personally and so able professionally should find the supreme joy of his life in the questionable fancies of Tolstoy and of Emile Zola. "My Literary Passions" is not the first milestone along the way of Mr. Howells' decline and fall.

* * * *

THE constantly increasing interest in all literature that has socialism for its foundation is one of the straws whose direction it will not do to ignore. The people, the people who cannot help themselves, who are never going to be able to help themselves until they are taught how, are a subject of never failing discussion.

"The Hull House Papers," recently issued, form a book that every humanitarian might find an interest in reading. Hull House is an institution in Chicago, something like the College Settlement in New York, but infinitely more interesting. Miss Jane Addams, a young girl of wealth and social position, saw her life as a helper of mankind mapped out when she was a college girl. After her graduation she went to London, studied the methods employed at Toynbee Hall, and came home and improved upon them.

The west side of Chicago is larger than the fashionable north and south sides put together, and it is crowded with a foreign population. When the city was young a Mr. Hull built a handsome house here, which was deserted when the Huns and Poles settled about it. This house Miss Addams took, and made into a home. She began by visiting her neighbors, and inviting them to visit her. People who saw only dirt and misery were asked into a charming home where soft lights burned and roses perfumed the air. One woman, who had lived in Chicago for five years, saw the roses and cried out, "Italia! Italia!" She could not believe that roses bloomed in America, for she had seen nothing but smoke and dirty streets since she came there.

Then a kindergarten was founded, where the babies were taught, sometimes by Chicago society girls. Mr. Armour added his purse to Miss Addams', and allowed her to make extensive additions. The writer once heard a woman ask Miss Addams if she gave religious teaching to these people.

"Do you give religious teaching to your callers in your drawing room?" was the reply.

* * * *

IT is interesting news to us that we have today a literary relationship—several times removed—to that prince of fiction, William Makepeace Thackeray. When Jesse Lynch Williams' grandfather and great uncle were boys in Virginia—the real Virginia of great estates and colonial customs, the Virginia of "before the war"—they were sent to England to school. One of their "chums" there was a boy who was destined to become famous as the author of "Vanity Fair." Years went by, and found them pictured as *George* and *Harry Warrington* in "The Virginians."

Mr. Williams' book of "Princeton Stories" grows in popularity, particularly with college men who knew the *alma mater* presided over by Dr. McCosh. Any college man who wants to take a leap backward into the days when he was young, can find no better leaping pole than this little volume.

Mr. Williams, who graduated in '92, was known at college as a man who might make a success in letters. His father is a St. Louis editor. When he graduated, the tales were all clear in his mind; but after a year in Europe, he came back to Princeton, and spent another year in giving them local color.

ETCHINGS

LEAF AND LOVE.

WHIRL, oh, whirl on the breath of the wind,
Leaves that are red and gold;
The airs of the autumn are cruel and cold,
Tearing the leaves from the tree!
Life of my heart, as the wind unkind,
Why art thou gone from me?

Fade and be lost, ye dreams of my breast,
Dreams that were dear of old—
As bright as the leaves, as their red and gold!
Go, and be lost like the leaves!
Full is my heart with the year's unrest,
Wild as the wind that grieves.

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
Bent by the wailing blast!
Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate past,
Pleading for joy that is sped,
Why must ye linger? Ye mock me now,
Now that her love is dead!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

THE QUEST.

SHE pressed her fingers on the spring
And set the captive free,
With "Go, my little golden wing,
And find where Love may be!"

He paused a moment at the door,
He scanned the open sky,
And trilled a light farewell before
He spread his wings to fly.

Then out and upward went her bird
Upon his happy quest,
Far, far, until the sunlight blurred
The yellow of his breast.

And lonely were the hours and long
She waited once to hear
The notes of his familiar song
Uplifted, liquid clear.

But at the morning's rosy break,
There in his cage above
He sang again—"Awake, awake!
Where you dwell, here is Love."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE KINGMAKER.

HE is the monarch who unmakes
The tinsel majesty of kings.
Their glory in his smile partakes
The scorn of unremembered things;

While to the least in every land,
Whose lives are dust before his breath,
He lends for one white hour the grand,
Remorseless dignity of death.

Bliss Carman.

A YANKEE MAID.

THERE lurks a witchery about
This dainty Yankee maiden,
She wins me with a smile or pout
Through varying moods, and is no doubt
With wiles and wisdom laden.

Her face is dreamy as the purr
Of noontide brooks through flowers;
In dimples deep the sunbeams stir,
Her smiles are gay as ever were
The fauns in lazy hours.

Her lustrous eyes in merry wise
Low laugh from under lashes
That in a lazy languor rise;
And bluer than the bluebell lies
The deep hue in their flashes.

And then to crown a rare delight
She studies Worth and Virot:
A great hat from our wondering sight
Hides softest curls engoldened bright—
And he who saves his heart is quite
A wondrous kind of hero.

Archibald Douglas.

THE SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

TOWARD thoughts of youthful hopes, all past,
Full oft I turn, with many a sigh;
For youth is fled, but love must last,
And, fading still, the old hopes lie
Like this quaint posy, long put by;
And gentle memories linger yet,
As with these yellowed leaves and dry
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

The ivied wall and postern gate,
The maid who waited once for me,
The willing heart for any fate,
And promises for years to be,
That trysting hour beneath the tree
Time has not taught me to forget,
Nor soft wind blowing from the sea,
And faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

So when my days are nearly run,
And overspreading darkness lowers;
When right of peace is almost won,
Will you not come, dear, in those hours?
Step lightly once more through the flowers,
Come back to me, who love you yet,
And bring me out of heaven's bowers
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette!

ENVOY.

Musk roses, lilies, pansies, too,
Bound in life's garland with the rue;
Yet holds my heart with its regret,
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

M. W. T.

THE WRECK.

Oh, the wind went out to sea last night,
The wind went out to sea;
And the moon hid under a cloud from sight,
And the billows rose with their fangs of white
To do what its will might be.

They seized a ship that was homeward bound,
And they snapped her mast in twain;
And they swept her decks till the blackness round
Was thick with the souls of sailors drowned,
And loud with their cries of pain.

The wind blew in to the land at morn
And ruffled the rose's pride,
And kissed the face of the babe new born,
And toyed with the silk of the tasseled corn
And the curls of the captain's bride.

But it left *him* out on the dreary deep,
On a drifting spar, ah me!
And he called her name as he sank to sleep,
In the coral caves—oh, the angels weep
When the wind goes out to sea!

Minna Irving.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

At the hour of twilight stilly,
In a cozy window nook,
Softly bending like a lily
O'er her little story book,
Sitteth Edith;
As she readeth,
Pity shines in every look.

Few the cares that ever find her,
Summer's with her all the year;
Jack will tease, or Gyp won't mind her—
Such the woes she hath to fear.
She must borrow
All her sorrow,
On her book hath dropped a tear!

I, alas, am eight and twenty,
Edith's only eight and three;
I have daily cares in plenty,
Sorrows, too, that never flee;
Would that Edith
As she readeth
Might let fall a tear for me!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A NOVEMBER SONG.

The winds of autumn wail and sigh
About the fenced fold;
The far, free reaches of the sky
Have lost their blue and gold;
And thou, my heavy heart, and thou
Dost sorrow with the leafless bough.

How tender sweet the vanished days,
And yet how winged fleet!
Alas! but gray and sodden ways
Now ope before my feet;
And love, that gave the summer grace,
Conceals the sunlight of his face.

Clinton Scollard.

FLOOD TIDE.

To deepest slumber swoons the silent sea;
No sinuous ripple cuts the shimmering targe
With steel blue line, though at the golden marge
The full flood tides rise higher, momently.
Familiar things show strange and shadowy
Through dubious mist; a swart sail'd fisher barge,
Drifting inshore, looms phantom-like and large,
With muffled voices set to harmony.

So surge the tides of love within my breast.
My lady mocks me—but I steadfast bide;
My lady tasks—I bow to her behest;
Such checks are but as pebbles, swept aside
By following currents. Shall the sweet shore say,
"No farther come"—and shall the sea obey?

Bessie Gray.

IN MARYLAND.

In Maryland, in Maryland,
All loves are warm as embers;
Her daughters' eyes, her daughters' sighs,
How well my heart remembers!
And oh, my love, from your dear mouth,
The while I touch your tresses,
To hear the cadence of the south,
Whose words are like caresses!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
The hours are made for suing,
And hearts are light and eyes are bright
With witcheries of wooing;
But oh, the skies are cold and gray
That northward sweep above you,
And maids have not learned how to say
As *she* can say "I love you."

In Maryland, in Maryland,
To all my homeward yearning,
My heart goes forth from out the north,
To her enchantments turning;
And oh, the longing and the pain,
Her errant sons assailing,
At dawn in southern skies again
To see the gold stars paling!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
Awaits my lass so slender,
Till I shall haste to clasp her waist
And hear her greeting tender;
And oh, the bliss to steal a kiss,
Soft creeping up behind her,
In Maryland, in Maryland,
Returning home to find her!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SLEEP!

I would not wake thee, peaceful one!
Why wake those eyes to weep?

Thy hard earned rest is just begun—
And now thy weary task is done,

I would not wake thee, quiet one.
Until God call thee—sleep!

Catharine Young Glen.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

HALL CAINE'S NEW NOVEL.

WE have secured, for publication in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, Hall Caine's forthcoming novel. Mr. Caine has been working steadily upon this story since his completion of "The Manxman." The novel is already written, but is yet to be rewritten, polished, and repolished. Mr. Caine regards it as the greatest piece of fiction he has produced. We have been over the story very carefully with him, and fully agree with him in his opinion of it. It delves deep into human nature, dealing with scenes of far greater dramatic force than are found in "The Manxman" or any of Mr. Caine's novels. The opening of the story is in the Isle of Man; then the scene is transferred to London, the greatest theater of the world. Here the deep strength of the story develops.

Hall Caine is the most forceful, most masterly living writing of fiction. This is our opinion; this is the opinion of England. No man looks so deep into human passions and purposes as he. His reasoning is logical, his work is one layer of logic upon another. He reasons from cause to effect, and reasons as only a philosopher can reason.

The story will be begun in MUNSEY'S as soon as Mr. Caine is willing to regard it as finished.

PARTY AND LIBERTY.

THE New York *Sun* formally arraigns certain citizens who have dared to criticise nominations made by the political party to which they belong, and to declare their intention of voting against the nominees. "Do not these disturbers of harmony understand," asks the *Sun*, "that it has never been the custom of their party to nominate candidates whose support is optional or contingent, and not honorably and irrevocably binding on all those participating in the choice?"

Without pausing for any such unworthy personality as to inquire whether the editor of the *Sun* has always followed his own doctrine—in the Presidential campaign of 1884, for instance—we wish to record our opinion that the worst bane of American politics has long been this claim of the sacredness of a party nomination—the theory that an honorable citizen is bound to vote for the evil one, if the personage in question has secured the regular indorsement. The man who surrenders his judgment and conscience to the dictates of any partisan organization or machinery whatsoever is a slave, and the fact, we are glad to see, is being more widely recognized every year.

The position taken by the *Sun* is one we should hardly expect from that journal, so able and so independent. It is more like the utterance of the machine sheet under the sting of the party lash.

A UNIQUE AUDIENCE.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has the most unique audience in the world—unique in size, unique in character. Its readers are the wide awake, up to date people of this up to date, wide awake country. We are proud of such an audience; it is an inspiration to work for such an audience—two million five hundred thousand readers—readers who comprise the wealth and the culture and the energy and the intellectual force of the country. It is, therefore, no wonder that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has so quickly taken its place at the head of all periodicals, with merchants and manufacturers, as the medium—the one medium, beyond all others, through which they can best reach the people—the money spending people. This is why the advertising pages of MUNSEY'S are the barometer of trade, the record of progress, the kaleidoscope of commerce—the directory of standard goods. A careful perusal of such advertising pages from month to month keeps one in touch with the times.

AN OCCASIONAL BULLSEYE.

THERE are writers who occasionally hit the bullseye; there are others who have a habit of hitting it right along. Dickens and Bulwer and Scott and Thackeray and Reade had the unerring aim. The public could depend upon them, and from this fact it naturally inclined to depend upon other authors who had once gained its confidence. But it has learned that this confidence is too frequently misplaced.

In a Western town, some years ago, a party of men sat on a veranda smoking and chatting. Presently one of the company spied an eagle far away in the northern sky. He was a majestic bird, king of the air. All eyed him for a few seconds, and then the host went into the house and brought out a rifle. The eagle was a mile away.

"What, are you going to try to shoot him?" exclaimed the party in chorus. The host for reply raised the rifle quickly to his shoulder, and, seeming scarcely to take aim, pulled the trigger. In another instant the great bird fluttered and fell. Cries of amazement followed. Such marksmanship was marvelous, unheard of. The man's fame was already on the wing. He was a wonder, talked about, written about, lauded.

Now the fact was that the shot on which this man's fame rested was nothing more nor less

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than chance. He was not a good marksman, and had he tried a hundred times, he could not have repeated the extraordinary feat.

There are too many writers whose fame rests on a similarly accidental foundation—writers who can no more repeat the success that brought them into public notice than the indifferent marksman could duplicate his marvelous shot. And yet most publishers, knowing this fact, as they must know it, edit their publications mainly on names. To be plain, it is not a question of merit, but one of name. We know of publishers who have engaged to take the product of certain authors for one, two, three years ahead—matter not yet written, not even conceived.

Now this may be a wise policy, but we do not so consider it—do not believe it is honest work. A reader assumes, and has the right to assume, that whatever appears in a magazine of repute has been passed upon by the editor, and is good—intrinsically good, not good merely because there is attached to it a name that, through an accident or otherwise, has once gained fame. An editor who announces and bids for popularity on the strength of work not yet written, but to appear under a certain name, is, we affirm, placing himself in a position where the public should discredit his sincerity—should cease to rely upon him.

To get down to cases, Anthony Hope has written one story—only one story that has the necessary merit to float his name to the surface. This, of course, was "The Prisoner of Zenda," a most delightful tale, happily conceived, cleverly told. And yet Hope has been sending out a good deal of manuscript of slight merit, which has been eagerly snapped up by publishers and foisted upon the innocent reader with flourish of trumpets and advertising galore. This same thing is more or less true of Conan Doyle, of Bret Harte, Marion Crawford, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sarah Grand, Beatrice Harraden, and other flaming lights of the hour.

If man's brain were an unerring machine, and theme played no part in the novel, then books might flow from it as clothespins drop from a lathe, each of equal merit, each alike in all particulars. But since the intellectual workings of the mind are on different lines, and in view of the fact that less than half a dozen novels of any considerable consequence are written in a year by all the writers of the world, it would seem that the editor who buys up novels several years in advance of their conception, placing their value on a name, which in turn, perhaps, rests more or less on accident, is taking long chances—very long chances.

This is not our idea of true editing; not the idea on which we edit MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. With us it is always a question of merit, not sham—name, if you please.

The grade of work in this magazine by no means comes up to the standard we have in view for it. Superior excellence is a thing of growth. It cannot be attained in a minute. We prefer to be frank with our readers on this point, as we have been on all points.

THE "BOSS" IN POLITICS.

"BOSS" is an undiplomatic word. It has an objectionable, an offensive sound. It stirs one's antagonism. Apply the word "boss" to a good fellow—to an inoffensive, mild mannered man, and he at once has horns and hoofs. He is dangerous. You dislike him instinctively; dislike him on general principles—repudiate him, are down on him.

There are bosses and bosses. The boss in politics is the most ferocious of all the genus. He is all that his satanic majesty is, and more. He can give the old gentleman points. He is more terrible to behold; is more grasping, more grinding, more dangerous, more hideous than the old one himself.

Now, is a word that means all this the word to apply to Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? What is the boss in politics, any way? Isn't he merely a man of executive ability? Isn't he in control because he has executive ability? And is he any worse than his party? Is there any reason why he should be better than his party? No important business can be carried on without an executive head. No church organization can be carried on without an executive head. And so, too, no political organization can be managed without an executive head. Why not as well call the czar of a religious body a boss, as the leader of a political body? The former is certainly just as "bossy" in his sphere as the political manager. Then why not heap upon him a like amount of opprobrium? He merely lives up to the standards of his organization, and this the political manager does.

Isn't there a good deal of humbug in all this frantic cry against bosses—this horizontal persecution of such men as Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? Are not some of the very men who are loudest in the cry of "down with the bosses" themselves bosses? For example, has any man ever been so bitter against Platt as Dr. Parkhurst, and is there a man anywhere who has shown greater "bossy" tendencies than he?

It is not our purpose to defend Platt or any of the so called bosses. They are probably bad enough—most men are. We simply aim to see things about as they are—without prejudice for or against. While Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman are great political managers, they are, nevertheless, free from Parkhurst's habit of scolding. Parkhurst has done a great work in New York. He is a marvelously able man. We admire his genius, the sincerity of his purpose, but we regret his tendency towards

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

bossism. It is a trifle ludicrous in view of his warfare on the boss.

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

FULLY recognizing the wisdom of George Washington's warning against political entanglements abroad, we do not entirely understand our government's policy in the matter of the civil war now in progress in Cuba. While the general sympathy of Americans is strongly enlisted on behalf of the insurgents, the administration exerts its legal and military powers to the utmost in the suppression of all demonstrations in their favor. It seems to us that none but a quixotic interpretation of international law could demand such extraordinary efforts in a quarrel that is not ours. In doubtful cases, our traditions might well incline us toward the party that is struggling for independence. We cannot forget our own early history.

Is it not a little inconsistent, too, that men should be arrested by the federal authorities in Delaware on suspicion that they are secretly preparing to volunteer for service in Cuba, while in Chicago a public convention, presided over by a former Congressman, should loudly proclaim a dynamite campaign against the British government, and should "recommend the formation of military companies wherever practicable"? It may be mean to be obsequious to a powerful neighbor and insulting to a weak one; but it is hardly rational to be insulting to a strong power and obsequious to a petty one.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

WE congratulate Mr. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, upon his promotion from the comparatively humble office of a member of the United States Congress to the headship of the first independent government of Ireland. We hope that his administration will be worthy of the great interests intrusted to his statesmanship, and will be marked by the dignified harmony that is proverbially characteristic of Hibernian politics. We trust, too, that no dream of personal aggrandizement will impel him to change the title of President Finerty to that of Emperor John I.

LAID UPON THE SHELF.

WE welcome the accession of so thorough a soldier as General Nelson A. Miles to the headship of the United States army, but we are sorry to see General John M. Schofield forced to retire from the post simply because he was sixty four on the 29th of September. General Schofield, we understand, is quite able and entirely willing to remain in active service, and we do not think it is his fault that his sixty fourth birthday insisted on arriving. He is only a year older than Lord Wolseley, who has just taken command of the British army. He is three years younger than was George Washington when he last commanded the American forces. He is six years younger than was "Father Moltke" when he led the German hosts to victory in the greatest war of the last quarter century.

If a commander in chief had to make forced marches on foot, to serve a gun in action, to wield pick and shovel in the trenches, then it would indisputably be well to superannuate him at sixty four, if not earlier; but his work is brain work, of a sort for which ripe experience and mature judgment are foremost qualifications. It scarcely seems right that he should be compelled by an ironclad statute to retire from duty at the time when his mental powers may be at their very plenitude.

CORONETS AND COMMERCE.

THE newspapers report that the Viscountess Clifden recently opened a millinery shop in London. Matrimonial alliances with American heiresses are becoming more and more popular among titled Englishmen. We congratulate the British peerage upon the multiplying evidences of the development of its business ability.

STILL MOVING FORWARD.

THE highest point MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reached in circulation last spring was 500,000. In the summer months the circulation of literary periodicals usually sags from ten to twenty five per cent. To hold a circulation throughout the warm weather, therefore, means an indirect gain equivalent to the usual ratio of loss.

The summer months are gone; the reading season has returned, and it finds us beyond what was our highest point at its departure. Our first edition this month is 525,000. It is probable that the total figures for the month will reach 550,000. Assuming this to be the result, we open the campaign this year with a circulation of exactly 200,000 in excess of our figures for the corresponding month of last year. This means that we shall go to six hundred thousand for December, and reach the magnificent total of three quarters of a million during the coming winter.

CYCLING AND DRINKING.

THE following paragraph recently appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, and perhaps also in other journals:

The habit of drinking has spread among ladies since they have taken generally to bicycle riding.

This little paragraph is a remarkable example of condensed expression. It says more in two

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at the same ratio as* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine should bring but seven and one half cents.*

lines than its author could prove in two columns—or two volumes, for that matter. It is certain that the habit of "drinking"—that is, we presume, the drinking of intoxicants—has not spread among ladies. We do not believe that it has increased among any class of women, whether as a result of cycling or otherwise. Such a charge should not be made without the production of supporting evidence, and such evidence we think it would be exceedingly hard to find.

Why should bicycling incite drinking more than any other form of exercise? It is—especially in a city like New York, where alleged feminine degeneracies are popularly supposed to exhibit themselves earliest—a sport that requires a clear head and complete self control. Speaking generally, it would be more likely to decrease the consumption of liquor and tobacco than to increase it.

The paragraph quoted is one of those sweeping generalizations in which newspaper writers are too fond of indulging. We reject it not only as not proven, but as unfounded and inherently improbable.

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CRITICS.

SINCE the latest edition of massacres in China, science has been saying some disagreeable things about missionaries and mission work. Science is always a merciless critic, and has an unpleasant habit of backing up its criticisms with unpalatable facts and bitter logic. It is the "candid friend" who relentlessly lays a chastening finger upon the weak points in the make up of the best of individuals and institutions.

Travelers and ethnologists assert that in many cases the missionaries' methods have been wrong. Especially do students of oriental life complain of the worthy men, who, prompted by the noblest and most disinterested of motives, have gone among the great Asiatic nations and by pure lack of judgment have achieved little save the stirring up of prejudice and discord. In China, for example, instances are cited where English and American missionaries have committed offenses against native customs and ideas quite sufficient to account for the failure of their missions. It must be remembered that the leading oriental peoples are not savages, and cannot be dealt with upon a footing of condescension. Though behind us in the practical side of life, they possess an elaborate learning, a spiritual religion, and an organized civilization much older than our own. If we would induce them to change their faith for ours, we must approach them in a way that will not arouse both their hostility and their contempt. We must carefully study our field before we enter it.

We believe in missions and missionaries. They have done incalculable good. They have given deathless paradigms of splendid devotion and sainted heroism. They have carried truth and light into many of the darkest corners of the earth. The calling is one of the noblest to which a man can devote himself. Still, this practical age demands, and has a right to demand, that mission work shall be conducted on the lines of wisdom and common sense; that its methods shall be those of experience and good judgment as well as of religious enthusiasm; that results shall be watched and weighed, and that effort shall not be wasted in hopeless enterprises while fields nearer home are ripe for the harvest.

THE LASH FOR WIFE BEATERS.

THE September grand jury of the District of Columbia recommended the establishment of a whipping post for the punishment of wife beaters, and the presiding judge indorsed their suggestion and advised its submission to Congress, the law making power of the District.

A similar proposal was brought before the New York Legislature last spring. While it failed to become law, it received a general, although not a unanimous approval from thinking people. There are those who regard the use of the lash, even for the most brutal criminals, as repugnant to modern ideas of humanity. We sympathize with their feeling, but attach more weight to the opinion of those who, from practical acquaintance with the working of our present penal laws, agree in declaring that we need a sterner preventive of such brutal crimes as assaults upon women and children. The whipping post is a fitting object lesson for that fiend in human form, the wife beater.

THEIR SARTORIAL MAJESTIES.

THE merchant tailors of the metropolis, in convention assembled, have issued an edict of approval of the plum colored dress suit. The merchant tailors are evidently men endowed with artistic taste and an eye for the picturesque. The beauty and perhaps the gaiety of fashionable assemblages would be increased by the plum colored dress suit, not to speak of the velvet collared coat and the striped trouser leg. But after all, their customers have some rights, or think they have. The august gentlemen who make the garments of the four hundred may promulgate their edicts, but will the comparatively humble individuals who wear the aforesaid garments obey them?

ROYALTY AND BEAUTY.

THE lot of royalty is not wholly a pleasant one. The recent newspaper announcements of the betrothal of two European princesses—Louise of Denmark and Alexandra of Coburg—describe the former as "the reverse of beautiful or graceful," and the latter as "the least attractive of all the numerous granddaughters of Queen Victoria." Had these young women been of less than royal station, their lack of beauty, however conspicuous, would have passed without such merciless comments. Not even to millionaires' daughters would the press have been so cruelly uncomplimentary.

Still, Louise and Alexandra would rather, perhaps, be royal and homely than untitled and beautiful. Such is the force of training.

All clad in furs this dainty maid
We send, good souls, to greet you,
Good will to bear and peace, where'er
On earth she chance to meet you;
'Neath northern stars, on southern seas,
Where'er our rhyme and reason
Shall reach your ear, we give you cheer
And greetings of the season!

Sternly the rolling drum's note falls;
"To arms!" it sounds—"your country calls!"

The trumpet tells of glory won,
Of battle's joy, of brave deeds done.

But cruel war has fled afar—
Hark! Gaily sounds the soft guitar;

And to the tinkling tambourine
Light feet are tripping on the green.

OLD ANDIRONS.

In olden days they played their part ;
I see red pennants upward hurled
And round the lichened billets curled ;
Beyond, snow billows, tempest whirled ;
Within, the ingle's sparkling heart.

No strangers they to homelike cheer—
The winter pippin's polished side,
The cider, spiced and steaming wide,
The happy peace of Christmastide,
The joyous yule week of the year ;

When all the elfin band of sprites
And woodland fays that hide away
Beneath the clustering mosses gray
Of oak and elm, came out to play
And dance, upon those snow-clad nights,

In flames of blue and flashing gold,
In crimson spray and scarlet plume,
And tossing flowers of fiery bloom,
All fragrant with the wood perfume
That clung to every lichen fold.

They bore their part, those sturdy dogs—
While song and legend passed around,
'Mid gaiety of scene and sound,
They stood, in dignity profound,
And grimly held the blazing logs.

Hattie Whitney.

A CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT.

Hidden by a damask curtain,
  Glad I watched the moments go,
In the shadowy, uncertain
  Christmas afterglow.
Came a footfall soft as summer's—
  How I joyed to hear it come!
And my heart beat like a drummer's
  Tattoo on his drum.

Fair she was, oh, blossom fair,
  Tripping down the hallway stilly;
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
  Were paler than the lily!

From the chandelier above her
  Hung a spray of mistletoe,
Leaning down as though to love her;
  Did she, did she know?
But my muse will be betraying
  What I would not best repeat;
There is much in that old saying–
  "Stolen fruit is sweet!"

Fair she was, oh, witching fair,
  Eyes a-brim with merry folly;
Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
  Were redder than the holly!

Clinton Scollard.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Current notes on the movement of the contemporary world of art—With a series of engravings of representative canvases.

THAT "schools" of art sometimes crop up in unexpected places is shown by the newly achieved prominence of the Glasgow artists whose work was a feature of the recent exposition in St. Louis. Hitherto we have generally supposed that the chief products of the Scottish city were coal smoke, cotton thread, and unsuccessful competitors for the America's Cup; but it seems that it has also a really remarkable coterie of painters. A few of these men—of whom Whitelaw Hamilton, James Guthrie, and E. A. Hornel are among the leaders—have exhibited at the London Academy and the Paris Salon, but they have found their chief artistic affinity in Munich, where in the last

"The Magdalen of the Grotto."
From the painting by Jean Marc Nattier.

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"The Two Orphans."

From the painting by Laura Le Roux.

"The Connoisseur."

From the painting by Georges Cain.

few years their work has come to be rated highly. The collection they sent to St. Louis—which included more than a hundred pictures—is said to be by far the best and largest exhibit they have ever made.

Since the removal of the duty upon works of art, there have been numerous artistic incursions of this sort into the financially fertile fields of America—some of which incursions have been commercially successful, others probably failures. On the whole, although our native artists may not entirely relish this particular phase of foreign competition, they should not be resented.

* * * *

THE fact that Alexander Harrison received only a second class medal at the international art exhibition recently held in Berlin can scarcely be regarded as a slighting of the famous American marine

"A Cheerless Christmas."
From the painting by Nicolas François Tassaert.

painter. It seems that the award of premiums was not upon the lavish scale common on such occasions. There were only four medals of the first class, and they would not "go around," even with the stars of the very first magnitude. Harrison's work was appreciated and admired by the public, the critics, and, above all, by the omniscient and omnipotent Kaiser; and he received a prize equal to Boldini's, whose colossal "Massacre of Nesle" made a sensational success.

We have spoken of Harrison as a marine painter, for the sea shore has long been his

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"Diana's Hunt."

From the painting by Gustav Papperitz—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"Saint Cecilia."

From the painting by Lionel Royer.

favorite field ; but the most important of his recent works is in a very different line. This is the huge "In Arcadia," whose unclad nymphs astonished not a few beholders at the World's Fair in 1893, and elicited the comment that "Harrison was born in Philadelphia, but he's lived in Paris a long time." The canvas in question formed part of his exhibit in Berlin.

* * * *

In the literary world of today there is an intense eagerness for personal gossip about famous men of letters. Authors are compelled to inform the public how they

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"The Favorite."

From the painting by Mlle. F. Charderon.

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"Youth Led by Love."

From the painting by Edouard Bisson—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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"Aïda."

From the painting by Joseph Coomans.

achieved their past successes, to describe their methods of work and the details of their daily lives. It seems as if the same tendency is invading the art world. In the Walker Art Gallery of Minneapolis a prominent place was recently accorded to a palette that was once Rosa Bonheur's. It is said to have been the one used, forty years ago, in painting her famous "Horse Fair."

The paint smeared bit of wood may be of interest as a relic, but it is hard to see how real artistic importance can attach to it.

* * * *

AN American painter who visited Josef Israels last summer at his home in The Hague, communicates to the *Art Amateur* some remarks made by the veteran leader of the contemporary Dutch school—remarks that touch our weakest spot.

"Why do Americans come to Holland to

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"The Education of the Virgin Mary."

From the painting by Laura Leroux.

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"A Prude on the Prowl."

From the painting by M. Barstow—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

paint?" Mynheer Israels inquired. "Is there nothing to paint in America?"

This query is not unanswerable, but it is difficult to make a satisfactory defense to the next home thrust:

"Have you in your country any painter who is typically American in his work? I know you have plenty of good painters, but have you any American artists?"

This is a point that MUNSEY'S has often made—our need of a native art that shall smack of its native soil. The highest technical skill, the best fruits of taste, training, and culture, are not uncommon with us; a distinctive individuality is all too rare.

* * * *

As the bicycle has made its way to the front as a factor in contemporary life, art,

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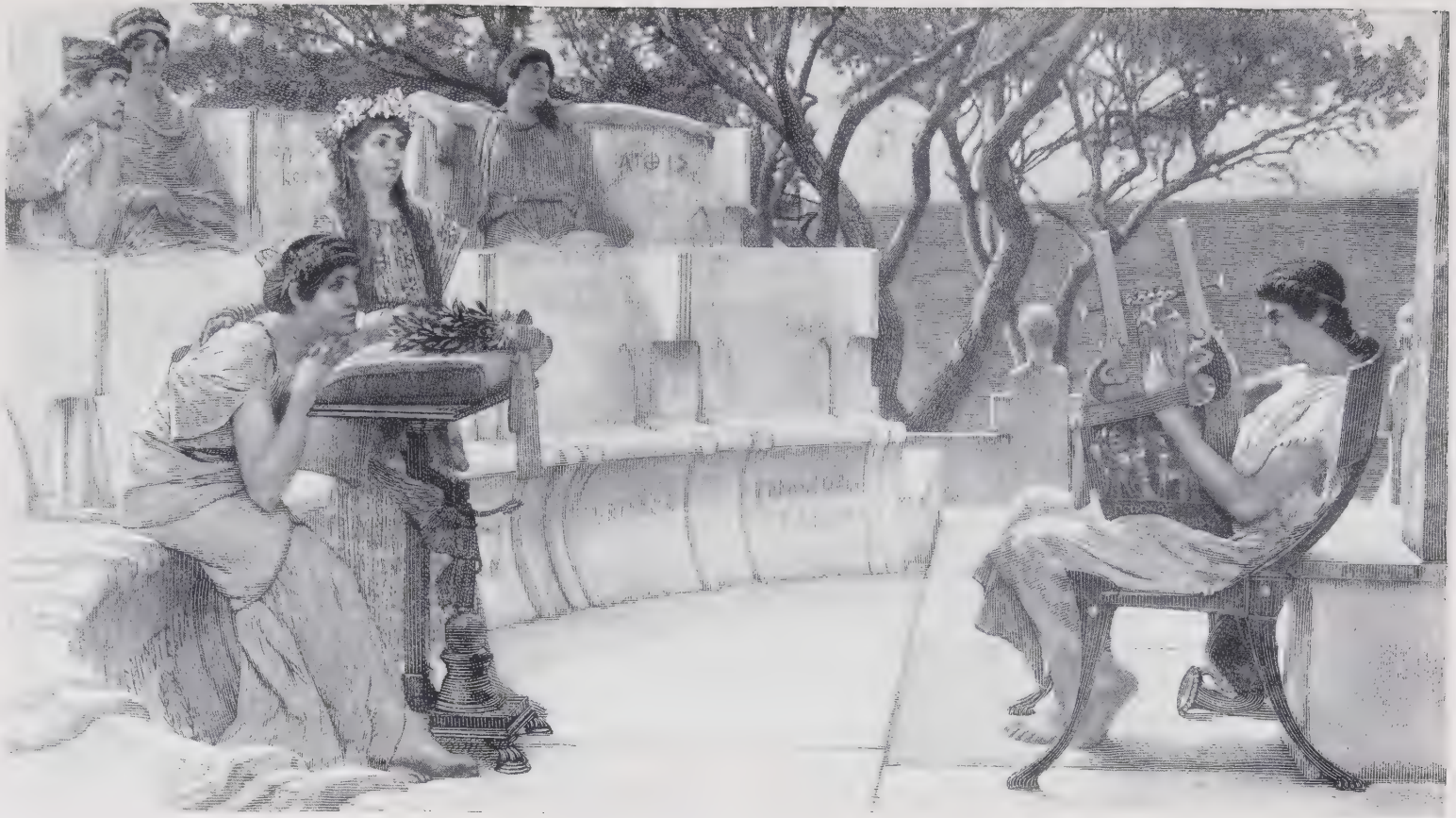
"Her Reflection."

From the painting by Jules Machard.

the mirror of life, is sure to reflect the glint of the steel steed's flashing spokes. Especially in its higher lines, art is slow to assimilate new material, and painters have hitherto avoided the flying wheel; but we expect to see it in this winter's exhibitions.

We have called the cycle "new" material. There is nothing new under the sun. The *Art Interchange* recalls the fact that in a little English country church—at Stoke Pogis, near Windsor—there is a painted window about a hundred years old, in which is represented a man riding a bicycle, amid a crowd of interested spectators.



"Sappho."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

From a photograph by Conly, Boston.

GENERAL CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

What he is, and what he has done—His place in journalism, and his influence as the creator and manager of a great daily newspaper.

THE strongest man in New England journalism today is General Charles H. Taylor. The Boston *Globe* is the creation of his genius. When he took its management twenty odd years ago, it had the smallest circulation of any paper in Boston; today it has the largest, and indeed is one of the few most widely circulated newspapers in the United States. The bed rock of Taylor's journalism is common sense, and there is no better foundation for a journalist. Without it all the literary training in the world can never lift one to a height of more than two or three stories. The "sky scrapers"—the twenty and twenty five story structures—are built on this same foundation of common sense. It is the only thing that will sustain towering height. There are journalists in New England—many of them, perhaps—who are stronger in grooves than Taylor—men who can write a more graceful editorial, a prettier poem, edit a manuscript better, get up a more "catchy" head line, say something

wittier, more satirical—but in all round ability, in keen insight, subtle judgment, there is not a man of all the Puritans his equal. But Taylor is broader than the confines of New England. He is national. He is in touch with the leaders of the profession everywhere — is one of them. Though a comparatively young man himself, he is in a sense the father of more successful journalists than any other man among us. He has developed them by the kindly interest he has taken in them, by the advice he has given them, by the encouragement he has infused into them, by the aid he has extended to them, by the example he has set before them. There is no business that calls for the capacity for hard work, for the knowledge of human nature, for so accurate an appreciation of public taste, for the force, the decision, the executive qualities, the alertness, and the ability to put things attractively, graphically, concisely, truthfully—there is no business, I repeat, that as a whole demands so much of the mental and physical energy of the man at its head as journalism. General Taylor has these qualities, and it is because of these qualities that the *Globe* is the biggest money making proposition of all the publishing interests of New England.

Frank A. Munsey.

BONAPARTE.

He loved the fray as petrels love the sands,
And wave worn rocks, and ocean's stormy waste;
It was his own calm home, wherein he traced
Vast empires he should found in puissant lands.
Unblanched, while flashed a thousand levin brands,
Would he survey the battle's fiery haste;
And wheresoe'er with visage stern he faced,
He pointed victory there with fateful hands.
What though he walked an exile on the shore
Of far Helena, a world conqueror he!
In the tumultuous thunders of the sea,
He fought new battles; and his kindling glance
Saw allied nations crushed, enslaved, and o'er
Them all the lifted sword of victor France.

Henry Jerome Stockard.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

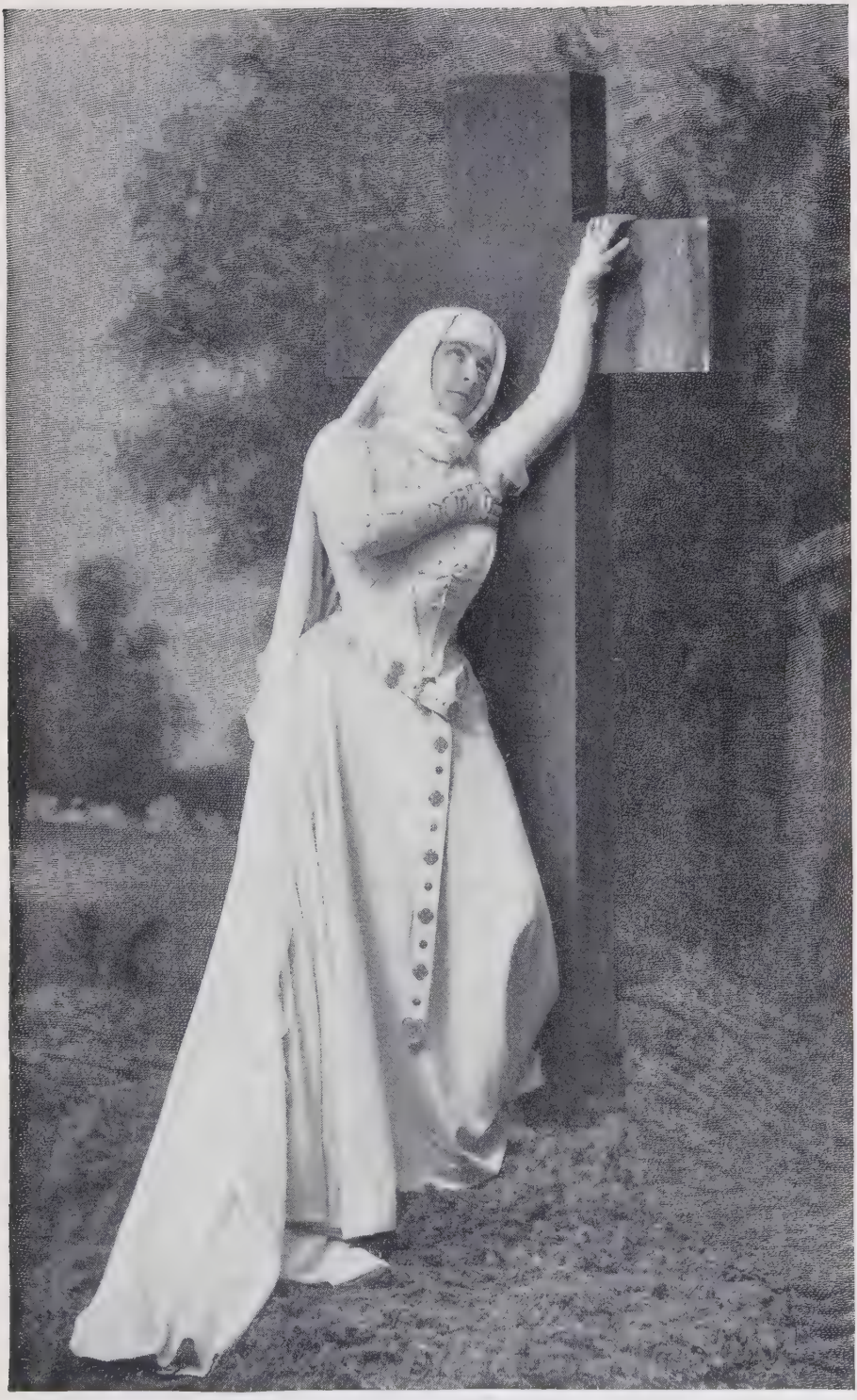
MME. EAMES STORY is gaining a reputation for originality of conception in a new rôle which critics of even a year or two ago would never have allowed her. Few people realize how young she is. She came out as a prima donna before she was past early girlhood, equipped with a dignity and stately beauty which added to her years. Last summer, in London, her rendering of *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser" revealed possibilities which even the greatest Wagnerian heroines had never developed. It was expected that we should see her in this part in America, but her plans were changed

Lola Beeth.

From a photograph by Adèle, Vienna.

She was about to sign a contract for a tour of Europe, singing chiefly in St. Petersburg and Vienna, when the death of her husband's father called her to Rome.

Without any doubt, Eames will be a success in St. Petersburg. Her large magnifi-



Emma Eames as "Elizabeth" in "Tannhäuser."

From her latest photograph by Downey, London.

Ruggiero Leoncavallo.

From a photograph by Guigoni & Bossi, Milan.

cence of voice and physique will appeal to the Slav. We must take pride in her as the most remarkable American prima donna. Patti made her début in America, Albani was a Canadian, Sanderson and Van Zandt belong to us, but Nordica and Eames are the two distinctively American singers whose reputations are world wide.

A great many stories have been told of Mme. Eames' quiet and forceful nature. Storms beat about her, but her splendid tranquillity is undisturbed. From the days when she left Marchesi to become a prima donna, she has held her own with everybody. At twenty two she married a young artist with his own way to make, but even that has been a triumph, for Julian Story bids fair to be as famous as his wife. After all the gossip concerning the quarrels between Eames and Calvé, it now comes out that Eames never even inquired into the subject of Calvé's rages, and that this year, when the fiery Spanish woman offered her hand, Eames accepted it as though nothing had happened.

* * * *

MME. EAMES is the idol of the American girls who are abroad for musical culture, and no one is more appreciative of their struggles. They go to her home in the Place des Etats Unis, where she has recently spent most of her time in studying German for her new Wagner rôles. There are in Paris a very large number of American students, all of whom expect to come back queens of song.

A great many concert singers go to the French capital for the "polish" which they must have before they can hope for operatic work. Mabel Harper, of whom a portrait is given on page 285, is one of these who

has attracted the attention of the critics who watch the students for promising material.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH neither Eames, Sanderson, nor Van Zandt are coming over this year, there will be several American singers in Mr. Abbey's forces. After Nordica, Marie Engle is perhaps the most prominent. Of the new sopranos, Frances Saville was born in San Francisco, Clara Hunt in Boston. Sophie Traubmann, who comes with them, is a New York girl who has been singing and studying for five years in Europe since she was last heard here.

* * * *

A GERMAN who becomes a favorite in Paris must have ability of a high order to level prejudices for the foundation of a good impression. Lola Beeth, who is one of the leading sopranos of the Metropolitan company this year, is one of the few singers from beyond the Rhine to win artistic triumphs on the banks of the Seine. French critics were so enthusiastic over her singing last year that Siegfried Wagner traveled to Paris specially to see her as *Venus* in "Tannhäuser." In Vienna, too, she has long been popular in leading romantic rôles. This is her first visit to America.

Miss Beeth's figure and face have something which suggests Wagnerian music. There is much about her that is individual and distinctive. Her personality commands attention. She is what the French call "full of temperament," and it is a temperament which highly emphasizes her singing and acting in emotional characters.

Pietro Mascagni.

From a photograph by Guagoni & Bossi, Milan.

* * * *

WE are hearing a great deal about German music this year because Wagner was prominent in London last summer, and we shall have his operas rendered by two strong companies during the present season; but the fact is that the young Italians are gaining the ear of the world. They are writing the operas that are entering into the lives of millions, that are being heard on every

stage. The Germans are paralyzed by the influence of Wagner. They cannot get away from his scores. They suggest him in every note.

The two young Italian composers who may be said to have leaped into fame, at one long bound, are Mascagni and Leoncavallo, the authors of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." The two short operas have some similarity, both being laid in rural scenes, both having unfaith and murder for motives. The composer of "Pagliacci" has become almost as popular as Mascagni, though his work does not rank at the same artistic value. The story of Mascagni's success reads like a romance. He was the son of a baker in Leghorn. As a boy he learned music, and wandered up and down Italy with traveling companies, until at last he settled at the little, out of the way town of Cerignola, to take pupils and live on bread and water. One day he saw an announcement of a prize for one act operas, offered by a newspaper in Rome. Mascagni had two literary friends, and he wrote to them for a libretto. They sent him the poem of "Cavalleria Rusticana." We all know how it took the prize, and drove its audience into such a frenzy that they called the author before the curtain twenty times. The King of Italy gave him a decoration, and when he went back to his native city the streets were illuminated, and a medal was struck in his honor.

Somebody has called "L'Amico Fritz" and "I Rantzau" Mascagni's "musical

Arrigo Boito.

From a photograph by Ricordi, Milan.

wild oats." In them he has let all his mannerisms and eccentricities run riot, with the consequence that neither was a success. But "Silvano," produced last March, would have made a sensation had nothing come before it, and Mascagni must be acknowledged as the most original of the young composers. Leoncavallo is not original. He is simply astonishingly clever. He writes his own librettos, and he tells a straightforward story; but when he takes so well known an air as "When Other Lips" for the foundation of a love motive, even the ordinary audiences will have reminiscences.

Ruggiero Leoncavallo is a Neapolitan, who was educated in the conservatory of his native city, and then, like Mascagni, spent

years in travel and hard work. His most ambitious production, the one by which he wishes to be known, is a trilogy dealing with the Italian renaissance. The first opera of this series is "I Medici." The piece has been favorably received, but the critics spend their time picking bits of Wagner and Verdi and Schumann and Meyerbeer from the score. But Leoncavallo is only a little over thirty, and he is undeniably clever.

Although only one of his operas — "Mefistofele," a version of the story of Faust —is widely known, Arrigo Boito has had almost as much influence upon the young men of Italy as Wagner had in Germany. Like Wagner, Boito is a poet as well as a composer. Although he has so great and fresh a musical talent, he has devoted most of his time to writing librettos for his friends. The "Otello" and "Falstaff" of Verdi were written to his verses.

Boito is the son of an artist of reputation, who married a Polish countess. It was in the retirement of a country house in Poland that "Mefistofele" was written. The composer's reputation as a literary man was already made, and for some reason it was generally expected that the first production of his opera was to be a tremendous success. Every seat at La Scala was sold, and the people of the whole city of Milan were wild with excitement. Boito conducted his own work. The prelude was received well, but as the opera went on, people lost the thread of the story. Instead of taking the simple tragedy of *Marguerite* as Gounod had told it in his "Faust," Boito had tried to set to music—to the music of a six hour opera—a condensed version of Goethe's elaborate rendering of the old German legend. The Milanese knew little of Goethe. They had never heard of *Helen*. As the piece dragged on it was hissed more and more loudly, until a veritable storm broke, and the composer was torn from the conductor's seat.

Seven years later, in 1875, the opera, rewritten, was produced in Bologna, and scored a success. In England it was not seen until 1880, when Mme. Christine Nilsson sang the leading rôle. It was considered to be the finest performance of her long career; and now that she has left the stage it is doubtful, probably, if the part will be heard again.

Jules Massenet.

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

Boito has been writing another opera, "Nerone," for years, and now it is definitely promised to the public.

* * * *

In France Massenet is showing the world that his country is alive to the new movements in operatic music. He has combined some of Wagner's methods with his own ideas, and has succeeded in forming a most individual and striking style.

Massenet belongs to a family of soldiers. His father was an officer who served throughout the later campaigns of the first Napoleon, and Jules, the composer, is his twenty

Laura Danz'ger.

From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

first child. When the Franco Prussian war came, Massenet had written "Marie Madeleine," but it had never been produced. He dropped his musical work and went to the front, where he and Sardou fought side by side. Out of that experience he brought a depth of feeling which made real what had before been superficial. Another factor in his life was the influence of Liszt. He himself says that Liszt influenced everybody.

"La Navarraise" is to be one of Calvé's operas this season, and a triumph is predicted for her in it. The story is of war, and is full of action. Massenet is now at work upon the music of "Cendrillon" (Cinderella) which will be written to a libretto by Henri Cain.

PERHAPS the most promising of the younger American pianists is Laura Danziger, who has just returned from Europe, and appears to have acquired what a European education can give to a musical talent. She is a Cincinnatian by birth, and was so much of a prodigy in that musical town that she appeared in public before she was seven years old. At ten she played to an audience of five thousand, rendering the Mendelssohn concerto in G minor, with a full orchestra accompaniment. She was a gold medalist at the Cincinnati College of Music, and went from there to Germany, where she not only studied, but gave successful concerts. Her execution is strikingly intelligent, and charms with its per-

sonal quality. She puts a coloring of her own feeling into the work of each master she interprets, and has something of Paderewski's ability to make a new story of the score. Anton Seidl has given her the highest praise since her return, predicting a great future for her.

* * * *

THE musical education of America has been a study to the artists who come here, and now and then one of them remains with us long enough to say so. It was not long ago that opera in New York was a fad, a thing to spend money upon because it was fashionable in other countries. Last year, just before he went away, Jean de Reszke spoke seriously of the real taste for music, pure dramatic music, that he had encountered in America.

"In Paris, it often requires only a handsome girl, a pretty face, and—success. But in America one must sing; one must feel and make the public feel. Americans demand fine vocal art and genuine dramatic influence."

The appearance of the de Reszkes in Wagnerian rôles is anxiously looked forward to. The brothers have always been identified with Italian opera, but they are men full of dramatic fire, men who have thoroughly appreciated Wagner, and who no doubt have long had fine and artistic conceptions of the principal characters in his operas.

Mabel Harper.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

THE HEROES OF THE ICY NORTH.

Famous figures and incidents in the long quest for the pole—Some of the thrilling escapes and the terrible disasters of Arctic exploration.

THE other day, when Peary returned from the glacier clad wastes of North Greenland, it was announced that the failure of his expedition—its failure, that is, to make new geographical discoveries—had "given a death blow" to further arctic exploration, at least for the next few years. Yet it is not impossible that even now the North Pole, the goal for which daring men have striven so long in vain, may actually have been reached by either of two expeditions. It is probable, however, that if the feat has been achieved, we shall not know it for another year. Meanwhile, while Dr. Nansen and Mr. Jackson —unless disaster has overtaken them—are slowly toiling homeward from their long and perilous journeys through arctic ice,

Robert E. Peary.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Dr. Kane's Ship, the Advance, Caught in the Ice in Smith Strait.

S. M. Andree.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

a rival adventurer is preparing to make a lightning-like dash for the pole—a voyage that may require only hours where Nansen's has already taken years. This is Andree, the Swedish aëronaut, who has formulated a plan for crossing the polar area in a balloon. But should all these men fail, whether they return unsuccessful or never return at all, it is safe to predict that their fate will not deter others from taking up the quest. As long as nature holds before us the challenge of the unknown, there will be men to accept it, regardless of the awful risk it involves.

There is a strange fascination about the search for the pole. Those who have once dared to enter the fastnesses of the ice king are lured back again and again—often until they leave their bones in the white north. The stories of Peary and Nansen show how those who once come under the spell are drawn back again and again from civilization and home, from wife and friends, to the polar magnet. How can this be called a sordid age, when such men give up the best years of their life to the unrewarded perils of arctic toil, and find no lack of volunteers to fill out their muster rolls?

The most remarkable discovery of the last quarter century of arctic exploration was that of the great island of Franz Josef Land by Payer and Weyprecht. As long ago as the sixteenth century the daring English navigators, who were then pushing their way into every ocean and sea, found Nova Zembla amid the icy waters to the north of Russia. Beyond this our maps were blank for three hundred years more. It was in the summer of 1875 that the two Austrian explorers—whose ship, caught in the ice, had been slowly drifting northward for a whole year—saw before them the white mountain tops of a new land, to which they gave their emperor's name. They found it to be a large island, or group of islands joined by huge sheets of ice. One of its glaciers comes down to the sea with a width of no less than sixty miles, proving that there must be a great inland area for the formation of so colossal a river of ice. It may be almost continental in size, stretching as far as the pole, which is about five hundred miles distant from the furthest point yet reached.

Mrs. R. E. Peary.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

A Baffin's Bay Iceberg.

Where Icebergs Are Formed—The Sea End of a Greenland Glacier.

General Adolphus W. Greely.

From a photograph.

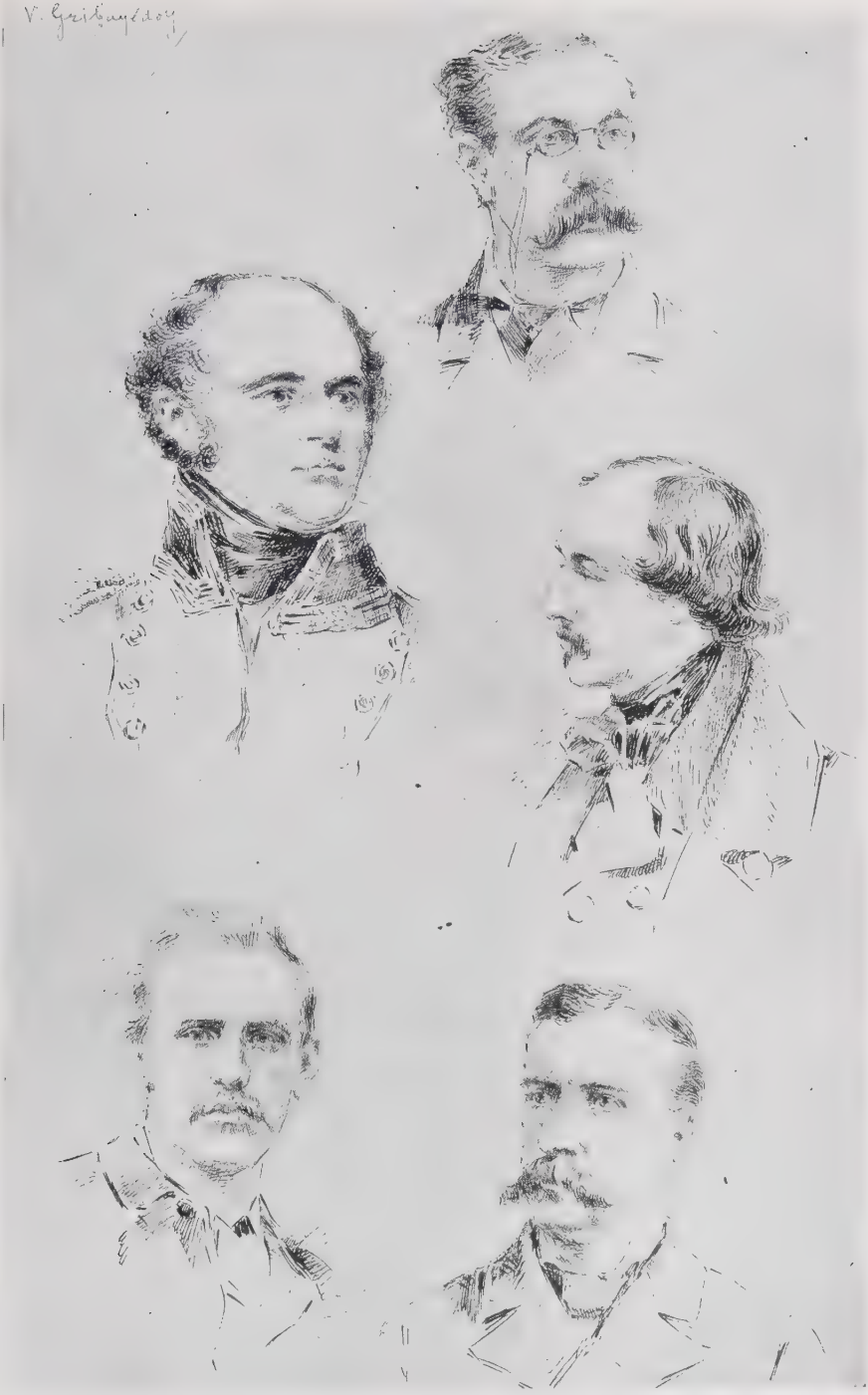
This is the line of attack chosen by Frederick G. Jackson, who is in command of the expedition sent out last year by a wealthy Englishman, a Mr. Harmsworth. Jackson has no ship. A steam yacht took him to Franz Josef Land, where he spent the winter of 1894-95 securely sheltered in double walled houses which he carried with him. The yacht was to have returned to England at once, but was frozen fast in the shore ice, and obliged to winter close to Jackson's quarters. Last summer she fought her way home, leaving Jackson's party busily engaged in preparing for their northward advance. They are well provided with sledges and Eskimo dogs, with which they will travel over the snow. Should they reach open water—which is by no means impossible—they have boats into which all their equipments can be loaded.

Baron Nordenskjold.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Von Rosen.

At the present moment, if no accident has befallen him, Jackson is encamped for the long, dark arctic winter, somewhere on his way toward the pole. He has not seen the sun for several weeks, and will not see it again before the 1st of March. But he should have plenty of provisions—even of fresh meat, for bears are abundant on Franz Josef Land, and no refrigerator is needed to keep their flesh palatable; and although he is probably wintering further north than man ever wintered before, he may experience no severer temperatures than the terrible cold endured by Greely and Peary on the northern shores of Greenland. For some reason that is not fully understood, the climate of his longitude is decidedly milder than that of the northernmost extension of America.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's undertaking is a



A GROUP OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Sir John Franklin.
Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.
George W. De Long.
Dr. Kane.
Lieutenant Lockwood.

At the Head of an Arctic Fiord.

still more adventurous one than Jackson's. It is based upon a remarkable theory. Its origin goes back to the ill fated American expedition commanded by Lieutenant George W. De Long. De Long's ship, the Jeannette —equipped for him by Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the New York *Herald*—was caught in the ice off the Siberian coast, and was carried northward, until she was crushed and shattered to pieces, by an ocean current whose speed was as great as eight miles a day. Had she continued in the same direction, she would have reached the pole, and passing it, would have been borne into the North Atlantic along the eastern shore of Greenland. On that very coast, three years later, some of her gear was actually found.

Arguing from this, and supporting his theory with other facts that need not be rehearsed, Dr. Nansen formed the bold idea of drifting to the pole with the Siberian ice. His ship, the Fram (the word is the Norwegian for "forward"), has been specially designed for resistance to the dangerous floes, and it is provisioned for five years. He sailed from Christiania in June, 1893, and two months later he was last reported off the Siberian coast. Then and there he disappeared into the unknown, and it is perhaps about an even chance whether he will ever be heard of again.

Andree's balloon project sounds almost like an emanation of the prolific species of inventive genius ordinarily classified as "cranks." Nevertheless, its originator is a practical and experienced aëronaut, whose plans have received scientific approval. He has also succeeded in raising the necessary funds, King Oscar of Sweden having subscribed eight thousand dollars. He knows something of arctic conditions, too, having spent a year in Spitzbergen with a party of astronomical observers. It is from the northernmost point of Spitzbergen that his airship is to start, about midsummer of next year, whenever a strong, steady south wind offers a favorable opportunity. It will carry the Swedish aëronaut and two companions, together with instruments and supplies, a sledge, and a canvas boat. But with all the equipment that a balloon lifting three tons can hold, it is tolerably safe to say that the slightest mishap will mean swift and certain destruction to its adventurous crew.

Arctic explorers win their spurs as young men, or not at all. It is a service that wears out its servitors. Its living veterans are few. One of them is General Greely, now holding a high command in the United States army; another is Sir George Nares, now a retired admiral of the British navy; a third is Andree's fellow countryman, Nordenskjold, a veteran of twenty five years' experience of arctic travel in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Siberia, and the pioneer of the "northeast passage," which he achieved by sailing from Norway to Bering Strait. Of those who were these men's contemporaries in polar work, few are left. It is not strange that few should survive such fearful hardships as those, for instance, that befell Greely's expedition.

There is no fiction more thrilling than that true story of American heroism. It had been planned that Greely should establish an observation station in Greenland, one of a chain to be maintained about the pole by several governments. The following summer (that of 1882) supplies were to be sent him, and in 1883, after two years' work, he was to be brought back. But the plans were upset. The first relief expedition, under Beebe, failed to reach Greely's post. A second was equally unsuccessful. Nothing more could be done that year, and the cry went up that Greely had been abandoned. Mr. Chandler, who was then at the head of the navy, organized a third, under Commander Schley, who started at the earliest possible moment in 1884. It was believed that Greely's provisions would have failed him, and that he would have attempted to escape southward. A careful watch was kept along the shores of the channel that leads from Baffin's Bay toward the pole, and in June, at an old cache, a dispatch was found which announced that in October, eight months before, Greely's party had encamped for the winter at a point not far away.

Instantly all speed was made for the spot named, and on the 23d of June it was reached. The rescuers found a pitiable sight. When winter overtook Greely and his comrades, their provisions were well nigh exhausted. Nevertheless, they made a gallant fight against starvation and despair. Discipline was maintained, observations were taken regularly, and the commander kept up his men's spirits by readings and lectures, and by telling them of famous instances of soldiers dying at the post of duty. Gradually one after another succumbed. The long winter night ended, but the survivors had not strength to move. They had not strength to bury the dead—not even, in the last days, to remove the dead from the tent, which had partly collapsed, but none of its inmates could raise it. Seven were still alive—barely alive—when help came. Eighteen had perished; another forty eight hours would

have sealed the fate of all. Greely was one of the seven. He could not stand, and could scarcely speak. "Here we are," he he said faintly, "dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record."

Perhaps the most marvelous escape ever recorded was that of Captain Hall's men in 1872 and 1873. Hall's ship, the Polaris, was caught in the ice in Baffin's Bay. Expecting that at any moment their vessel might be crushed like the proverbial egg-shell, the crew encamped beside it on the floes, in two parties. Suddenly — as occasionally happens—the ice broke away, and one party found itself drifting from the ship and their companions, who were powerless to come to the rescue.

It is a familiar geographical fact that Baffin's Bay is the great breeding ground, as it were, for the glaciers that periodically float down into the North Atlantic. A polar current sweeps its ice masses southward until they gradually melt in the warmer water of the ocean. In this current the floe of the Polaris refugees floated from the Greenland shore. Gradually, as it traveled to the south, the ice became soft and rotten, and the waves broke it up into smaller fields, compelling its passengers from time to time to select a new refuge. They numbered more than thirty, including a score of American sailors and some Eskimo men with two women and several children. Their extraordinary voyage began on the 15th of October and ended on the 29th of April, when they were rescued, all safe and sound, by a passing vessel. They were then far out in the Atlantic, and had drifted the almost incredible distance of nearly two thousand miles.

Such a rescue as this is the result of almost a miracle. In too many cases the miracle does not happen. None came to prevent that greatest disaster of arctic annals, the destruction of Sir John Franklin's expedition. At that time, in 1845, the northern coast of America was still partially unknown. Both east and west it had been mapped—several hundred miles of it by Franklin himself; but there was an unexplored region between, and it was a matter of doubt whether ships could pass around it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To solve this problem Franklin was sent out with two vessels of the British navy. He disappeared amid the ice, and never returned. Years passed, and not a trace of him could be found, though expedition after expedition was sent out, largely through the efforts of Lady Franklin, who figuratively moved heaven and earth, at first in the forlorn hope of a rescue, and later to learn her lost husband's fate. Not until 1859 did Captain McClintock end the mystery by finding indisputable proofs that Franklin had accomplished his task, but had died in the hour of victory. His ships had passed through the unknown tract, but their crews had been compelled to abandon them, and, after enduring three arctic winters, had perished—more than a hundred men—in the snows of King William's Land. The "northwest passage" to China and India, for which English sailors had been searching for three centuries, and for the discovery of which Parliament had offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds, was found and mapped; but the last dream of its practicability as a route for commerce was utterly and finally dissipated.

Of the five explorers grouped on page 293, one is now in the arctic regions; three perished there; and one—Dr. Kane—died, soon after his return thence, as a result of the terrible sufferings encountered by the Advance expedition of 1853, which he commanded. Lockwood was one of Greely's aides, and it was he who, with David L. Brainard, first wrested the honor of the "furthest north" from England, by planting the Stars and Stripes at 83° 24′ north latitude—man's nearest recorded approach to the pole. He perished at the last fatal encampment of Greely's party.

De Long's name recalls another arctic tragedy, to which allusion has already been made. When the Jeannette was lost, in the summer of 1881, her crew made over the ice for the Siberian coast. Struggling through fearful hardships, one party reached a settlement. The other, of which De Long was a member, lay down one by one to die until but two were left able to march. These two were sent on for aid, the rest remaining behind. Help was found, but when they returned to their comrades not one was alive.

Modern science has done comparatively little for the arctic explorer. The obstacles he has to meet are such as invention can do little to overcome. Nothing can equip the human body to endure temperatures of sixty and seventy degrees below zero. Steam makes a vessel swifter and easier to handle, but can no more propel it through polar ice than could sail power; nor will the modern steel ship resist the "nip" of floes and bergs one whit better than the old wooden walls. Indeed, wooden ships are still preferred for arctic work. In land travel, experience has suggested divers improvements. Peary, for instance, in his journeys over the great ice

cap of Greenland, has developed the art of sledge travel beyond any of his predecessors; yet it was almost sixty years ago that Sir Edward Parry, sledging over the ice from Spitzbergen, reached a spot but forty miles short of Lockwood and Brainard's furthest, and was turned back only by the fact that the drifting floes were bearing him backward faster than he could move forward. And at that point—as further proof of the slow progress of man's northward advance—Parry, in turn, was not much more than a hundred miles beyond the latitude reached by his bold countryman, Henry Hudson, as far back as the year 1610.

It is safe to say that none of the earlier explorers dreamed of family life amid the polar ice. It was reserved for a lady of our own day to accompany her husband into the far north, to share with him the sunless days of the arctic winter, and to return to civilization with a child born close to the pole. What more supreme test could be given than this that Mrs. Peary voluntarily underwent, of the courage and endurance of the modern American woman?

Frank Lewis Ford.

THE PORTRAIT.

PEARLS and patches, powder and paint—
  This was her grandmother years ago;
Gown and coiffure so queer and quaint,
Features just lacking the prim of the saint
  From the mischievous dimple that lurks below;
  High heeled slippers and velvet bow,
Red lips mocking the school's constraint,
Fresh from passion but void of taint;
  This was her grandmother years ago.

Straight and slender, gallant and tall—
  Oh, how he loved her years ago!
Just so she looked at that Christmas ball,
When in a nook of the dusk old hall
  They whispered together soft and low.
  She murmured "Yes," but fate said "No!"
Some one listened and told it all,
And the horses might wait by the garden wall,
  But none came to answer him years ago.

Yet standing, fresh as the rose at her breast,
  Smiling down on me here below,
Never a care's on her brow impressed,
Never the dream of a thought confessed
  Of all the weariness and the woe.
  Hearts would break were not time so slow;
Swept were life's chambers, came the new guest;
First love or last love, which was the best?
  For this was her grandmother years ago.

John Hardy Hall.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

I.

THE lights of Silverette were beginning to prick the dusk in the lower valley, and the discordant clanging of the piano in Gaynard's dance hall floated up on the still air of the evening. At the altitude of the assayer's cabin the sound became a harmonious tinkling, and presently one of the two men sitting on the puncheon floored porch rose and relighted his cigar.

"That's my cue, Ned; I must go down and open up the game."

"Must, you say; that implies necessity. I don't see it." The assayer spoke as one having the authority of an old friend.

"Can't help that, Ned; it's there all the same."

"I say I don't see it. When you try to make me believe that the honor man of my class has to come down to dealing faro in a mining camp—why, Brant, it's simply incredible!"

"Looks that way, doesn't it? But it's God's truth in my case. Sometimes I'm tempted to put a forty five caliber ending to the thing."

"That would only be making a bad matter worse, and you know it. Why don't you turn over a new leaf and cut the whole business?"

Brant sat down on the step, and took time to think about it. "That's a fair question, and I've half a mind to let the game wait while I answer it," he said finally. "It isn't a very pleasant tale; if you're disgusted remember that you pulled the string yourself."

"Never mind about that—go ahead."

"I'll have to go back a spell first—back to the old college days. Do you remember Mother Harding and her daughter?"

"The old washerwoman?—yes."

"Well, you don't remember any good of her, or of the daughter, either, for that matter. But let that pass. I got it into my callow brain, somehow, that I was responsible for that girl. I know better now—I ought to have known better then—well, to shorten a long story, she's managed to spoil my life for me, root and branch."

The assayer got upon his feet and swore a great oath. "George, you don't mean to say you married that shameless ——"

"Don't call her hard names, Ned," said Brant quietly; "I shot a man once for doing that. No, I didn't marry her—I did a worse thing. Now you know why I couldn't brace up, even if I wanted to. Let the blame lie where it will—and I guess it's pretty evenly divided between us now—I'm not cur enough to turn my back on her at this stage of the game."

Hobart tramped up and down the narrow platform in silence for a little while before he asked,

"Where is she now, George?"

Brant laughed mirthlessly. "Do you hear that piano going down there in Dick Gaynard's? She's playing it."

"Great heavens! Then she's here—in Silverette?"

"Certainly. Where else would she be?"

Hobart stopped in his walk and flung the stump of his cigar far out down the slope. "Brant," he said solemnly, "I thank God your mother is dead."

"Amen," said Brant softly.

There was another pause, and then Hobart spoke again. "There was a brother, George; what became of him?"

"He went to the bad, too—the worst kind of bad, at that. He called the turn on the situation and bled me like a leech till I got a cinch on him."

"How did you do it?"

"He killed a man in cold blood one day, and I took the trouble to get the evidence in shape to spring it on him. He knows I have it, and he'd sell his soul, if he had one, to get his fingers on it. In the mean time he lets me alone."

"He'll murder you some day for safety's sake," Hobart suggested.

"No, he won't; I've made him believe that his life hangs on mine—that when I die the dogs will be let loose."

The assayer sat down on the step and put

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.*

his arm across Brant's shoulders. "Tell me one thing more, old man, and I'll let up on you. Do you love the woman?"

Brant shook his head slowly. "No, Ned; I never did—at least, not in the way you mean. And for years now it's been simply a matter of justice. She was bad enough in the beginning, but she's worse now, and that's my doing. I can't leave her to go down into the pit alone."

For a few minutes neither of them spoke; then Brant rose and girded himself for the tramp down the mountain.

"I must be going, Ned," he said. "I'm glad to have had an hour with you; it's given me a glimpse of the old life that I thought I'd never have again. And I want to see more of you, if you'll let me."

"It'll be your own fault if you don't. Have you got to go now?"

"Yes; there's a tough crowd up from Carbonado this evening, and Gaynard'll have his hands full."

"Wait till I get my overcoat, and I'll go with you."

Brant waited, but when Hobart came out of the cabin he objected.

"I don't want you to go on my account, Ned," he said; "it's not unlikely there'll be trouble, and you're new to the place."

"New to Silverette, but not to mining camps or rough crowds," Hobart amended.

Brant still hesitated. "But, Ned, you've got a wife——" he began.

Hobart pushed him into the path. "You don't know Kate," he answered; "she'd send me, if she were here."

Fifteen minutes later they entered Dick Gaynard's dance hall together, and the newcomer loitered in the bar room while Brant edged his way back to the alcove in the rear where stood the faro table. Presently Hobart saw the dealer rise and give his chair to Brant; then the assayer began to look about him.

There was nothing new or redeeming in the scene. It was the same perspiring crowd of rough men and tawdry women, surging to and fro, pounding the dusty floor to the time beaten out of the cracked piano; the same murky atmosphere, thick with smoke and reeking with the fumes of alcohol; the same silent throngs ringing the roulette boards and the faro table. Hobart looked on with a shudder of disgust. And George Brant had come to this for his daily bread! Brant, the prize winner of his class in college; the brightest man in all the class rooms and the well beloved of those who went down to the river in boats!

And this pitiful shipwreck had come of giving place to a morbid sense of honor. It was preposterous; and yet it was the very fineness of the man's soul that had led to his undoing. But the woman—perhaps there was that in her which might make Brant's plunge into the nether depths seem less unaccountable. Hobart would see.

He worked his way around two sides of the crowded room and so came to the piano. A glance at the performer was enough. It showed him a woman who could never have been beautiful; who lacked even that sensual charm which may, in some brief moments of a man's life, atone for all other lacks and havings. A mere wench of the dance halls, said Hobart to himself; and then he turned his back upon her that he might the better make excuses for his old friend.

Gaynard's bar did a thriving business that night, but the throng in the gambling alcove thinned out early. The dance hall was the greater attraction, and here the din and clamor grew apace until the raucous voice of the caller shouting the figures of the dance could no longer be heard above the clanging of the piano, the yells and catcalls, and the shuffling and pounding of feet on the floor. Hilarity was as yet the keynote of all the noise; but Hobart knew that the activity of the bartenders would shortly change the pitch to the key quarrelsome, and wished himself well out of it.

Brant glanced up from time to time as he dealt the cards, and catching Hobart's eye, beckoned him with a nod. The assayer made his way around to the dealer's chair, and Brant spoke without looking up.

"Get out of here, Ned, while you can," he said. "There'll be the deuce to pay before midnight, and there's no earthly use in your being mixed up in it."

Hobart leaned over the table and placed a dollar on one of the inlaid cards, to keep up appearances. "I'm here with you, old man, and I mean to stay here—by Jove, it's begun!"

The dance stopped, and the clamor sank into a hush, which was sharply rent by a string of oaths, a jangling crash on the piano keys, and a woman's scream. Then the two men fought their way into the thick of the crowd around the piano. A drunken ruffian was grasping the woman's arm and brandishing a revolver over her head.

"Ye won't play it, won't ye? An' ye'll give Ike Gasset a piece of yer lip—by the 'Mighty, I'll show ye!"

Brant's pistol was out before he spoke.

"Just drop that woman's arm and get out of here before I kill you," he said quietly.

The man's reply was a snap shot in Brant's face, and though his aim was bad, both Hobart and Brant felt the wind of the bullet passing between them. The crack of the pistol was the signal for a scene a description of which no man has ever yet been able to set down calmly in black on white. Shouts, oaths, a mad rush for the open air, foiled by a fiercer closing in of the crowd around the piano; all this while Brant's assailant leveled his weapon and fired again. At the same instant the woman started to her feet, and the bullet intended for Brant struck her fairly in the breast. Hobart heard the snap of the steel corset stays, and saw Brant, catching her as she reeled, fire once, twice, thrice, at the desperado. Then the assayer lifted up his voice in a shout that dominated the tumult.

"Silverettes! Out with them—they've killed a woman!"

There was a fierce affray, a surging charge, and when the place was cleared Hobart came back and found Brant on his knees beside the woman. The light was poor, but it was good enough to show that she was past help. None the less, he asked quickly, "Is there a doctor in the camp, George?"

Brant shook his head and rose. "No, but she doesn't need one—she's dead."

Hobart grasped the situation with quick prescience. "Then you've nothing to stay here for; let's get out while we can." The din of the street battle rang clamorous on the front, and he took Brant's arm to lead him away in the opposite direction. "Come on," he urged; "they'll be back here presently, and you've nothing to fight for now."

"No." Brant took a step toward the alcove, and then broke away to dart back to the piano. The wounded man was on his hands and knees, trying to drag himself out of the room. Brant was quick, but Hobart pinioned him before the revolver was half drawn.

"That would be murder, man!" he exclaimed; "come along out of this!"

Brant yielded reluctantly, and the two men climbed out of the back window and made their way in silence up to the assayer's cabin. Not until they were safe within its walls did Hobart open his mouth; then he spoke tersely and to the point.

"Four hours ago, George, you gave me your reason for not turning your back on your shame, and I had nothing to say. Now the reason is removed, and you've had an object lesson that ought to last you as long as you live. What do you say?"

Brant spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "What else am I good for?" he asked.

"That question is unworthy of you, and you know it. You have your profession, and without it you could still do as well as another."

Brant held his peace, and walked thoughtfully up and down the narrow floor space. When he had fought his battle, he stopped, and sat down opposite the assayer.

"I'm not in love with it—I think you know that, Ned. All these years I've had a yearning for decency and clean living and respectability, that I couldn't strangle, do what I would. So you'll understand that I'm not halting between two opinions. It's simply this—can a man turn over a new leaf and bury such a past as mine without being beset by a constant fear of its resurrection? Won't it come up and slap him in the face about the time he thinks he's got it decently covered up and out of sight?"

"No," rejoined Hobart promptly. "The world is wide, and a few years of one man's life are no more than texts written in the sand."

"You're wrong there, Ned; the world is fearfully small, and its memory of evil deeds is as long as its charity is short."

"Let it be, then; you're not a woman—you are a man, and you can fight it out and live it down."

Brant acquiesced without more ado. "I was merely stating the case," he said. "You saved my worthless life tonight, Ned, and I'll do with it whatever you say."

"That's more like the George Brant I used to know. And this is what I say: I know a trail across Jack Mountain that will take us to the railroad in three hours. There is no station, but there's a side track for the Hoopoee Mine; and you can build a fire to flag the east bound train. Have you money?"

"Yes."

"Enough?"

"Yes; enough to try whatever experiment you suggest."

"I don't know that I have anything to suggest, more than your own common sense will forestall. Get into civilization as soon as may be, and go to work; that's about all there is to it."

"How deep shall I dive?"

"Please yourself about that; but you're a Western man, now, and you'll probably do better in the West. Moreover, it is not

yet the custom to examine a man's record with a microscope out here. How about Denver?"

"It's as good a place as any; I had it in mind."

"All right, let's get a move; it's a stiffish climb to the top of the pass."

At the door Hobart turned back, coming out again with his overcoat and a small handbag.

"You'll need these to keep up appearances," he said. "There are a few odds and ends in the grip, and you can send it and the coat back when they've served your turn."

"I'll do it," quoth Brant; and then they set their feet in the trail that led over the shoulder of Jack Mountain.

The path was rough and difficult, and there was neither time nor breath for speech in the long climb. The moon was rising when they reached the summit, and Hobart pointed down the slope to a dark mass hugging the mountain side.

"That is the Hoopoee shaft house," he said; "the railroad is just below it. Got matches and cigars?"

"Yes, both."

"Then I'll go back from here. Good by, old man; tie your courage in a hard knot, and let me hear from you."

Brant grasped his friend's hand and wrung it in silence. He tried to speak, but the words tripped one another.

"Never mind, George," Hobart broke in; "I know what you want to say. It's nothing more than you'd have done if the saddle had been on the other horse. And about your —the woman; I'll do whatever you could do if you stayed. Now then, down you go, or you'll miss your train. Good by."

II.

BRANT flagged the train with a firebrand, took a berth in the sleeper, and went to bed but not to sleep. Hardened as he was to scenes of violence, the brutal tragedy of the dance hall was too recent and too terrible to be put lightly aside. It was an awesome thing that she should be sent to her account impenitent and unshriven; and yet he could not pretend to be deeply grieved at the death of a woman who had been an evil genius to him. Nor did he harrow himself needlessly with the thought that she had given her life for his; he knew her well enough to be sure that she had had no such intention. But when all was said, it was an evil deed, and the remembrance of it might well banish sleep.

For his swift retaliation on the murderer he took no remorseful thought. It was not to be expected of him. For three years he had lived in a world where law was not; where men defended their lives and redressed their wrongs with the strong hand. Moreover, his act was strictly within the pale of self defense; if he had not shot the man, his own life would have been forfeit, and that quickly. So there was nothing particularly regrettable about that part of the affair, save that, for all his good will, he had not killed the ruffian. And on the heels of the regret came a dash of thankfulness in the recollection that Hobart had saved him from adding a savage murder to his rather long list of things to be repented of.

With these thoughts for companions, the gray dawn light, sifting through the chinks around the window shades, found him still tossing wakefully in his berth.

"I've made a nice mess of it," he mused, turning over and trying for the hundredth time to compose himself to sleep, "and I have my doubts about ever being able to live it down, but I'll give it a fair try."

With which good resolution sleep came, and Brant knew no more until the porter roused him.

"Twenty minutes to de breakfas' station, sah," said the man, shaking him gently.

Brant looked at his watch. "Breakfast? Why, it's nearly ten o'clock!"

"Yes, sah; been monkeyin' wid a hot box all night long, sah—done t'ought we nev' would get anywhahs, sah."

"All right; I'll get up."

In the wash room Brant found no one but the porter.

"Light car this morning, John?" he asked.

The porter grinned. "Yo' right about dat, sho', sah. You-all come might' nigh havin' a special cyah las' night, sah."

"A special car? Why?"

"'Caze de young lady an' you-all had de cyah all to yo'selves, sah. Is you-all 'quaintin' wid her?"

"I have never so much as seen her," said Brant; and he put on his coat and went back into the body of the car to correct the omission.

He found her there—a serene eyed young woman, pleasant faced, plainly gowned, and of modest demeanor. Brant promptly betook himself to her section with a kindly offer of assistance.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but we are coming to the breakfast station, and there will probably be the usual scramble. Will you give me the pleasure of looking after your wants?"

She looked up, and he had time to observe that her eyes were gray, that they were deep wells of innocent frankness, and that her face was sweet and attractive. And when she made answer there was something in her speech to tell him that she was neither of the outspoken West nor of the self contained East.

"It was kind of you to think of me, but I don't want to trouble you," she said.

"Don't call it trouble—it will be a pleasure," he corrected; and then, as she made room for him on the opposite seat, he sat down.

"We're late, are we not?" she asked.

"Yes, very; the porter says we've been delayed by a hot box."

"I thought something was the matter. The train has been stopping all through the night, and I could hear them working at the car every time I awoke."

"I heard them, too," said Brant, to whom the memory of the frequent stoppages was like the remembrance of something half forgotten; "it didn't occur to me at the time that we were going behind, but it does now—I'm hungry."

She laughed at this and confessed a fellow feeling. "I'm hungry, too, and I was just hoping for two things—a good breakfast, and time enough to enjoy it."

"We'll get the first, because Spelman sets a good table; but as to time, I'm afraid our being late will cut it short. If you don't mind, we'll go out to the front platform and so be ready to get in ahead of the rush."

She went with him willingly, and they stepped out on the platform. The train was running down grade, and there were no cinders; but the swaying of the car made the footing precarious, and he put his hand upon her arm for safety's sake.

And she permitted it, does some one ask? Yea, verily; and, having never so much as breathed the air of chaperonage, and being, moreover, much too innocent and pure minded herself to be on the watch for unworthy motives in others, she thought no harm of it. And as for Brant—if she had been an angel of light, preaching repentance and a better mind to the hardened sinner of the mining camps, nothing she could have said or done would have touched him so nearly as this tacit acceptance of his protection. It gave him a soul harrowing glimpse of the awful distance separating the chivalrous gentleman of her maidenly imagination from George Brant, late of Gaynard's faro bank.

He had thought, in his presumption, to lay the old life aside like a garment that had served its turn; and here he found himself, at the very outset of the journey toward better things, confronting a series of possibilities that was simply appalling. How this innocent young woman would shrink from him if she could but merely imagine the manner of man he was! There was honest shame and humiliation in the thought; and so far as these may give a moral uplift, Brant was the better man for the experience. None the less, he was glad when the train slowed into the breakfast station, and the demands of the present shut the door upon the past and its discomforting reminders.

Having a clear field for the run across the platform, Brant and his charge were the first to reach the dining room; and they had chosen a table and given their breakfast order before the other seats were taken. As a matter of course, Brant's order was filled first; and thereat his vis-à-vis, a hard featured man in a linen duster and skullcap, raised his voice in remonstrance.

"That's the curse of the fee system!" he growled, glowering across at Brant, and addressing no one in particular. "I object to it on principle, and every self respecting person ought to help put it down!"

Brant looked daggers at the man, and wondered how long he would be permitted to live and talk in a mining camp. Here the matter might have rested, but the irascible individual saw the look, and took it as a challenge.

"Yes, sir, I referred to you," he said, hurling the explanation at Brant's head. "I submit it to the entire company if it is fair for you to monopolize the attention of the servants while the rest of us go hungry."

"I'm sure you will excuse me if I decline to discuss the question with you," said Brant placably. "We were the first comers, and my order was given before you sat down."

Here, again, the matter might have rested, but the positive gentleman must needs have the last word.

"What I said, sir, had no reference to the question of precedence. What I particularly objected to is the subsidizing of the servants."

Whereupon Brant, who was as yet innocent of the implied charge, took occasion to call the waiter who had served him and to fee him ostentatiously in the sight of the whole table. The man in the skullcap scowled his disapproval but said nothing, and Brant was still congratulating himself on his own magnanimity when hostilities broke out afresh.

The young woman had finished her breakfast, and he had persuaded her to take a second cup of coffee. When it came, the man across the table, who had given a similar order, claimed it for his own. Brant expostulated. The man in the skullcap insisted. There was a sharp exchange of incivilities, in the midst of which the young woman rose to leave the table.

It was the last straw, and it broke the back of Brant's patience. Rising quickly, he snatched the cup of coffee from the waiter and flung the contents into the face of his persecutor. That done, he hastened after his companion, stalking out of the dining room before the man with a grievance could gather breath for an explosion.

Brant marched his charge straight to the Pullman, and by the time they were half way across the platform he was heartily ashamed of himself and ready to welcome anything that might come by way of reproach. Nothing was said, however, and they boarded the train in silence. In the seclusion of the sleeping car Brant did what he could to make amends.

"I don't ask your forgiveness," he said; "I know I've put myself beyond that; but I beg you to let me say just one word in my own defense. For three years I've been roughing it in these mountains, eating at tables where that man's insolence would cost him his life before he could measure words with the mildest man in the camp. And so I forgot myself for the moment—forgot what was due you. Now I'll make the only reparation I can, and keep out of your sight for the rest of the day;" and straightway he vanished without giving her a chance to reply.

III.

HAVING set himself to expiate his fault, Brant wore out the day as best he could, smoking numberless cigars, and pushing the tentacles of thought out into the uncertain future. In the light of his late relapse into barbarism the process was not a cheerful one; but it served its purpose, which was to kill time, and the difficulties in the way to amendment brought out all the good there was in him. Notwithstanding the bad beginning, he was still determined to fight his way back to decency at whatever cost. There should yet come a day, please God, when he would not be obliged to put the length of a Pullman car between himself and a good woman.

Having thus, as it were, thrown down the gage of battle to the powers of darkness, he was not to be easily overdaunted because it was promptly taken up. After one of the many stops with the troublesome axle, the rear brakeman came into the smoking room and sat down. The man's face looked familiar, and Brant nodded. Whereupon the brakeman passed the time of day, and immediately began to abuse his calling and to ease his mind in the matter of the hot box.

"She's never made a run yet without keepin' everybody on the keen jump!" he complained. "I've been chasin' up and down with the dope kettle ever since one o'clock this morning."

"Who might 'she' be?" asked Brant, with languid curiosity.

"Why, this here car—the Hesperus. Last time we had her it was the back box on this end; now it's the for'ard one under the drawin' room—blazin' away like a track torch more 'n half the time."

"Keeps you busy, does it?"

"You're mighty right it does. And when I have a job like this, I like to have some blame fool tourist come up and begin to jaw about the soft snap a brakeman has, now they've got the air brake."

"Did somebody do that?"

"Yes; first thing this morning—big chap in a linen duster and smokin' cap—same fellow that——" The brakeman stopped short, as one who suddenly finds himself treading upon what may prove to be dangerous ground.

"Go on," said Brant encouragingly.

"Well, I mean the fellow that you had the scrap with. Great Moses, but he was hot!"

"Was he? So was I."

"You'd better believe he was. Came out of that dining room r'arin' like a buckin' bronco; said he was goin' to have the law on you, and wanted the old man to wire ahead for a policeman to meet the train."

"What old man—the conductor?"

"Yes; an' Harker told him he couldn't do it, 'cause the row didn't happen on the train—said he didn't know who you was, any way. Then I chipped in an' told him you was Plucky George, the man that cleaned out the six toughs when they tried to run the bank up at Silverette. Holy smoke! You ought to seen him fall down when I told him that!" The brakeman laughed uproariously, and Brant groaned in spirit at this ominous hint that his past meant to keep pace with him.

"You'd better believe it," the man went on; "he just went yaller when I told him that, an' the last I seen of him he was up ahead, lookin' for you so 't he could 'pologize. Ain't that rich?"

"Very," said Brant grimly; then he saw his advantage, and made good use of it. "It's too rich to spoil. Go find that fellow and tell him I'm in a bad humor—that he's safe as long as he keeps away from me. Will you do that?"

"Sure," assented the brakeman, getting upon his feet; "I'll do better 'n that—I'll scare the life out of him."

Brant's level brows bent into a frown. "You'll do nothing of the sort—you'll tell him just what I say, and not a word more or less. Now go."

The man of dope kettles and rear end signals was no coward, but neither was he minded to pick a quarrel with the hero of the Silverette battle. Brant let him get to the door, and then called him back.

"Where does your run end?"

"Voltamo—next stop but one."

"Then you don't go into Denver?"

"No."

"But some time you may. In that case it'll be as well for you to forget what little you may happen to know about me. Do you understand?"

"You'd better believe I do. I can hold my jaw with anybody when I have to, and I don't have to be hit with a club, neither."

"Good; have a cigar?—and don't forget what I say."

The brakeman took the proffered cigar and went forward, and thereafter Brant served out more of his sentence in solitude. The train lost time steadily, and an early supper was served at the regular dinner station. Brant went to the dining room with the other passengers, and when he saw by her non appearance that his companion in the Hesperus was going to fast, he sent the porter to her with a luncheon and a cup of tea.

"About what I might have expected," he told himself, when he was once more back in the smoking compartment; "she was afraid to trust herself in the same dining room with me. Why couldn't I have held my temper just ten seconds longer? Here I've had to sit all day and eat my heart out when I might have been getting miles away from the old life in her company. What a fool a man can make of himself when he tries!"

"That's a fact," said some one at his elbow; and Brant, who had been staring gloomily out of the window at the wall of blackness slipping past the train, was unreasonable enough to be angry.

"I beg your pardon!" he began wrathfully, turning upon his commentator, but the pleasant face of the young man in the opposite seat disarmed him at once.

"Don't," he said; "I beg yours. I spoke without thinking, but what you said about the fool making faculty calls for general ratification. We all have it."

Brant nodded and the newcomer relighted his cigar. "Going in to Denver?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Wish I were. I've been out a week now, and I'm beginning to long for the fleshpots."

"You have my sympathy if you have to stop over night anywhere between here and Denver," said Brant, who knew the country.

"Luckily I don't have to; I only got on to ride down to the meeting point with number three. I have to go back to Voltamo tonight."

Brant laughed. "Do you find it cheaper to ride than to wait?"

"It's quite as cheap in my case—the railway company has to support me, any way."

"Oh, you're in the service, are you?"

"Yes."

"Engineer corps?"

"No, operating department; I'm chief clerk in the superintendent's office."

They smoked companionably for a while, and then Brant said, "Perhaps you can tell me some of the things I want to find out. Who is your chief engineer now?"

"Colonel Bowran."

"Good fellow?"

"Out of sight; gentleman of the old school, you know—West Point, regular army, and all that. They say he won't hire a chain man unless he's a college graduate."

"Office in Denver?"

"Yes; next to ours."

"All of which is comforting," said Brant. "I hope you'll have me for a neighbor. I'm going to try for a billet on the C. E. & W."

"Good!" exclaimed the chief clerk, rising at the sound of the locomotive whistle. "My name's Antrim, and you'll find me in Superintendent Craig's office. Latch string's always out."

"And mine is Brant. Quit us here?"

"Got to do it. Glad to have met you, Mr. Brant. Be sure and hunt me up. Good night."

Brant shook hands heartily with his new acquaintance at parting; it was Colorado, in the day when strangers became friends—or enemies—on the spot; when one uncon-

sciously dropped the "Mr." in an hour, and then slipped easily around the surname to hobnob with Tom, Dick, and Harry in the first interview.

The little chat with the chief clerk was heartening in its way; and when the train was once more swaying and lurching on its crooked course down the canyon, Brant looked at his watch and figured on the probable time of arrival.

"Four hours late; that will make it ten o'clock in Denver. Wonder if the little woman will find somebody to look after her when she gets in. If she doesn't——"

It was the porter who interrupted his soliloquy this time. The man had been trying to get speech with him for half an hour, but he was much too discreet to deliver his message while Antrim was in the smoking room.

"'Bout de suppah, sah; de lady in lower eight say t'ank you, an' would you-all be so kin' an' step back in the cyah a minute?"

"Certainly." Brant rose to comply, but he was no sooner on his feet than he was thrown violently across the compartment.

"Golly! She's on the ties!" gasped the negro, and the exclamation ended in a yell of terror.

Brant kept his head, and thought only of the young woman alone in the body of the car. With the floor heaving and bounding under him like the deck of a storm tossed ship, he darted out of the smoking room and flung himself against the swinging door in the narrow side vestibule. The door was jammed by the twisting of the car, but the glass of its upper panel fell in fragments under his hand, and he was half through the aperture when the end came. The heavy sleeper lurched first to the right, reeled drunkenly for an instant on the edge of the embankment facing the river, righted itself with a jerk when the safety chains and draw bar gave way, and then settled back to topple over against the canyon wall, stopping with a crash that flung Brant to his knees just as he was starting down the aisle.

The broken glass was still falling from the shattered transoms when he reached section eight. The young woman was unhurt, but she was very pale, and the gray eyes were full of terror.

"Don't faint," said Brant, wondering what he should do in case she did; "it's all over, now."

"But the others——" she faltered.

"I don't think the rest of the train left the track; it was only 'the wreck of the Hesperus,' you see."

She smiled at that and asked what they should do.

"If you'll promise not to faint while I'm gone, I'll go and find out. There's no danger now."

"I'm not going to faint—but please don't be long."

He was back in a moment, gathering up her belongings.

"There is nothing smashed but the Hesperus," he explained. "They will leave flagmen and go on to Denver. Will you take my arm?"

The wrecked car was already surrounded by a throng of curious passengers and anxious train men, and ready hands were extended to help them down from the uptilted platform. Brant put them all aside and lifted his companion to the ground.

They made their way through the crowd, and so on down the track to the train. Brant found a seat in the day coach, and, making a rug of Hobart's overcoat, tucked his charge in comfortably. Then he sat down beside her.

"I'll not leave you again till I see you safe in Denver," he said; "that is, not unless you send me away."

"I didn't send you away this morning," she replied, with a smile that made him forget for the moment who and what he was.

"I know you didn't, but you had a right to. And after what had happened, the least I could do was to take myself off."

She did not answer him until the train was once more rushing on its way. Then she said,

"I thought at the time you were very patient—and I think so still."

"Do you? That's very good of you; but I fear I don't deserve it. My first thought should have been for you, and I might have kept my temper for another half minute."

Now this young woman had had excellent upbringing, as will presently appear, and she knew perfectly well that Brant was right; but where is the woman who does not secretly rejoice in a vigorous championship of her rights, even at the expense of the proprieties?

So she spoke him fair, telling him that she was sending for him at the time of the accident to thank him and pay him for her supper. Nay, more. She made the next two hours so pleasant for him that they were as but a watch in the night, and their flitting seemed to push his life in the mountains into a very remote past.

And so they chatted until the outlying lights of Denver began to flash past the

windows; and then Brant bethought him of his companion's further comfort.

"Will there be some one at the train to meet you?" he inquired.

"No, but my street car line is only a block from the depot, and the car takes me almost to our door."

"I will put you on the car," he said; and this he did, some few minutes later, bidding her good night, and standing in the street to catch a last glimpse of her face as the car sped away. Then he turned to seek a hotel, and was well up town before he thought of something that made him laugh aloud at his own stupidity. In all their talk he had not mentioned his name nor she hers. For a certain crazy moment he was minded to run after the car; then he became sane again and went on his way.

"It's all right," he mused. "Denver isn't London; and if I can ever pull myself up into the ranks of the well behaved, I'll find her."

IV.

JUDGE LANGFORD'S comfortable brick house in the Highlands, North Denver, faced the west. It had a roomy veranda in front, fenced in with a flat topped railing, and furnished with splint bottomed chairs, and a hand netted hammock slung across one corner.

On pleasant Sunday afternoons, when Dorothy was at her mission school, and the judge slept peacefully in one of the chairs; when Mrs. Langford followed her husband's example in the privacy of her room, and Will was no one ever knew just where—the hammock was Isabel's special convenience. For one thing, it commanded a magnificent view of the mountains; and for another, it swung opposite that particular portion of the railing which was Harry Antrim's favorite perch during the hour or two that measured his customary Sunday afternoon visit.

On these occasions Isabel divided her attention impartially between Antrim and the mountains. What time the young man dwelt overmuch on railway matters, Isabel found it convenient to be able to look over his shoulder at the mighty panorama unrolling itself in endless transformation scenes against the western horizon. And when Antrim, finding himself ignored, came back from things practical to things personal, Isabel had but to close her eyes to the scenic background, and to open them again upon the personality of her companion.

Conceding nothing to what he called her artistic fad, Antrim was not unwilling to condone Isabel's indifference to railway affairs. It was a part, the greater part, of his life—the business of his office; but he could understand why Judge Langford's daughter might easily weary of railway shop talk. There had been more or less of it all along in the old days in Illinois, when the judge was counsel for the railway company of which Antrim's father was the superintendent; but that was because the Langfords and Antrims lived side by side, and were friends as well as neighbors. Here in Colorado it was different. The judge was an invalid, a migrant for health's sake, with gear sufficient to make him independent of railway counselorships, and with little left of his former connection save a pocketful of annual passes and a warm affection for the son of his old friend the superintendent.

None the less, Antrim thought that Isabel might bear with him occasionally, if only for the reason that she would some day begin to eat the bread and meat of railway service. That, at least, would be the outcome of a certain project cherished by the young man, and heartily abetted by Isabel's parents; and so much Antrim said to her one Sunday afternoon, some weeks after his return from division duty at Voltamo.

"I do take an interest in your affairs, Harry, you know I do. I'm glad to see you succeeding in something you really like. But I wish"—— she stopped and let her gaze go beyond him—"I wish you wouldn't talk as if——"

She paused again, and Antrim finished the protest for her.

"As if my prospects and your future were one and the same thing, you mean?"

"Yes, that's it; it makes me feel just the least bit resentful. I know I can't paint very much yet, but that's no reason why I shouldn't learn, is it?"

"Certainly not; but you're never going to earn your living at it—you are going to be married to me, and then you can paint for fun as much as you please."

Isabel's eyebrows arched themselves in incredulous defiance. "That is what you've been telling me ever since I can remember," she retorted, "but you know it can't be, Harry; and when you talk that way it makes it more than ever impossible."

"Why?"

"Because it shows that you still cling to the idea that my love for art is nothing but a school girl fad. It isn't anything of the kind; and you and father and all the rest of them ought to know it by this time."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Antrim, relapsing into disgusted silence.

Isabel touched the toe of her slipper to the floor and swung herself gently. As a comrade, brother—as anything but a lover—she fellowshiped Antrim with hearty frankness. They had known each other from childhood, and the outspoken familiarity of such an acquaintance is not to be set aside by the mere formality of one sided love making. He was a nice boy, she thought, suffering herself to moralize a little while he was recovering his equanimity; and he was capable, too—every one said that of him. He was barely three years her senior, and yet he was already making his mark in the railway service. Still, he was but a boy, and——

"Why don't you say something?" interrupted Antrim.

"I was thinking about you, and I supposed you'd be glad to have me keep quiet if I'd do that."

"I don't know about that; it depends very much upon what you were thinking. I could tell better if I knew."

Isabel tossed her head disdainfully. "Anybody would give me a penny for my thoughts," she said.

"Oh, if it's a pecuniary matter, here"—he took a dollar from his pocket and gave it to her.

"Thanks; I want some new brushes, and father says I'm extravagant. Now you shall have what you've paid for. I was thinking that you know how to dress becomingly—and that you are smart—and that your salary is enough to make poor people envious—and that you look absurdly young—and that a mustache would make you look years older—a-n-d——"

Antrim sawed the air with his arm as he would have slowed down a reckless engineer.

"That's enough—you've earned the dollar; but you won't mind my saying that I can get myself abused for less money. Do you ever have a really serious thought, Isabel? Take time to think about it, and then tell me honestly."

Again Isabel's gaze went past him, bridging the bare plain and seeking infinity in the heights rising in mighty grandeur beyond the flat top of Table Mountain. When she spoke, raillery had given place to enthusiasm.

"Could any one live in sight of that"——pointing to the range——"and not have thoughts too big for any kind of expression?"

"Oh, about art; yes, I'll admit you can out-think most people on that line," he rejoined.

"That's right—gibe if you want to. Just the same, art is the real reality, and your petty business affairs are merely the playthings of life. If I could put on canvas the faintest impression, the merest foreshadowing, of what you can see over there, every other accomplishment or enjoyment in the world would seem little by comparison."

"There you go again," said Antrim. "I like pretty things as well as anybody, but when you try to make me believe that the making of them is the chief end of man, or of woman, for that matter—why, it's like——" he searched for a sufficiently strong comparison, and, not finding one ready to his hand, ended rather irrelevantly—"between you and Brant I have a hard time of it trying to keep my feet on the every day earth."

Isabel ignored the tirade, and went off at a tangent, as was her habit with Antrim.

"Mr. Brant is a college graduate, isn't he?" she asked.

"Yes, I believe so; what of it?" said Antrim, who was so nearly self educated, and so wholly imbued with the afflatus of business, as to think little of scholastic attainments.

"Nothing; only I was thinking how much a college man has to be thankful for."

"Don't see the point," objected Antrim. "Take Brant, for instance; how is he any better off than the rest of us?"

"The mere fact that you can ask such a question is its best answer," replied Isabel pertly. "Mr. Brant doesn't have to talk shop. He knows books and art, and a dozen other things."

Antrim lost patience, as who would not? "Brant be hanged!" he exclaimed; "I'm sick and tired of having him held up to me as an example. I wish I'd never brought him here!"

"Thank you for nothing," snapped Isabel; and for five full minutes neither of them spoke. Then Antrim made another desperate attempt to say what was next to his heart.

"Let's drop art, Isabel, and talk about something that's of a great deal more importance—to me. When are you going to put me out of my misery?"

The time was ill chosen, and she answered accordingly. "Don't be foolish, Harry; there is no use in our going back to that."

"Yes, there is," he insisted; "I've waited patiently for—let me see—it's over two years now, Isabel, and this state of affairs can't go on indefinitely."

"End it, then; I never asked you to wait."

He was on his feet in a moment. "Don't talk that way, Isabel; I'm not going to urge you any more now, but I want you to remember that I can't take a jesting answer always. When we speak of it again, you must either take me or send me away—and you'll listen to reason, won't you?"

She continued to look steadfastly at the distant mountains, and gave him no word of encouragement.

"Won't you, Isabel?" he repeated.

No answer.

"Isabel, I'm going now."

But still there was no response, and Isabel did not speak or move until she heard the front gate close behind him.

V.

As for Brant, and the successive steps in his reformatory experiment leading up to the good repute hinted at by Isabel Langford's praise, fortune good and ill befell in this wise. After the incident on the Denver journey, and his recognition by the brakeman, he looked for similar embarrassments at every turn; but uphill paths are not always rough or slippery throughout. In proof of this, the beginnings were made easy for him; he met no inopportune acquaintances, and the question of employment answered itself congenially and almost immediately.

Colonel Bowran needed a draftsman; also, he happened to hold Brant's college in high repute, inasmuch as its professor of mathematics was an alumnus of his own alma mater. This and that, yoked together, plowed Brant's furrow for him; and two days after his arrival in Denver he was perched upon a high stool in the engineer's office, giving himself mind and heart to the practice of a profession which had once been a passion with him.

A fortnight later Antrim came back. The acquaintance was renewed, and Brant exchanged his room in the hotel for lodgings in the quiet boarding house recommended by the chief clerk. For a few weeks the young engineer went about his business circumspectly, spending his days at the office and his evenings in his room at Mrs. Seeley's, and showing himself in the streets as little as might be. This guarded walk brought its own reward. Not once in his goings and comings did he see a familiar face; and when the sense of security began to tread upon the heels of success, he ventured to take another step and went with Antrim to call upon the Langfords.

"They are nice people, and you'll like them," said the chief clerk. "My father was the judge's oldest friend, back in Illinois, and our houses stood in the same yard. I've known them ever since I can remember anything."

"Large family?" queried Brant, as Antrim signaled a North Denver car.

"No; two girls and a boy. Dorothy's good, but not pretty; Isabel is pretty, but not—well, I'll leave her out and you can judge for yourself. As for Will, he's quite another sort—I call him an unlicked cub."

Twenty minutes later Antrim was introducing his friend in the cozy sitting room of the brick house in the Highlands.

"Mrs. Langford, my friend, Mr. Brant. Judge Langford, this is the hermit I promised to bring you; Isabel, let me present Mr. Brant. Dorothy——"

But the elder daughter came forward smiling, and forestalled the introduction. "I'm glad to be able to thank you by name, Mr. Brant," she said. "Mamma, this is the gentleman who was so kind to me on the night of the wreck."

That was the beginning of it; and Brant's heart warmed within him when he allowed himself to hope that something more beneficent than chance had brought them together again. Later in the evening, however, it cooled again; and the chilling process began, continued, and ended after this fashion.

Mrs. Langford (turned aside from her magazine by something Antrim has just said)—"What is that you say, Harry?"

Antrim (who has been telling of the rocket-wise rise and fall of a young man of questionable lineage)—"I said the robbery was what might have been expected of Brophy. His father was a thief, and his grandfather served a term in Joliet. Everybody used to say that John would bear watching."

Mrs. Langford (with some asperity)—"And so drove him into crime, as a matter of course."

Isabel—"'The sins of the fathers'—— it's a part of the curse, isn't it?"

Mrs. Langford—"Nonsense! This is a Christian dispensation. Leaving heredity out of the question, it's perfectly barbarous to make a person answerable for the sins of his parents. There's too much of that, nowadays, and too little of the other. A man ought to be held strictly accountable for his own acts, and for them only."

The Judge—"And how about the women, my dear?"

Mrs. Langford—"They have always had to take the blame, not only for their own

misdeeds, but for those of other people as well—it began with Adam and Eve, if you remember."

Dorothy—"But, mamma, doesn't that shut the door of repentance?"

Mrs. Langford—"Repentance and reinstatement are two different things. If a young man were given to understand that every misstep would shut one or more respectable doors to him, the crop of wild oats would probably grow smaller with every generation."

Antrim (with a significant glance in Brant's direction)—"I agree with you fully, Mrs. Langford. It would be the most effective reformatory measure ever invented."

To all of which Brant listened with oozing courage; and it was no comfort to him to hope that the view taken by Mrs. Langford was not shared in its pristine clarity by the majority of mothers with marriageable daughters. His case was separate and apart, and in it Mrs. Langford represented the very essence of public opinion. What would the good lady say if she knew that at least one of her guests was little better than a brand from the burning—a graceless reprobate, whose principal business in life had been to ride rough shod over all restraints, moral and otherwise? Brant went dumb before the suggested question, was ill at ease during the remainder of the evening, and was much relieved when Antrim finally gave the signal for departure. On the walk down town (they had outstayed the last car) the chief clerk harked back to the discussion on culpability.

"I could hardly keep a straight face while Mrs. Langford was laying down the law for us," he said. "She has a very dark brown sheep in her own household."

"So? The son, I suppose?"

"Yes, Will. He's only nineteen, but I'm afraid he has sounded the pond pretty thoroughly. I haven't kept track of him here in Denver, partly because he has no use for a friend of the family, and partly because I haven't much use for him; but he promised to be a terror when he was a little tad, and I've no doubt he's keeping the promise."

"It's a pity," said Brant, thinking of the boy's elder sister.

"It's all of that, but it's just what might have been expected. The father and mother have one standard for the daughters and another for the son. Will has never known the meaning of obedience, and he has never been required to do anything he didn't want to. Consequently, he's a tough at nineteen."

"What's his particular weakness?" inquired Brant.

"I don't think he has any favorites. To the best of my knowledge he's as impartial as a callow youth can well be. I've heard more about his gambling than anything else, though."

Brant held his peace for two whole squares; then he spoke his mind freely.

"It's none of my business, Antrim," he began, "and I don't know how you stand with the family, but it's rough to let that boy go to the devil without making an effort to save him. I don't half like the way you put it."

Antrim laughed. "You must remember it's an old story with me; and, besides, I haven't a ghost of a chance with him. He doesn't like me and I don't like him; if I tried to interfere, I'd simply get myself into hot water."

"Just the same, something ought to be done," Brant persisted.

"I agree with you, but who's to do it? Suppose you try your hand—by Jove! that's the idea! Mrs. Langford wouldn't thank you, because she'd never admit the necessity; but the judge knows, and he'd be your friend for life."

Brant smiled grimly at the thought of his becoming a reformer of wayward youth, but he answered not a word, and the arrival at Mrs. Seeley's presently put an end to the conversation.

From the first visit to the Langfords' to the second was but a step, and Brant found it easier to take after the talk with Antrim about Will. After that, finding his welcome all that could be desired, he went often. The judge liked him because he took the trouble to inform himself upon the subject of penology, which was the invalid's hobby; Mrs. Langford was disposed to be gracious to him because of his disinterested kindness to Dorothy on the train; Isabel openly rejoiced in the acquisition of a critic who could criticise; and Dorothy made him welcome for many reasons, most of which she kept under lock and key in the strong room of her heart.

So there were not a few visits to the Highlands, and all went well until the Tuesday evening following Antrim's rather critical interview with Isabel. Brant had called rather later than usual, and found Dorothy alone with her father and mother. There were unmistakable signs of sorrow on the daughter's face; and when neither the judge nor Mrs. Langford seemed grateful for the company of their guest, the engineer cut his visit short.

When he went away, Dorothy followed him to the front door. There had been nothing more than a pleasant friendship between them, thus far, but Brant had been watching eagerly for a chance to say or do something that would lessen the distance. Here was the coveted opportunity; and when she gave him her hand at parting, with a halting excuse for the gloom of the household, he made bold to hold it while he said,

"Don't speak of it unless you want to, and—forgive me if I intrude—but is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Then you know——" She hesitated, and Brant was too generous to allow her to go on.

"I know nothing; but you seem to be in trouble."

"I am—we all are. And there is no reason why you shouldn't know; it will be in the papers in the morning, and then every one will know. Will didn't come home last night, and father found him in jail this morning."

With all his comings and goings Brant yet knew Will Langford as little as might be, and that little chiefly by hearsay. The boy was seldom at home in the evenings, and on the few occasions when his presence had coincided with the engineer's visits, he had been sullen and reticent, showing forth the fitness of Antrim's assertion that he was an "unlicked cub." Scanty as were his opportunities for observation, however, Brant had seen that the mother idolized her son and found no fault in him; that Isabel tempered her sisterly affection with a generous measure of contempt; and that Dorothy loved her brother not blindly but well. And it was with Dorothy's point of view that Brant chiefly concerned himself.

"Where is he now?" he inquired.

"We don't know—that is the sharp edge of it. He was in his room at noon, but when I took his supper up he was gone."

"One more question, and you needn't answer it if I ought not to know; what was the trouble last night?"

"I'm not sure, but I think that—that"—she stumbled over the words and would have broken down, but Brant ventured a word of comfort and she went on—"they were playing cards and the police took them all. Will has made mamma believe they were not gambling, but I'm afraid that isn't true." She turned away from him and leaned against the door post to cry softly.

Brant saw the path of duty very clearly, and he saw, too, that it might easily lead him straight to his own destruction. None the less, he set his feet therein like a man and a lover.

"Don't cry," he said; "we must find some way to help him. Does Antrim know anything about this?"

"No; and that is why Isabel went to the theater with him tonight. They had planned to go, and she knew he would find out if they stayed at home."

"That is all I wanted to know. Now you go in and comfort your father and mother; I can help—perhaps more than you'd be willing to believe. Good night."

"One word, Mr. Brant; you'll bring him home if you find him, won't you?"

"Certainly; and I'll find him, if he's in Denver. Has he a latch key?"

"Yes."

"Then don't sit up for him, and don't let your mother, if you can help it. And you mustn't grieve; it will come out all right."

"Oh, I hope so—and I don't know how we can ever repay you, Mr. Brant."

"Wait till I've done something worthy of payment; then perhaps I'll tell you—if you'll let me. Good by."

A car was coming, and Brant ran to the crossing and caught it. He had put his hand to the plow, and there was no turning back.

(*To be continued.*)

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TWO LIVES.

A STORM; a wave; a rock;
A helmless ship near shore;
Despair; a crash; a shock;
One shriek!—— and all is o'er.

A storm; a rock; a wave;
Gone sail and rope and mast;
Love's guiding hand to save;
A shout!—— in port at last!

William R. A. Wilson.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE Countess of Annesley, one of the leaders of London society, was formerly Miss Priscilla Cecilia Moore, a daughter of the old Irish family of which the Earl of Drogheda is the titular head. The Moores first became known—or perhaps, to be more correct, notorious—under Elizabeth, when two of them went to Ireland as soldiers of fortune, and received, for their services to the English queen, the lands and castles that formerly belonged to the sequestrated abbey of Mellefont. There are Irishmen

The Countess of Annesley.

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London.

John W. Foster, Ex Secretary of State.
From a photograph by Fursari, Yokohama.

John W. Foster, who recently returned from China with (so rumor says) a $100,000 fee in his pocket. In European countries diplomacy is a profession, and the man who pursues it expects to be sent from one post to another in the course of promotion. American diplomats seldom hold more than one position, or, at the most, two. Mr. Foster has filled half a dozen. President Grant made him minister to Mexico; President Hayes transferred him to St. Petersburg; President Arthur sent him to Madrid; President Cleveland despatched him on a special mission to the Spanish capital; President Harrison appointed him a commissioner to negotiate treaties of reciprocity with several European powers; and, when Mr. Blaine resigned from the cabinet, he became secretary of state. In the intervals between the periods of his office holding, Mr. Foster was counsel for some of the foreign legations at Washington, so that he was constantly in touch with international affairs. After his term at the head of the state department, he made a trip around the world. When he reached China, he was entertained by Li Hung Chang, and created so good an impression that when the negotiations for peace between China and Japan were beginning, the Chinese premier summoned him to become the Flowery Kingdom's special representative and adviser.

Mr. Foster is an unostentatious citizen of Indiana, who makes no capital of the fact that he commanded regiments at Donelson, Shiloh, and Knoxville in the civil war. He is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, but had given up his practice, and was editing a paper at Evansville, when he was made postmaster of his town, shortly after the war. He took up the special study of international law when he entered the diplomatic service, and he is reckoned one of the most thorough masters of that subject. Mr. Foster has a quiet, unobtrusive manner which suggests that he would find the negotiation of a peace treaty far more con-

up to this late day who look upon the Moores as "sacrilegists," a title that once attached to the kings of Prussia.

Lady Annesley, the daughter of William Armitage Moore of Arnmore, brought her husband a handsome dowry, and made his London house—Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park—a center of the "smartest" society. She is considerably younger than the earl, and has a reputation as a reigning beauty among Englishmen, who have a passion for setting up the photographs of utter strangers in places of honor on their mantelpieces, provided the originals are good looking and belong to the aristocracy.

Lord Annesley was formerly a lieutenant colonel in the Scots Fusilier Guards. As a young man, he displayed some activity in politics, and served—before his accession to the peerage—as a member of the House of Commons. The present countess is his second wife. A year ago she presented him with a daughter; he has also a little girl by his first marriage, and an eleven year old boy, the heir to his title.

FEW men in the history of American diplomacy have had so varied a career as

genial than the command of a regiment. He has never been an aggressive partisan, which accounts for the fact that he held office under both Cleveland and Harrison. He is a good Republican, but a better diplomat. He says that office holding does not pay: but indirectly it has made his fortune. He did not grow rich from his official salaries, but his diplomatic experience qualified him for such lucrative commissions as his recent service in the orient.

Henry M. Howe.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

* * * *

WHEN Sir Lowthian Bell, the great English metallurgist, cabled recently to Henry Marion Howe, of Boston, that the Bessemer Gold Medal had been unanimously awarded to him, the press announced that this was the highest honor in the profession of metallurgy. The medal was founded by Sir Henry Bessemer, and is periodically awarded by the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain to those who have most benefited the industry. It is not often given to any one outside of England, having gone only three times to other European countries, and three times to America—to Peter Cooper, Abram S. Hewitt, and John Fritz, builder of the Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) iron works.

The Bessemer medal was awarded to Mr. Howe in recognition of his "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," a truly monumental work, the first volume of which took four years to write, while the second will require as long, or even a longer time. It has been translated into French and German, and the French *Société pour l'Encouragement de l'Industrie Nationale* awarded it a prize of 2,500 francs.

Mr. Howe's abilities are an inheritance from his mother, Julia Ward Howe, and from his father, the late Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the well known philanthropist, whose writings are among the classics of education. To the training of the Boston Latin School, Harvard (1869), and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has added practical experience gained by laboring with his own hands at furnace and forge. He has traveled widely in both

Dr. W. Seward Webb.

From a photograph by Alman, New York.

Europe and America. He was one of the judges at the last Paris Exposition, and at the Chicago World's Fair he acted as president of the jury in the department of mines and mining.

* * * *

ONE day about fifteen years ago, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, who took a great interest in St. Luke's Hospital, happened to notice one of the doctors there.

"Who is that good looking, light haired young sawbones?" she is said to have inquired.

"Seward Webb, the son of old Watson Webb, who taught the elder Bennett the newspaper business," was the reply. "He is one of our most promising young physicians."

The next day Mrs. Vanderbilt brought her daughter with her to the hospital. The young people became acquainted, then engaged, and it was not long before they were married and settled in their handsome house at the corner of Fifty Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Webb received ten millions in cash from her father, and her husband has long ago abandoned the overcrowded profession of medicine. He found greater things to do, and speedily developed into an excellent type of the successful American business man. He is a director of the New York Central, at whose headquarters he works hand in hand with Chauncey Depew; he is the chief executive officer of the Wagner palace car company, a noted horse breeder, gentleman farmer, huntsman, littérateur, and club man. In a dozen or more great enterprises he is inter-

ested not only as a capitalist, but as an active partner, and still has time for his many social duties and for manly sport and travel.

Dr. Webb is proud to say that he is independent of his wife's wealth, and that he has doubled and trebled the fortune she brought him. He did not enter upon married life empty handed, either. His mother—a Miss Crane—was heiress to a considerable fortune when at sweet sixteen she eloped with Watson Webb, who was thirty six years older than herself. Shortly before his son's birth, Webb was sentenced to imprisonment for infringing the dueling laws. Secretary Seward procured a pardon for the old fire eater, and in recognition of this service the boy was named after him.

While his brothers in law care little for club life, Dr. Webb is eminently a "clubable" man. He belongs to all the best clubs in New York, and has joined several military organizations since he was made a colonel in the Vermont national guard. Among the New York Central people it is a question whether he or Cornelius Vanderbilt is the harder worker. His offices and those of his subordinates are conspicuous for neatness, and he lives up to the maxim that every man must be allowed plenty of elbow room. Personally he delights in luxuries without being a slave to them. Everybody has heard of his private train of six coaches, the most completely and magnificently appointed in America, in which he makes frequent trips all over the Union.

Dr. Webb spends his summers at Shelburne Farms, situated on the shores of Lake Champlain, where he rears his famous hackneys and blooded cattle. He has built the Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railway, which connects the outer world with the greatest hunting grounds and deer park ever established in these democratic times. Dr. Webb used to own the entire territory, which included most of two counties, but last year he sold 112,000 acres to the Nehasane Park Association—a transaction that is said to have netted him more than half a million dollars.

Lastly, Dr. Webb is a literary man. A year ago he published an interesting work upon the Shelburne Farms stud, which is replete with tributes to the natural beauties and advantages of Vermont, and incidentally expounds Dr. Webb's views in regard to the necessity for an improved breed of harness horses. Unlike William Waldorf Astor, who demands cold cash for his literary effusions, Dr. Webb gives away his book, which is handsomely illustrated and finely bound. The present critic is seldom favorably inclined toward millionaire dabblers in literature; but he must confess that he vastly prefers Dr. Webb's practical essays on horse breeding and kindred subjects to Mr. Astor's novel methods of writing history.

Civil Service Commissioner John B. Harlow.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

Victoria. Grand Duchess of Hesse.
From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

MAJOR JOHN B. HARLOW, of St. Louis, the successor of Theodore Roosevelt as a member of the civil service commission, is a striking example of the merits of the system of which he is now one of the controllers. Ten years ago Mr. Harlow was superintendent of city delivery in the St. Louis post office. He had held that office for many years, and under changing administrations, because, although he was a Republican, he had not been an offensive partisan, and had administered the duties of his office well. When Mr. Harrison became President, there was a lively fight for the postmastership of the Missouri city. Several men of business prominence were put forward by different factions, and the President was in a dilemma. Some suggested the possibility of promoting Major Harlow to the postmastership. It was an easy way out of the situation.

When President Cleveland came into office, he did not carry civil service sentiment so far as to reappoint Mr. Harlow ; but his appointee retained the late postmaster in the service, and he was still there when Theodore Roosevelt resigned his civil service commissionership to accept the post of police commissioner in New York. Mr. Roosevelt knew Major Harlow, and suggested his name to the President. He is eminently qualified to carry out the policy of the old board, as he is thoroughly familiar with its work, and thoroughly in sympathy with it.

* * *

"MON DIEU, we are too young to reign!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette when she and her husband were told that Louis XV was dead. The queen was nineteen, the new king twenty years of age. In these democratic times of ours, government cares weigh less heavily upon the sovereign mind ; still, the wiseacres of Europe shook their heads ominously when the seventeen year old Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg married her cousin, the Grand Duke of Hesse, her senior by a few years only, in the spring of 1894. The Darmstadt court had then been without a mistress for nearly two decades, since the death of the well beloved Grand Duchess Alice, Queen Victoria's second daughter. All the soured old ladies of the palace and the aristocracy were ready to frown upon the little Englishwoman, who had only recently left off short frocks ; but the first *grande cour* held by their royal highnesses after the honeymoon in Castle Rosenau—where, by the way, the late Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, saw the light—proved that the pleasant task of finding fault with the new mistress would not be so easy a matter as anticipated. This young girl, who had seen much of high life at the English and Russian courts, carried herself

with a dignity that was simply unassailable; and the stories of good looks and graces which the official press had spread so assiduously were—to everybody's astonishment—justified by the British queen's "island granddaughter"—a pretty title which Victoria Melita earned by being born during her parents' stay at Malta.

The Grand Duke Ernest Louis is the youngest reigning prince of the German empire, a good looking man, and an enthusiastic soldier. He earned his spurs in that severe military school, the First Prussian Guards, of which regiment he is "proprietor." In matters of government not connected with the army, his royal highness is reputed to be little versed. He shows an inclination to follow the Kaiser's leadership without possessing very much of his chief's shrewdness and versatility.

Reasons of state had perhaps less to do with this royal marriage than with most others of the kind, for the grand duke was his own match maker, and is just rich enough to be independent of monetary considerations. The young couple first met at a private concert in which the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Victoria took leading parts. Ernest Louis, being a composer of some merit, became interested in the pretty princess, who is said to be a better violinist than even her father, and the engagement quickly followed.

* * * *

ANOTHER youthful princess gracing a German throne is Queen Charlotte of Würtemberg, a niece of the late reigning prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and a cousin of the present sovereign head of that principality, which is a little larger than Staten Island, but not so densely populated. The Prince Regent Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe is the Kaiser's brother in law, and Queen Charlotte is therefore a distant relative of the emperor, who was once a schoolfellow and warm friend of her husband's. The intimacy between the two monarchs, the all powerful William of Berlin and his namesake, the insignificant kinglet of Stuttgart, is at present not so warm as might be wished; but that does not detract from the Würtemberg sovereigns' popularity with their own people.

Ernest Louis, Grand Duke of Hesse.
From a photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

Queen Charlotte has, on various occasions, proved herself a woman of nerve as well as a clever diplomat and a woman of affairs. When she was crown princess, a drunken striker tried to shoot her husband. She saw the attempt, jumped up in her carriage, and placed herself in front of the prince. A second later a bullet grazed her forehead without doing much damage. At the last moment, when he saw the princess in danger, the assassin's hand had faltered as he pulled the trigger. Charlotte and her

husband caused the man's arrest, and then coolly drove off to a near by chapel to render thanks for their lucky escape.

Quite recently, when going to the theater, the queen's horses bolted and ran away, throwing the coachman and groom off the box. It looked for a moment as if the royal carriage would be dashed to pieces, but presently the astonished beholders saw her majesty climb upon the box and bend over the dashboard to secure the trailing lines. She succeeded in this perilous feat, and completed her display of daring by pulling back the horses upon their haunches, and holding the spirited animals till aid arrived. Not a bad showing for a woman—in skirts—and a queen at that!

* * * *

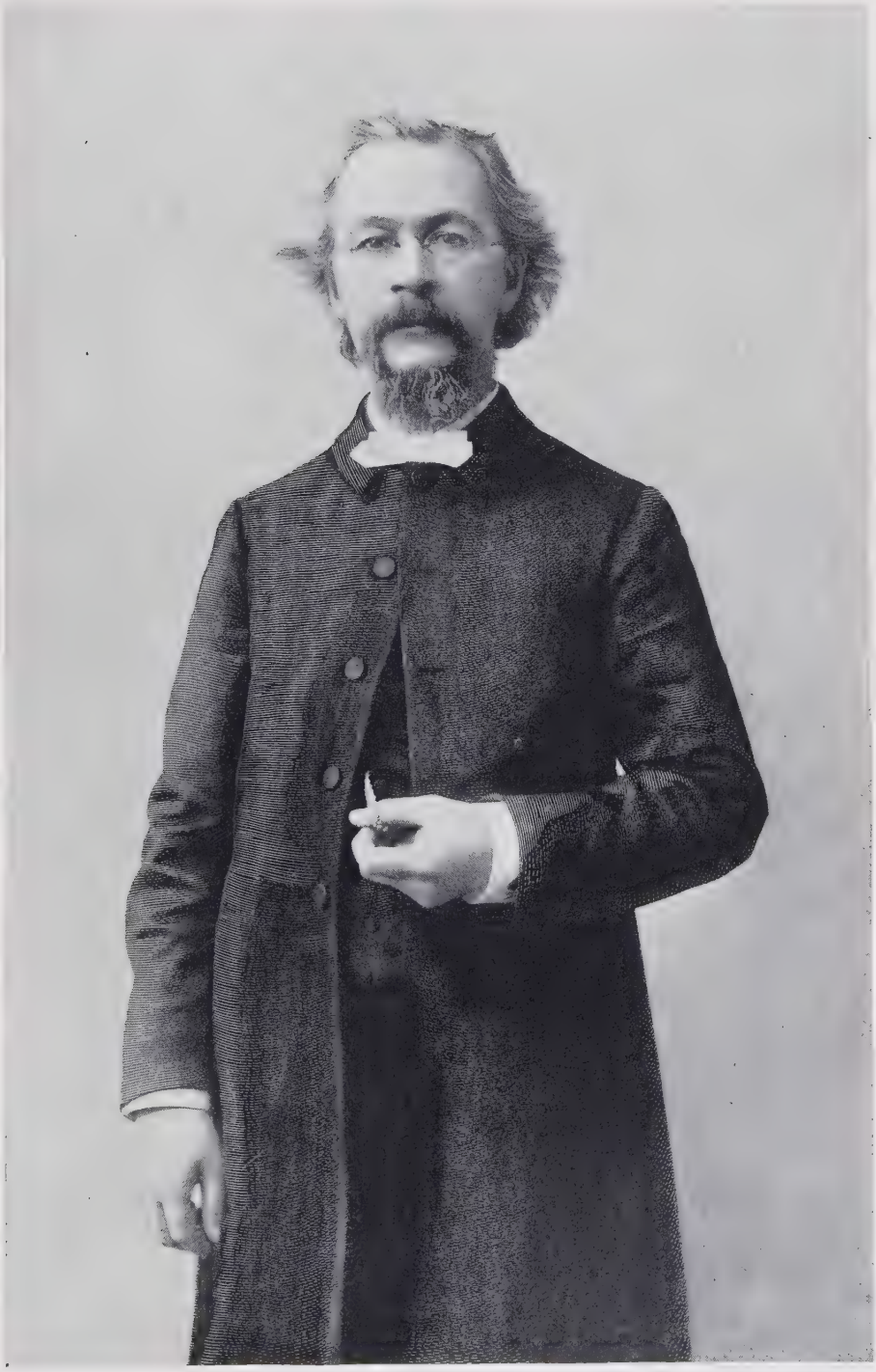
THE accompanying portrait of Dr. Parkhurst is an exceptionally fine likeness. It portrays him as he is. He has been caricatured so much that it does not seem amiss to present a true picture of the famous pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church.

* * * *

WITHIN the last few years several American girls have married peers of whom nothing has been heard since their successful pursuit of the American dollar and the heiress attached to it. Very different has been the lot of the former Miss Mary Endicott, now Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, whose untitled husband is Queen Victoria's colonial secretary, and leader of a wing of the dominant party in Parliament, and one of the ablest and best known of England's public men.

Charlotte, Queen of Würtemberg.

From her latest photograph by Andersen & Klemm, Stuttgart.



Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1895, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Mrs. Chamberlain is the daughter of William C. Endicott, secretary of war in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet. She is well remembered in Salem, Boston, and Washington society as a strikingly intelligent girl of literary and artistic tastes. As Mrs. Chamberlain has been heavily burdened with social duties, which her husband's wealth and her natural tact lightened somewhat, but which were a heavy tax upon a woman whose early life had been an extremely quiet one. Of late she has often been seen in the gallery of the House of Commons, and her friends have noticed that she looks pale and aged. But English cabinets are short lived nowadays, and in spite of the Unionists' present ascendancy, it may not be long before some new political upheaval relieves her husband of his ministerial duties and restores him to domestic quietude.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

"Joe" Chamberlain's third wife, she has succeeded in accomplishing what her predecessors signally failed to do—she has weaned her husband of his monocle. The Birmingham statesman had been "manacled to his monocle" for many decades when our brave countrywoman induced him to abandon it, to the sorrow of the caricaturists. In consequence, all London pronounced her a most remarkable woman.

* * * *

CHARLES A. BOUTELLE is one of the

Congressman Charles A. Boutelle of Maine.

most picturesque members of Congress. Tom Reed himself is not so handsome, and is not a whit bolder, not a whit more aggressive. In fact, there is no man in Congress who has more decided opinions than Boutelle, and there is no man in Congress more ready to express them. He is and always has been, whether in naval battle or in the midst of political warfare, one of the most fearless men of New England. Politically he is a Republican and a radical. But he is so straightforward, so consistent, withal, that he commands the respect of his opponents and wins their warm friendship. It could not be otherwise, for Boutelle is a first rate good fellow, straight, clean, generous—the sort of man who would lay down his life for a cause or a friend, if need be. He is a pleasing and effective speaker. He has a rich, powerful voice and an exceptionally engaging presence—tall, straight, sturdy. He is a popular after dinner speaker, and has a fund of anecdote almost rivaling Depew's.

Boutelle won his first laurels in the navy, where he served with Farragut; then he entered the field of journalism, as the editor and owner of the Bangor *Whig and Courier*. His ability soon became recognized, and Maine was not slow in fixing upon him as the sort of man to represent her in the national legislature.

FOR MUSIC

I.

As Love and I went walking
Along the sea's gray shore,
We heard the green waves talking,
And love was all their lore.

II.

The purple shadows shifted,
And through the twilight long
From singing stars there drifted
Our sweet betrothal song.

III.

But once, in days long after,
We walked there, Love and I—
The waves had lost their laughter,
The stars were hushed on high;

IV.

And each remembered only
A little voice——oh, years,
How long they are, and lonely!
Oh, heart, how full of tears!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Sarah Bernhardt.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

Sarah Bernhardt, the world's foremost actress of the day—Her personality, her art, and the secrets of her marvelous dramatic power.

WHEN Sarah Bernhardt dies, she dies. It is not a ridiculous mimicry; it is death, natural, pathetic, impressive. She knows what death is; she has studied it as no other artist has studied it—perhaps as no other artist is capable of studying it. The hospitals of Paris are her school. Here she is in touch with nature. She learns from nature, not from books. Imagination is not her guide. This is why, in death scenes, Bernhardt rises to the sublime height of truth. It is this honest study—supplemented, of course, by natural ability—that gives her her marvelous mastery of her art. Diversity of language sets up no barrier for this woman,

Sarah Bernhardt as "Theodora."

From a photograph by Downey, London.

who moves men by what she is, rather than by what she says. Her magnetism is all conquering. Other artists come to us and speak in foreign tongues to a select audience of critics, students, and dilettanti, but Bernhardt plays to a thronged house of the people, who drop their librettos to allow this wonderful woman to sway them by the mighty force of a genius whose field is as wide as the earth. Is it strange that Sardou, the master dramatist of our day, has made her the keystone on which almost all his plays are built?

Bernhardt has a horror of lost moments—the times when most people dawdle, think about nothing at all so far as they can manage it. The key to this trait of her character may be discovered between the lines of her talk with an interviewer last spring.

"The rôle of *Gismonda* I learned in an hour, but I spent weeks in studying it after I had learned it. This is what I always do. I read everything that can help me to understand the times in which a play is laid, that can help me to understand the character of the person whom I am to

Sarah Bernhardt as "Camille."

From a photograph by Falk, Sydney.

represent on the stage. I think it out in my odd moments in my carriage, moments when I am walking from one part of the house to another, moments when I am going to sleep or waking up. There is so much time that one can save by having something important to think about."

Bernhardt today is between fifty and sixty years old, and yet, even in the pitiless light of the sun, and without the friendly aid of her stage make up box, she appears to be little more than half her age. She was only fifteen when she began to study for the stage. But it was not the fascination of the footlights that caused her to exchange the convent school in Versailles for the Conservatoire of Paris. Painting was the art she loved, and loves yet, though she has had little leisure for study.

To gain admittance to the Conservatoire, she was of course obliged to undergo an examination in elocution. She selected a fable from La Fontaine to recite, and did it so well that she was asked to do something else. But by this time her nerves had become unstrung, and she disgraced herself by bursting into tears. Her first piece, however, had won the day for her.

Sarah Bernhardt as "Cleopatra."

From a photograph by Falk, Sydney.

Her first portion as an actress—a line she took up simply for the bread and butter to be got out of it—was utter obscurity. And yet she persevered, not because the glitter and tinsel of the theater dazzled her, or the coveted applause of the public spurred her on, but because her spirit would not brook defeat. Work was her revenge for the indifference shown her, and at last it took on sweetness when in 1869 she won triumph as *Zarnette* at the Odéon. A little later her *Marie de Neuborg*, in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," opened for her the doors of the Comédie Française. It was Hugo who wrote to her, after seeing her *Donna Sol* in a revival of his early masterpiece, "Hernani": "I wept. Accept the homage of that tear of the old poet."

She has a strange reason for refusing to play at the Gymnase. In her early days she was assigned to a part there in a comedy, in which she was continually called upon to burst into laughter. This was so decidedly out of her line that she left the theater for good at the close of the first performance. The letter announcing this abrupt departure was brought to the director of the Gymnase while he was entertaining

Sardou at breakfast. His annoyance was palpable.

"What is the matter?" inquired Sardou.

"Oh, nothing much," was the reply. "Merely a silly girl who has thrown up a part at the second performance. She is of the sort that will never amount to anything."

Recently Bernhardt has taken upon herself the management of the Renaissance, one of the best known theaters on the grand boulevards. But she is not going to allow this to interfere with her foreign tours. She comes to America again this season, opening in New York at Abbey's in January. The past season she has spent in Brittany, giving free play to her whim of living, as nearly as possible, the life of a peasant, in order to fit herself, by complete rest from her usual routine, for her long journeyings.

It was the talk of two hemispheres when Bernhardt broke loose from the Français. She felt oppressed by the limitations of a *sociétaire*, even of so august a body. Permission to act in London was refused her, but she went, nevertheless. This was in 1879, and one hundred thousand francs was the forfeit she was obliged to pay; but the fine was a mere bagatelle to her earnings as a free lance.

Finding that money was no argument with her, the chagrined Parisians thought to find their revenge in the social snubbing they felt convinced the prudish Britons would administer to the woman who had taken almost a fierce delight in setting all conventionalities at defiance, and whose reputation had preceded her in the shape of stories that she never took the trouble to deny. But here again they were disappointed. Gladstone himself thought it not beneath him to seek out the artist whose power none could dispute, and tell her with his own lips of the spell she had wrought.

Her first appearance in the United States was made at Booth's Theater, New York, on the 15th of November, 1880. The interest taken in the event recalled the days of the Dickens readings, for—as had happened when the famous novelist came here—messenger boys stood shivering in line all night long in order to secure places as soon as the box office should open on the first day of the sale. Her second visit was made eleven years later.

As to her plays—and Bernhardt evidently prefers to appear in those known by the name of the heroine—she has declared that the greatest of all feminine parts is that of *Lady Macbeth;* but she has special preference for the last act of "Camille" and the third act of "La Tosca." There is a scene in "Olivia," however, which she considers the grandest ever written.

Bernhardt is so realistic in her great scenes that they affect herself as strongly as they move her audiences. After she kills *Marcellus* in "Theodora," she can do nothing but sob on reaching her dressing room. Or, if she does not weep, she is seized with a hysterical attack, which, as she puts it herself, is much more unpleasant for those around her.

She would not be Bernhardt if she were not as theatrical off the stage as she is on it. Her every gown is the product of a studied effort, and yet when she speaks, in that voice which one of her critics said would silence animate nature, all incongruity is sunk in the enchantment of hearing her discourse. And Bernhardt can talk on any subject, from theosophy and politics to the prices of seats at the theaters and the best breed of dogs.

She loves all dumb animals, and it is not merely the desire to be eccentric that causes her to make pets of the two tame jaguars she brought from South America, and with which she plays on the rugs of her home on the Boulevard Pereire. The house is furnished as a studio, with all sorts of bizarre and fanciful decorations, and Turkish attendants to lend the picturesqueness of their costumes to the general color effect.

As to the mistress' apparel, a recent caller found her in a long breakfast gown of white, covered by a fur lined robe, also of white, which swept majestically over the polished floors and tiger skins. Another visitor describes her as a fascinating figure clothed in amethyst velvet. Her jewels are of the most costly beauty.

Her latest fad is ceramics, and she describes her handiwork—from the fashioning of the clay to the firing in the oven—with the enthusiastic delight of a girl. Sculpture is the one thing of which she has made a serious study, and yet her pictures have frequently been hung in the Salon—where, of course, they have been the observed of all observers. She can shoot well enough to bring down a moose, and has even taken a noon observation for the captain of a steamship.

When these things are brought up to her, she laughs and disclaims any credit for versatility. "It is simply the result of observation," she says. "You watch carefully for many times how some one does a thing, then you go do it yourself. That is all there is in it."

After all, it is Bernhardt's self that has

made her the mistress of the stage. Other women have played the same parts, and perhaps, in a measure, thrilled those who beheld. This Parisian genius possesses the gift, but rarely bestowed, of being the character she assumes, and yet at the same time so infusing her own personality into it that the playwright himself must stand amazed at the marvelous force of his own creation. And yet it is not his; he has but built the framework on which this paragon of painters from life has sketched a masterpiece.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE BEAUTIFUL LONG AGO.

I.

THE tender gleam of the fading light
Falls over the drifted snow;
The fields and meadows lie cold and white,
As they did in the afterglow
Of that dear dead day, long lost to sight
In the beautiful long ago.

II.

The stately poplars, gaunt and tall,
Still stand a solemn row,
As the day of our tryst below the wall
In the twilight and the snow—
The day you kissed me for all in all,
In the beautiful long ago.

III.

I have loved the memory and kept it green,
Though years may come and go;
And my heart beats fast when I catch the sheen
Of light on the crusted snow,
As it did that day when I called you "Queen,"
In the beautiful long ago.

IV.

And now when meadow and hill and lea
Lie wrapped in the drifted snow,
We meet and are silent—what change, ah me!
Since that day in the afterglow;
Tis not the world that has changed, but we,
Since that beautiful long ago.

Laura Berteaux Bell.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.*

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

On board the barkentine Santa Mariana is Robert Atterbury, a young Bostonian, whom the first symptoms of inherited consumption have driven to seek the life giving air of the South Pacific. Before he left America, Atterbury, certain of his approaching fate, wrote to his fiancée, Sara Gardner, releasing her from her engagement. Her great love for Robert prompts her to go to him, but she is deterred by the arrival of a letter from her father, from which she learns her life story. At her birth, her mother had become violently insane, and was with difficulty prevented from destroying her infant. A year or two later Mrs. Gardner had died in an asylum, and investigation showed that her terrible disease was hereditary in her family. Mr. Gardner, heart broken, left Sara in charge of her aunt, and settled, self exiled, in Japan. Sara forwards his letter to Robert, and then goes to join her father.

Meanwhile, in Boston, Robert's cousin Claire, the wife of Van Ruger Blethen, is envied by her acquaintances as a fortunate woman, but she is secretly very unhappy. She has discovered evidence of Blethen's infidelity, and, unknown to the world, the relations of husband and wife are greatly strained. The birth of a son fails to effect a real reconciliation, and Claire, whose mother, Mrs. Whitwell, is herself a somewhat cynical woman of the world, instinctively turns for sympathy to her warm friend Jean Sievert, who was the *compagnon de voyage* of Mrs. Whitwell in her journey from Paris.

The Santa Mariana is nearing Australia when Dr. Richards, who is traveling with Atterbury, tells his patient that the progress of his disease has been stayed, and that with care he is likely to live out the full span of life. This unexpected announcement gives Robert new hopes and plans.

XIV.

THE Mariana lay at anchor in the harbor of Sydney. On the deck John and Robert were preparing to go ashore in a small boat. The latter had not carried out his plan of remaining at Apia. He had not improved, indeed had not held his own, after the conversation just recorded. A great restlessness had taken possession of him. The ties which bound him to life—not only to Sara, but to his mother, to Claire, and to all his friends—had asserted themselves, and he wanted to be in the civilized world again, where at least he would be in communication with them.

From Panama John had sent word that all their letters should be forwarded to them at Sydney. Consequently they had not had a line from any one since they had left home; and now, as they waited for the boat to be gotten ready, it was not the strange city before them that occupied their thoughts, but the packages of letters awaiting them, and containing—what?

An hour later they were sitting in a pleasant room in their hotel, each with a pile of letters and papers before him. John was soon absorbed in his. Robert gathered quickly, from out the mass, those which were in the handwriting that was so dear to him. He arranged them in the order of their postmarks, and, beginning with the earliest, read them through. While he read the pathetic yet courageous words written so many months before by his dear love, Life, the despot, took him in its grasp. It shook him from the lethargy which had been around him; it wrung his heart with agony, and thrilled him with sweetest rapture and with direst pain.

Finally he came to the letter containing the miniature. He gazed at the portrait with astonishment. He did not for an instant think that it was Sara; he knew instinctively that it must be her mother. Then he opened the letter, Mr. Gardner's letter, and read it through.

Suddenly John was startled by the sound of Robert's footsteps. He had risen, and without a word walked rapidly out of the room. Even after the door was shut, the sound of his steps going down the hall came back to John with an unaccustomed ring. They were firm steps, full of purpose; strong, healthful steps.

"Hello!" he said aloud. "I wonder what the deuce is to pay now."

Robert stopped at the clerk's desk.

"Can you tell me how soon a steamer leaves for Japan, and which route is the quickest and most direct?"

The clerk consulted his time table and answered,

"The steamer for Hong Kong sails in an hour, but there will be another in three days. That will probably suit you better, as you have just arrived."

* *This story began in the October number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

"I will take the one that sails today," Robert replied. "I am ready now."

XV.

SPRING in Japan; spring almost ready to give place to summer. Everywhere new, fresh green, resting in and rising out from pale, hazy blue. The day was one of spring's triumphs. She seemed to stand on the northern hill tops and beckon gaily to summer, saying, "See how beautiful I have made the earth to welcome you!"

Sara and her father walked slowly along a road which, with many curves, and now and then a short flight of steps, went up one of the hills which rise above the harbor and town of Nagasaki. The Feast of the Cherry Blossoms was in full celebration, and they had been for a long walk, to enjoy the enchanting beauty of the season, and to take what part they could in the general holiday. Everywhere under the great flower laden trees were groups of merry people. Their light hearted chattering and soft laughter were as much in keeping with the day as were the songs of the birds and the busy fluttering of the butterflies.

Wherever Mr. Gardner and his daughter appeared, they were received with kindliest greeting. The dainty little people, their faces wreathed in smiles, their long eyes bright with pleasure, came forward to meet their guests, and with many compliments offered them cakes and tea. They knew Mr. Gardner well. He had lived among them many years, and they showed a respect for him which was almost reverence. He stopped for a little while wherever he recognized acquaintances, and talked to them in their own language, which was to him as his own.

Sara as yet understood very little of the language, but she had grown quite accustomed to the outspoken admiration with which the pretty little Japanese girls gathered around her, touching now her bright hair, now some part of her dress which pleased them, and murmuring "*Kireno, ah kireno.*" Her father's intercourse with the Japanese was a constant source of surprise to her. He associated with them just as he would have done if he had been Japanese or they American. She had not yet gotten over the idea that they belonged to an altogether different world from her own, even if that world was a very charming one.

The day was waning now, and she and her father had started for their home, which was well up on the hillside, and looked down over the feathery bamboo trees and away to the inland sea. One of the turns in the road brought them in sight of the water. A great ocean steamer was just off the wharf. It was surrounded by sampans, which were ready to land the passengers, if there chanced to be any. Mr. Gardner stood looking at the busy scene.

"It is the steamer from Hong Kong," he said. "She has had a quick run."

When they walked on, Sara put one hand through her father's arm and clasped the other one around it. She looked up into his worn, disfigured face, and, as always, the sight of it brought to her the full realization of his long years of self repression and loneliness. A great tenderness for him filled her heart. She listened attentively while he talked of the day, and of other holidays of this eastern people. He constantly tried to awaken in her a real interest in the Japanese, and for his sake she tried to be interested. He was sure that if he could rouse her to an active study of their manners and habits, of their wonderful old art, in which he was deeply versed, of their calm and sweet religion, or indeed of anything else, it would at least soften the melancholy which he could not help but see in her eyes. On her part she met every request with ready acquiescence, every anxious look with a smile, and imagined that she had deceived him into thinking her at least contented.

When they reached home he went in at once, and started up the stairs that led to their sitting room. Seeing that she did not follow, he came back.

"Are you coming up, daughter?" he asked.

"Not just now, father dear," she answered.

She smiled at him, and he left her. Then she sat down on the edge of the porch, and let her eyes wander vaguely off toward the east. The light died out of her face, and a sadness so profound took its place that all her youth fell from her, and she seemed like a statue of despair.

Down at the wharf the steamer had already gone on her way, having landed her passengers. There were only a few of them, and they were soon in the jinrikishas on their way to the hotels. As each trunk and valise had to have a separate 'rikisha, there was quite a procession when the *kurumaya* runners started off at their accustomed trot. Presently one of them left the line, and, slowing down, began to ascend the road over which Sara and her father had just passed. Whenever a curve in the road made Mr. Gardner's house visible, the

kurumaya stopped and pointed upwards. Just at one of these places was a flight of steps which perceptibly shortened the way. The newcomer called to his runner to stop, and, getting out of the 'rikisha, paid and dismissed him. Then he went up the steps.

Something in his movements attracted Sara's attention, and she looked down. Who and what was this? She grew whiter, if she could be whiter than before, and a look of fright was added to the pain already in her face. Still he came on, not walking fast, but with a swinging step and evident impatience. Now he disappeared behind a clump of bamboo. She rose to her feet and clasped her hands tightly together. She thought she must be dreaming, or perhaps—and the great dread of her life took hold of her. Now he stepped out from the road, he was only a few yards away. It was Robert, really Robert, with glad eyes, coming toward her, holding out his hands. She put up one hand as if to ward something off, and stared at him wildly.

"Robert! You here!" she whispered.

He took her trembling hands in his, and held them fast.

"Here?" he said. "Yes, my love. Did you not know that I should come? You did not think that I could be alive and not come to you? I am alive, thank God, and here to take care of you, and never, never to leave you again."

Her eyes were fixed on his with a look of passionate prayer, as if to say, "Do not deceive me; I have borne despair, I cannot bear false hope." They drank courage from his steadfast, tender gaze, but she only said,

"I do not understand. You gave me up when you were ill and I did not know, and now——"

Robert put his arm around her and drew her close to him.

"I gave you up, dearest, when I thought that you were well, and that it would be wrong for me to marry you. Now, do you not see, darling, dearest one, that we are equal; that your trouble brings us together again, and gives me the double right to be near you; that you need me, and that there is no one else in the world who can comfort you?"

They were sitting side by side on the edge of the low porch, and the shadows of night were falling around them. While Robert talked to her, telling her of his illness, his voyage, of finding her letters, and the haste he had made to reach her, a constant transformation went on in her. At last he knelt beside her and clasped his arms closely around her.

"I have come to you, my life, my love," he said. "I will be husband and children to you, you shall be wife and children to me, and we will be together always, *always*, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, so long as we both shall live."

While he spoke, she bent slowly down to his radiant face, in which love and faith triumphed over fate; and when her lips met his, she repeated softly, "So long as we both shall live."

XVI.

The dawn of the next day was like a resurrection morning to Sara. She rose to meet a new world and a new life. She went down and out into the clear spring morning, and there on the porch Robert was waiting for her. They looked into each other's eyes, and the whole universe seemed to be clothed in gladness. Their understanding of each other was so perfect that it was easy for Robert to show Sara the conclusions he had reached in his long pondering of the problems of life and marriage, and she accepted with joy and thankfulness the solution that left her Robert's tender love and constant companionship.

Mr. Gardner was inclined to be not only dissatisfied but angry when he first found who had come, and learned that he had come to stay. They talked the position over quietly and exhaustively. Robert explained his views, and found that Mr. Gardner was not inclined to accept the possibility of such a marriage as that which he proposed.

"There need be no question of marriage," Robert finally said. "I am not in a condition which would make it right that I should have children; neither is Sara; but we love each other. Is it a reason for sacrificing both our lives, that we cannot desire to have children? I make no appeal to you for myself, but I ask you candidly, does she not need me? Do you not already see that she is better, and is it not probable, with me to help her, that she will escape the trouble which you fear for her?"

Mr. Gardner could not deny that this was true. He consented that Robert should stay for a short time.

Robert and Sara smiled at this decision. They did not need that any one else should understand them. They were one, and rested in their love. Their new life began at once. Robert found a little house, higher

up on the hill, where he established himself. Each morning he came down to breakfast with Sara. He came in like the sun that rises above the sea, and Sara's eyes filled with light and love as the earth fills with the day. Mr. Gardner was conscious that he too lived in a new world, and he soon grew accustomed to watch for the morning greeting which passed between the eyes of these lovers; and when he caught it he felt that a benediction had fallen upon him and them.

Robert at once became intensely interested in Mr. Gardner's Japanese lore, and at last it fell to this long suffering man to have an appreciative companion, to whom he could reveal the treasures of knowledge which had been fruitlessly stored in his mind for all the years of his wanderings in Egypt, in India and China, and lastly in Japan. Robert, and now Sara also, plunged into the study of the Japanese language and art, Mr. Gardner being their guide and teacher. An air of activity and life took possession of the hitherto solemn house, and sounds of music and laughter banished the silence that had reigned there.

Besides his work with Mr. Gardner, Robert also resumed the series of letters or papers which he had begun to write on the ship. He brought this work also to the pleasant, half closed porch where Sara usually sat. He would not be separated from her except when it was unavoidable.

One day, coming in with a bundle of papers in his hand, he found Sara dressed in complete Japanese costume. She wore a lovely kimono of pale green crêpe, fantastically and gorgeously embroidered. Her hair was combed high up on her head in the approved Japanese style, and she was sitting on the floor, opposite to a little Japanese girl, who was giving her a lesson on the *samisen*. She arose as he came in, and bowed before him until her sleeves touched the floor, drawing in her breath and bidding him welcome in Japanese. He laughed at the quaint picture, and then seated himself a little way off and began to write. Sara was comically droning out a song in a little voice as much like her teacher's as she could make her own. Looking up to see Robert laugh at her, she surprised him pressing his hand to his side. She rose instantly, and sent her little teacher away, saying that she could sing no longer. Going to Robert, she took the pen from his hand and knelt beside him. Her eyes asked the question her lips could not utter.

"It is nothing, dearest," he said. "Only a trifling pain—a sort of reminiscence of pain, rather. Do not be troubled; I have too much to live for to be ill again."

"It is the writing," she said. "I wonder that I have let you do it." Taking the pen in her hand she seated herself on the floor. "Dictate," she went on. "I will take it in shorthand, and then write it out for you."

"Can you write in shorthand?" he asked, surprised.

"Certainly," she said. "I did all my dictations in shorthand my last two years in college, and all the lectures too. You may have to speak slowly at first, because I am out of practice."

Robert threw himself down upon a long bamboo chair, so as to be on a level with his amanuensis, and began to dictate. They worked in this way for some time without interruption. It seemed to both of them that their thoughts were one. Sara divined the words almost before they were spoken, and Robert seemed to himself to have a new sense, a kind of intuition, which reached out into the realms of thought and laid the secrets of life simple and bare before him. After an hour or two had passed, Sara laid the pen down and looked at him with eyes full of tenderest love.

"Oh, Robert, how happy we are!" she said.

XVII.

TIME passed quietly and quickly now. The days were so filled with work and pleasure that they slipped by uncounted. Robert and Sara drank deeply of the cup of life, whose ceaseless upflowing is joy. It was only by noting the changes in themselves and those around them that the passage of time could be seen. Strangely, in no one was change more noticeable than in Mr. Gardner. The deep fold in his brow smoothed itself out, the look of stern self repression left his mouth. He was interested in every detail of their life, and took the keenest delight in planning excursions into the interior. Many times, as he retraced with his light hearted companions the paths which years before he had passed over only to wear out the weary day, he marveled to find the world so beautiful. He did not have the air of an old man who wishes to give pleasure to his children, but rather that of one who finds intense enjoyment in everything himself. Sara, watching him, saw that it was his lost youth returning, and she realized that this father who had spent the best years of his life alone and sorrowful, had been born to be a light hearted, happy man. She redoubled her efforts to atone to him for the past.

As for Robert, he grew stronger day by day. No one would have thought of calling him an invalid—this bronzed man who strode over the hills with the step of an athlete. His mind was absorbingly occupied with his work. As in the temple of life one hall opens ever into another and more lofty one, so to his mind each new truth he learned led to another and greater, and one life seemed all too short in which to declare the height and depth of the love of God as it was being revealed to him in His law.

A call from the outside roused them to a consciousness of the world beyond them. Robert received a letter from his friend, the Boston publisher.

"I have been hoping to hear," he said, "that you were ready to return to your own country. There is need for you here, and however much you may do with your pen from the orient, there is no question that you could be much more useful here, and, if your health is sufficiently restored, that your place is here. I am moved to write this to you now, because of certain special circumstances. Hughson, of the Washington *Standard*, is about to retire, and the syndicate has applied to me for suggestions as to his successor. I know that it would be unwise for you to attempt to live in Boston, but the climate of Washington is mild, except for a little while each year, and I think you would be able to endure it safely. This makes it possible, and then come the other considerations, namely, that as one of the department editors of the *Standard*, you would have a strong position from which to carry on your work; and also that if you were here, in the field, there would surely open before you a personal career of usefulness and importance. Think of it, and let me know your decision as soon as possible. I can hold the position for you for a little while, but of course, if you decide to accept, it will be necessary for you to come at once."

To Robert and Sara there was no difficulty in deciding the question on its merits. If Robert's health was so far established that it would be safe for him to return home, it was best that he should do so. Sara's ambition took fire at once at the thought of what Robert might be and do in the great world of men and events; but there was a great obstacle—it might well be an insurmountable one. What would it mean to Mr. Gardner?

"Let us take the letter to father," Sara said, after they had sat silently thinking for some time.

Mr. Gardner read the letter through; then, rising from his chair, he walked slowly back and forth on the porch, pausing to look off at the stretch of water and the clustering houses below him. His mind reviewed the years he had spent in this place. He recalled his first coming; the feeling which he had then had, that this was an asylum for him in which he could wait for the end; and the stretch of long, weary years that had passed, to blossom at last into the unhoped for, inconceivable happiness of the last year and a half. He did not hesitate. The place was dear, but it was only the outside. The real thing was the human love which gave it value. He went to Robert and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I know you are thinking of me," he said. "You need not, my son. I will go with you. It will be good for me to see my native land again."

It was the first time that he had spoken to Robert by that name, and Sara put her arms around his neck and kissed him, while tears of joy stood in her eyes.

Mr. Gardner had a marvelous collection of art treasures, and the packing was an affair of great importance. No one except the gentle handed Japanese themselves are to be trusted in handling these fragile beauties. Robert was, of course, worse than useless, he was in the way; therefore it happened that he sat alone, one evening, just in the gloaming. He was on the porch, hidden from view of passers by a folding screen. Within, Sara was singing a happy little song as she went busily about. It formed a fit sort of accompaniment to Robert's happy thoughts. A party of tourists came slowly down from the hill top, and, seeing the unusual stir about the house, paused for a moment. It was a woman's voice that spoke.

"This is the house where the tall American lives, the one who has such a beautiful wife, is it not?"

It was another woman's voice that answered, in a cruel, laughing tone, "Beautiful, if you will, but certainly not wife."

"Why," said the first, "you don't mean that there is anything wrong about that woman? I would have said it was utterly impossible."

"Appearances are often deceitful, my dear, and it happens that I know for a certainty that of which I speak," the same hard voice replied.

They had been gone for some time when Robert rose to his feet. He went directly to Mr. Gardner.

"I would like to speak to you. Can you sit down for a little while?"

Mr. Gardner saw that Robert's manner was serious. Instantly he laid down the precious lacquer he was wrapping, and sat down to listen. Robert did not tell him what he had just overheard, not considering it necessary to annoy him.

"I have been thinking that before we leave Japan it will be wise that Sara and I should be married," he said. "It is the only way that our life, which we have found so happy, can go on." A shade of anxiety crossed Mr. Gardner's face. "The simple performance of the marriage ceremony will make no difference to us; it will give Sara my name, and our relation will not be questioned by the outside world."

This is the way in which it came about that on one morning, when the Gallic sailed from Yokohama, bound for San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Atterbury stood on the deck beside Mr. Gardner, and watched the land slowly sink down into the sea, until nothing of their first home remained to their sight except the crest of Fuji-yama.

XVIII.

THE Blethen mansion was ablaze with lights. Mr. and Mrs. P. Van Ruger Blethen were giving a reception to their cousin, Mr. Robert Atterbury, and his bride. Everybody who was anybody was there or on his way there, and the scene was very gay and brilliant.

"The beautiful Mrs. Blethen," as she was almost universally called, was never more beautiful than tonight. There were no visible lines in her perfect face, there was no suggestion of ennui or weariness in her perfect manner, as she greeted her guests and turned to present them to Sara. Some might have said that she was cold and haughty in her bearing; an admirer would have said that her repose and self poise were wonderful.

You and I are permitted to join this throng, and to scrutinize, more closely than would be possible if we were seen ourselves, the beautiful women and courtly men who enter here. As soon as our eyes are accustomed to the brilliant procession, and our ears have learned to detect tones and undertones in this constant flow of compliment and greeting, we find here strange things. There is a not quite disguised toleration in the manner of some toward Blethen. He stands, as in duty bound, near his wife, and receives their guests with her, but he has lost the easy self possession that used to be one of his chief characteristics. Sometimes there is a faintly perceptible scorn under the smiles and compliments that are lavished on Claire, and more than once we note the glance of an eye which seems to pass from her to the statue-like form of Jean Sievert.

M. Sievert is leaning indolently against the side of a door, at a little distance from the family group. He appears to notice no one in the room except Claire. His eyes are fixed on her face, and he is alert to catch the least glance of her eye. Although Claire does not look toward him, we know that she recognizes that he is there; we know, too, that Blethen feels the Frenchman's presence, and that it is this that gives him the uncertain, uneasy air we noticed at first.

As we scan the guests, we are at once struck by the involuntary change that passes over each one who, turning from the lovely hostess, meets Sara's eyes. After a little we begin to divide the crowd into two groups; those who shrink, ever so little, abashed before the simple nobility of her face and bearing, and those whose sympathetic natures recognize at once the presence of one to whom they gladly pay homage.

As for Sara, she is simply and truly glad and happy. In all this crowd she sees only her husband's old friends, who for his sake are kind to her. There is to her an exhilarating promise in her surroundings. She feels herself at home again after long absence, and is saying to herself that it is here, among their own people, in their own country, that Robert is to find the career of usefulness and success that is now a well formed ambition in her mind. Her gladness sheds itself on all around her, and replaces with quite a new element the elegant indifference usual on such occasions.

Later in the evening, when the crowd forms little groups here and there, it is interesting to see those who come to claim a few minutes' conversation with Sara, and those who stand a little way off, looking at her with curious eyes. More than once Robert sees Claire gazing at his wife with a strange, wistful question in her face.

Among the guests are a number of old men, and without exception they gather in the group that surrounds Sara. They come to offer to her the most sincere worship that youth and beauty ever receive—that of wisdom and experience, which in all their length of days has found nothing else that can compare with her. So they come, as they always do, to lay their offerings at her

feet. Here they meet something new; something more than the ordinary careless acceptance with which youth is wont to gather up its store of adulation. Her quick sympathy goes out to them, to each one of them. The tone of her voice, which is not afraid to be tender, the light in her eyes which has no need to hide its love and kindness for every one, are like a blessing to all around her. One of these aged men, whose silver hair has long been a crown which the nation has delighted to honor, when going away, placed his hand lightly on her head.

"God bless you, dear child," he says, "and keep your heart always as sweet as now!"

XIX.

THE guests were gone, the servants were turning out the lights. Blethen, after waiting for a moment to see if Sievert were coming, had taken his way to the club. Claire sat with her hands under her head, leaning back in an easy chair. Her attitude was one that betokened great fatigue, and now there were heavy shadows under her eyes and faint lines at their corners. Sievert stood silently waiting for her to move or speak, that he might bid her good by. He had formed the habit of being always the last to leave her, the last to say good night. It was little, and society, which had already whispered its doubts and expectations, would have been surprised had it known that between these two, who were almost inseparable, there had passed no word that might not have been spoken aloud in any presence. Words are indeed not needed; under such circumstances they are worse than useless. Jean knew that his whole life was swayed by his passion for Claire. He had been attracted to her at first by her beauty and her loneliness, and with the easy conscience of his kind he had let himself drift into an absorbing passion which drew him back to her no matter how often he took himself away. What he did not know, because she was too wise to let him see it, was that life was empty to her without him, and that only in his presence did she feel that she was human.

He was a man who had little to learn of human nature, especially of his own; and because he loved her so intensely he forbore to speak. He knew that for him the spell would begin to lose its hold when she should yield. His inscrutable, almost solemn eyes studied her closely, and it was the stern, inflexible part of her character, which had come to her from her Puritan ancestors, that was her chief fascination, because it was this that always made him doubtful as to the result. He also knew that once such a nature as hers had lost its proud self respect, it would lose its grace and infinite charm. Such is the strange inconsistency of man, that while he formed no resolution to spare her ultimately, yet the pity for it, for his own intolerable ennui as well as for her misery and despair, restrained expression of the passionate longing which he felt. He preferred to hold himself as long as possible in the delicious uncertainty in which hope alternates with fear.

She turned her melancholy eyes upon him.

"Do you know what it is, Sievert?" she said. "What secret of life has she found out? What do they both know that the rest of the world is ignorant of? Robert is as she is, and I"—she paused a moment, and her voice was almost a sob—"I did not know until tonight that *any one* was happy."

He did not answer, but something in his manner warned her. She rose to her feet, her face again wearing its mask of smiles.

"Good night," she said, "and thank you for all your assistance. You are always the same kind friend."

XX.

SIEVERT, going as usual to call upon Claire the next afternoon, found the carriage drawn up in front of the door. He was quite accustomed to going out with her when she paid visits, but had thought she would be too much fatigued to go today. He went in and waited for a few minutes; she came down with her bonnet on.

"I am indeed glad that you are rested enough to go out," he said, looking at her with the expression of careful tenderness which he permitted himself to wear when they were alone.

She was restless. There was an unusual flush on her cheek, and a passionate excitement in her eyes.

"I am going to my aunt's, to see Robert's wife," she said.

"And I, may I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" he asked.

The flush deepened a little.

"No, I think not today, if you please," she replied. "I am taking Whitwell, and it would not be pleasant for you to go with the child. I shall be at home again at five. Come then for tea, will you not?"

He bowed his acquiescence in whatever

she chose to do. He had never known her to take her child out with her before. Indeed, he never thought of the child as hers, but only vaguely as Blethen's. Blethen was fond of the boy, often took him to drive, and talked constantly of him to his acquaintances. Now, as Sievert stood contemplating Claire, he understood what was going on in her mind—that she was, probably half unconsciously, using the child to bring herself into closer relation with Sara. He recognized all at once the hopeless dreariness of her life, and for the moment at least felt all the passionate anger which was surging through her soul. He went close to her and held out his hand.

"Yes, I will come at five; but you, are you still asking the question of last night? You need not go to her to have it answered. There is only one answer—only one, and that is waiting for you here, always."

She drew her hand away and averted her eyes. She was so wretched, and she would not let him see the battle she was fighting. Nancy came in with Whitwell, and she bade Jean *au revoir* and drove away.

They entered Mrs. Atterbury's sitting room, and Whitwell walked immediately to her side, and put his hand in hers. He always called her "grandmother," and indeed he found the pleasure and happiness of his life in her house, where he was perfectly at home. That he was a sturdy, healthy little fellow, light hearted and happy as a child should be, was almost entirely owing to the care she had given him, and to the fortunate neglect of his parents. They counted for almost nothing in his wholesome life, of which "grandma" and Nancy were the good angels.

Claire seated herself and called to him to come to her. She had some vague idea that she would talk to Sara about him, and she wanted to hear Sara talk; she wanted, if possible, to understand her. The child paid no attention to his mother, but stood with one little elbow on the arm of Mrs. Atterbury's chair, looking gravely around the room.

There were a number of people present, and Sara was at the other end of the room, evidently absorbed in the conversation going on there. Robert drew a chair near to Claire's, and began to talk to her. His eyes, full of sympathy, the tone of his voice, which seemed to her full of pity for her, almost maddened her. At last she broke out: "Robert, tell me, what is it that makes you and Sara so different from all the world? Is it something real, or do you only appear to be so impossibly happy?"

Robert looked over to where Sara was sitting before he answered, and Claire followed his glance. Whitwell had left his place at his grandmother's side, and, crossing directly through the room, had climbed into Sara's lap. He laid his head on her breast and gazed straight into her face with an expression of perfect content. At the moment when Robert and Claire looked at them, Sara, bending over him, kissed him fondly, and he put his arm tightly around her neck. Claire turned very pale, and rose from her chair. She felt smothered, and feared that some cry of pain would escape her lips.

"I must go," she said. "Tell Nancy to bring him home."

She went out alone.

XXI.

THE Atterburys made but a brief stay in Boston. Robert obtained the position of which his friend had written, and when they had paid a short visit to his old home they, accompanied by Mr. Gardner, went to live in Washington.

Robert's enthusiasm and ambition were great, not only to fill the place for which his friend had vouched for his fitness, but to make it of greater and farther reaching importance. He gave himself vigorously to this work, but it was not first nor of chief importance in his life. Here and now he and Sara were to build their home, and they both brought to the undertaking all their intelligence.

They had in themselves, in their united life, the indispensable corner stone upon which must rest every happy domestic hearth. They understood by "home" far more than physical comfort and pleasure, far more than even domestic happiness for themselves. To them "home" was a shrine where all who came were to be blessed, a sacred fire, always bright and clear, where every brother and sister might find light and warmth. This kind of home they made, working with undivided interest, and giving to it the best within themselves. At first it was in a small house which they found in Washington; but after a few months of careful consideration of localities, Mr. Gardner bought for them a place on one of the hillsides a little way out of the city.

It had an air of quiet, almost of country life, while below it, in full view from the windows and veranda, lay the beautiful city with its noble avenues and the stately domes that always remind the spectator of

the dignity of its place in the nation and among nations. The place was not new, which was fortunate, because the lawn that sloped away from the broad veranda was soft as velvet, and the trees that threw their shadows on the grass were tall and venerable. Mr. Gardner had lived too long in oriental countries to feel quite at home in an ordinary, conventional house in the United States. He built for himself and his art collections a wing which combined the luxury of India with modern conveniences. Sara and Robert arranged their own part of the house to suit themselves. In all that they did, they never lost sight of the fact that the adornment of the house was only an outside matter; and while it was a great delight to them to make it expressive of themselves, they knew that the true ornaments of a home are its friends.

There is no place in the world where the opportunities for making an ideal home are greater than in Washington. The variety in the charming and interesting people to be found there leaves nothing to be desired, as far as material is concerned. These they gathered into their home, not so much by what they did for people as by the subtle influence of what they were. It would have puzzled many to define why they always went to the Atterburys' with joy, and came away refreshed and comforted. Many a care worn statesman who took his way to their house as a matter of course, when he had a brief leisure, never stopped, perhaps, to analyze the rest and peace he found there.

Time gave permanence to all these joys. Living became synonymous with growing and developing. Naturally, as must happen to every American in a like position, Robert was drawn more and more into political work. He studied statesmanship from the point of view of an American citizen who recognizes the strengths and weaknesses of our people, and seeks the good of the whole country. He wielded a strong and virile pen, and its power came to be felt and acknowledged. In all that he did and strove to do, Sara had a part—not merely that of wifely interest, but of intelligent coöperation. They went hand in hand, and often neither could have told which had first had the important idea, or whose expression had been the forceful way of putting it before the public.

As Robert's work took his time more completely, Sara became more fully occupied with social duties. She was interested in every one and everything, and it would not have been possible to her to turn away from any one leaving the impression behind her that she did not care. In her house was always to be found real society, which is a rare thing in these days.

However occupied or absorbed they were, they always kept the best of themselves for each other. The early morning was sacred. They walked or rode about the lovely country, or, if the weather did not permit them to be out of doors, they sat together in their private sitting room. What more or better can you say of a man's life than is expressed in this?—Robert was satisfied.

Was Sara satisfied? At least she did not know that she was not.

XXII.

THEY had just come through an exciting political campaign, and Robert's work had brought him very near to some of the greatest men of the nation. He was intensely interested in the movement of events. He knew that these men depended upon him in certain ways, and he felt himself a responsible part of the important affairs of the nation. All this did not take him away from Sara in any true sense of the word, but it took his time, and more or less his thoughts.

Sara was sometimes restless, and could not account to herself for her feelings. Too much of her time was her own to dispose of as she felt inclined. While she was never at a loss to find employment, it was, nevertheless, arbitrary employment, and she had times of longing for duties which should take possession of her, and make work a necessity.

One of the results of the late election had been to bring her cousin, Margaret Hunter, to live in Washington. Margaret's husband was now quite a successful lawyer, but his ambition was not satisfied, and he had decided that it never would be satisfied by any success for which he could hope at the bar. Therefore he had turned his attention to the political arena. Here he had achieved his first triumph; he had been elected to the House of Representatives; and being still a young man, he looked forward to the future with boundless ambition.

It was a great pleasure to Sara to welcome Margaret to Washington. She had seen her for a few days when she passed through San Francisco, on her way from Japan, and they had been constant correspondents. They were entirely different in nature and in training, but in affection they were sisters, and all the details of Margaret's life

were of importance to Sara. She supposed that she understood them, and would have been surprised to find that she really neither knew nor understood her cousin.

Margaret had loved her husband with a calm, passionless affection, and he had accepted this love as all he could ask, because he supposed it to be all that her nature was capable of. It made no great demands upon him, and even in the first year of their married life his business was allowed to claim the first place in his attention. Then a child was born. Joseph Hunter was a man of quick understanding, and it was also a part of his professional training to read people's characters by their actions. When he saw Margaret with her child, when he heard the tones of her voice as she talked to it, he realized all at once how little he had known of her real nature, and that he had never touched the depths of her heart. He was shocked, and perhaps mortified as well, but it seemed to him ridiculous to put himself forward as the rival of his own child. He retired more and more into himself - which is another way of saying that he buried himself more and more in his business—and made no sign. After two years another child was born, and Margaret, all unconscious of her shortcomings as a wife, was wholly absorbed in her children. She did not dream that her husband spent lonely hours in the library which he would gladly have given to her.

The end came suddenly and terribly. The terror which walketh at noonday entered their house. Both children had diphtheria, and after three days of indescribable agony Margaret's arms were empty and her heart desolate. She turned to her husband now, and sorrow united the lives which prosperity had left separate. Joseph found the sweetest hours of his life those in which he held his stricken wife in his arms and felt that he could comfort her.

This sorrow was a year old when they came to live in Washington. Sara had sympathized with Margaret in her loss, but was not prepared for the change it had made in her. She was thin and worn, the gray hair showed on her temples, and she went about almost without a smile. She seemed to be always living over those terrible days, and to be utterly unable to interest herself in anything else. Sara could not understand such hopeless grief, but this did not prevent her from devoting herself to the task of comforting her cousin. She was untiring in her labor of love. Sometimes Robert thought the improvement in Margaret was hardly enough to compensate for the great exhaustion to Sara, but he would not say anything that could put any bounds to the bountiful outgoing of Sara's rich nature.

So the winter and spring passed, and summer was there. One day Margaret sat with Sara on the veranda, which looked out over the lawn and down to where the river shone in the sunshine. It was warm, and a faint haze spread over all the valley below them, softening the outlines.

Margaret, as usual, talked of her children, telling over all their little childish ways and sayings, and Sara, feeling that it was best to let the sad heart have its own way, listened sympathetically.

"It is very strange that you have never had any children, Sara. I do not think I should feel that I had really ever lived if I had not had mine." Sara's face flushed and she turned away while Margaret went on. "Of course one child can never take the place of another, and nothing can ever console me for the loss of mine, but it does help me to bear it that I expect another so soon. You cannot know how impatient I am for the time to come."

Sara made a great effort and tried to lead Margaret to speak of the expected one, and by and by the conversation became quite cheerful.

That night, when Robert came home, he found a strange restlessness about Sara. He talked to her of all that he had seen and done during the day, but she showed little interest. Usually she said to him, "Begin at the beginning and tell me all that has happened," but tonight, for the first time in their life, her attention wandered and she asked nothing.

"Are you not well, dearest?" he asked anxiously.

She made an effort to bring her wandering thoughts back, and smiled at him, but he was almost sure that he saw tears in her eyes. However, she said that it was nothing. Coming in, a day or two later, he was surprised to find her sewing. He disliked to see her sew, and she did not herself care to do it; it was rare for her to do more than fasten on a button, or something of that sort. He went toward her, and was still more surprised to see her put the hand that held the work behind her. He stopped short.

"What is it? Something which I may not see?" he asked.

She laughed and blushed shyly.

"Oh, no. You may see it. It is for Margaret's baby."

She held the dainty garment of lace and muslin up for his inspection. Robert stood

looking down upon her. There was a look in her face that sent a pang through his heart. What was it? Was she not satisfied, as he was? Was his love not sufficient for her? He stooped and gathered her in his arms.

"My precious wife, my dear, brave, true wife!" he said.

She folded the work up, and rose to her feet. They went out on the veranda; she clasped her hands over his arm, and they walked under the stars until late in the evening. When they came in, and she said good night to him, her eyes were calm and happy, and looked straight into his. Robert watched her with anxiety for the next few days, but she was all her own sweet self, and his fears were quieted.

Weeks passed and brought the important day; in Margaret's arms lay a little daughter. Sara had been with her almost every day, and had shared the joys of anticipation; she had also given her promise to be the baby's godmother. Now, however, she did not go to see it. Each day she sent flowers, with messages of love and congratulation, but always with some excuse—that she was very busy, or tired, or not very well. Margaret wondered, but did not divine the cause. The days were rather long for her, especially since Joseph, feeling that he was not needed at home, had gone away for a little holiday. A friend, the owner of the yacht Vivien, had invited him to go for a week's sail along the coast, and Margaret had urged him to accept.

One day, when the baby was two weeks old, Margaret had it dressed in a lovely gown which was Sara's gift, and, with many careful instructions to the nurse and coachman, sent it to call upon Sara.

The day was sultry. There was languor in the air and on the earth. The leaves of the trees hung limp, and the butterflies lay breathless on the great dahlias. For days Sara had with difficulty repressed the pain that consumed her. If she could have gone to Robert, all would have been well, but her greatest care was to hide it from him. After all their blessed life together, was she to ruin all? Could she be so wicked, so ungrateful? So reasoning, she put a fierce control upon herself when she was with him; when he went away she gave way to bitter grief.

On this morning she had risen with a dull pain in her head, and a feeling of irritability which made her wish to avoid every one, for fear that she might say or do some unkind thing. She told Robert that she would not ride or walk, and turned away from his questioning almost fretfully. When she saw him mount his horse and ride away alone, she threw herself on her couch and sobbed, saying to herself that even Robert no longer loved her, yet knowing all the time how absurd such thought was. She cried for an hour, and then her head ached so badly that she darkened her room and said that she would not see any one. When Robert returned from his ride the servant told him that she was sleeping, and did not wish to be disturbed. With a heavy foreboding he went to his work. It was the first day in all their married life which had not been blessed by their morning's pleasure taken together.

The day wore on. Sara slept a little and wept much. Shortly after noon the maid came into the room, bringing her a tiny note from Margaret Hunter. She opened one of the blinds and read the miniature card: "Baby Margaret makes her first visit to her godmother."

"Please, mum, de nuss have brought de baby," the servant said.

Sara began to tremble, but she went out on the veranda where the black nurse sat holding a parasol over the sleeping child. She took the baby, and, telling the nurse to wait where she was, went back into her own room and shut the door.

Meanwhile Robert found it impossible to work. He longed to see his wife, to comfort her if he could, or to share her pain, so he went home. He drove up to the side of the house, and, stepping lightly on to the veranda, came suddenly to the open French window of her sitting room. The wind stirred the curtain a little; just as he was about to lift it and go in, there appeared before him a sight which stayed his feet and made him cold with fear.

At the side of a low couch which stood at the end of the room, Sara knelt, her face toward him. On the couch before her lay a sleeping child. She was flushed and excited. With trembling fingers she untied the baby's cloak; folded it back; then took its cap from its head. She bent over it with a look of adoration, and covered its tiny hands with hungry kisses. Suddenly she put her hands to her own throat, and, opening her dress, laid bare her virgin breast. Drawing a low chair beside the couch and seating herself, she took the baby up and laid its head upon her bosom. Its little hand, held tight in hers, she continually covered with kisses. Then, in a moment, she began to sing a low sweet lullaby.

Robert dropped the curtain and moved noiselessly away. He gained his own room,

and shut the door on the misery which overwhelmed him. Outside, on the veranda, the nurse and Marie were indulging in the gossip so dear to their hearts. The air was stifling; as they talked, first one and then the other wiped beads of perspiration from her face.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed the nurse, "'pears to me it's late in the season to be so hot. 'Pears like one can't git dere bref, nohow."

"Looks like dere gwine ter be a change, any way," answered Marie, pointing to the south.

Just showing its pointed edge above the trees, there was a cloud, slowly rising. In its path, apparently motionless, was a small leaden mass of vapor which had in its very immobility an air of menace. The face of the nurse grew almost white.

"'Fore de Lord, dere's gwine ter be thunder an' lightnin'," she exclaimed. "I mus' git home with de baby. Oh, bress de Lord, what's I gwine ter do ef I doesn't git home fust?"

In the silent room, still rocking the child, Sara was oblivious of all that passed. Her song had ceased, but she still held the little fingers curled around her own, and her face was as the face of a madonna. There came a hurried knock at the door. She laid the baby on her lap, and at the same instant closed her dress. She looked round with a frightened air, as of one who wakens in a strange place. The nurse entered, and hurriedly put the child's wraps on. She talked incessantly as she hurried, saying that the baby's mother would be anxious, and that she was sure the horses were afraid of thunder. In a very few minutes she went out with the baby, followed in a dazed sort of way by Sara. The coachman, who had been waiting in the shade of the trees, came up, and in an instant they drove rapidly away.

Robert, torn by conflicting emotions, had been watching from a window which looked out upon the veranda. He did not wish to go to Sara's room while she had the child, nor was he willing to leave her alone for a moment after it was gone. He saw the nurse get into the carriage with it and drive away, saw Sara stand for a moment looking after them, and then go into her room. Thinking to startle her less by coming in at the front door, he put on his hat and went out; then, coming up the front steps rather noisily, to attract her attention, he entered her room. She was not there.

Robert passed through into the next room and out into the hall. He did not find her. He called her name, asked the servants. No one had seen her. Now thoroughly alarmed, he went to Mr. Gardner's room to see if she were there. The expression of Robert's face communicated his fear to her father, and both of them set about the search for her, a mingling of love and fear straining every nerve to its uttermost tension.

Sara had indeed walked into her room, and, still almost in a stupor, conscious only that she was suffocating and must have air, had picked up a broad sun hat and passed directly out of the window where Robert had stood watching her. She went out toward the back of the place, where in a moment she was hidden from view by a tall privet hedge. At the end of the hedge was a small gate, through which she passed into a field. Their house was near the top of the hill, and before the search for her had fairly begun she had reached the summit, gone down on the other side, and entered a little grove whose shade invited her.

When she left the house there had not been a breath of air stirring, but even as she entered the grove the ribbons of her hat fluttered in the wind that began to sough in the tops of the trees. The sun was still an hour high, but a darkness which was like a tangible pall shut out the light, and she could hardly see her way. She noticed nothing, but went blindly on.

Suddenly she stood still and put her hands over her eyes. Everything in the world seemed to have come to an end for a moment; then the deafening thunder rolled around her and above her. A shudder ran through the grove, the trees moaned, and the branches waved wildly in the air, as if striving to find some safe stronghold. Sara opened her eyes, but could not bear the blaze. Flash after flash burst upon her; there was no darkness between, only a beating of crimson upon red which made her stagger and sway from side to side, although she did not try to walk. The thunder roared tremendously. It filled the air to bursting, so that there seemed not to be room in all the universe for the crush of sound.

Presently the rain fell in torrents. Sara, drenched and almost paralyzed, strove to reach one of the larger trees. She thought there might be some protection in its strong trunk. Her dress caught on a projecting root, and she fell heavily forward.

(*To be continued.*) on page 463

JAPAN'S FAIR DAUGHTERS.

The maidens and matrons of the island empire, as they appear in the picturesque setting of their home life—Their dress, their amusements, their marriage customs.

NO living pictures shown in our entertainments, however beautiful and successful they may be, will ever equal the charm and loveliness of a Japanese maiden in her gorgeous attire of brightly colored silks. No picture, even from the brush of the most talented of our painters, has ever done justice to her natural grace, born elegance, and charm of manner. To fully appreciate her, however, one must be spared a sight of her in a New York store, or in a Midway Plaisance café—for there she is as much out of her element as a fish out of water, a picture in a hideous, out of proportion frame. One might as well expect to be pleased with a Watteau in an Empire frame, or to like a man wearing an evening dress at a picnic. There are some pictures so beautiful as to need no frame at all, but the Japanese beauty is not one of these. In her case the frame makes the value of the picture—nay, without the setting of her own fair Japan she is a pathetic, out of place little creature, only to be pitied. But to be really a picture, to appeal to us, to charm us as she does, the little *mousmé* needs her lovely, picturesque dresses, her big silk sashes, a dozen funny little ornaments in her black, glossy hair, her small wooden shoes doing "tic tac" on the hard, rough pavement; she needs the surroundings of her birth, the low, quaint houses, the wonderful temples with their idols of bronze and immense carved roofs, the tall pagodas, the beautiful gardens, studded with miniature lakes and rivers, with islands and mountains—gardens full of flowers, shaded by strangely shaped trees; she needs all these things as a background to her beauty, and as its life she must have the happy, ever laughing little beings of her own race—especially the Japanese children. Without all these, without the curious music which in Japan is heard everywhere, without the noise and excitement and life of the gay Japanese crowds, she is not happy, and when you have taken away a Japanese woman's happiness you have taken away her charm.

In no other country of the world will you see such happy people as in Japan. Nowhere do people know so well how to enjoy life. Even among the lowest of the laboring classes a satisfaction seems to reign, and it is with constant smiles that they toil and sweat. This everlasting happiness is natural to their race. It has its cause in the fact that their needs are small and that they know how to be satisfied with little; and for its effect one finds them to be the best disposed and best natured people in the world. Fighting, quarreling, swearing, are unknown to them, and I am sure that never in all Japan was such a thing heard of as a woman making "scenes," or having an attack of nerves, or becoming hysterical because her dress would not fit, or slapping a child because the little one did not know what it had not been taught.

Cleanliness is one of the first factors in Japanese civilization. The poorest citizen bathes every day, even twice a day. There are over eight hundred public baths in the city of Tokio, and it is estimated that over three hundred thousand persons patronize them daily at a cost of one sen three rins per head—about half a cent. A reduction of three rins is made for children. In addition to this, every private house has its own bath room. In the villages where there are neither bathing establishments nor private bath rooms, the people take their tubs out of doors and bathe before their houses; for cleanliness is more esteemed there than our artificial western prudery. Indeed, it is not so long ago that Japanese ladies used to receive callers while in their bath—*en tout bien tout honneur*.

In a Japanese family the same bath does for all the members, and as man is considered the nobler sex the men bathe first, in the order of their age and dignity, the ladies afterwards, then the younger children; and all this without changing the water. Lastly the servants use the bath, unless they be sent to a public bath house.

The Japanese passion for bathing leads all classes to make extensive use of the

numerous hot mineral springs about the country. Sometimes they carry their enjoyment of this natural luxury to an almost incredible extreme. At Kawanaka, a tiny spa, the bathers often stay in the water for a month, placing stones on their laps to prevent them from floating in their sleep. The caretaker of the establishment, a hale and hearty old man of seventy, stays in the bath during the entire winter. To be sure, the water in this particular place is one or two degrees below blood heat.

The women in Japan thoroughly dislike to see a man with a beard. Their dislike may be a reason for the universally clean shaven faces of the Japanese men. I think it was in Chicago that several young ladies warmly debated the question of beards from an osculatory standpoint, the question being, is it more agreeable to kiss a man with a beard or one without? Kissing, however, has nothing to do with the Japanese woman's dislike for a beard, and this for the very good reason that a kiss, as we understand it, is an unknown thing in Japan; not unknown to the gay maiden of Tokio, Yokohama, or Kobé, the *demi mondaines* of that country, whose business it is to amuse foreigners with their dances and songs—but unknown to the great majority of people. A young man never kisses his sweetheart, a wife never kisses her husband, a mother never kisses her children.

And to give the readers of MUNSEY'S an idea of what a true, loyal Japanese thinks of kissing, let me quote here from an essay written by a young "Jap" in an English school in Yokohama:

"The wind of occidental civilization swept all over the country, and their customs were introduced days after days, and most of the Japanese young men are indulging in their manners. When they meet together, they shake hands. They begin their speaking with "Good morning." They put roses on their bosom as if the presents of young ladies. That is right. I don't say it is wrong or foolish. You had better do so. But there is one thing that is awful dangerous—that is kiss, as it is called in English.

"What is kiss? Kiss is a salute by touching the lips closely together, and use when express a strong sympathy. Now let me tell you the reasons of it. First, it is physically dangerous. Toothache, consumption of the lungs, and other diseases transfer by certain means to other persons. The kiss is the best interposition among certain means of transferring certain diseases. Take a lady who has disease in her lungs, for instance, and I kiss her; her disease may transfer to me, and I may become a sick man. This is the first disadvantage. Secondly, it does not seem fair to Japanese eyes. When I see people kiss, I feel disagreeable, and therefore *all* Japanese feel disagreeable. I am sure in such reasons, I dare say, it is quite bad to introduce that custom in our country."

If Japanese girls know nothing about kissing, they certainly can come up with our western girls in the art of chewing gum. I was dining one evening with some friends in a tea house, and, as is the custom there, we were served by a number of Japanese girls. I noticed one of them imitating to perfection a Jersey cow, and I wondered whether the tutti frutti and pepsin gum horror had found its way to Japan with western civilization. I could not speak to her, being at the time altogether ignorant of her language, so I simply tried to open her mouth with my fingers. The girl laughed, understood, and opening a piece of tissue paper carefully folded in her pocket book, she showed me small pieces of—red seaweed! This is what they chew. But a Japanese girl does not chew as they do here. Her pieces of gum are small, and do not fill her little mouth to the utmost. She does it slowly, quietly; I would say, comparatively with elegance, if one could possibly be elegant while imitating a ruminating animal.

The idea of marriage among the Japanese is altogether different from our own. In Japan it is less of a personal and more of a family affair. Religion has nothing to do with the matter, and the law regards it from an entirely different point of view. Japanese marriages are arranged by the families of the young people, and the step is less solemn and not irrevocable; for, although marriage is a legal contract while it lasts, it may, like other contracts, be terminated by joint consent.

When a child has reached the marriageable age, the duty of its parents is to secure a suitable partner. Custom, however, rules that the arrangement of the affair must be intrusted to a middleman, or *nakado*—a discreet married friend who not only negotiates the marriage, but remains through its existence a kind of godfather to the young couple, a referee to whom disputes may be submitted for arbitration. Having fixed on an eligible party, the middleman arranges for what is termed the *mi-ai*, or "mutual seeing," a meeting at which the two young people are allowed to see and sometimes to speak to each other, and thus to estimate each other's merits. This interview gen-

A Jinrikisha.

erally takes place at the middleman's own residence. Among the middle or lower classes, however, a picnic, a theater party, or a visit to a temple often serves the purpose. If, after the "seeing," one of the two parties objects to the other, the matter comes to an end. If, on the contrary, the parties are satisfied, gifts, consisting of clothes, or of money with which to purchase clothes, and of certain kinds of fish and seaweed, are exchanged between them. This is called which means, literally, "three, three, nine times," because the bridegroom and the bride drink three times out of each of three wine cups of different sizes, nine healths in all. They do not really drink, but merely lift the cups to their lips. The bride, on reaching her new home, changes her white dress for a colored one given by her husband. At the end of the dinner the couple are led to the bridal chamber, where they indulge in nine more cups of Japanese wine.

A Japanese Woman Weaving.

yuino; it corresponds to our betrothal, and is considered binding.

The day of the wedding is then decided upon. Its arrival finds the bride dressed all in white, the color of mourning, to signify that she dies to her own family, and that she will never leave her husband's house but as a corpse. At nightfall she is borne away to her new home, escorted by the middleman. The parental house which she has left is then swept out. Formerly a bonfire was lighted at the door—a ceremony indicative of the purification necessary after the removal of the dead. The wedding, which takes place at the house of the husband's parents, is of the nature of a dinner party. Its chief feature is called *san san ku do*, It is significant that the husband, as lord and master, now drinks first. At the beginning of the ceremony the bride drank first; she was then but a guest.

A Japanese bride has no bridesmaids, and the young couple are spared the horrors of a honeymoon trip. It may be well to state that a Japanese wife not only is supposed to obey her husband, but actually does so, and that the mother in law, in our country a terror to the man, in Japan is not only a terror but an hourly cross to the girl, as she always lives with the family of her husband.

Men and women marry very young, and, speaking broadly, there are neither bachelors nor old maids in Japan.

I stated that divorce existed in Japan. It

Two Girls Playing Ball.

Reading a Love Letter.

is very common among the lower classes, and extremely rare among the best people. Before the great revolution of twenty five years ago, and previous to the civilization of Japan, Confucian ideas prevailed on the subject of divorce. According to Confucius, there are seven grounds on which a man may divorce his wife: "disobedience, barrenness, lewd conduct, jealousy, leprosy or any other foul or incurable disease, talking too much, and thievishness."

Since the publication of the new codes, and the enforcement of the new laws, Japanese ideas as to divorce have been brought into closer conformity with European usages. According to the latest statistics, however, the proportion of divorces to marriages is about one to four.

Another strange custom of the Japanese is their readiness to adopt children. In thousands and thousands of families, one will find half a dozen persons answering to the names of father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, and aunt, who are no blood relation at all. The practice of adopting children is universal in the highest society as well as the lowest. This explains the fact that the distinguished painters, potters, actors, etc., have nearly always a son distinguished in the same line; the artist simply adopts his

Writing a Letter.

A Japanese Orchestra—Playing on the Samisen, Fuye, Taiko, and Tsuzumi.

best pupils. The fact also explains why Japanese families do not die out.

Japanese women are not such ignorant beings as their Chinese sisters, nor are they kept in a state of slavery or inferiority. As young girls they receive a good education; that is to say, they are taught to read, write, count, to keep house, etc., and the great majority of them are good musicians, in the Japanese sense of the word, being able to use their own musical instruments. Their music has no charm for most of us, no harmony, no melody. Until they are quite old, Japanese girls are very childish and fond of playing games, especially racket and ball.

All the Japanese women are great smokers. They use a small, dainty, metal pipe, which holds only enough tobacco for one puff. They are very small eaters, yet great consumers of cakes and candies, which they take with their tea.

To make her toilet a Japanese woman sits on the floor. Before her is a small chest, the drawers of which contain powder, rouge, black, and other cosmetics, of which she always makes extensive use. Above the chest is a round looking glass, made of polished steel. She is very dainty in all her fixings, and consumes much time in dressing to her taste.

A few years ago Japanese women went mad in their love for foreign dresses. In their desire to imitate their sisters of America and Europe they bought anything that second hand dealers sent them. What frightful, hideous parts of dresses worn in times long past by, did these poor little women buy! And their way of wearing them was as funny as it was pathetic. In her ignorance, one would wear a lace petticoat over her dress, and a corset outside of all. Fortunately no women of the lower class, and but few of the middle class, wear foreign dresses now. It is left to the ladies of the court, who, having traveled much, and lived in Europe and America, know

Lady and Girl (Winter Costume).

how to use the foreign dress, and, I may even say, how to use it well, prettily, and tastefully.

Speaking of Japanese girls in foreign attire reminds me of what I once heard an American woman say: "Oh, it is horrible! They have no shape." Truly the Japanese know nothing about corsets, but it may be

Two Japanese Belles.

pertinent to ask, what do we mean by "shape"? Is it to be three and a half inches through the waist and three and a half feet across the shoulders? What some call "shape" others would call "deformity."

A Japanese girl in a restaurant, looking at a foreign lady, the possessor of a very fine figure, who was enjoying a tremendously heavy lunch, asked, "Where does she keep her stomach?"

No one was able to answer.

"Very strange," added the pretty *mousmé*. "She must keep it just under her throat, where she is so big!"

A. B. de Guerville.

Afternoon Lunch

THE STAGE

If clothes do not make the man, they sometimes furnish a play with the power to exist. Without its Worth gowns, "Le Collier de la Reine" would verily stand forth in naked truth for what it is—a tiresome collection of speeches on a threadbare theme. Appareled in the gorgeous outfitting with which Augustin Daly supplied it in order to introduce Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew under his management, it has captured the fancy of that class of theater goers whose approval is the surest filler of the manager's purse—the women.

Why is it, by the by, that poor plays are always such unconscionably long ones? The length of time that elapses here between the first and final curtains must remind the twin stars of their experience in Tokio, when their "Romeo and Juliet" lasted from seven in the morning until six at night. The Japanese seemed to prefer the artists on their social side, and made calls of two hours' duration between the acts at the dressing rooms. This was during the tour of the world undertaken soon after Mrs. Potter had declared (in London, in 1892) that she and Mr. Bellew would work independently of each other in the future.

Kyrle Bellew as "Cardinal de Rohan."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Mrs. Potter as "Marie Antoinette."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

On this same occasion Mrs. Potter announced that she would not return to the United States, "where," she added, "I have to fight too many people." But then, it is a woman's privilege to change her mind.

Mrs. Potter's personality is charmingly natural. Her somewhat checkered experiences seem not to have left a trace in her disposition. She still retains the simplicity and enthusiasm of the young girl to whom the footlights mean the breath of life.

Like Mrs. Potter, Mr. Bellew obtained his start in an amateur way, appearing in private theatricals on board ship, as he started out in life in the service of the British mercantile marine. His father was well known in London ; in fact, he was one of the men who planted Henry Irving's feet firmly on the lower rounds of that ladder on which he has mounted so high, and it was in Mr. Irving's company that young Bellew made his early appearances professionally. He came to this country to join Lester Wallack in 1885.

That Kyrle Bellew has developed from the "matinée girls' favorite" into a really good actor, his *Marat* of last season proved ; that he is also skilled in the intricate art of "realizing" a piece, as it is technically termed, is shown by his staging of "Le Collier de la Reine." The "realizer" of a play is more important to it

than the leading man; in fact, he is the power that transmutes the dialogue and stage directions of the prompt book into the living story itself.

* * * *

R. A. ROBERTS, now playing the *Doctor* in "The Sporting Duchess," is one of the most accomplished "realizers" we have. He not only puts words into action, but invents action of his own in order to score certain points more effectively. For example, in the second act of "The Sporting Duchess," miniature dummy horses are shown through a thin drop at the back of the scene, in the middle stage of a race. As the piece came over from England, these were simply drawn across in fixed positions; but Mr. Roberts devised an inclined plane of such a nature that one horse passes the other when half way across the stage, greatly increasing the realistic effect; and it is all done by the winding of one windlass. He is stage manager as well, and during the performance, without for an instant allowing his own rôle to suffer, his eyes are everywhere.

The discipline behind the curtain is as strict as on shipboard. One night, during the ball room scene, a super danced too close towards the footlights. As soon as the curtain fell on the act Mr. Roberts ordered his discharge.

In addition to all this he is constantly staging new pieces, has a dramatic agency office on Broadway, and is now thinking of writing a play of his own. He will be remembered as one of the cleverest persons in the cast of "The Fatal Card" last season. This well constructed melodrama has been doing a splendid business at the Boston Museum, although shorn of all the great lights that illumined its pathway in

Wanda Marie de Boncza.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

the metropolis—or of all save Amy Busby, whose latest portrait appears on page 358. But then, she is a whole constellation in herself.

* * * *

He who ventures to predict the success or failure of a dramatic production is a rash man. Standards of judgment he has none, for what the public enthuses over at one period, it may flout at another. Nor is it a question of names. The Holland brothers came to grief with "A Man with a Past," by the author of "Niobe," "Erminie," and other successes, while "A Social Highwayman," the product of two women hitherto quite unknown, has carried them fortunewards. Then there is John Drew, with "That Imprudent Young Couple," by Henry Guy Carleton, whose "Butterflies" lasted him a season out. When brought out in New York the critics scored the play, and after a fortnight's run Mr. Drew substituted "Christopher, Jr.," by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, which he had had in his repertoire for a year or more, but had never thought of sufficient merit to bring out in the metropolis. On the second night of the new piece people were turned away from the box office at the Empire Theater.

In view of the foregoing facts it will be interesting to note the reception accorded to "The Artist's Model," billed to succeed "His Excellency" at the Broadway Theater. Writing from London last August, the foreign correspondent of a prominent daily says, "'The Artist's Model' will never be a success in America as now played in London, where it continues to crowd the Lyric nightly. It is decidedly too risqué."

The same writer goes on to state that Marie Tempest, the star of the piece, which is of the "1492" order, dislikes it heartily, as does also Hayden Coffin. Miss Tempest, nevertheless, is booked to remain at the Lyric till next May, so she will not appear with the company sent over here. She is expected, however, some time next season.

Miss Tempest is a Londoner born, but spent much of her childhood in Belgium, and was educated in Paris. She lives in a dainty home, beyond St. John's Wood, with her mother and sister Mabel. Perhaps one inducement that keeps her in an uncongenial rôle is the handsome dressing room she occupies at the Lyric.

Marie Léonie Yahne.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

It adjoins the royal box, with which there is easy communication, and is known as the Princess of Wales' room.

Of course Miss Tempest has her fad. What actress hasn't, when the exploitation of it means so much free advertising? When one can't be cultivated, the tactful artiste goes about declaring that she is absolutely without a hobby of any sort, thereby making a fad of having none. But Miss Tempest is honest in hers, which is chafing dish cookery. Her repertoire in the oyster line is said to comprise serving up the bivalve in twenty one different styles.

Marie Tempest.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

Mabel Love as "Maid Marian."

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

GILBERT and Sullivan have buried the hatchet, and are at work together on a new opera. Mr. Gilbert fares no better, wedded to stranger strains, than does Sir Arthur harnessed with an unaccustomed Pegasus. "His Excellency" would be excellent, is the American verdict, except for its music. That England has this time sent over a fine company only makes the pity of it the deeper that the material in their hands is not more worthy of their abilities. There is Nancy McIntosh, with her sweet voice, winsome Ellaline Terriss, and piquant Mabel Love, of whom we give a portrait. She is the vivandière, and dances herself straight into the hearts of her audience.

* * * *

"ONE may became a painter, a sculptor, even a musician, as the result of diligent study, but practice will not make a playwright. A man is that from the beginning, or never, just as he is blond or brunette without any will of his own in the matter." So says Alexandre Dumas in some recent "Remarks on the Dramatic Art."

Amy Busby.

From her latest photograph.

This may be true in France, although even that we doubt. With us it is certainly not the case. Augustus Thomas, for instance, appears to have had only a flash in the pan of the real dramatic fire which, M. Dumas would have us believe, being heaven born, ever abides with the fortunate ones on whom it has once fallen.

In the same article, moreover, M. Dumas, rather inconsistently, gives directions for play building; but then, as these precede his assertion that dramatists cannot be trained up like lawyers or doctors, perhaps we can justify him. At any rate, his directions are pithily pertinent to play building:

"One should never modify a dénouement. A dénouement is like the result of an addition If the total be incorrect, your whole operation must be wrong. I may add that one should begin his play with the dénouement; that is to say, do not start work until you have the scene, the situation, the dialogue of the ending. One never knows which way one ought to go until one is certain whither one is going."

We give this month three portraits of Paris actresses, one of Mlle. de Boncza, of the Odéon. She was a pupil of Worms, took first prize at the Conservatoire last year, and made her début at the Odéon in "Barynia." Mlle. Yahne also began her career at the famous playhouse on the Rive Gauche. This was in 1884, and she

Lulu Glaser as "Rita" in "The Chieftain."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

has since passed in turn to the Vaudeville, the Palais Royal, the Ambigu, and the Gymnase. Mlle. Decroza is a singer in comic opera, who first came out in "Adam and Eve" at the Nouveautés in 1887. She has recently been appearing in St. Petersburg in repertoire. A glance at her portrait will show the chic that Mlle. Decroza is capable of infusing into her rôles. Mlle. de Boncza, on the other hand, achieves her ends by the earnestness of purpose that is plainly to be seen in her expression. Mlle. Yahne partakes strongly of the American type.

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To say that Francis Wilson is a clever man would be to say what every one already knows; but clever people sometimes "slip up," and Mr. Wilson has taken a tremendous "tumble" with "The Chieftain." The libretto is rubbish, the music indifferent. The opera has floated on Wilson's and Sullivan's names, and on the work of the engaging prima donna. Eliminate Miss Glaser from the production, and one would want to be paid twenty dollars to sit through the dreary drag of padded situations and plotless theme, instead of paying $2.50 for the privilege, as one must pay in New York's present era of inflated prices, to insure being well seated at the play.

"The Chieftain" is simply another instance of the absurdity of the "name" fallacy. Intrinsic merit cuts some figure in the drama, as it does in literature. It is not enough to have a clever actor on the stage; he must have a part that is above the level of commonplace twaddle. In "The Chieftain," Wilson has nothing to do worth the doing. Lulu Glaser's charming personality and never failing vivacity are the opera's one redeeming point. Her voice has a quality that captivates the ear in sympathy with the eye that has already fallen under the spell of her beauty and grace.

Francis Wilson.

From his latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt).

From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1895, by J. Schloss, New York.

Off the stage, Miss Glaser is equally full of life and spirit. And yet one would with difficulty recognize her. It is a standing joke in the company that the "Johnnies" who stand about the stage door to obtain a glimpse of the prima donna as she comes out, never see her, although she and her mother walk straight past them. This is because at the theater Miss Glaser always wears a curly wig. Her own hair is perfectly straight, much lighter in color, and is worn brushed back from her forehead. This little disguise is a great protection to so popular an artist, aside from the amusement it frequently causes her.

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A READER of MUNSEY'S writes to inquire whether a person with natural gifts for acting, but without the advantage of instruction in a regular school of dramatic art, could secure a position in a good company. Our correspondent is a woman, and if we based our reply on the experience of not a few actresses who are reckoned successful, we should say, "It depends on your looks."

When Caroline Miskel went to Hoyt's Theater, two years ago, looking for an engagement, Mr. Hoyt was out, so she left a photograph of herself. When the author manager saw the portrait, he asked his business man why he had allowed the original to get away without making a contract with her. Mr. Hoyt himself soon saw that this matter was attended to, and she appeared at once as *Ruth* in "A Temperance Town." A year later Mr.

The Twin Sisters Abbott.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, New York.

Hoyt married her, and for a while she was absent from the stage. But this season she has returned to it again in her husband's new play, "A Contented Woman."

* * * *

In all that has been written about Augustin Daly—and the quantity is by no means small—much has been said of his managerial history. How he came to get into theatricals is a story not so familiar to the public.

"Gus" Daly, as he was then called, was a youth with a strong liking for books, employed by a certain job printing company. The firm did more or less work for the theaters, and in this way young Daly met John Duff, and in course of time married the manager's daughter. Mr. Duff thought his son in law should be better "fixed" than he could hope to be by remaining a clerk in a printing company, so he took him into the theater with him. He was utterly green at the business, and those who saw him go gawking about the stage little thought this was the man destined to become the best known theatrical manager in America.

Some of those who heard the Abbott sisters sing their dainty ballads in "Little Christopher" last winter may have recalled seeing the girls in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and others of Mr. Daly's more elaborate productions. The story of their life is full of real pathos. Brought up in a Southern home with all its comforts, reverses sent the family to New York, where misfortune upon misfortune pursued them. The sisters were studying at a convent school when their father died, and the question of the means of getting daily bread pressed hard for answer. It was then that they turned to the accomplishments acquired in happier days as a pastime, and found in them the sole staff upon which they and their mother leaned.

The Abbott sisters possess a distinct charm of their own. Dainty is the word of all others that describes their performance. Until one has heard them sing "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard" one has no idea of the refined beauty that may be thrown about a ballad of the streets by the manner of rendering it. Last summer they appeared in "1492" at Manhattan Beach. Their songs kept them on the stage for only some ten minutes, but no portion of the entire program evoked more genuine enthusiasm.

The girls are twins, but Bessie possesses the finer voice. Its possibilities, indeed, are so great that it seems a pity education cannot take her in hand for grand opera work. One night last winter she was suddenly called upon to appear as *Little Christopher*, went on the stage without a single rehearsal, and acquitted herself brilliantly.

The sisters have accepted Mr. Rice's offer to appear in "Excelsior, Jr.," at the Olympia this winter, in order that they may remain in New York for study.

Francine Decroza.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

A Knot of Blue

In olden days, for lady's praise,
A knight went forth to war
With arms complete, his charger fleet,
And pennon fluttering far;
While on the field of blazoned shield
Hung, pure and fair to view,
A simple band from woman's hand—
A tiny knot of blue;
A true knot,
A blue knot,
A lover's knot of blue.

Did foeman bold, or robber's gold,
Or Paynim blade appear,
"For God, St. Clair, and lady fair"—
Went forth the ringing cheer.
Mid weapons' flash and deafening clash,
As man and beast he slew,
An omen clear danced ever near—
A tiny knot of blue;
A true knot,
A blue knot,
A lover's knot of blue.

L'Envoi.

Today your knight goes forth to fight,
Oh, love, my love, so true;
God gives him grace his foes to face
With your sweet knot of blue—
A true knot,
A blue knot,
A lover's knot of blue.

William R. A. Wilson.

LITERARY CHAT

THE love of truth in scientific men has been beautifully shown by the late correspondence between Max Nordau, of "Degeneration" fame, and Cesare Lombroso, whom he has named as his master. "Degeneration" is only one of many books by Nordau, and by no means his best one, as many people appear to imagine. His "Conventional Lies" is stronger

"I do not wish," the Italian professor said, "to disturb those sweet and delicate relations which exist between us, but which cannot make me forget the love of truth. The article is almost finished; but speak the word, and it shall be burned."

Nordau hastened to reply:

"The truth is my supreme aim. I would a

Max Nordau.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

in every way, but it had not, at the time of its appearance, just the peculiar surroundings to make it talked about. His "The Right to Love," of which an American edition has just been issued by F. Tennyson Neely, is a drama of striking power and originality.

"Degeneration" was so extravagant in its conclusions that Lombroso decided that at many points his disciple had gone beyond his own beliefs. He wrote an article to say so, and then hesitated and told Nordau what he had done.

thousand times prefer to be set right by you than to continue in an error. I know very well that the idiots of two hemispheres will plume themselves after your article appears. While taking care not to specify the point that divides us, they will audaciously generalize, and cry: 'Behold the disciple disowned by him he has proclaimed his master! Demolished is the foundation on which rested the whole edifice! Now nothing is left but a heap of shapeless rubbish!' But what of that?"

Nordau evidently knew his world, for that is

Pierre Loti.
From a photograph by Delphin, Rochefort.

exactly what people have done. Yet, after all, the differences between the friends are not very great.

* * * *

LOMBROSO is a remarkable man. He lives in Turin surrounded by the skulls and photographs of criminals, and yet he is fully alive to the beauties of art, and to all that makes life lovely. He has a wider, a more philosophic and catholic mind than Nordau. He does not condemn ; he explains. His thoughts have the purity of science. He thinks that Nordau would screen us too prudishly against every artistic effort not purely chaste. Listen to what he says : "The history of art teaches us that it is love—and love not simply platonic—that has given the first stimulus to the fine arts and to poetry."—"With the abolition of every exotic trace, I know that morals would be purer, but I tremble for beauty which has not a direct relation with morals. Nordau joins the followers of Cromwell and of Savonarola, who burned the classic statues and works. From the Venus de Medici to Boccaccio, from Dante to the most lovely words of Goethe's *Marguerite*, down to all the attempts of Baudelaire and of Zola to make love felt through new forms, love has always been the most powerful inspirer of the beautiful."

The interest in Nordau's "Degeneration" and in the "Criminology" of Lombroso is a sign of a present day state of mind which no one seems to have taken into consideration. Josiah Flynt, the student of vagrant humanity, says that nothing will draw a crowd of reform school boys together quicker, and keep them quieter, than a conversation about criminals. The deduction that they recognize a personal affinity is certain.

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PIERRE LOTI'S "La Galilée" is in the press as we write. In this book we may expect to find a

description that will cast an entirely new light upon the land made sacred by tradition. Loti did this for China in "From Lands of Exile," for the westernmost Arabs in "In Morocco," for the far northern sea and land in "An Iceland Fisherman"; and the world feels that the clever Frenchman led it by the hand into the recesses of the heart of a Japanese when "Madame Chrysanthème" was written.

To write his latest book, Lieutenant Viaud, who has given himself the pen name of Loti, took a caravan and traveled as the wise men must have journeyed when they followed the Star of Bethlehem. He leaves nothing to chance. He goes to the scene that he intends to describe, and does not take in its features at a hasty glance, coming away to give an impression, a mere sketch. He does far more than this. He wears the dress, eats the food, lives the life, of the people. They become his people, and if he cannot think their thoughts, at least he reads them. Consequently his pictures are perfect in every detail.

Loti is versed in many phases of art. It is said by his friends that were he to lay aside his pen for the brush, or to take up music instead of either, he would become famous. His home is a store house of interesting things from all over the world. He has a great collection of odd costumes, in which he has a fancy for attiring himself. The accompanying portrait shows him clad in the burnoose of an Arab sheik.

Wonderful descriptions are given of his medieval dining room, paneled with woodwork from old monasteries, and furnished with the spoils of ancient chateaux. The room was dedicated by a dinner for which the guests came from Paris. The invitations were painted on parchment, illuminated in the style of old missals, and every guest was expected to appear in medieval dress.

At the time of his election to the Academy, Loti made some enemies by his speech against Zola, his defeated rival for the vacant chair. "This utter coarseness, this cynicism that mocks at everything," said Loti, "are morbid phenomena peculiar to the suburbs of Paris. I am sure of it, coming as I do from the free air beyond." Lieutenant Viaud comes from the free air, and he brings a great deal of it back to us upon his return, but he carries no weight of philosophic thought such as Zola offers the world. He is a painter of delicate, airy pictures, full of exquisite detail, of color and harmony; but one might as well compare the fountains at Versailles to the Falls of Niagara as weigh Loti against Zola.

* * * *

THE first days of November will see Emile Zola's "Rome" on the book stands and in thousands of hands. "Lourdes" was dull, and full of cyclopedia-like details, but it had a certain charm; and as a result of its so called exposé of the "cures" at the famous shrine, the pilgrims have multiplied by thousands this year.

An interviewer of unusual acumen lately found his way to Zola, and has come out of the novelist's study telling us a great deal of the plan and purpose of the new book. It is a close study of Leo XIII, whose character is seen through Zola's peculiar temperament. While he pretends to be a realist, there is no living writer who so idealizes people and places. We have grown to consider ideality to mean the exaltation of a subject, but it should rather be defined as the process of making it imaginary, unreal —of giving it the coloring of the observer's own personality. Zola's geese are not always swans; sometimes they are monsters. He is capable of taking a very commonplace barnyard fowl and painting its portrait so that we see every feather distinctly, and yet we receive the impression of a harpy. His characterization of the Pope is grand, but has absolutely nothing to say to history.

* * * *

THE new book by Frau Anna Seuron, governess in the family of Count Tolstoy, bluntly contradicts some of the accepted ideas about the famous novelist and philosopher. It has often been said that Tolstoy eats no meat. Frau Seuron tells us that while she lived in his house, he ate no meat in public; but at night the clatter of knives and forks could be heard in the dining room, and in the morning the cold roast meat would be gone. He had fits of miserliness, when he would not give even a few cents to relieve distress; and it was then he preached loudest against the evil of money. As for the brotherhood of all mankind, which is the subject of so much of his writing, it was all put on paper. When a serf approached him, it was always the haughty master and the dependent peasant.

* * * *

THE latest book of adventure to take the reader of impossible fiction out of himself is "Zoraida," by William Le Queux, who is hailed as a rising young author in London.

Mr. Le Queux, who was born in London, of French parents, began his literary career as a correspondent for *Galignani's Messenger*. After a rather checkered career as a journalistic free lance, he made something of a hit with some Russian articles which were printed in the London *Times*. These he followed up with Russian stories, of which "Guilty Bonds" was the most successful. Not long after the appearance of this book, Mr. Le Queux was called upon by an official of the Press Bureau in St. Petersburg, and notified that his books could not be circulated in Russia—a compliment which has been paid to no other English author, although many of them have been "blacked out" without receiving the notice.

* * * *

THE news has just come to America that Johannes Brahms has been inspired by the poetess Johanna Ambrosius, and that Germany is to have these two geniuses linked together in song.

All German Americans know Johanna Ambrosius' poetry, and most of them know that she is a peasant, whose empress has just given

her a home and an income. She lived on a little farm in East Prussia, working in the fields, toiling in winter and summer through ill health and sordid conditions. Her only education came from the periodicals which now and then found their way to her farm home. But her genius translated the hardships of her life into inspiring poetry which has caught the heart of a nation.

When her verses first appeared in the "Poet's Corner" of an obscure country paper they found readers. Last year a professor in one of the German universities discovered them and had them collected into a book. They have gone into edition after edition, and every German has come to know them. They have the true quality of genius that touches the heart. The Kaiserin has had them taught to her boys, and has given her friendship to the poetess.

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MR. RIDER HAGGARD has for the moment abandoned his customary yarns of dark skinned princesses, Inca hoards of gold, and African elephant hunts, and has written a story of English life. In this unwonted field he has done well. "Joan Haste" is so far ahead of his former work that it will surprise even those who have had most confidence in his ability.

To those who read Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" the atmosphere and incidents of "Joan Haste" will seem familiar. It is written along much the same lines, and in this particular it might be accused of a lack of originality; but Haggard has come dangerously close to beating Hardy in his own field. Hardy's coarseness is missing, but Hardy's power is excelled.

* * * *

WILLIAM E. NORRIS is one of the names that send a book into the libraries of the most remote English towns. It is a name that gives to the old novel reader who wants a comfortable novel to read—one which will not unduly excite his gray matter—a distinct thrill of pleasure when it is seen on the covers of a book.

Mr. Norris' "success," his high water mark of popularity, came with "Matrimony," a number of years ago; but even when he gets to such a low ebb as "Billy Bellew," he has followers. He is not by any means a new hand at literature. He began writing sixteen years ago, and from the very first was so successful that he gave up his law practice in the Inner Temple to become a story teller. He reminds an American of a judicious mixture of Captain King, E. P. Roe, and Edgar Fawcett. He is a little cleverer, perhaps, than any one of them, and has all their fine devotion to the commonplace.

Mr. Norris is the son of Sir William Norris, who was chief justice of the island of Ceylon. He is said to be a delightful companion and an accomplished musician.

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MR. LABOUCHERE tells us, with his fine manner of describing a thing by "apt exaggeration," that all that is to be found in the Carlyle museum is a battered tin bath tub and an old silk hat that once belonged to the sarcastic philosopher. But however little is there, crowds of people are going to the Chelsea house to look upon the "remains."

The place has been put into its old order as nearly as possible. Even the wall papers have been restored. The "sound proof" room in which Carlyle used to work is still there—a room lighted only by a skylight, so that no touch of life should come in through windows. Pictures and books which have been scattered in these last fifteen years are being brought back to the house; and in time it is hoped and expected that manuscripts, letters, and everything that once made this home living, will come here to be preserved.

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IT is with pleasure that we call attention to Anna L. Bicknell's "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire." The author has not a cut and dried sentence or anecdote in her book, and it is easy to see that it could only have been written by an inmate of the palace. In this it is in every way dissimilar to "An Englishman in Paris."

Miss or Mrs. Bicknell was governess to the daughters of Count Tascher de la Pagerie, a relative of the Empress Josephine, and consequently of Napoleon III. For nine years she lived in the palace in the height of the gay reign of Eugénie. There is no need for padding. We begrudge the information that has been kept away from us. We learn family traits of the Bonapartes which tell us the facts of many rumors. We come close to personages who have been wildly dealt with by gossip, and coldly by history. The Duke de Morny, the illegitimate half brother of the emperor, we came to know very well in Alphonse Daudet's "Le Nabab," in his life and in his death, but we hear news of him here.

We get a sketch at once brilliant and elusive of the empress, and a page presents that Princess Metternich whose ugliness, magnificence, and recklessness have figured in every story of Paris in those days. We are grateful for a new and a strong light upon old acquaintances when this book is reluctantly put aside.

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THE death of William Wetmore Story recalls the fact that he was an author as well as a sculptor. He left no book behind him, however, which critics can ever describe in the burning words that Hawthorne fitted to his statue of Cleopatra, in "The Marble Faun":

> In a word, all Cleopatra—fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous excitement—was kneaded into what only a week or two before had been a lump of wet clay from the Tiber. Soon apotheosized in an indestructible material she will be one of the images that men keep forever, finding a heat in them that does not cool down through the centuries.

Mr. Story's best work was "Roba di Roma," a description of the Rome of forty years ago. His home was a beautiful villa in the Eternal

City, and it was there that Hawthorne visited him.

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THE Shakspere Bacon controversy continues to rage, and the raging continues to be all on one side. Miss Delia Bacon, the gifted American lady who first branded fraud upon the discrowned brow of poor Will of Stratford, died a good many years ago. We understand that she died in a lunatic asylum; but evidently she has followers outside the confining walls of such institutions. They have given their lucubrations to the world in volume after volume, while the defenders of Shakspere—if the unmasked impostor has any defenders left—make no reply. Does some one dare to suggest that the Baconians have as yet put forward no case worthy of an answer? Nay, it must surely be that their argumentative battering rams have crushed their opponents into the speechlessness of a squashed jellyfish.

If there be any lingering shred of doubt as to the true status of Lord Bacon as a playwright who hid his marvelous talents under a self imposed bushel, it will be finally and forever dissipated by a neat red volume that comes to us from Chicago—"Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare," by Theron S. E. Dixon. Mr. Dixon does not seem to be a disciple of the Minnesota sage who discovered that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are cryptograms. Indeed, we do not notice, in his book, any mention of Mr. Donnelly's immortal cipher—which strikes us as a failure to pay tribute where tribute is due. His line of argument is a different one—less mathematical, but precisely as convincing. He rests his case upon parallelisms between the acknowledged works of Elizabeth's great chancellor and the plays and poems that he fathered upon the actor who was his partner in the most stupendous literary fraud ever perpetrated. Some of these parallelisms are so close, so clinching, that it is simply inexplicable that centuries should have passed before they were detected and dragged into the cold light of print. We will quote a sample from page 16 of Mr. Dixon's valuable work. In "The Tempest," Act III, Scene I, Bacon the playwright says:

> Admired Miranda!
> Indeed, the top of admiration.

Beside this Mr. Dixon sets the following passage from Bacon the philosopher:

> But that other subject of the Prerogatives of Man seems to me to deserve a place among the *desiderata*. Pindar in praising Hiero says most elegantly (as is his wont) that he "culled the tops of all the virtues." And certainly I think it would contribute much to magnanimity and the honor of humanity if a collection were made of what the schoolmen call the *ultimities*, and Pindar the *tops* or *summits* of human nature, especially from true history; showing what is the ultimate and highest point which human nature has of itself attained in the several gifts of body and mind.

Could anything be clearer than this? Never did a New York daily spring such a "deadly parallel" upon a rival newspaper that stole its news from China or Jackson's Hole. Why, the word "top" occurs in both quotations; so does "of," and so does "the." No two men could possibly have written both passages; the evidence is iron clad, copper fastened, steel riveted. It would hang a murderer; much more would it shatter the reputation of a mere defunct playwright like Will Shakspere. We request the authorities of Stratford on Avon to obliterate the impostor's oft quoted epitaph, and substitute the words, "Here Lies a Convicted Fraud." How the man contrived to deceive his contemporaries we cannot imagine. Queen Bess could not have been the clever woman people have supposed, or she must have "tumbled." It must have been whispered about the court. Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and all the gay company that used to meet at the Mermaid Tavern must have seen that their comrade's "native wood notes wild" were a mere rearrangement of Bacon's theories on "The Advancement of Learning." The audiences at the Globe, as they read the "Novum Organum" between the lines of "Romeo and Juliet," must have laughed in their sleeves at the thought of the Warwickshire rustic lending his name to the great chancellor's tragedies and comedies. And yet, incredible as it may seem, nobody recorded the slightest hint of the deception. It was left to Miss Bacon, the literary pride of Connecticut, to Mr. Donnelly, the sage of Minnesota, and to Mr. Dixon, whose book is published in Chicago, to lay bare the story of Shakspere's duplicity and Bacon's marvelous self suppression.

But Mr. Dixon's system of argument is too valuable to be confined to the unpleasant but necessary task of wiping from the roll of fame the insignificant name of Shakspere. The most precious point in his method is its elasticity, its adaptableness. Indeed, we regard his logic as the most wonderful weapon ever framed for the hand of the literary iconoclast. You can apply it to almost any subject, and it will prove any conclusion you desire. No doubt, in the experienced hands of its inventor, it would readily demonstrate that the novels we know as Thackeray's and Dickens' were written by Queen Victoria, and that Homer was the real author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Or, if Mr. Dixon prefers contemporary investigation, we call his attention to the striking and suspicious parallelism between the state papers acknowledged to be written by President Cleveland and the dramas popularly credited to Mr. Charles H. Hoyt. We think that Cleveland wrote Hoyt's plays, and that Dixon is the man to prove it.

* * * *

SUPERSTITIONS die hard, and in spite of all the revelations of Messrs. Donnelly, Dixon, and their fellow seekers after truth, there are probably still a good many people who believe in Shakspere. To such we commend T. Y. Crowell & Company's reprint of Dodd's "Beauties of Shakspeare," in two very neat and handy volumes. Most "selections" of the sort have only an ephemeral value; this one

was so well made up that it has had a century of popularity, and is the chief memorial of its compiler. Dr. Dodd was one of the notable characters of the London of George III's day —a fashionable preacher and a clever littérateur, who ended his life tragically, being hanged for forging Lord Chesterfield's signature to a note for four thousand pounds.

It is strange, by the way, that there should be such an abundant lack of uniformity in the spelling of the most famous name of English literature. Its possessor, in an age when orthography was not regarded as a science, wrote it in half a dozen different ways at different times. Until recently, the form "Shakespeare" was probably the most commonly used. Dr. Dodd prefers "Shakspeare." The best authorities, however, have pronounced in favor of "Shakspere," which we recommend for general adoption.

* * * *

Beatrice Harraden recently crossed the continent from California, and the world has heard a great deal about it. She stopped in most of the celebrated places on her way, and was always on exhibition. She says she does not know why. We are equally unable to solve the problem.

Miss Harraden is a young woman of by no means extraordinary personality, with a certain affectation of saying serious things in conversation which causes the discerning to believe that she is trying to live up to her reputation as the author of a "deep" book. She is a sincere writer, and she achieved something which could never have been produced by the insincere or artificial. She drew a picture of human life, line by line and bit by bit, and drew it truly. It was accident, rather than design, which made her book a work of art. Sometimes a photograph, by the chance adjustment of light and shade, contains that divine element which we call art. Yet the camera is not an artist; neither is Miss Harraden, as all her works except "Ships That Pass in the Night" abundantly show.

In writing that story, she herself did not know what she was working out, and she had to be told the meaning of her result. The tragedy of human suffering, which she brought home to every heart, had left her own in a measure untouched. She was only a plodding writer, putting down truths that formed themselves into a work of art, almost as a beautiful mosaic might be made by a child playing with fragments of many colored stones.

* * * *

The death of Professor Hjalmar H. Boyesen, while it removed from Columbia College one of her three best known professors, was not so much of a loss to the world of letters as certain paragraphers would have us believe. There is a pronounced tendency to overestimate literary men, and even among those who knew Professor Boyesen best we shall probably not be contradicted when we say that he was rated above his actual capabilities. His strong prejudices seriously impaired his work as a critic, and in the field of fiction his path was marked by many a failure. It was, indeed, principally his tremendous industry to which he owed his reputation.

In his lecture room, with a small audience of interested students, he appeared at his best. On the history of German literature he was one of the greatest contemporary authorities. His methods of lecturing were so eccentric that his words imprinted themselves indelibly upon the listeners' minds. After delivering some particularly impressive statement, he would frequently rush from his desk, and, grasping a student by the shoulder, peer into his face, and ask, "Do you understand that?" so loudly that the person thus assailed would probably never forget his words.

Professor Boyesen's admiration for Goethe was unbounded. The mere name would cause him to tramp up and down the room sweeping the students' notebooks to the floor as he passed. Then he would throw himself into a chair and pour out a flood of poetry with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, entirely oblivious of his surroundings. A moment afterwards some train of thought would suggest itself which would cause him to fall into a profound reverie, and he would remain silent for several minutes. On the whole, he was a pronounced success as a lecturer, and his death is a loss to Columbia.

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It appears that "Elizabeth Hastings," who wrote "An Experiment in Altruism" was not a noble English lady, as the paragraphers decided, but an American and a teacher in Wellesley College, named Margaret Pollock Sherwood. She is young and clever, and the idol of her scholars, who find in her youthful wit a philosophy which they are able to understand.

Miss Sherwood has been traveling in Colorado all summer, and is said to be gathering material for a new book of a serious character.

* * * *

In "Pony Tracks" Frederic Remington makes a character drawing of himself on every page. Good natured, brave, observant, short of sentence, serious concerning serious things, and full of information, he is well qualified to help other men see the world.

Mr. Remington has been a cowboy, and a traveler in many lands. He is the most welcome guest known at the frontier army posts, and there is hardly an Indian reservation where he has not sat beside a camp fire. It makes no difference whether there is war or peace in the West, he goes his undisturbed way. During the last serious Indian disturbances, when the tribes were enraged at the interference with their religious dances, Mr. Remington calmly went over into the ranks of the savages and spent days making pictures. He is known among his friends as the "Mighty Hunter," and his house, in a New York suburb, is overflowing with the spoils of his travels in every country where action and color are to be found.

ANANIAS THE SECOND.

OF course Jean forgot her purse. She always selected the most important thing and forgot it. She could have come off without her parasol as well as not, for it wasn't very warm after all; and she always wore her veil in her pocket, folded into a neat square with a black headed pin stuck through it, so that wouldn't have been much loss. But to leave the purse, with all the money for supplies and commissions, and not find it out till they were actually in the village, fourteen miles from Deer Lodge, that was a little too bad. Every member of Mrs. Kenneth's big house party wanted something, and Mrs. Kenneth herself had given them a list several inches long, for marketing was done only once a week at Deer Lodge. There was a regular person whose business it was to attend to this, but Jean had begged to do it instead, and that made it all the worse.

"Jean Winter, you need a nurse," said Arthur indignantly.

"I brought the list, any way," Jean said. "If I'd forgotten that and brought the purse, we shouldn't have been much better off, for we never could have remembered all these things. How much money have you?"

Arthur dived into his different pockets, and laid the result between them on the seat of the buckboard—four dollars and sixty five cents, besides three rather battered stamps, which Jean examined critically.

"If there's enough stick left on these, we can use them for Marion's letters," she explained, "and we needn't get her any more. I'll leave out all my errands and yours too—you can use Harry's cigarettes—and we'll just get what is absolutely necessary. Darius must be put in the stable, and must have some grain. Will that cost much?"

"About fifty cents, I imagine," answered Arthur, taking up the reins again.

"Perhaps we can beat them down to forty five," Jean suggested, brightening. "Oh, Arthur, I really think it's going to be fun!"

He smiled and tucked the rug around her more securely, though the operation wasn't really necessary.

"You've got that requisite drop of Hebrew blood in you all right," he said.

"It *was* fun," Jean declared several hours later, as they sat under an old willow tree by a sociable little brook, eating pâté sandwiches and cold roast quail. "I really think I'm a born housekeeper. Everything is paid for, even Darius, and we haven't a cent between us. If I had let you buy those dreadful souvenir spoons, we couldn't have paid for the vinegar. I really enjoyed contriving and managing and asking prices. I never knew before that I was cut out for a poor man's wife."

"You don't mean bed rock poor, do you?" Arthur looked anxious. "You mean a man in moderate circumstances, with enough to live on comfortably, and a little extra for occasional cocktails and ice cream sodas."

"Indeed I don't; I mean a really poor man, so poor that you just had a little bit every month, and had to contrive and plan to keep within it. If you had salad you wouldn't have any dessert, and the roast beef would do for two dinners and innumerable luncheons. I'd love it."

"Oh, dear," he said discontentedly, "I suppose I've got to start in and scatter my small inheritance or give it to a hospital. It never looked big to me before."

"I wouldn't," she said, getting up. "Perhaps Mrs. Arthur won't share my views. Not many girls do. Let's go back and explore the village some more. We ought to be starting for home before long."

Arthur rolled over on his back with a luxurious stretch.

"I'm so comfortable," he protested. "Well, wait for me, can't you? Come and help me up." He took the hands she held down to him, but made no effort to rise, looking up at her with an expression that made her color and exclaim impatiently,

"I can't lift you all by myself, you great thing!"

He laughed and sprang to his feet.

"Let's run," he said, still holding one of her hands, and off they started through the long grass, bending to escape the low branches of the old apple trees. They stopped, laughing and panting, when they came to the road, and found a small boy watching them with solemn contempt.

"That cow wouldn't have hurt you," the boy said.

"Wouldn't he really?" Arthur asked in a tone of relief. "We didn't know, of course. He looked a little irritable."

"It's a her," said the boy, with undisguised scorn for city bumpkins and their ignorance. "We pasture her in there. She's a fine cow. She gives three gallons a day."

"Three gallons of what?" Arthur looked the picture of inquiring innocence, but something evidently struck the boy.

"Ginger beer," he remarked over his shoulder as he walked off. Jean was shaking with laughter.

"He'll do," they both said at once, and then felt obliged to crook little fingers and press

their thumbs together while they silently wished.

"Thumbs, Shakspere," added Jean. "Do you know, that drug store over there is the only shop we haven't been in, except the saloons."

"No use in going now when we haven't a cent," said Arthur,

"But there's such an awfully handsome clerk, Arthur. Do look at him. I love that big, blond type, only he ought to be clean shaven."

"You might go in and suggest it."

"I am going in to talk to him, just the same. I think he's fascinating."

"I wouldn't. He'll chuck you under the chin and ask you how's mommer, most likely."

"No, he won't; come on. Let's ask for something he couldn't possibly have, as an excuse. What shall it be?"

"Antimacassars?"

"Nonsense. No sane person would ask for those at a drug store."

"Try Buffalo Bilious Powders, then."

"Don't be idiotic. I think I'll ask for *Crème Timon*. You never would find it at a little country store like this. If they should happen to have it, mind, you're to suddenly discover that you have forgotten your purse."

"I never carried one in my life. I don't see what you want to go in for, any way," Arthur said, pulling open the wire door.

"You would if he was a girl," returned Jean in a cautious aside. "Play we're a couple of tourists," she added. "Ah, good afternoon. Have you any *Crème Timon?*"

"I'm afraid not," said the big, blond young man. His voice had an unmistakable tone of breeding and refinement. "We have very little call for such things. I can give you cold cream or glycerine."

"I'm afraid they won't do." Jean spoke with sweet regret. "One gets so sunburned driving. I never find anything that does any good but *Crème Timon*. This is such a pretty part of the country."

"Indeed it is. A great many coaching parties come through here. It seems to be a favorite route. Did you come by the falls?"

"No, I think not. We are traveling in a buckboard, which is really the pleasantest way, if you are going over the hills at all." Jean leaned confidentially on the counter, with an amused side glance at Arthur, who was examining a case of curling tongs with bored patience.

"Yes, indeed," said the clerk. "You are so free to come and go as you please. If you are going to put up here for the night——"

"Oh, no," Jean said hastily. "We are going on to join—some friends. We merely put our buckboard in the stable for an hour or two, while we rested."

"My dear," said Arthur, with a sudden twinkle in his eyes and a lordly air of possession that made Jean long to slap him, "don't you think we might better be going?"

"I suppose it is time," she said, with as good a grace as she could muster. "Well, good afternoon."

"One minute," said the clerk, diving down abruptly behind the counter and reappearing with a box full of little jars. "Yes, here it is, *Crème Timon!*" he exclaimed triumphantly. "This box of samples was sent us early in the summer, and I had quite forgotten it. How fortunate it was!"

His two customers suddenly gave way to uncontrollable laughter.

"Wasn't it funny that you should find it just at the last minute!" Jean explained, struggling for composure. "I'm very glad. Arthur, will you pay for it, please?"

Arthur looked at her in bewilderment.

"But how the deuce——" he began, when a look of terrible warning reminded him of his part. He searched his pockets with elaborate thoroughness, even turning a few of them inside out, then exclaimed in a well simulated tone of stage surprise,

"What can I have done with my purse? I must have left it in the buckboard."

Jean groaned inwardly, and expected to see the clerk arrest them both as suspicious characters, but he seemed quite unmoved, and only said,

"That is hardly a safe place to leave it. There are always a good many boys hanging around the stable."

"Oh, well, there isn't very much in it," said Arthur, with rising pride in his histrionic power. "If you don't mind charging that for a little while, I'll drive by here and pay for it as we leave town. The name is Holliday."

The clerk looked up in surprise. "Arthur Holliday?" he exclaimed. "Why, so it is! Don't you remember me—Phil Graham?"

Arthur stared across the counter in growing amazement.

"You aren't that little freshman we——" he began.

"But I was, that same unlucky freshman," laughed the other, as they shook hands. "You don't look five years older, but a senior always does seem a patriarch to a freshman."

He glanced inquiringly towards Jean, and there was an awkward pause. Arthur took the dilemma boldly by the horns.

"My dear," he said blandly, "this is Mr. Graham, an old college friend of mine."

"It's very good of him to say friend, Mrs. Holliday," began the young man, when Arthur broke in nervously with,

"But what are you doing up here in this little village, Graham?"

"Well, I broke down last spring, just after my father failed, and they ordered me into the country, so I came up here to an old farm house that I'm related to, and took the first thing that turned up. I'm still studying medicine, and I do a little unprofessional doctoring. You don't know how good it seems to see some one from the world below." He added the last a little apologetically, for his old college friend was showing an unmistakable desire to get away.

"I'm awfully glad to have seen you," Arthur said, trying hard to look as if he meant it. "I'll see you again very soon. I'll stop with

the money, you know. Now come, my dear, we must hurry. We'll be awfully late. Good by, old man. We'll see each other again soon. Thank heaven!" he added devoutly, as the wire door banged behind them.

They scurried down the village street, glancing nervously over their shoulders with a vague fear that the police might be after them. Twenty minutes later they had left by a back street, and were on their way home.

"Well, I've learned one thing today," Arthur said in a tone of satisfaction. "I never knew before that I was such a good liar. Think of the fun I've missed all these years."

"I thought some of the ones you told this afternoon were not exactly necessary." Jean's tone was pointed.

"I got sort of fascinated by it, and couldn't stop. I wish we could come across somebody else I could try it on, just to keep my hand in till we get back. I am so afraid I'll lose the knack."

"Don't worry. You can pick it up again any time. Do you know, I'm awfully thirsty."

"So am I, and hungry, too."

"There's a dear little cottage right ahead of us. Let's go in and ask for a glass of water, and they'll offer us some milk. People always do in the country. Only don't you try any more nonsense."

"I don't understand your allusion."

"Well, you need not call me 'my dear,' for instance."

They tied Darius, and went down a tiny path between borders of mignonette. On the porch a little old lady sat, patching some ungainly masculine underwear, which she modestly tucked out of sight when she saw the two strangers.

"Might we ask for a glass of water?"

Arthur had a cordial, friendly little way of asking for things that made you feel privileged in giving them.

"We are so very thirsty," Jean added with her most winning smile.

"Certainly," said their hostess, rising as actively as a girl. "Won't you come into the parlor and rest a bit?"

"Thank you, we'd rather sit out here on the steps, if we may," Jean answered. "Your garden is so sweet. How good that looks!" she added a few minutes later, as the old lady reappeared with a tray of fresh Graham bread and home made butter and a glass pitcher of milk. "It is too bad to put you to all that trouble. What beautiful bread!"

"I thought you might like a bite of something," said the old lady, evidently gratified. "I don't go much on milk all by itself. You are tourists, I presume?"

A wicked look came into Arthur's eyes.

"Oh, no," he said; "at least, we are not traveling for pleasure. It is a business trip."

"Samples?" she asked with interest.

"No, we are not exactly drummers," Arthur said, refusing to see the warning glare Jean was turning on him. "My sister, Miss—ah—Summer is the correspondent for a large newspaper, and I am an artist, so we have been sent to write up the rural life of this district."

"Arthur!" murmured Jean under her breath. "I'll never go anywhere with you again."

"Well now, that's interesting," said the old lady.

"What they particularly want us to find out," he went on, "is whether it would be practicable to start a factory up here for bottling some of this fine country air of yours. With a sprig of lavender or mignonette put in each jar, it ought to sell very well to people who can't get away from the hot, crowded cities. One jar would make a room pleasant for several hours."

The old lady looked puzzled.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't see exactly how it would pay. Perhaps, now, they meant it for a joke?"

"Why, perhaps they did. I hadn't thought of that," returned Arthur.

Jean choked suddenly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, looking very red. "Milk always makes me choke a little. It does my mother, too. You have been very kind to us, but I think we must be going on."

"Wait a minute," said their hostess, disappearing into the little entry. In a few moments she came back, carrying a gorgeous red plush autograph album.

"There was an artist fellow stopped here once," she explained, "and he drew a picture for me"—proudly showing a sketch of the view from her porch. "I thought maybe you would do some little thing for me too."

Arthur looked dismayed, and Jean nearly choked again.

"Why, I—I'm afraid I shouldn't do it well enough," he stammered. "Newspaper work isn't very particular, you know. Besides, I haven't any chiaroscuro with me today."

"You could just use a pencil," the old lady suggested. "Any little sketch—I'd be proud to have it."

He took the book in desperation, and sharpened his pencil as slowly as possible.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I'll draw you the very latest thing for autograph albums. All the big artists in New York are doing it now. You never see an album without one."

"I'd like that," with pleased excitement.

"It's drawing a pig with your eyes shut," he explained. She looked slightly disappointed, but Arthur was already screwing up his eyes, and drawing an elaborate animal whose back failed to connect with his head and whose eye landed in the neighborhood of his spare ribs.

"There!" he said proudly, and signed it in a flowing hand, "C. D. Gibson."

"Your name isn't Summer, then, like your sister's?" asked the owner of the album.

"Oh, yes, it is," answered Arthur. "That is just my *nom de plume*. I always draw under the name of Gibson."

"Now we must thank you again and say good by," Jean was beginning, when steps were heard on the gravel path, and a man's voice called out,

"May I have some supper now, Cousin

Ruth? I've got to go up the road to have a look at my twins."

Arthur and Jean started to their feet in dismay. Escape was impossible, for there was only one path, and right in the middle of it, staring at them in undisguised amazement, stood their friend the drug clerk. Cousin Ruth was the only one equal to the occasion.

"Philip, my dear," she said, "this is Miss Summer and her brother, who are traveling for a newspaper. Mr. Summer is an artist, and draws under the name of Mr. Gibson. Perhaps you've heard of him. Miss Summer, this is Mr. Philip Graham, my cousin."

Cousin Ruth was enjoying herself tremendously. Her cheeks were quite pink with excitement. The others were flushed, too, but their enjoyment was not so evident. Graham lifted his hat and bowed coldly, as if he had never seen them before, and passed into the house. Cousin Ruth thought it was a little natural embarrassment. For her part, she liked to see young people somewhat shy. Most of them were altogether too sure of themselves nowadays.

"He isn't used to young ladies," she explained, smiling. "He don't see many up here. I'll tell him to come back, for he's a real clever young man. He'd enjoy meeting you. Phil—ip!" As the wire door swung shut behind their kind little hostess, Arthur and Jean exchanged glances. Without a word, they tiptoed down the steps and fled.

Jean was ominously silent. For a mile or two, Arthur whistled blithely to himself, and tried to be cheerfully unconscious that anybody was not in sympathy with him; then he gave it up.

"Say what you want to, Jean, only, for goodness' sake, say something," he broke out. "If we hadn't gone into that old drug store in the first place, it would have been all right. I wasn't particularly stuck on doing it."

"It would have been all right any way, if you hadn't made such an idiot of yourself and me too. A nice opinion Mr. Graham must have of us!"

"But confound it, Jean, how was I to suppose I had ever seen the fellow before? I only knew him slightly at college, and he's no end changed."

"You might have known you would come across somebody you knew. I never went anywhere with you that you didn't. What possessed you to tell all that stuff to that dear little old lady?"

"I don't know. I ought to be kicked. I never want to monkey with private theatricals again."

"Oh, dear, I feel dreadfully about it. And you have put me in a nice position with Mr. Graham, first acting as if we were married, and then——" Jean's eyes were beginning to wink rapidly.

Arthur leaned over and tucked the rug around her again.

"Perhaps, some day, something will happen to make it all right," he said artlessly.

Jean was saved from replying by a sudden strange whirr from one of the wheels, and a jump on the part of Darius.

"That old fool of a wheel!" Arthur exclaimed, pulling up the horse and giving Jean the reins. "I'm afraid it is stuck. Yes, it's a hot box. Here, let me help you out. We have got to get the wheel off some way."

To take off a wheel from a hot axle when the nut sticks and you are several miles from a monkey wrench, isn't easy. Nearly half an hour of useless effort and suppressed profanity had gone by when Jean jumped up with a joyous exclamation.

"I hear wheels!" she cried.

They were on a narrow strip of the road, with the steep hill on one side and the bank of the creek on the other. "They can't get by if they want to, so they will have to help us. Yes, there's a wagon with a man in it coming. I'm so—oh, goodness, Arthur! Yes, it is. Let us run! It's that dreadful clerk!"

"Graham? Well, it's fate. I'm going to make a clean breast of the whole thing, Jean."

"I suppose you will, in the police court," she answered. "He has probably come to arrest you for the *Crème Timon*. Until then, you will please not do anything of the kind. You have said enough as it is. Nothing can make it any better. I only wish we were in Jericho!"

Mr. Graham pulled up behind them with evident reluctance. It was plain that he wouldn't have stopped at all, if the road had been a little wider. Nobody looked at anybody for a few minutes, and Arthur tugged ostentatiously at the wheel.

"Ah, by the way, Graham," he began blandly, "do you happen to have a monkey wrench with you? We've got a hot box here."

"I believe I have," said Graham shortly, bringing one up from a box under the seat, and handing it to Arthur with a very bad grace.

"I'm sorry to block the road," Arthur went on. "Jean, do you suppose you could hold this axle up while I pull?"

Jean did it with obvious effort and a good deal of panting. The young man in the second wagon was evidently getting uncomfortable.

"I must rest my arms just a second, Arthur," she said plaintively. That did it. The clerk climbed down and said coldly,

"Perhaps I can help. Let me relieve you."

"Oh, thank you very much," she murmured.

"There, it's off," said Arthur. "Thanks ever so much, Graham. Do you know how we could get some axle grease?"

"Yes; the farm house I'm bound for isn't a quarter of a mile from here, if you could only get that far." A sudden twinkle came into Graham's eyes. "Haven't you anything greasy you could use till then, any—cold cream, for instance?" There was a moment's struggle, then all three gave way to peals of laughter.

"It's no use, Jean," said Arthur, wiping his eyes. "I'm going to make a clean breast of

the whole thing. I don't know what you think of us, Graham. The truth is, Miss Winter and I are visiting up at Deer Lodge with a lot of others, and Mrs. Kenneth sent us down to get a lot of things. After we had spent all our money, Miss Winter saw you through the window and took a tremendous——"

"Arthur!" exclaimed Jean. "Don't believe a word he says, Mr. Graham. Let me tell it."

"Not much," said Arthur. "I'm running this. Miss Winter was suddenly smitten, Graham——"

"Arthur, you're perfectly dreadful!"

"Well, she likes big, blond men, so nothing would do but she must go in and——"

"I won't hear another word of such jargon! Mr. Graham, you don't believe him, do you?"

"It's gospel truth," said Arthur, unmoved. "Some of the complications were my fault, I confess, but she began it all. I didn't want to wait around while she flirted with you, so I came the heavy conjugal to get even with her. We really aren't married, you know—just friends; sort of brother and sister——"

"We haven't been even friends since that last little episode," Jean interposed. "Arthur got so fascinated with fibbing that he couldn't give it up. I wanted to kill him when he told all those yarns to that dear little old lady."

"I'll never forget your face as you came up the path," said Arthur, beginning to laugh again.

"Your own was rather a study, Mr. Gibson," returned Graham. "I confess I was puzzled. I'm glad it's all right, though."

"Here's the *Crême Timon*," said Jean. "It may do till we get to the farm house."

"Very nice article, *Crême Timon*," said Graham, smearing it over the axle. "What did you pay for it?"

"You ought to have seen us sneaking out of town by a back way, without a cent in our pockets," said Jean, laughing. "Shall we leave something as security?"

"You might leave me my monkey wrench," answered Graham, rescuing it from under the seat of the buckboard.

"Do you use it professionally?"

"Not on my twins. It isn't good for croup. They are all the patients I have had, except a very rich, disagreeable old miser. His heir called me in. Pointed, wasn't it?"

"There," interrupted Arthur. "I think that will last till we get to the farm house, if we go slowly."

"We'll try it, any way," said Graham. "If I were you, Holliday, I would turn my attention to a certain chapter of the Bible that must have been left out of your college education. It will give you some valuable pointers. You'll find it in 'Acts,' I believe."

"Yes, I know," said Arthur meekly. "I think it would be wholesome. Hop in, Sapphira."

* * * *

"Well, Jean!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenneth. "Do you know what time of the night it is? Arthur, I've a good scolding ready for you. I've been dreadfully worried. I did not know but what you had eloped."

"I was afraid you had lamed the horse," said Mr. Kenneth, running a professional hand down the inside of Darius' fore leg. "He isn't at all warm. You must have come very slowly."

"It wasn't our fault, Mrs. Kenneth," began Jean, following her into the house.

"Let's have a court martial and try them for being out after hours," said one of the girls, who was given to army buttons.

"Which of you drove?" added a debonair young man, who had been engaged several times himself, and had his suspicions.

"Just wait till you hear our adventures, all of you;" and Arthur began the tale, with many interruptions from Jean, who insisted on finishing it herself.

"So you see it was fully eight o'clock by the time we got started for home," she concluded.

"Oh, Jean," interposed Arthur, "it wasn't seven."

"It was too, Arthur. It was after eight," she insisted, with a meaning look which he did not in the least understand.

"My dear Jean," he said, "I looked at my watch just after we left Graham, and it was exactly ten minutes of seven."

"Then may I ask," said Mr. Kenneth gravely, "what you did on the way home? Did Darius refuse to go out of a walk?"

Arthur looked suddenly enlightened and turned rather red, and there was a general shout of laughter.

"Perhaps the thing had stopped," he began, but it was too late; the murder was out. Jean was indignant.

"There's a time for lying, Arthur, and a time for telling the truth," she said. "He told stories all the afternoon, Mrs. Kenneth, when it wasn't at all necessary, and now when one little fib is wanted, out he comes with the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Isn't that just like a man?"

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

ETCHINGS

LAL OF KILRUDDEN.

KILRUDDEN ford, Kilrudden dale,
Kilrudden fronting every gale
On the frorn coast of Inishfree,
And Lal's first bed the plunging sea.

Lal of Kilrudden with flame red hair,
And the sea blue eyes that rove and dare,
And the open heart with never a care;
With her strong brown arms and ankles bare,
God in heaven, but she was fair,
That night the storm put in from sea!

The nightingales of Inishkill
The rose that climbed her window sill,
The shade that rustled or was still,
The wind that roved and had his will,
And one white sail on the low sea hill,
Were all she knew of love.

So when the storm drove in that day,
And her lover's ship on the ledges lay
Past help and wrecking in the gray,
And the cry was, "Who'll go down the bay,
With half of the lifeboat's crew away?"
Who should push to the front and say,
"I will be one, be others who may,"
But Lal of Kilrudden, born at sea?

The nightingales all night in the rain,
The rose that fell at her window pane,
The frost that blackened the purple plain,
And the scorn of pitiless disdain
At the hands of the wolfish pirate main
Quelling her great hot heart in vain,
Were all she knew of death.

Kilrudden ford, Kilrudden dale,
Kilrudden ruined in the gale
That wrecked the coast of Inishfree,
And Lal's last bed the plunging sea.

Bliss Carman.

A MAIDEN TO HER MIRROR.

HE said he loved me! Then he called my hair
Silk threads wherewith sly Cupid strings his bow,
My cheek a rose leaf fallen on new snow;
And swore my round, full throat would bring despair
To Venus or to Psyche.

Time and care
Will fade these locks; the merry god, I trow,
Uses no grizzled cords upon his bow.
How will it be when I, no longer fair,
Plead for his kiss with cheeks whence long ago
The early snowflakes melted quite away,
The rose leaf died—and in whose sallow clay
Lie the deep sunken tracks of life's gaunt crow?
When this full throat shall wattle fold on fold,
Like some ripe peach left drying on a wall,
Or like a spent accordion, when all
Its music has exhaled—will love grow cold?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FINIS.

THE end of life:
The smiles, the tears,
The fantasies of hopes and fears
Are but the ashes of the year's
Departing ember.

The end of life:
Naught but the haze,
The lingering soul of other days,
Wherein the trembling fancies gaze
And dreamily remember.

The end of life:
The last leaves go,
The journeyed footprints fainter grow
Beneath the gentle, silent snow—
Fulfilment of December.

Clifford Howard.

THE JUDGMENT BOOK.

THE book was opened; men in wonder stood!
No record kept of wrong! It told of good—
Each deed of love! A soul crept up in fright,
Then passed into the dark—*his page was white!*

Clarence Urmy.

AERE PERENNIUS.

NATIONS and men may pass away;
A fragrant thought can never die;
The soul beneath its potent sway
Ascends on high.

Poet, if thy dear verse doth hold
Fast in its heart one truth sublime,
There shall it gleam, a star of gold,
And outlive time.

Robert Loveman.

HOW I LOVE THEE.

HOW do I love thee? A tiny drop
Of rain splashed down on the mountain top
One April day. Then it joined two more
And they trickled over the tufted floor,
Gathering strength as they raced down hill;
When lo, from their union there sprang a rill,
That cadenced quick to the musical breeze
That played with the leaves of the lofty trees.
And then, as its wandering way it took,
The rill grew strong, and became a brook,
And the brook danced on, and the sunbeams bright
Made sport as they played in its mellow light;

While the dimpling pebbles were filled with glee
And nudged each other incessantly.
But the hastening stream bid them all good by,
And flowed down, down, 'neath the changing sky,
And grew to a river, broad and deep,
With a stately stride and a god-like sweep.
And the sun burned down, but the river flowed,
Too strong to care how the hot orb glowed;
Flowed out to the deep and the changeless sea—
And this, dear heart, is my love for thee.

Tom Masson.

THE LETTER.

She sat with pen uplifted
Above her paper white;
Across her face there drifted
A ray of happy light.

Her heart with words was ready:
"My darling" write and send!
She smiled—her hand was steady—
She only wrote, "My friend."

Lydia Avery Coonley.

DEAD LOVE.

As the slant star shine from an orb long dead
Tincts the dull dark with glory, so the guise
Of passion's radiance o'er my life is shed
Though long ago Love veil'd his dying eyes.

Bessie Gray.

AN INNING.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Doris called "a silly song";
Said "the man who wrote like that
Wasn't worth the looking at."

How my heart leaped when I heard
That unguarded little word!
Then I said, and said it clearly,
"I have loved you *long* and *dearly*."

Mary Dawson.

WHEN CHLORIS KISSED ME.

When you kissed me, Chloris, dear,
Lifting up your flower face,
Crimson flushed from ear to ear,
With a shy and artless grace,
Heaven to earth was very near,
When you kissed me, Chloris, dear.

When your white arms drew me down,
Softly clasping round my neck,
Not a king for all his crown
Could the half of my joy reck;
I was more than king's compeer
When you kissed me, Chloris, dear.

How you trembled at it, sweet,
Half ashamed to do so much!
How your warm breast madly beat
'Gainst my own at our lips' touch!
Both your bright eyes held a tear
When you kissed me, Chloris, dear.

How the blood within me thrilled
As I drank your lips' sweet wine!
How I crushed you, and you stilled
Close against this heart of mine!
Eyes to eyes spoke love so clear
Words were needless, Chloris, dear.

Vincent F. Howard.

THE LITERARY GIRL.

She will talk of Homer, Horace,
Ibsen, Howells, Lewis Morris,
Vergil, Seneca, and Aristophanes,
Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay,
Carlyle, Ruskin, Guizot, Morley,
Darwin, Huxley, Plato, and Euripedes;
She will say she dotes on "Ouida,"
And the chaps who wrote the Veda,
Or the Koran, or the Talmud, and their train,
And a slice or two of Bacon
With Sir Edwin Arnold, taken
As an antidote for Smollett and Mark Twain;
Phœbe Cary and her sister,
Mrs. Browning, too, and Mr.,
Haggard, Benson, Kipling, Doyle, and Stevenson;
Not to mention Scott and Irving,
And a hundred as deserving
Of whatever notoriety they've won.

I was awed when first I met her,
But now, thank you, I know better,
Since the trouble to investigate I took;
For I find this wondrous maiden,
With such endless book lore laden,
Never, in her life, has read a single book!

George Taggart.

MY LOVER SAYS.

He says I should not give a glance
To other men;
But 'tis no gift, for by some chance
I'm sure to get one back again—
Or two, or ten;
Besides, I only look to see
If any of them look at me.

He says I ought to see as through
My lover's eyes;
But I reply that so I do,
For where he looks there I look too;
For I am wise,
And know that *he* must look—to see
If any of them look at me!

J. E. V. Cooke.

UNREQUITED.

"My true love hath my heart, and I have his"—
Sweet record of a mutual triumph won!
I envy thee, possessor of such bliss,
For *my* love hath my heart, and I—have none.

Talcott Miner Banks.

MEMORY.

The colors—hopes and joys and fears;
The canvas—all the vanished years;
Thy faithful pictures dim mine eye,
O master artist, Memory.

Robert Loveman.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

SOMETHING NEW—BRAND NEW.

We have issued an *édition de luxe* of Munsey's Magazine. It is something new in the magazine world—a brand new idea. We now and again do new things; this is the newest thing we have done. The *édition de luxe* is bound in cloth. It costs twenty five cents a copy. Bound in this way it will last throughout the ages, whereas in ordinary binding a day's wear makes it look like a tramp, battered and bruised and unsightly. The *édition de luxe* is a perfect book, handsomely bound and ready for the library.

We have no desire to urge this edition upon our readers. Some will prefer to add fifteen cents to the usual purchase price and get the magazine in imperishable form. We don't know how many will care to pay the additional price, but we do know what we should do if we were purchasing the magazine. The *édition de luxe* can be had from your newsdealers and from all book stores. It cannot be sent by mail except at a cost of ten cents for postage.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF A FRONTIER.

A curious instance of the complications that sometimes result from international agreements arose recently in the competition for the building of new gunboats for our navy. One of the bids came from Detroit, but Secretary Herbert was obliged to reject it on the ground that its acceptance would involve a violation of the so called Rush-Bagot treaty.

Shortly after the ending of the war of 1812, with all the sufferings it had involved upon the people of both sides of the great lakes, England and the United States agreed to maintain no naval force on those inland waters. The terms of the contract were specific—"No other vessel of war shall be built or armed." During the civil war Mr. Seward gave the prescribed six months' notice of our withdrawal from the treaty, but almost immediately afterward the notice was recalled. Apparently the second thought of President Lincoln's cabinet had decided that the agreement was worth maintaining.

To the shipbuilding interests of the lakes, which are active and important, it is no doubt a hardship to be debarred from competing for the government business that goes to the yards of Atlantic and Pacific ports, and even to those on other inland waterways—for a torpedo boat has been built in Iowa; yet the government is probably wise, under existing circumstances, in letting the treaty stand. It would be a serious matter to undertake the formation of a "military frontier" along our northern border.

There is just one way out of the difficulty. Wipe the frontier out altogether, let Canada join the Union, and a good many people besides the Detroit shipbuilders would be pleased.

600,000 THIS MONTH.

We have reached the 600,000 point; we are still reaching out. The people know what they want when they see it; they know when it sells at a right price. It is because we have recognized this fact, because we have made a magazine for the people and at the people's price, that we have so overwhelmingly outstripped all magazine circulations of the world.

Six hundred thousand is a good figure to end the year with. It sounds well—has a forceful ring. The same gain in 1896 that we have made during 1895 would run us up to 800,000 one year from today. And why shouldn't our growth continue to be equally great? The improvement in the magazine from month to month during the coming year will be quite as marked as it has been throughout the past year.

HONEST MONEY.

It is hard to see how there can be so much disagreement about currency questions when every speaker and writer so emphatically declares that he favors only "honest money." Such remarkable unanimity of purpose should surely be sufficient to end the wearisome discussion of the claims of the rival metals. When all the politicians are so avowedly athirst for honesty, surely they will not disappoint our hopes of concord, and nullify their laudation of "honest money," by offering us dishonest definitions of that specious term?

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE.

Here is a fact which a great many people in New York do not realize: in the vexed question of excise regulation, one of the greatest powers that make for the maintenance of the Sunday closing law is the Catholic church.

It is true that a large percentage of the saloon keepers are Catholics, and that a large percentage of their customers are Catholics. These facts, emphasized in some cases by the pervasive prejudice of sect, have led many Protestants to believe that the Roman church is less earnestly in sympathy with the cause of temperance, and more favorable to the opening of saloons on Sunday, than are their own religious organizations. On both of these points they are mistaken. If Sunday opening should be submitted to the voters of the metropolis, the influence of the Catholic clergy would be

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show Munsey's Magazine *to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.*

one of the most powerful factors exerted on the negative side of the question.

THE DISUSE OF THE EARRING.

THE disuse of the earring is not yet quite universal among the rising generation, but the ornament in question has disappeared wholly from the ears of the fashionable and better bred young women and girls. It is, we think, not too much to say that in New York, at least, jewelry in the ear of one of this class would cause her to be regarded much with the same feeling that she would arouse if her cheeks showed unmistakable signs of artificial crimson. What is true of the girls of more careful training and undoubted social position is more or less true of the girls of the great middle class. Some of these, however—and it is to be regretted—still affect the jeweled ear—a barbaric custom little better, except for conventional sanction, than that kindred bit of barbarism, the jeweled nose. We are glad to be able to say, though, that for the most part the wearing of jewelry in the ear is relegated to the tenement house districts. What we have said applies wholly to young women and girls—not to the women of middle and advanced age. Reforms usually begin with youth, and this is a reform that entitles the present generation to the respect and honor of all intelligent minds.

This reformation has been going on but a very little while—a few years at most, but its progress has been so rapid that we venture the prediction that the incoming century will not find fifty per cent of the American women with their ears mutilated for the purpose of a barbaric ornamentation, and perhaps not twenty per cent actually wearing it.

INCOMPARABLY THE BEST.

THE holiday season is upon us. It brings its joys and its anxieties. It ought not to bring anxieties, but it does. It is not altogether a season of rejoicing.

The system of extravagant present giving is the chief cause of gloom, perplexity, and heartache. But since we cannot overturn a system in a day, the wisest thing to do is to conform to it within reasonable limits. This can be done at nominal expense; and, after all, it is the motive, the thought, the good will, that the recipient of a present appreciates, if he be a right minded man, far more than the value of the present itself. And if he be a sordid wretch, he is not worthy of your good will or your gift.

In your selection of presents, we wish in all seriousness to invite your attention to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—a year's subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—as the best present—incomparably the best present—that a dollar can buy. We care not where you look for your bargain. You may search the earth, or let your imagination soar to other planets or descend to regions below, and still you will not find anything for one dollar that would give to a friend the hours of pleasure, the real happiness, that he would get from a year's subscription to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

CHURCH UNITY.

THE reunion of Christendom may be a dream, but it is at least an attractive, a beautiful, an iridescent one. Never before, since the Christian church was rent asunder, has it appeared in such tangible and life-like guise as now; never before has it drawn simultaneous utterances of sympathy from the heads of the great communions. The Pope himself, "the venerable and engaging prelate in the Vatican," as Bishop Potter of New York says, has recently spoken of the subject "in terms of devout longing to which we must all respond"; the Archbishop of Canterbury has responded no less earnestly; and to almost every church the thought has come, vaguely yet suggestively.

The obstacles are great and may prove insurmountable, the dream may never find complete fulfilment; yet that the idea should be set before the Christian world is something. Who would have dared to formulate it two hundred, or even one hundred, years ago? We grow wiser as we grow older, and we are learning that liberality is better than bigotry, that sympathy is wiser than enmity, that charity is more Christian than hatred. The disciples of Jesus should be friends, even if they cannot be brothers.

THE WORLD IS BETTER.

REFORMERS are apt to take pessimistic views of existing conditions. They are prone to exaggerate the world's need of their favorite panacea. The advocates of prohibition sometimes tell us that if we do not stop the liquor traffic by law, civilization will be wrecked in the sea of alcohol. Political purists declare that we are losing the civic virtues of our forefathers. Medical theorists announce that we are mentally and physically degenerate.

It is pleasant to observe a reformer—an earnest, real, and successful one—who does not think that the world has gone backward. At a recent convention of that great and influential organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, its president, Miss Frances E. Willard, declared her belief that every year there is a gradual decline in the consumption of intoxicants. "Steam and electricity, machinery and invention, have put level heads at a premium," she said. "In the widening field of athletics, alcoholic stimulation is discountenanced. The bicycle is the most influential temperance reformer of the age. The science, civilization, and religion of the times check the drinking habit in our country."

Miss Willard's opinion is undoubtedly correct. It is upheld by statistics and confirmed

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.*

by general observation. She is correct, too, in assigning to the increasing strain of business and industrial life a prominent place among the causes of the growth of temperance. The competition is too keen, nowadays, for the man whose faculties are not always at their best and clearest. Alcoholic stimulation doesn't pay. Modern existence may be satirized as "a chase for the dollar," but it has its good points and its salutary lessons.

AN EXPLODED ALARM.

It is almost a century since an English curate alarmed the world with a pamphlet in which he predicted the coming ruin of mankind through the overcrowding of a continually increasing population. Mr. Malthus' conclusions were so ingeniously worked out, and sounded a warning that was, if vague, yet so novel and of such terrible suggestion, that his "Essay on the Principle of Population" was a literary sensation of his day. His arguments were combated, he himself was reviled; and yet his forecasts have been to a considerable extent justified by later history. His main premises were perfectly correct. He set before the world the fact that the human race multiplies indefinitely in geometric ratio—a process whose possibilities are well known to any one that has calculated the growth of a sum of money invested at compound interest—whereas additions to its means of subsistence are comparatively small and strictly limited; and he asked what the result would be when modern advancement abolished war and pestilence, the old checks, cruel and yet merciful, upon the inordinate increase of population?

The question is one that has long been familiar to the statesmen and social reformers of the crowded countries of the Old World, where "pressure of population" has become a stock term of economic science. It has even been asked in America, with its vast tracts of land that is still almost virgin soil. We can see, however, that there are at work influences which Malthus did not take into his calculation.

The population of the civilized countries has grown greatly since Malthus' time, and it continues to increase in geometrical ratio; but that ratio of increase is constantly decreasing. It depends, of course, upon the excess of the birth rate over the death rate. The advance of medical science has perceptibly diminished the latter; but almost everywhere in Europe and America recent years have seen a still more marked decline in the birth rate. Many observers are now pointing out that if this tendency continues, in a few more decades there will be as many deaths as births, and population will be stationary, with every prospect of an actual decline.

In England, for instance, it is calculated that the population, now a little less than 30,000,000, will slowly increase to about 38,000,000 in 1950, at which point it will reach its maximum. In other European countries similar conditions are predicted. In France, population is already stationary. In Germany, where the birth rate has been exceptionally high, it is decisively declining. In the United States it is considerably lower than in England, and the continuance of our past rapid advance in numbers depends mainly on immigration, which is likely to slacken as the European surplus diminishes.

For the present, the development is one that concerns the Old World rather than ourselves, but on the whole it is cause for congratulation to both hemispheres.

THE AFRICAN GOLD CRAZE.

We have heard much, in the last few years, of a superfluity of silver; and now we are threatened with a deluge of gold. The production of the yellow metal is increasing in the United States and Australia, the two countries that have for forty years been the chief sources of the world's supply; while in South Africa we are to have the greatest output of gold the world ever saw. As to the results of this new development, there is the usual chorus of divergent opinions. Without attempting to decide, however, whether it will raise prices, stimulate commerce, and materially augment the wealth of the world, it is safe to say that it will fail to revolutionize existing conditions. The precious metal will pass into the hands of those who already have, not those who neither have nor possess means of having. In the old days of the Californian and Australian discoveries, it was at least possible for penniless miners to wash out the precious dust with their own hands on their own claims. Nowadays, the industry is wholly in the hands of companies with large capital and expensive machinery.

The most remarkable incident of the gold "boom" has been the speculative craze in the London stock market—a craze that has recalled the wildest days of the South Sea Bubble, but which has been on a far vaster scale than that famous piece of eighteenth century finance. On the 1st of October it was calculated that the market value of a dozen leading South African companies, with a total capitalization of $93,000,000, had risen to $624,000,000. The meaning of such a tremendous inflation will be appreciated by any one who has the slightest knowledge of stock exchange operations. It is scarcely credible that six hundred millions of dollars can be invested in the enterprises these companies represent, with permanent profit and security. It cannot be possible that they will continue indefinitely to

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at the same ratio as* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine should bring but seven and one half cents.*

pay adequate dividends on so enormous a sum. The mining districts of South Africa are described as differing greatly from those of our Pacific slope. In the latter, most of the gold discoveries of bonanza days were surface deposits, very rich, but soon exhausted. In the former there are immense masses of low grade ore, every ton of which yields its ten, twelve, or fifteen dollars' worth of the precious metal with practically unfailing regularity. Hence mining is a far less uncertain operation in Africa than in any earlier field. Nevertheless, there is an end to all things, and the metalliferous veins cannot last forever. They must sooner or later become exhausted and valueless ; and long before that—indeed, at almost any moment—there may come a financial relapse that will ruin thousands of English investors and shake the money markets of the world.

The whole affair is an interesting spectacle, even to those who are beyond the reach of the speculative vortex.

"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

Dr. Samuel F. Smith's "America" may not be an ideal national anthem, but it is undoubtedly the most widely known and the most generally accepted of American patriotic poems, and the recent convention of the Episcopal church was well advised in adding it to the church's hymnal. It has been suggested that other denominations are likely to take the same step. It is perhaps somewhat strange that the first to take it should be a communion that has been charged with Anglomania. The charge is unjust, no doubt, but still it has been brought.

Patriotism is a grand emotion, one that has done much for men and nations. The love of country does not imply the hatred of other countries. That is a feeling that springs from ignorance and prejudice, and works evil to both its authors and its objects. "America" breathes only the true patriotism—the noble inspiration of duty and honor. It is well worthy of a place among any collection of religious lyrics.

AN ILL CHOSEN NAME.

In our happy family of forty four States—or forty five, counting Utah—some are well named, others moderately well, and one so badly that she should be rechristened. In itself and in its associations, Washington is as fine a combination of letters as the language contains. It is well adapted to be the designation of the capital city of the nation whose chief founder George Washington was ; but when, in addition to this and a long list of other more or less appropriate uses, it was attached to a State, an error was made, that should even at this late day be rectified. The choice displayed a most un-American lack of originality, and created a most unnecessary confusion. Why could not some such characteristic and euphonious title as Tacoma have been substituted? Why should it not be substituted even now?

The prime function of a name is to designate, to be distinctive. Our northwesternmost State is unfortunate in possessing an appellation that is a perpetual confusion and almost a nuisance.

A POSTAL CARD INCIDENT.

It would be strange if the long heralded death struggle between the armed nations of Europe were precipitated by the design of a postal card. That such a thing is not inconceivable was shown by a recent conflict between the officialdom of Austria and that of Italy. The latter having issued a special card in commemoration of the taking of Rome twenty five years ago, the Austrians—to whom the capture of the papal city gave especial umbrage—seized every specimen that came to their frontier, refusing to admit the offensive emblem to their territory.

Hostilities will come when some cause of diplomatic conflict—perhaps as insignificant a cause as this—is taken up by that ever uncertain element, the public opinion of the nations involved, just as the Benedetti incident was taken up by French sentiment in 1870. A spider's web once saved Scotland, and some similar trifle may yet plunge Europe into war.

MEN, WOMEN, AND "FIBS."

"Drive out nature with a pitchfork, and she always comes back again," the Roman poet said some centuries ago, and the remark is equally true today. Take, for instance, the still partially unsolved problems of sex in educational matters.

The old theory was a simple one : woman was an invention of the evil one, and must be treated accordingly. She must be segregated. Male students must gather in a monastic colony ; the female mind must be instructed in domestic seclusion, if at all. Professors and teachers must be celibates. At the English university of Oxford, where ancient customs were deeply rooted, it is only a few years ago that the last restrictions against marriage were removed from some of the college appointments.

On the other hand, equal fellowship seems to be the ideal toward which many modern reformers tend. They would as far as possible obliterate the dividing line, believing that the mental qualities of the two sexes are similar, and that the best discipline for both is that which comes from the sense of individual responsibility. Not every one agrees with them, however, and there are still many who champion a measure of separation. The president of the Normal College, in New York, recently promulgated an edict that goes even beyond the limits of his academic territory, and forbids his woman scholars to walk to or from the college with a male escort. Not even the company of a near relative is permitted, for, says the president, "in spite of the natural truthfulness of women, there is one point on which you cannot absolutely trust them, and that is their relationship to young men with whom they associate."

Can this restriction be needful? Can this sweeping charge be true? Must we revise Byron's celebrated lines into something like this?—

Oh, woman! Planned by Heaven to be
A model of veracity;
When asked, "Who walked with thee just now?"
A sad prevaricator thou!

We hesitate to believe it, even though the allegation comes from the mouth of practical experience.

A GOLDEN EXAMPLE.

FROM a Vermont town comes a report which, if correct, affords gratifying proof that the degenerate laxity of principle so regrettably common elsewhere has not swept over the granite hills of the Green Mountain State—or, at least, not into every corner of them. It seems that about a year ago a congregation in this Elysian locality advertised for a pastor, specifying that applicants must belong to a certain political party—a very proper restriction, in view of the well known fact that partisan distinctions are so strictly maintained in the Kingdom of Heaven. The salary offered being, no doubt, extremely large, there was no lack of applicants, one of whom—having duly testified as to his political proclivities—was accepted and installed.

But alas, for trickery and deception in high places! Recently it was discovered that at an election held three years ago, the new minister, although considering himself a member of the organization to which he had professed allegiance, had been so nefariously immoral as to vote for a candidate of the opposite party. So hideous a disclosure of depravity brought down upon the guilty wretch an avalanche of righteous indignation. The leading members of his church, it is reported, at once stopped the contributions on which the pastor depends for his salary. One of them—a "prominent woolen manufacturer"—declares, we are told, that he would sooner cut off his right hand than hear the gospel preached by a man who presumed to vote against him in 1892. A noble utterance! What excellent woolen goods, guiltless of shoddy or cotton admixture, must be produced by a manufacturer of such admirable and unbending rectitude!

We have heard of certain parts of the South where correct politics is mildly inculcated by social influences, but seldom—much too seldom—in South, North, or any other section, do we find such golden instances of loyalty to principle, of true charity and liberality of mind, as the case we have recorded.

TO A CAPTIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

IT is impossible to please every one. With this maxim we must console ourselves when a reader of MUNSEY'S "calls us down" for speaking of a literary pseudonym as a *nom de guerre*. *Nom de plume*, he insists, is the only correct phrase, and only a "Dutchman," he says, would make such a mistake.

Now, leaving our Teutonic fellow citizens to resent this apparent slur upon their intellectuals, we will merely reply that if we have erred, we have erred in good company. Common usage, literary authority, and all the French and English lexicons seem to have made precisely the same mistake. That able but somewhat verbose work, the Century Dictionary, recognizes the phrase *nom de guerre*, and defines it as "a fictitious name temporarily assumed for any purpose," and cites Dryden's lines:

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver;
Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.

Webster, the Standard Dictionary, and all the others seem to be equally unfortunate in disagreeing with our correspondent—who may not be aware, by the way, that the other phrase, *nom de plume*, is a bit of bastard French invented in England, with no standing or usage in the country from which it pretends to hail.

Anxious to be one of those who benefit their fellow men with no thought of reward, our correspondent fails to append any signature to his communication. From the postmark, however, we regret to see that it was mailed in New York. We had always clung to the idea that the metropolis was a fairly intelligent settlement.

SPELLING REFORM.

A CRUSADE is afoot for the so called reform of English spelling. Its promoters urge us to write "accomplisht," "askt," "colleag," "cigaret," "mercantil," "genuin," "dedly," "clenly," "believ," "emfasis," "fosforus," "beuty," "frend," "rime," and to spell several hundred other words in a similarly "reformed" manner.

We fully realize the fact that our present orthography is confusing and in many respects unsatisfactory. We know that figures have been marshaled to show that of the 2,320 hours which the average child spends in learning it, 720 are wasted by its unnecessary intricacies. We deeply sympathize—we should be brutal indeed if we did not—with the foreigner who encounters such a sentence as "A rough cough and hiccough plough me through." And yet we hesitate to commit ourselves to the propaganda that has come to us. It is a step in the direction of phonetic simplicity, but not, we think, an entirely satisfactory one. It involves eleven new rules, some of which have several exceptions, besides a "supplementary list." The change it puts at the head of its program, and on which it especially insists—the substitution of "t" for "ed" at the end of certain verb forms—seems to us to be one of the least essential, and indeed to be objectionable as producing grotesque results. Highly as we think of the star eyed goddess of reform, we lose respect for her when she writes "bankt" for "banked," "collapst" for "collapsed," and "taxt" for "taxed."

Spelling reform is a matter in which the reformer should be very sure he is right before he attempts to go ahead.

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"A Daughter of the South."

From the painting by Paul Tillier.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Current notes on art matters in Europe and America—With a series of engravings of representative canvases by painters of various schools.

ANTIQUES AND ALLEGED ANTIQUES.

Commodore Gerry's recent dispute with the custom house authorities as to the age of an imported pair of andirons brings up the old grievance of the haunting doubt that attaches to the majority of alleged ancient works of art. It recalls the unpleasant experience of Robert Garrett, who paid $15,000 for a painting upon a European dealer's guarantee that it was by an

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"On a Quiet Stream."

From the painting by A. Bramtot.

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"Live and Let Live."

From the painting by A. W. Strutt—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

old master, and was taxed a duty of $4,500 upon it, the government experts deciding that it was less that a hundred years old, and could not claim free entry as an antique.

Without the most complete evidence in its favor, there is always a strong presumption against the authenticity of a challenged relic. The supply of paintings is necessarily a limited one; the demand for them constantly increases. The important canvases whose lineages are above suspicion are safely enshrined in the great public or semi public collections. Some European countries prohibit, by strict statutes, the exportation of ancient art works. On the other hand, forgery is easy, and has notoriously flourished for generations. The making of copies to be sold as originals has long been an established industry in Rome, Florence, Paris, and even nearer home. It is not strange that there should be cases, such as we have previously mentioned, of the discovery of false credentials even in the high places of art. It is said that a canvas which held a place of honor in the Paris Exposition of 1889 was recently proved to be a forgery. How then shall the rank and file of collectors escape deception?

STRANGE STORIES FROM FRANCE.

It is not only the old masters that have attracted the talents of the copyist. Demand creates supply, and there are wielders of the brush who stand ready to oblige the public with the work of any school that

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"At the End of the Day."

From the painting by G. Van den Bos.

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"Artemis."

From the painting by Jules Aviat.

may happen to be in fashion, contemporary or medieval.

Sometimes a painter has been more or less an accomplice in the production of spurious canvases bearing his own name. Strange stories are told, for instance, to account for the marvelous abundance of Corots and Courbets. Corot, it is asserted, used to sign pictures brought him by poor and struggling artists, to enable them to find a market—a form of benevolence that showed a most reckless disregard of his own reputation and of the public's rights. Courbet, the communist painter, founded a sort of picture factory when he was in exile at Geneva. The French courts had condemned him to pay the cost of restoring the Vendôme Column, thrown down

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"The Woods in Winter."

From the painting by L. Munthe—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"A Song of Praise."

From the painting by G. von Hoesslin.

by his orders during those red and ruinous days of 1871. It was his one desire to amass money to pay this huge fine, and to earn his return to his beloved Paris. With the help of four or five industrious assistants, he turned out salable canvases just as the elder Dumas used to produce his voluminous romances, the master's contribution consisting of little more than his signature. When he died, with his task

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"Othello and Desdemona."

From the painting by A. Weisz—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"The Madonna of Consolation."

From the painting by William A. Bouguereau in the Luxembourg.

still incomplete, some of his scholars had caught his style so well that they decided to continue the business at the old stand, and it is said that they have been painting admirable Courbets ever since!

A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR CANVAS.

Of course, in spite of what is said in the preceding paragraphs, pictures of the very highest class, from the brushes of the older masters, do sometimes come to America for sale. There is one now in a New York dealer's gallery—Turner's "St. Mark's Place, Venice," a specimen of the great English colorist at his best, with a pedigree that is above suspicion. It was painted in 1830, and last came from the Price collection, which was sold about a year ago in London. It is in excellent condition, too—which is more than can be said for some of the most highly prized canvases in the National Gallery's great collection of this master's work. The

"To the Rescue!"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by G. Haquette.

"The Girl with the Muff."

From the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun in the Louvre.

price asked for it is the good round sum of $50,000, which after all is by no means extravagant. First rate Turners have been selling well up toward that figure in the last few years, and their value is steadily advancing. Indeed, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to have paid a little more than $50,000 apiece—ten thousand guineas, to be exact —for the two he bought not long ago, one of which was also a Venetian scene.

There is a probability that the "St. Mark's Place" may be bought by subscription and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, which does not own a representative Turner. By the time this magazine appears, it is to be hoped that the probability may have become an accomplished fact.

Berkeley, the Harrison Homestead in Virginia.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

I.—THE HARRISONS.

The American descendants of the Puritan colonel who signed King Charles' death warrant—Their inheritance of qualities that have thrice brought them to the front at crises in their country's history.

WHEN the elder Dumas was delving into the records of the conflict that ended when Charles I yielded his head to the executioner, the great romancer discovered some traditions relating to an officer of Cromwell's army which especially fascinated him. In the story of Colonel Harrison, whom Cromwell loved and wholly trusted, there seemed to be just the material which, leavened by the magic power of Dumas' imagination, would create a romance such as he delighted to write. He did not know—or at least he never intimated that he knew—that at the very time when he was preparing the material for those romances of which the first is the famous "Three Musketeers," a lineal descendant of Colonel Harrison had just been chosen President of the United States.

To Dumas' vivid fancy, the story of this Puritan officer suggested the elements essential for the creation of a great hero of romance. It was a story of bravery, firmness, and moral integrity and purity; a story that contained as thrilling a narration of bravery upon the field of battle as ever has been told of any soldier; a story that spoke of an absolute incorruptibility and devotion to conviction, and a firmness of the same fiber that showed in Cromwell himself. Added to this there was the tragic experience that fell to Colonel Harrison, who was in command of the troops upon the day when King Charles knelt to the block, and who himself went unflinchingly to death upon the gibbet.

Dumas never had the desired opportunity for writing a romance of this kind; perhaps because he felt that it would be threshing old straw to return to it after the "Musketeers" series was ended. But the qualities which endeared Colonel Harrison to

Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia from 1782 to 1784.

Cromwell, and which the greatest of French romancers perceived and admired, are those that have distinguished the Puritan leader's descendants. At intervals of many years their inheritance of mental force has so made itself known and felt as to place them among the great men of their country.

Nearly a hundred years elapsed after Colonel Harrison represented the power of Cromwell at the execution of Charles I. before the traits conspicuous in him made one of his descendants a man of mighty influence in the establishment of American independence. The elder Harrison had assisted greatly in the assertion of the principle that all government should be by the people; and this was to be the charter of the new nation which his sons helped to found.

In 1774, when the mutterings of revolution were beginning to be heard from Massachusetts Bay to Charleston Harbor, a Virginia planter stood at Jefferson's right hand, as Patrick Henry stood at his left, to make the voice of Virginia heard with that of Massachusetts in claiming the right of self government. He must have been a cordial man, since every one called him Ben Harrison. He had a rugged oratory, but his personal influence and his fiery energy were more potent than any public speech he ever made. Planter as he was, a resident of that district of Virginia from whose soil sprang three men destined to become presidents of the United States, he was also a politician; nay, more than that — he was a constructive statesman. When temptation came to him to join those of Virginia's aristocracy who were proud to call themselves loyalists, he spurned it. When it was pointed out to him that those who signed the Declaration of Independence were committing treason, he

William Henry Harrison, Ninth President of the United States.

Statue of William Henry Harrison Recently Unveiled in Cincinnati.

only emphasized his glory in such an offense, and his defiance of the royal power. Refusing to accept the presidency of the Continental Congress for himself, with his own brawny arms he actually lifted John Hancock from his seat and placed him in the presiding officer's chair. He signed the Declaration with an exultation that caused comment. His whole public career in that eventful time was conspicuous for courage, firmness, and moral and intellectual honesty.

These hereditary qualities did not pass over several generations before they were again revealed. At the time when Ben Harrison was by speech and personal influence compelling Virginia and Massachusetts to join hands, a son was born to him who seemed in childhood to be destined to be a man of peace, of a quiet and studious life. Tradition had it that from the mother's side the blood of Pocahontas flowed in his veins. It seemed all the more remarkable that the son of such a father as Ben Harrison, and a descendant of the famous Indian princess, should nevertheless, in boyhood, give no sign of the possession of bold and warlike traits. Yet it is safe to say that the career of scarcely any other American was so romantic, for many years so full of danger, and for so long a time characterized by almost absolute power of government, as that which awaited William Henry Harrison.

When he proposed to be a physician, his parents thought that choice consistent with his character; and although he came under the patronage of Robert Morris, perhaps the greatest of American financiers, yet the influence of the famous Philadelphian seemed not to distract him from professional studies. All at once, however, as with the suddenness of inspiration, he abandoned medicine for the army. Of all of those who knew him, there was only one who approved this step. President Washington, who read men, knew young Harrison. He appointed him an ensign, and sent him into that unknown land of mystery and danger then indefinitely called the Northwest Territory.

Here Harrison revealed a military capacity which showed that his desire to enter the army was born of latent ability. That he had the courage of his fathers was indicated when the treacherous Tecumseh menaced him, and would have brained him but for the coolness of the young officer, who, a day or two later, entered Tecumseh's

The Harrison Homestead at North Bend, Ohio.

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Benjamin Harrison, Twenty Third President of the United States.

From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

camp alone, and treated with the chief as if he had nothing to fear. In the battle of the Miami River, his personal courage was so great that "Mad Anthony" Wayne made special mention of it in his report to the war department. His firmness was proved in his dealings with the Indians and with the rapacious land grabbers. In spite of the schemers' threats to destroy his reputation, he battled steadily for just laws upon the public land question, finally creating the system that has controlled the policy of the government from that day to this. His sense of honor was so keen that he not only refused to accept fees which were legally his, but declined to take indirect advantage even of the legitimate opportunities that came to him as the governor, and practically the absolute ruler, of a vast territory that has since developed into a group of great and prosperous States. Among the many propositions he refused was one that would have made him very wealthy, and his heirs enormously rich, for it would have given him one third of what is now the city of St. Louis.

After his career in the Northwest, as a Representative and Senator in Congress, and as minister to the new republic of Colombia, William Henry Harrison returned to private life upon a little farm at North Bend, Ohio, so poor that he was embarrassed for the means to support his family. Here again those sturdy Puritan characteristics were revealed. Having determined that the use of intoxicants was a great evil, relentless logic forced him to the conclusion that their manufacture was also harmful; and he deliberately abandoned the distilling of whisky from the corn he raised upon his farm, although it had furnished him with a considerable part of his small income. That he might obtain a living, his friends made him clerk of one of the courts of Cincinnati, and he went from that office to his thirty one days' tenure of the Presidency.

The qualities made conspicuous by the careers of these three members of the Harrison family were again to be revealed in the second generation from William Henry Harrison. On the farm at North Bend, where our ninth President had proposed to spend his remaining days, was born a grandson to whom was given the name of his great grandfather, Benjamin. He was old enough to remember the exciting campaign of 1840, the like of which we shall never see again, which carried his grandfather to the Presidency. His father, John Scott Harrison, was a farmer—a man respected by his neighbors, who several times elected him to local offices; but yet a plain farmer who reared his children to be farmers after him. But young Benjamin had ambitions. His schoolmates remember him as a boy of serious mood, who had both courage and honesty. Moreover, they thought him a little stubborn in some things. Even in his childhood days he had impressed his playmates by the very qualities that distinguished his ancestors. He absorbed all the scholarship that came within his reach, made his way to the bar, and then—already married, before he was of age, to one who was to prove a true helpmate—he began his career in the capital city of Indiana.

His brethren at the bar very early discovered that "young Ben Harrison" possessed a gift inherited from none of his ancestors upon the paternal side. Whether Colonel Harrison was an orator or not we do not know. That the bluff Ben Harrison of the Revolution had a rude but powerful command of argument, was the testimony of his associates. William Henry Harrison had some fluency in writing, but no especial charm as a public speaker. The young lawyer of Indianapolis early revealed not only a singular felicity in the choice of words, the arrangement of sentences, and the command of those arts which make the orator, but also a lucid and convincing power of reasoning. In some of his earlier speeches the arrangement of words was so rhythmical that at times it seemed almost as if he were speaking in blank verse. His voice was musical, and his manner dignified beyond the habit of most orators of that day in the West. That he should have had such a sense of rhythm is all the more remarkable when it is known that for music itself he has never had any appreciation or understanding. It is said of him in his army days that there were only two tunes which he recognized when the band was playing upon parade or giving concerts; one was "Old Hundred," and the other "The Star Spangled Banner."

In his early career at the bar in Indianapolis, Benjamin Harrison gained the recognition which absolute honesty, both moral and intellectual, is sure to secure; and he was early discovered to be a very firm man. Those two qualities were afterwards strikingly manifested. Perhaps, after all, the union of them was most forcibly illustrated in a case which must have appealed very greatly to the tenderer side of his nature. A request had been made of him, when President, by a very influential public man, who was a member of his cabinet,

that he should promote a certain army officer to a higher rank, in which a vacancy then existed. Every impulse of his nature urged him to make the appointment. Friendship, consideration for one who was deeply afflicted at that time, and even political advantages, personal to himself, suggested the promotion; but he saw that to grant it would be to do injustice to other officers, senior to the man for whom the place was asked. In spite of inclination, it did not take him long to decide upon the right course; and having thus decided, with the old Puritan quality of firmness, his refusal to give the desired order was absolute. It cost him a very dear friendship, but he felt that he had not been unfaithful to his convictions of right.

The other preëminent characteristic of his family, that of courage, was revealed by Benjamin Harrison after the first ardor and enthusiasm of youth had passed. With the call for troops in 1861, the military impulse which had served Cromwell and the English people so well, and a hundred and fifty years later had so notably aided the struggling colonies, again possessed the young Indianapolis lawyer. He had a wife and children dependent upon him; he was just beginning to secure a comfortable practice; but he hesitated not a moment. He would be the last man to claim any special merit in this, since he has said that thousands of others did exactly what he then did. But military life revealed in him the qualities that make the soldier, and he became not a political general, but a fighting general. Sherman has testified to his courage, and General Logan once said that Harrison was one of the bravest men he ever saw upon the field of battle. During the campaign of 1888, which resulted in his election to the Presidency, many anecdotes were told of his bravery in the field. The quality in him was not a mere absence of fear, but a capacity to face danger, knowing that it existed, and that it might overwhelm him.

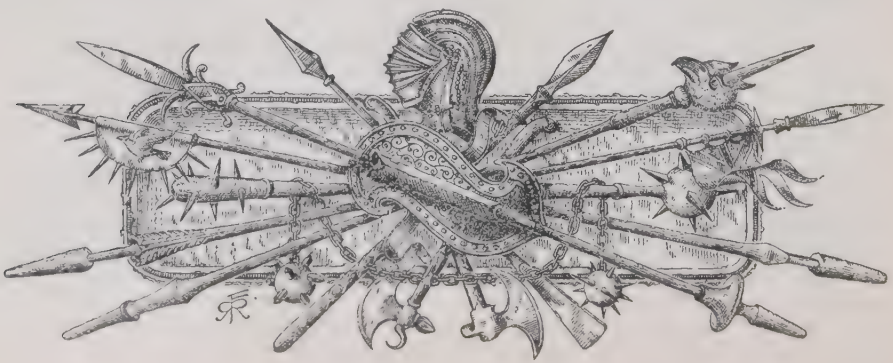
Later, like his grandfather, Benjamin Harrison was enabled to gain an income by service as a court officer. He was made reporter for one of the State courts of Indiana, and that office and a single term as Senator were the only public posts he held until he went to the White House.

It has been one of the criticisms of General Harrison that he made no warm friendships while in the Senate, and perhaps none while in the Presidency. But those who knew him best in both those offices assert that this criticism comes from public men who found, in their dealings with him, that he was a man of the firmness, the moral honesty, that characterized the ideal Puritan.

He revealed, too, in his life in Washington, another quality that showed in William Henry Harrison and in the elder Ben Harrison. This was a certain democracy—not using the word in its political sense. None of these men had any affectation of manner. Ben Harrison the elder was as simple and unaffected as he was blunt. In his personal relations William Henry Harrison was so tender, considerate, and unassuming as to cause men to wonder how he could have been so efficient as a military commander. And while a certain mannerism, perhaps due to early struggles, has characterized his grandson, yet it was not the manner of affected dignity, of pompous self importance, or the imitation of aristocracy.

Among the distinguished American families, only the Adamses, and possibly the descendants of Roger Sherman, can compare with the Harrisons in the extent of public recognition and the tributes of respect accorded to their patriotic services. And it may be said with truth that of all the names that stand for achievement in this country, not one can trace in direct line so remarkable an inheritance of salient mental power.

E. J. Edwards.



A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO V.

THE story opens at Silverette, a mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. George Brant tells his old college friend, Ned Hobart, the story of his downfall, and of his life in the West as a faro dealer; also of the woman in the case. They go together to the dance hall, where Brant takes the woman's part against a drunken miner. She is killed, and Brant wounds her slayer. Hobart persuades Brant to turn over a new leaf, and sees him on his way to Denver. On the train Brant meets Dorothy Langford, but does not learn her name. He finds employment in a railway engineering office in Denver, and Harry Antrim, who is in love with Dorothy's sister Isabel, introduces him at Judge Langford's. The judge's son Will, a young ne'er-do-well, disappears, and Brant goes to seek him for Dorothy's sake.

VI.

A FEW minutes after Brant had parted from Dorothy Langford, he was climbing the stairs to the editorial rooms of the *Colorado Plainsman*, listening to the rumbling of the presses in the basement, and wondering if his slight acquaintance with the man he sought would serve his purpose. The night editor was in, but his desk was as yet unlittered.

"Hello, Brant—glad to see you; sit down. Got a scoop for us?"

"N-o," said Brant; then he took counsel of directness. "It's rather the other way; I want to cut a slice out of one that you've got."

"Anything in reason; state the case," rejoined the editor briefly.

"It's this: the police raided a dive last night, I believe."

"Yes, Draco's; it was this morning, though, after the forms were locked."

"So I supposed. Well, there's one name that must come out of the list—William Langford's."

Editor Forsyth lighted a cigar and tilted his swing chair to what the night force called the disputatious angle. "'Must' is a stout word in a newspaper office," he objected. "Who is this William Langford, may I inquire, and why should he play and not pay?"

"There are plenty of reasons. For one, he's only a boy; for another, he's a friend of mine."

The editor chuckled. "You've no business to be making maps," he said; "you ought to syndicate yourself to the refrigerator people—they'd save money on their ice bills."

"Never mind about that; will you do what I want you to?"

"Oh, sure." Forsyth took down the copy hook, found the report of the raid, and "blue penciled" the name of William Langford. "It's rank treason—muzzling the press, you know—but anything to oblige a friend, of course. What else can I do for you?"

"Much. Put on your hat and go with me to the other offices. I don't know any of the newspaper men, but they'll do it for you."

The chair of the night editor righted itself with a crash. "By Jove! Brant, you've got the nerve of your namesake over in the Silverette district! Oh, I'll go," he went on; "I suppose the other fellows will say there is a woman in the case, and devil me about it accordingly, but that's all right. Come on."

"There is a woman in the case," said Brant calmly; "otherwise I shouldn't be here tonight. But she positively mustn't be mentioned."

"Of course not; Langford's your cousin, and you're his natural guardian—that's the line, I suppose. Let's go and have it over with."

They made the round of the newspaper offices together, and when it was done Brant thanked Forsyth at the foot of the *Plainsman* stairway.

"I owe you one, and I'll be glad to pay it when I can," he said. "Let me know when the time comes—some dark night when you may perhaps need a bodyguard, for instance."

"I believe you'd fill the bill about as well as the Silverette man," laughed the editor. "By the way, is he a relative of yours?"

"No," said Brant, "but I know something of him. Good night."

Then the engineer turned his steps west-

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ward to seek for the lost sheep of the house of Langford.

VII.

On the night after the raid, Draco's gambling house was running in full panoply, as usual; and thither Brant directed his steps upon leaving the *Plainsman* building. Arguing from experience, he was quite sure that young Langford would be found in the kennel of the dog that had bitten him; and, carrying the deduction still further, he expected to find that the lad was playing the part of led captain to some older villain.

It was unreasonable to suppose that the boy had developed a master passion for play of his own motion. Brant knew that trade well. It had its master workmen, its slipshod journeymen, its tramps, and its apprentices. He doubted not that young Langford was still of the latter guild; in which case a heroic remedy might yet effect a cure.

This train of reasoning led to certain conclusions. If he should find the boy serving as a stool pigeon for some seasoned reprobate, his task would be comparatively easy. The professional gambler is sufficiently wise in his own generation; and a word to the wise—such a word as Brant knew how to speak—would quickly release the apprentice.

So much for the boy and the first step in his rescue; after that, it would be the father's part to keep him from forming a new alliance—if he could.

For himself, however, Brant foresaw difficulties. The lower world was thickly peopled in the Denver of that day, and he could scarcely hope to win his way in and out unrecognized. In the years when he had been a son of wrath, his light had not been hidden under a bushel. He was known to the men of his tribe, and the tribe is nomadic, albeit it keeps well within its own marches.

What then? Merely this. It would be passed from lip to ear that Plucky George of the mining camps was in town; that for reasons best known to himself, he was living for the time in retirement; and thereafter he would better cut off his right hand than be seen in public with any woman whose reputation he valued.

This was the barb of the arrow, and it rankled sorely while he was measuring the distance between the newspaper office and the kennel of the dog. None the less, he went on steadily enough until he stood before the baize doors screening the interior of Draco's gambling room. Here he hesitated, knowing that he had reached the turning point. It was not yet too late to go back.

He paused with his hand outstretched toward the doors. Within he could hear the shuffling of feet the clinking of glasses, the *b-r-r-r* of the roulette balls, all the familiar sounds of the life he had put behind him. He was far enough away from it now to begin to loathe it; and yet it drew him irresistibly. What if he should be dragged back into the old paths again? Stranger things had happened; and the fascination of the serpent is not less potent because it is loathsome.

There and then he saw a picture of a grief stricken young woman leaning against a door post, and sobbing softly, as one who mourns without hope. Then and there he recalled the spirit of his promise to Dorothy Langford, and the swing doors fell apart under his hand. They were yet vibrating behind him, and he had no more than taken the measure of the place, when the barkeeper threw up his hand by way of friendly welcome.

Here was recognition on the very threshold of the undertaking; and since it had come, Brant determined to make such use of it as he could. Going around to the end of the bar, he waited until the man was at liberty.

"Well, by cripesy, old pardner—shake! I thought yous'd turn up again. How 're they comin', anyhow? Slick lookin' duck slid in here awhile back an' said yous'd killed a man up on the range an' lit out. Says I, 'Lookee here, Mister Man, that's a lie; Georgie Brant don't run away from nothin'. See?' What'll you take?"

Notwithstanding Brant was but a Sabbath day's journey away from the associations of which the barkeeper's speech was a part, he winced at the familiarity of the greeting. Then he humbled himself, and put his newly found dignity under foot.

"Thank you, I'm not drinking anything tonight, Tom; I only want to ask a question or two."

"Fire away."

"Have you seen a young fellow hanging around here lately?—smooth faced boy, dark eyes and hair, dresses pretty well."

"Why, yes, that's the kid; he's here now."

"Alone?"

"Nary. The Perfessor's sort o' 'dopted him, I reckon. They run together most of the time."

Brant went white to the roots of his hair. "Not Jim Harding!" he exclaimed.

"Sure; *her* brother. Yous'd ought to know him, if anybody does."

Assuredly Brant knew him—none better; a desperado of the frontier, a blackleg of the baser sort, a pensioner on Brant's bounty for years because of his kinship with the murdered woman.

The recusant sinner turned his back to the bar, and let his gaze go adrift down the long room. It was comfortably filled. There were pairs and trios and quartets at the card tables; little groups around the marble games and roulette boards; a front rank of sitters about the faro table, with a standing reserve playing over the shoulders of those in the chairs; and in the midst an uneasy throng revolving about the centers of attraction like the slow moving figures in a timeless minuet.

Somewhere in that devil's dragnet was the boy he was seeking; the boy who was Dorothy's brother—he must not forget that. And with him he would find the blackmailer—the man who had traded upon his sister's shame. Brant choked with vengeful wrath at the thought of it, and his hand went back toward the barkeeper.

"Give me your gun a minute, Tom; I may need it," he said, without looking around.

"'T won't do down here, George; they'd hang you too quick for any use."

"That's all right, give me the gun. I'm not going to kill anybody, if I can help it."

The weapon was passed across the counter, and Brant dropped it into his coat pocket. Then he began a search for Harding and the boy, which ended at one of the roulette boards. Young Langford was watching the game, and at his side stood a man who might have passed otherwhere for a schoolmaster. He was tall and slightly stooping, his garments had a clerical cut, and his lean face was clean shaven. Only in the sharp eyes was there a hint of unfathomable wickedness, and this disappeared under scrutiny until one was moved to apologize for an unjust suspicion. The nickname of "the Professor" fitted him aptly, and he dressed the part, playing it with the skill of a trained actor.

To all outward appearances, no more harmless person than James Harding could have been found that night in Draco's den; but Brant knew his man. Coming up behind, he seized Harding's right wrist and held it rigid while he spoke.

"Excuse yourself to your friend and come out with me," he said, and the tone of the request made it a command.

Harding's answer was a stealthy movement of his free hand toward his breast pocket, but Brant checked him with a word.

"Drop it, you fool! I've got you covered. Do as I tell you, and be quick about it, too."

There was murder in Harding's eyes as his swift glance measured his chance against the weapon in Brant's coat pocket. Then he turned to his companion, and obeyed his orders.

"All right," said Langford, without looking up. "I'll wait here for you."

Brant led his man down the long room and out into the deserted street. Just beyond the circle illuminated by the electric light in front of Draco's, he stopped suddenly and thrust his pistol into Harding's face.

"Hands up!" he said briefly.

Harding's thin lip quivered like that of an angry dog, but his hands went up quickly.

"Turned holdup, have you, George?" he sneered.

Brant ignored the taunt, and deftly disarmed his captive. Then he spoke tersely, as one who may enforce his commands.

"I take it for granted that you know me by this time, Harding, and I don't care to measure words with you. I brought you out here to tell you what you're to do. You're going to take that boy home and turn him loose; and then you're going to keep out of his way."

"Oh, I am, am I?"

"Yes, you are. And this is the way you're going to do it: you will go back in there and bring him out; then you'll walk him up the street and put him into the first carriage you come to. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Sure thing! You've got it all down fine, haven't you?"

"Then you'll get in with him and go wherever the driver takes you. By the time the carriage stops, you will have explained matters in any way you see fit; only young Langford must be given to understand that you will have nothing more to do with him."

"And after that?"

"After that I think it will be best for you to leave Denver. It's a pretty big town, but I'm afraid it isn't big enough to hold you and me at the same time."

"And what if I refuse—what if I tell you to go to the devil?"

The hammer of the borrowed pistol in Brant's hand went up with two little spiteful clicks.

"In that case I should be obliged to start

a lead mine in your worthless carcass; and remembering what you are, I'd about as soon do it as not."

Harding laughed mirthlessly. "You're a pretty smooth talker, George, but you can't bluff me. I don't know what your little game is, but I do happen to know that you don't want to get your name in the papers just now. All the same, I'll oblige you in this little deal—for a consideration."

"How much?" asked Brant, fingering the pistol nervously.

"A hundred, cold cash—and that little package of papers you took the trouble to rustle up in Taggett's Gulch."

Brant considered it for a moment, and the desperado began to have a dim premonition that he had gone too far—that his life hung by a thread while he waited. The fear grew with the flying seconds, and he had opened his mouth to withdraw the condition when Brant spoke again.

"I don't have to make terms with you, and you know it, but you shall have the money. The papers I keep. Now go in and get the boy, and don't make any bad breaks. If you do, I shall shoot first and talk afterward."

Harding turned and reëntered the gambling room, with Brant at his heels. Inside the swing doors the latter gave another order.

"Go on and get your man; I'll wait here for you;" and when Harding was out of hearing he turned to the bartender. "Here's your gun, Tom; much obliged. And, while I think of it, I'll turn over the Professor's arsenal and you can give it back to him when he calls for it."

A murderous looking knife, a life preserver, and a set of brass knuckles changed hands, and the barkeeper swept them into a drawer with an exclamation of surprise.

"Holy smut!—an' he let you catch him without a gun!" he said.

"Not much," rejoined Brant pleasantly, "but I'll keep that for a spell; I'm not through with him yet. And say, Tom, that reminds me; if that youngster ever comes back here, just pull that sign, 'No Minors Allowed,' on him and run him out. You won't lose anything, because he'll have no money to blow in."

"I'll do it—for you, George; but the Perfessor'll run him in again."

"I shall make it my business to see that he doesn't," replied Brant; and just then Harding came up with young Langford.

"By Gad, Brant," said the cub, "I didn't know you were a sporting man! Shake hands with my friend Mr. Harding."

Brant bowed and the boy rattled on: "Going home early tonight—what'll you take, gentlemen? It's my set 'em up."

"Nothing," said Brant shortly.

Harding drew the boy away, and the pair left the gambling house and went up Sixteenth Street, with Brant a few steps in the rear. Harding opened the door of the first carriage he came to, and got in with young Langford. A moment later Brant climbed to a seat beside the driver and gave the order.

"Number Sixteen, Altamont Terrace," he said; and when the horses were headed for North Denver he lighted a cigar and ventured to anticipate success.

"It's a good job well done," he said to his mustache; and being neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, he could see no reason to doubt it.

VIII.

When a careful man blunders, he is apt to make thorough work of it. If Brant had so much as suspected the use Harding would make of an uninterrupted quarter of an hour with Will Langford, it is safe to assume that no preventive, however heroic, would have failed to commend itself to the engineer. And he should have foreseen—any tenderfoot of them all would have been less blunt witted, he told himself, afterward, in much bitterness of spirit. But it was too late then. While he was smoking his cigar in prideful complacency on the box, Harding was making the most of his opportunity.

"No, Willie—can't say when I'll get back to Denver. Man with a big mine on his hands can't play marbles all the time, you know. Got to look after his ante or they'll steal him blind."

"Of course," agreed Will; "whereabouts is your mine, Mr. Harding?"

One place is as good as another for the location of mythical real estate, but Harding was careful to go far enough afield. "It's t'other side of the range, in the Silverette district."

"Is that so? Then you must know all about the Gentle Annie. The governor's got some stock in the Annie."

"Ye-es, oh, yes; I know the Annie, of course, but the Silverette's a big district. My claim isn't nowheres near the camp, and I'm glad of it. Tough town, is Silverette. And that reminds me; how did you happen to catch on to George Brant?"

Now Will Langford was a crass young idiot, and his ways were not the ways of wisdom; yet he had an undefined convic-

tion that this mine owner of pedagogic appearance and profligate habit was not a man to whom family affairs could be properly confided. Therefore he skirted the question.

"I don't know much about him; he's a friend of a friend of mine."

"Thought you wasn't on to him, or you wouldn't have introduced me," said Harding significantly. "He's a good man to let alone; you can bet high on that, and play to win every time."

The hint accomplished its purpose, and Will must needs know more. Whereupon Harding told him Brant's story, carefully suppressing his own connection therewith, and weaving evil deeds and worse motives into the narrative with such a skilful admixture of truth as to make it utterly impossible for the ex-sinner ever to clear himself without denying much that was manifestly undeniable. The carriage was turning into Altamont Terrace when he concluded, and Will had time for no more than a word of thanks.

"By Jove! I'm awfully glad you told me about him, Mr. Harding; there are reasons—but I can't tell you about them now."

Harding would have given much for another quarter of an hour. The boy's answer opened up a vista of possibilities at the end of which might lie not only immunity from danger, but a goodly measure of revenge. However, with the carriage stopping at the judge's gate and Brant sitting on the box, the time was unpropitious; and Harding buried his desire for further knowledge under a final word of caution.

"Glad I happened to mention it. Keep your eye peeled and give him the whole sidewalk. Saw him hanging round down yonder, and I was afraid he'd get his hands on you—that's why I brought you home. Good night."

Brant heard the last word, and saw the boy go up the walk and let himself into the house. Then he gave the driver the return order.

"Back to town," he said; "you can put us down where you started from."

The man obeyed literally, and when the vehicle drew up to the curb in Sixteenth Street, Brant climbed down and opened the door.

"Come out," he commanded; and when Harding joined him—— "you'll have to go to Draco's with me to get your money."

Harding nodded and threw in a sneer. "Banking with Bill, nowadays, are you?" but to this Brant made no reply.

Arrived at the gambling house, the engineer took Deverney, the barkeeper, aside.

"Tom," he said, "I want a hundred dollars. Can you stake me?"

"Sure thing. Goin' to try yer luck?"

"No; it's a little deal with the Professor."

"Oho—I savvy. Bought him off, eh?"

"Something like that—yes. I'll give you a check for the money."

"Check nothin'!" retorted Deverney; "I'd like to see myself takin' a due bill from Georgie Brant! Yous could have my shirt if you wanted it." The barkeeper took a roll of bills from his vest pocket and counted off the desired amount. "There's yer cenchry; drop round an' cash up when ye feel like it. Won't ye irrigate, now?"

"No; business first, you know," replied Brant, gathering up the money. "Where can I have the Professor to myself for a few minutes?"

Deverney took a key from its nail on the wall and beckoned one of the waiters. "Take this gen'leman an' his friend to the private box, an' don't wait for no orders."

The private box was a small den in the rear of the main room, and thither Brant and Harding followed the waiter. It was a box-like room, lighted by a single gas jet pendent from the ceiling, and scantily furnished with a round table and a few chairs. When they were alone, Harding dropped into one of the chairs, and Brant drew up another on the opposite side of the table.

"Now, then, talk quick and tell the truth—if you can. What did you say to the boy?"

The soul of the real James Harding peered out through his half closed eyes for an instant, but the veil was drawn again before Brant had time to note the flash of triumph. "Did what you wanted me to; told him I'd got to go an' look after my mine."

"What excuse did you make for taking him home?"

"Told him he shouldn't ought to stay out so late. He'll do anything for me, that kid will."

"Yes, that's quite evident," said Brant dryly. "So far, so good; now all you have to do is to keep out of his way—and mine. Here's your money; take it and make yourself scarce."

He tossed the roll of bills across to Harding, who made sure of the amount before he spoke again. Then he squared himself against his side of the table, and asked if he might have his weapons.

"Deverney has them, all but the gun. I

think I'll keep that as a souvenir," Brant replied.

"That's all right—keep it an' welcome; I'd have made you a present of it if you'd asked for it." Harding began to pick nervously at a hole in the green cloth covering of the table, and a curious change—a change in which the reckless hardihood of his manner seemed to fall away from him like a loosened garment—came over him as he went on. "An' about the kid; I'd have turned him loose long ago if I'd knowed you wanted me to—honest to God, I would. There ain't no kind o' use in you and me scrappin', George; I ain't got anything against you, an' it seems like after what's happened you'd ought to be willing to let up on me."

"Oh, it does?" Brant saw the fear signals in the man's eyes, and, being only a catechumen in the temple of mercy, he backslid promptly into primitive barbarism, and gave another twist to the thumbscrews. "That means that you want something more, I suppose. Well, what is it? Out with it."

"Them papers, George; them d——d papers you got against me up yonder in Taggett's Gulch! I hain't never had a good night's rest since I found you had 'em, so help me God, I hain't! Wherever I go an' whatever I do, I can feel that there cussed knot pullin' up under my ear! For Christ's sake, give 'em to me, George; don't send me to hell before my time!"

Truly, Brant was yet very far from saint-hood, either in act or intention, since he could look unmoved upon the ghastly, sweat begrimed face of the terror sick man before him. Harding leaned forward until his chin was nearly on the table; his eyes were fixed and glassy; and with the dropping of the mask of self control, the old age of dissipation worked its will on the yellow face, furrowing it with wrinkles that seemed to deepen visibly with the dragging seconds.

"Think of it, George," he began again in a husky whisper; "think of what'd happen if you was to die—an' I'd never get so much as a hint till they'd snapped the bracelets on me! You couldn't die easy with such a thing as that on your mind, now, could you, George?"

Brant looked away, and shut his hands until the finger nails bit the flesh. There was a moment of breathless silence, in which the limp figure on the opposite side of the table drew itself up by imperceptible degrees, and the glassy eyes began to glow with kindling fires of ferocity. Tom Deverney, with his eye glued to a peep-hole in the partition, and his ears strained to catch the answer to Harding's appeal, wondered at Brant's carelessness. And when Brant began to speak without looking up, Deverney swore softly to himself, and went around to the door of the private box.

"I've thought about that a good many times, and it's been a comfort to me. You have lived a wolf's life, sparing neither man, woman, nor child; it is fitting that you should die as you have lived. Remembering these things, and how you used to wring my soul when you had the power, I think I shall die quite comfortably when my time comes."

"Then die!" yelled the madman, springing to his feet and hurling himself across the table at his accuser.

Brant was the stronger man of the two, but the assault was so sudden and unexpected that he was borne down among the chairs, and Harding's fingers were at his throat before he could defend himself. After that, he was helpless; and the flickering gas jet was about to go out in a flare of red lightning when the weight was lifted from his chest and he began to breathe again. Then he saw that Deverney had come in at the opportune moment; that he had thrown Harding into a corner, and was standing guard over him with drawn weapon.

"Say the word, George, an' I'll fill him so full o' lead it'll take six men to carry him out o' here!" declared the barkeeper; but Brant sat up and shook his head.

"Turn him loose, Tom," he said huskily. "He knows what to do."

Deverney opened the door, and Harding ran out. Then the barkeeper helped Brant to his feet.

"Didn't cut you, did he?" he asked.

"No; I believe he was trying to choke me. How did you happen in?"

"I don't know; don't yous sometimes do a thing without knowin' just why?"

"Yes, often."

"Well, that's me. Come along an' I'll let yous out the back way. Reckon yous can play it alone on the outside?"

"Oh, yes; I shall get home all right. I think I had a pretty close call, though."

"That's what. This is the way—just chase up the alley till you comes to the street. So long."

IX.

In the Langford household the judge and Dorothy were the only early risers; and on the morning following Will's home bring-

ing they breakfasted alone together as usual. Dorothy and her mother had sat up for Will the night before; but at the breakfast table the daughter saw that the news of his son's return brought small comfort to her father, and the unopened morning papers left beside his plate when he retreated to the library pointed to the cause of the judge's disquietude.

Being a woman, Dorothy did not thus deny herself the luxury of suffering with knowledge. She opened the papers and read the reports of the raid on Draco's, putting up a little pæan of thanksgiving when she found that her brother's name was omitted. Stopping only long enough to make sure of this, she hastened to the library.

"Here are the papers, father," she said; and when he looked up from his book and sadly shook his head, she went on quickly, "you needn't be afraid to read them—Will's name isn't mentioned."

The judge took the newspapers and scanned them eagerly. "You are right," he said, when he had read the accounts of the raid; "thank God for that; but I don't understand it."

"Perhaps Will gave an assumed name," suggested Dorothy.

"And so added a lie to his other misdoings," rejoined the judge bitterly. "No, he didn't do that. I saw the record."

Dorothy was puzzled for a moment, and then a light broke in upon her. "I think I know how it happened," she said; and then she told of the talk with Brant on the veranda.

The judge heard her through, and being in no wise less shrewd because he happened to be his daughter's father, he was at no loss to account for Brant's motive. Nevertheless, he did not forget to be grateful, and he gave the engineer his just meed of praise.

"It was a kindly act, and I shan't forget it," he said warmly. "Was Mr. Brant with Will when he came home?"

"I couldn't tell," Dorothy answered. "I heard the carriage drive up, and saw Will stop to speak to some one inside after he got out. Then he came up the walk alone, and the carriage turned and drove away."

"It was a kindly thing to do," repeated the judge, taking up one of the papers again. "I shall go down by and by and thank him for it;" and when Dorothy had left the room he added, to himself, "I wish he might tell me what to do with the boy. It's far enough beyond me."

"What is beyond you?" asked Mrs. Langford, coming in in time to overhear the last words of his soliloquy.

"You know well enough, Martha; the one thing that's always beyond me—what to do with William."

The mother had not yet been to breakfast, but she sat down and prepared to argue her son's case.

"Doesn't it sometimes seem as if you tried to do too much, Robert?"

"No," said the judge firmly, knowing by experience whereunto the argument would lead. "By some means—I don't pretend to know how—the boy always manages to whitewash himself with you, but I know him better, and we might as well face the fact first as last. He is thoroughly, utterly, recklessly bad—God forgive me that I should have it to say of my own son! I should think this last affair would open your eyes, if nothing else has."

"Oh, I don't know—please sit down, Robert, you make me nervous. I had a long talk with him last night, and he told me everything without reserve. I know it was all wrong; but it was rather foolish than wicked."

"You make a nice distinction," said the judge. "What is his story?"

"Why, just this. It seems that he has a friend—a Mr. Harding, a wealthy mine owner—and they went around together to see the sights, purely out of curiosity, William says, and I believe him. They just happened to be in this place the night before last; and when the police rushed in they took everybody, guilty and innocent. William says his friend tried to explain, but it was no use, and—well, we know the rest."

"Yes, rather better than I could wish. As a result of his curiosity, or this Mr. Harding's, I find my son in the police station, charged with gambling."

"Of course the charge was made against everybody."

"As it should have been. If William had been at home instead of prowling about town with a disreputable companion—"

Mrs. Langford lifted a deprecatory finger. "Wait and hear the rest of it before you do the man an injustice. When Will went down town last night, feeling discouraged enough to do anything, this Mr. Harding found him and insisted on his coming straight home—brought him home in a carriage, in fact. A bad man would not have done that."

The judge looked perplexed. "Brought him home in a carriage, you say?"

"Yes, and that wasn't all. It seems that Mr. Harding knows Mr. Brant; and he told William his whole history. Will wouldn't repeat it—he said it wasn't fit for me to hear—but I made him tell me enough of it to know what to say to Mr. Brant, if he ever comes here again."

Here was a fresh mystery, but the judge was wise enough not to repeat what Dorothy had told him; and he knew his son's failings too well to place implicit confidence in any story of his. Therefore he counseled moderation.

"I shouldn't take too much for granted, if I were you," he said. "There are always two sides to a story, and possibly Mr. Brant may have something to say for himself. Any way, I should give him a chance."

"That is precisely what I shall do," said Mrs. Langford; after which she went to breakfast, leaving her husband to the company of his own thoughts, which were far from comforting.

How much of Will's story could be believed? And who was this man Harding who claimed to know Brant? If the latter had sent Will home, how was it that the boy came in a carriage with Harding? And which of the two had suppressed the mention of Will's name in the newspaper accounts of the raid? These and many more perplexing questions suggested themselves, and the judge was no nearer the heart of the tangle when he finally set out to seek Brant at the latter's office.

As for Brant, the day had brought fresh perplexities to him, also, albeit they were of a sort very different from those which beset Judge Langford. Having been up rather more than half the night, he was a little late at the office, and Colonel Bowran was getting ready to go out of town on the day train when he entered.

"Good morning," said the colonel; "I was afraid you wouldn't get here in time. I want Grotter's notebook; where did you put it?"

Brant found the notebook, and began to say something about late hours, but the colonel laughed good naturedly.

"I know—I was a young man once, myself; but if I had it to do over again, I'd touch it lightly. Of course, you're new to the West, and you want to see the animals; but you must look out and not get the smell of the menagerie in your clothes—it's rather hard to get out."

It was a random shot, but it went home, and for a few minutes after the colonel's departure Brant was honestly aghast. Truly, he had never posed before his chief as a reformed reprobate; but to be mistaken for an innocent youth, fresh from the moral environment of the well behaved East, was rather more than he had bargained for.

What would the colonel say if he knew the truth? Brant gave it up, but there was less doubt as to what he would do. There was a standing invitation—as yet unused—holding the door of the Bowran home open to the draftsman. That would be withdrawn, doubtless.

And, as a matter of course, Colonel Bowran would learn the truth, sooner or later; and when that happened he would be vexed and ready to view the matter in the light of a personal grievance. It was in vain that Brant sought comfort in the thought that he had made no misrepresentations. He knew human nature well enough to be sure that the chief engineer would take counsel of wrath rather than of justice, blaming his assistant for not answering questions that had never been asked.

So Brant fell to work in a fine rage of prophetic impotence, cursing his luck that was to be, and dwelling upon the unhappy possibilities, until they became fixed facts, lacking nothing but the ripeness of time. More than once he thought of giving up his place and running away while he could get a clear quittance from the colonel. It was undeniably the prudent thing to do; and, when all was said, one place was much the same as another to him. This he said, and then stopped to give the assertion the lie, realizing for the first time in his life that a man in love has sold his nomadic birthright. He put his work aside, and swung around on the stool, to gaze abstractedly out of the window in the direction of the Highlands.

"I couldn't run away from you now if I wanted to, little woman," he said, letting his thoughts drift into speech. "I've just about one chance in a hundred of being able to carry it off without being found out, and I'm going to take that chance—I'd take it if it were only one in a thousand——"

The outer office door opened and shut, but Brant heard it not, and he started guiltily when some one behind him said,

"You have a fine view from here, Mr. Brant."

Brant whirled around, and found himself confronting Judge Langford. For a moment even the commonplaces deserted him, but he presently recovered himself, and joined heartily in the laugh at his own expense.

"I was fairly caught," he admitted. "How long have you been here?"

"Not long enough to hear any secrets," replied the judge. "You were saying something about 'one in a thousand' when I came in, and it struck me as being a very natural remark for a young man in a trance."

"It's one of my bad habits," explained Brant, who was not beyond blushing—"talking to myself, I mean. It began when I was a little fellow and lacked playmates."

"It is not an uncommon habit," said the judge. "I once knew a lawyer who had it in a most peculiar form. His office was next to mine, and he would lock the door and discuss a case with himself. We used to laugh at him a good deal, but he was always the best prepared man in court."

All of which was quite beside the mark, as Brant knew; but he made courteous answer, having it in mind to let his visitor pick his own way through the generalities. This the judge seemed unable to do, inasmuch as he made several false starts before coming to the object of his visit. Brant set the hesitancy down to pardonable family pride, and stood ready to help when a chance should be given him. At length the judge came to the point, and waded reluctantly into the domestic pool.

"I came down to thank you for what you did for us last night, Mr. Brant. My daughter told me of your offer to help, and it was very kind of you to interest yourself in my poor boy."

Brant said "Not at all," meaning thereby that the service was freely rendered, and the judge went on:

"It was a great relief to us all to find William at home this morning. He left us in anger, and I feel quite sure that I have you to thank for his return, though I am quite in the dark as to how you managed it."

Brant answered the implied question frankly. "It was a very simple matter. I found your son with a man whose influence over him seemed to be as great as it is bad. I happened to know this man, and persuaded him to take the boy home."

The judge leaned back in his chair, and matched his finger tips reflectively. "William mentions a Mr. Harding as having driven him home; is he the man?"

Brant bowed.

"Then the boy must be very much mistaken; he seems to think that Harding is a gentleman."

"I don't doubt it; Harding has probably taken good care to make him think so. Just the same, you may believe me when I say he is the worst possible companion for your son, or for any young man."

"That's a little odd." The judge was surprised into saying so much, but since he did not go on, how was Brant to know that the odd thing was the exact coincidence of his opinion of Harding and Harding's opinion of him, as reported by William Langford? And not knowing this, he went on to his own undoing.

"Odd that he should try to deceive your son? Knowing the man and his kind as well as I do, I should say that anything else would be odd. Harding is a professional gambler."

The judge put two and two together.

"You say you know him well?"

"Yes; I've known him a long time, and I owe him an ill turn or two on my own account," said Brant, whose throat still ached from the pressure of Harding's fingers.

"Ah!" The judge's mind began to clear. "Pardon me, Mr. Brant, if I am dull—but what possible use could a gambler make of my son? William's pocket money would be scarcely worth plotting for."

"Certainly not; Harding would be much more likely to give him money than to take it from him. Here's the layout," Brant went on, dropping unconsciously into the jargon of the craft in describing its processes. "Harding poses, we'll say, as a gentleman of leisure. He ropes in a tenderfoot, who isn't altogether blind, and proposes a quiet game for amusement. If he worked it alone the rawest greenhorn of the lot would tumble, but with your son as a third party the thing looks perfectly square. Don't you see?"

The judge rose and walked the length of the room with his hands behind him and his head bowed. When he looked up again the paternal anxiety in his face had given place to judicial sternness.

"Yes, I see two things. One is that you have a much worse opinion of my son than the facts, bad as they are, justify; and the other is that you seem to have a—an unenviable familiarity with the methods you have been describing."

Brant saw his error when it was too late, and tried to retrieve it. "Don't mistake me, Judge Langford; in such a case an inexperienced boy might well be an innocent accomplice. And as to my knowledge; one learns many things in the rough school of the frontier."

The judge laid his hand on the door knob. "I can believe that—pardon me if I spoke hastily," he said. "To be very frank with you, I am in deep trouble about William. If what you tell me concerning this man Harding be true, the boy is ruined."

"Not necessarily," Brant amended. "Harding has left town, and if you can keep your son from forming another such intimacy——"

"How do you know Harding is gone?" interrupted the judge.

"He went at my suggestion."

"And was it also at your suggestion that the newspapers omitted my son's name in reporting a certain wholesale arrest made by the police night before last?"

"It was."

Judge Langford smiled and shook his head. "You seem to be all powerful, Mr. Brant, but I dislike mysteries—even beneficent mysteries. In this matter, however, I am your debtor—let me know when I may square the account;" and before Brant could add another word of explanation he was gone.

Not until he had passed the judge's questions and his own answers twice or thrice in mental review did Brant realize how completely he had managed to make himself misunderstood. Then he grew angry, at his own inaptness in particular, and at an unsympathetic world in general. When the fit of wrath passed it was succeeded by a fever of impatience; and this beset him through the interminable afternoon which separated him from a visit to Dorothy. Having done a good deed, he had a very human hunger for appreciation—appreciation untinctured by suspicion or innuendo; it was what he had a right to expect, and Dorothy, at least, would not withhold it. So he believed; and when evening came he lost no time in presenting himself at the door of the house in Altamont Terrace.

He was shown into the parlor, and after what seemed like an age of waiting, the door opened to admit not Dorothy, but her mother.

"You must excuse me for keeping you waiting," said the lady, in the tone which turns the apology into a chilly formalism; "I was not expecting any one so early. Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Brant?"

Brant doubted his ears, and glanced involuntarily around to see if he had gotten into the wrong house. "I—do for me?—why, yes," he stammered. "Are—are the young ladies at home?"

"Not to you, Mr. Brant—nor will they be if you should ever happen to call again."

Brant laid fast hold of his sanity and fought for speech. "But, Mrs. Langford," he gasped, "I don't understand; what have I done?"

"Rather ask what you have not done," said the lady icily. "But since you put the question, I will answer it. You have come here, not once but many times, knowing very well that if your history had been known to us or to Mr. Antrim, our doors would never have been opened to you. If that is not sufficient, I can be still more explicit, if you wish it."

"By Heaven, madam, I do wish it!" exclaimed Brant, in whom anger was fast supplanting astonishment.

"Very well, sir; would you mind telling me where you spent the three years just previous to your coming to Denver?"

"In the mining camps," replied Brant, with a sharp premonition of what was coming.

"And your occupation was—?"

"Not what it should have been, I admit; but is there no such thing as repentance in your creed, Mrs. Langford?"

"Assuredly; but you have not repented—that is proved by your own act in coming here, quite as much as by anything that Mr. Harding says of you."

"Harding!" At the mention of the name Brant saw what his enemy had done, and went mad accordingly. "Do you mean to say that you would listen to anything that damnable hound could say of me?"

Mrs. Langford retreated to the door. "Pardon me, Mr. Brant, if I leave you—you are only making a bad matter worse. A gentleman does not so far forget himself as to swear in the presence of a lady. I think we understand each other, and I will bid you good evening."

When she was gone, Brant found his way out of the house and spent half the night tramping the hills to the westward. Under favorable conditions, self respect is a plant of rapid growth; but it is sensitive in inverse proportion to its age. While Brant was very willing to call himself the chief of sinners, and to deprecate his own temerity in aspiring to a seat at the table of virtue, he was no more complaisant under reproach than any Pharisee of them all. For this cause, he filled the hours of the solitary walk with bitter revilings heaped upon uncharity in general, and upon social canons as interpreted by Mrs. Langford in particular, going finally to his room in a frame of mind in which wrath outran grief.

"'Give a dog a bad name,'" he growled, flinging his hat and coat into a corner and lighting the gas. "I might have known what it would come to—and all I asked was to be let alone!"

(*To be continued.*)

STORIETTES

ON THE LONG BRIDGE.

THERE were two of them. For a week past she had been expecting at least one—perhaps both—to speak, and she had been troubled, fearing that when the time came to decide she might not know what to say. At length one of them had spoken ; not face to face—circumstances intervened to prevent that—but by a letter, which was so eloquent, so pleading, that she seemed to hear his living voice sounding in its every word.

The letter had come last night. She had read and re-read it twenty times, and, although the honest gray eyes of the writer seemed to gaze beseechingly up at her all the while, she had hesitated long over her reply. She had lain awake, thinking about it ; she had fallen asleep still undecided ; probably she had dreamed of it. Very early in the morning she had started out of a sound slumber, risen upon the instant, dressed herself quickly, and penned her answer. Now she was going to post it before she should have time again to change what she had come to regard as her very changeable mind.

The village post office was on the opposite side of the river. Her way lay across the long bridge. Midway of it she paused. A fair summer morning gladdened the face of the earth. The rays of the sun, which was peeping over the eastern hills, glistened adown the stream until the river seemed flowing into a lake of burnished silver. The wide, green valley was waking to its leisurely, untroubled daily life. The atmosphere, polluted by no belching factory chimneys, seemed purity itself. The stillness was broken only by the twitter of birds, the crow of a distant cock, or the lowing of cattle. It was a scene of perfect peace; yet, as the girl gazed, she heaved a little sigh as of regret for something. She leaned upon the rail, toying idly with the letter in her hand. She looked down upon the smooth, sluggish waters of the river, but her thoughts were far away.

A sound of footsteps roused her from her reverie. She glanced up, startled, blushing. It was the other, the brown eyed one. He came half diffidently and stood at her side. She moved a little that he might do so—not because there lacked sufficient room, but that he might be assured of welcome.

He uttered some commonplaces. She responded, scarce realizing what she said. A silence intervened. He spoke again, in lower tones, earnestly, of a matter of more importance. She murmured something in return, but would not look at him. He bent forward and whispered in her ear. The color left her cheek, the hand that held the letter trembled. From these signs of agitation he dared augur well for himself. He laid one hand lightly upon her shoulder, and with the other gently turned her averted face toward his own. Under the compelling force of his gaze she looked shyly up. The vision of the honest gray eyes faded before the eloquent brown eyes there in actual presence. In one instantaneous flash he read the blissful truth. Forgetting everything else, he folded his arms about her, and pressed her to his heart.

The letter dropped from her hand and fell through the open railing. He saw it fluttering down, and cried out in dismay. She reassured him. The loss of the letter was of no consequence, she said. Let it go ; she could write another. So it floated away to the unknown sea.

When she returned she did write another, but it was as unlike the first as night is unlike day. Luck, the long bridge aiding, had gone against the gray eyes.

Frank M. Bicknell.

THE SEESAW OF TIME.

UP and down went the seesaw—a dark eyed boy on one end, and on the other a wee slip of a girl with laughing blue eyes and yellow curls waving in the breeze. They have played together all the summer days, and many happy hours have they spent at the seesaw.

"I'd rather go up than down," said the girl.

"So would I," the boy answered.

"I wish we could both go up at once."

"But we can't."

"I know it."

"I'm tired of seesawing," said she.

"So am I," he answered. Then he sturdily held the board firm and straight, while she tripped lightly to the stone wall across which it was laid. There they could sit close together, his bare brown feet dangling down among the daisies, in pretty contrast to the daintily slippered ones of his companion ; and it mattered not to this young pair of six and ten that *she* dwelt in the lap of luxury while *he* was the son of poverty.

The days went by. He went to sea, and dwelt in foreign lands for many years. There fortune smiled upon him, and poured her rich gifts at his feet. In the mean time his little playmate had grown to womanhood, and her father's riches had taken wings and flown away.

They meet again. They talk of the golden summer days of yore, when they played together and the seesaw went up and down. They have changed places since then. She, smiling, says :

"You see that the other end of the seesaw is up now."

Says he, with love's pleading in his eyes, "I'm tired of seesawing."

She understands and answers, "So am I."

"Well, darling, let us stop it just as we did of old."

And so close together they keep, and the see-saw is balanced.

Octavia B. Phillips.

THE PARHASSAN.

You may have met on the street a singular looking couple, a man and a woman. The man was tall, and slender almost to emaciation. His hair and beard were of snowy whiteness, and his complexion was of the hue and texture of old parchment. At the first glance you took him to be sixty; at the next you saw that he was barely thirty. His appearance was that of a hopeless invalid, but he held himself erect and walked with a firm, vigorous step.

His companion was an even more striking personality than he. She was very young, not more than twenty, but with a magnificent figure and features of ideal loveliness. Her skin was of a clear, golden tint, with a tinge of red in the cheeks like the flush that comes and goes in the heart of a splendid opal. Her eyes were large, brilliant, dark as midnight, yet tender as dawn in spring, and veiled with full, drooping lids. Her jetty hair was dressed in an odd oriental fashion, which, unfamiliar as it was, perfectly became her peculiar cast of countenance.

Should you feel any curiosity about these two people, I can satisfy it—as you will admit when I tell you that I am the man with the white hair and beard, and that the oriental looking woman is my wife. We are indeed a remarkable pair, and our history is yet more remarkable than our appearance.

I am an American by birth, but I was little more than a boy when, in the course of my wanderings in search of fortune, I found myself in the island of Ceylon, alone and friendless, with just fifty rupees, equal to about twenty dollars, in my pocket. Prince Newira Ellia was at that time proprietor of the most extensive tea plantations in the island. To him I applied, and was fortunate enough to obtain a place as an overseer of part of his estate. By dint of honesty and hard work—two things but little understood in that quarter of the world—I won my employer's confidence, and in three years I became general manager of the prince's vast interests in Ceylon.

The former manager, a native Cingalese, and a cousin of the prince, named Polatura, showed no resentment at my having supplanted him in a well paid and influential position. On the contrary, he was even friendlier than before. My conscience smote me for my previous ill opinion of him, for I had always considered him a man of evil passions, revengeful, malignant, and treacherous. There was one person, however, who did not share my change of opinion in respect to Polatura. It was Amara, Prince Newira Ellia's only daughter. You have seen Amara, and you can understand me when I say that I cannot describe her loveliness in words.

When I became manager of the prince's great tea farm, I also became a member of his household. Contrary to the eastern custom, Amara was not imprisoned in a seraglio, but sat with us at table, and lived, indeed, pretty much as an American or English girl lives in her father's house. Needless to say that almost at first sight I fell head over heels in love with her.

Here again I was Polatura's rival, for with the eye of a lover, I instantly discovered that he was madly infatuated with Amara; and at the same time I became aware that the girl hated and feared him. For myself, I had no hope. How could I? It would have been the wildest folly on the part of a penniless adventurer of alien blood and birth to aspire to the hand of the richest heiress in Ceylon. I knew perfectly well that I ought to hand in my resignation, pack my trunk, and go away. But day after day I loitered, arguing with my own inclinations, putting off the inevitable hour, till one morning I summoned up the resolution to take the first step.

I had been out for an early walk through the plantation. On returning to the house, I met Amara on the veranda. She was clad all in white, with a single blood red vayu lily in her hair. Ah, how beautiful she was! I was possessed with a mad desire to reveal all that was laboring at my heart, to tell her in plain words that I loved her. It was that very impulse that nerved me to say what I did:

"Princess, I am glad to have the opportunity of speaking to you this morning, since it is the last."

The rich color faded from her cheek, and she looked at me with large, startled eyes.

"I do not understand you," she replied.

"I shall hand in my resignation today," I said, "and before night be on my way to Colombo."

"They have recalled you, your own people in the far, western world," she murmured sadly. "I knew you would not remain with us always. We are heathens, ignorant, simple, unworthy of——"

The melancholy resignation of her voice, the mournful reproach in her eyes, broke down my resolution in an instant.

"No, no," I interrupted eagerly, "it is no attraction to my own country that leads me to bid you farewell. It is because I cannot be happy here."

"And why?"

"Because," I said impetuously, "I love you, Amara, I love you, and I cannot live near you, see your beautiful face daily, hear your sweet voice, look into your glorious eyes, and yet know that you are separated from me more widely—you, the noble lady and heiress of your father's wealth, and I, the poor wanderer from the west—than if the great ocean rolled between us. Therefore I must go. I must go, so that perhaps in the far time to come I may forget you. I must go to begin life over again, to travel, to toil, to suffer, that in the struggle the pain at my heart may be eased." I had drawn near her, and had taken her hand in

mine, speaking her own poetic dialect, more expressive of passion than our colder Saxon. "Perfect one, beautiful star, that might have been my guide had my lot been cast in happier ways, farewell!"

I pressed my lips to her soft fingers, and would have released them and turned away, but they held me fast. She was looking at me with tears in her eyes, but with a smile upon her lips.

"You love me?" she murmured. "You love me?"

"More than life!" I replied passionately.

"Then take me!" she cried, extending her arms. "If I am worthy, take me; for I have loved you from the hour I first saw you."

As, oblivious to all else, I stood holding Amara to my heart, there was a step upon the graveled walk, and, as we separated, Polatura appeared. At a glance I saw that he knew all. His face was ashen, and there was haggard despair in his eyes; but with wonderful self control he bade us good morning, and quietly entered the house.

Amara caught my hand convulsively. "Oh, beware of that man!" she whispered. "He hated you before, and now—did you not see his face? It was that of a fiend."

"Poor fellow!" I said, laughing in my happiness. "I could not hold enmity with the devil himself now."

"But, I tell you, beware of him," she insisted, and to humor her I promised to be wary of Polatura. But I forgot my promise, and had no occasion to remember it until I met him by chance three days later, while on my customary round of inspection.

"I must congratulate you on your good fortune," he said, pausing before me in the path. There was a smile on his lips that I did not like. Amara's warning recurred to me; but he did not appear to be armed, while I carried, as my habit was, a heavy revolver. Physically he was no match for me. Therefore I answered him in a tone as friendly as his own.

"In many respects fortune has indeed been kinder to me than I deserve."

"And yet what a strange thing it is," he went on, with a deepening of his unpleasant smile, "how a touch, a mere prick of such a thorn as this, for example, will overthrow hopes as fair even as yours."

As he spoke he broke a spike from a low, bushy plant growing among the rank grass beside the path. I observed that he did so with great care, and held it cautiously between his finger and thumb.

"Yes," he said, "even such a tiny instrument will suffice."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, starting back angrily, for, still smiling, he had scratched me upon the side of the throat with the thorn, slightly, but enough to draw a drop of blood.

"I mean," he said, and now the smile disappeared and his face grew black with the undisguised hatred which possessed his soul, "I mean that you will never marry the Princess Amara. I mean that you will never leave this place alive. That thorn is the parhassan. Ah! I see you understand."

I did indeed understand the villain now, only too well. I had heard of the parhassan, that dreadful plant more feared than the hungry lion or the most venomous serpent; for it secretes a poison for which when once introduced into the blood, even by the slightest puncture, there is no known antidote. I had never seen it; it was said to be very rare, and many intelligent Cingalese even disbelieved in its existence.

If I had ever doubted, I was convinced now, for already the poison was working in my veins. I felt a deathly chill creeping upon me. My eyes were growing dim. I could not move my limbs; my body seemed made of lead.

Then, as through a thick mist, I seemed to see a woman's figure spring out of the shadows beside the road with a shrill cry, and hurl Polatura's slight form to the earth. I seemed to feel her arms clasped tight around me, and her lips pressed to the throbbing wound in my throat. I was conscious of a sharp, stinging sensation, and even in my mental confusion I knew she was sucking the poison from the wound. Feebly I tried to repulse her, but my strength failed, and for a time all was oblivion.

I recovered consciousness, with clear brain and sight, to find myself lying upon the ground, my head supported upon Amara's arm. At a little distance lay Polatura, upholding himself upon one elbow, looking at us with bloodshot eyes and livid face.

"I have read," he said huskily, "of men who, disappointed of their vengeance, have died upon their own swords. I have used nothing but a thorn, and I die by a thorn." He laughed faintly. "See what love will do. Happy man that you are! She has sucked the poison from your wound, while the venom from a score of the spines of the parhassan shrub, upon which she threw me, is coursing through my body."

"I feared for you," murmured Amara's voice at my ear. "I watched and followed. When I saw him touch you with the thorn, I knew what he had done, and that there was no hope but to draw the poison from the wound with my lips. I have saved you!"

I felt her tears fall hot upon my face, while her arms drew me yet more closely to her breast. Polatura's voice came faint and gaspingly now.

"I can see no longer. This is death. Better so. I loved you, Amara, I loved——"

His head sank to the ground; there was a brief struggle, a single moan, and the wretched man had ceased to breathe.

The prince proved not to have been so oblivious as he had appeared. He loved his daughter, and he did not object to me. As for the poison of the parhassan, though I escaped with life, you can see for yourself what effect it had upon me. But was the price too high to pay for such a wife as Amara?

Charles L. Hildreth.

THE DUKES OF MARLBOROUGH.

John Churchill, the most brilliant of English soldiers, and his descendants—Their palace of Blenheim and its historic associations.

NO titled family of England—not even the ancient house of Howard or Russell—has so interesting a story as that of the Spencer-Churchills, now so closely allied, by marriage, with the republican society of New York. The dukedom of Marlborough is one of the few peerages that represent a great historic name. Its holders have been a notable set of men, from the soldier of fortune who won it two centuries ago in Flanders to his young descendant of the eighth generation, whose brief American campaign has ended in the capture of one of the New World's greatest heiresses.

England claims high rank among military nations, yet only twice has she produced a commander who can claim a place among the great captains of history. Since the middle ages, only under Wellington and Marlborough have her armies fought successfully on the battle grounds of Europe. Of these two famous men, who triumphed over the two greatest rulers of France, most judges agree that Marlborough was the more brilliant soldier. In many respects they present a striking contrast. In war, Wellington was the careful, cautious commander, whose genius accorded with Carlyle's definition—"an infinite capacity for taking pains"; Marlborough was the Napoleon of his day, bold, dashing, lightning-like. Wellington, man of iron as he was, wept to see the slaughter of his troops at the storming of San Sebastian; Marlborough hurled his cohorts upon the French entrenchments at Malplaquet with a recklessness of life like that of Napoleon at Borodino or Grant before Richmond. In peace, Wellington devoted himself to the public service, attained the highest civil posts, and displayed in them the same executive ability that made him, in the field, a general who never lost a battle. He was always the disinterested patriot, the man of principle, the gentleman and the scholar, the "tower of strength which stood four square to all the winds that blew." Marlborough, well born but strangely unlettered—he used to sign himself "your lordchipe's humbell servant"—was always the self seeker, the intriguer, the crafty adventurer who carved out his own fortune by the overthrow of others.

As a mere lad, brought into contact with the most profligate of English courts—a society where chastity and even common decency were openly scorned—Jack Churchill was no better than his fellows. For this he could hardly be blamed; it would have been a miracle, almost, had the handsome young fellow been a Joseph; but licentiousness and avarice make an ugly combination. Thrifty even in his vices, Churchill accepted wages compared to which the booty of a Turpin would commonly be regarded as an honorable acquisition. It was the contributions of several ladies of Charles II's court with which he laid the foundations of the largest private fortune in Europe.

Next we see him the trusted lieutenant of James, and yet in correspondence with the Stuart king's Protestant rival, the Prince of Orange. It was a time of revolution, it may be urged, when disloyalty to the tyrant was the patriot's duty; but he need not have carried his double dealing to such an extreme of duplicity. When James, seeing his crown slipping away from him, summoned his officers to a council, and made a last appeal to their fealty, "they all seemed to be moved at this discourse," the king records in his memoirs, "and vowed they would serve me to the last drop of their blood. The Duke of Grafton and my Lord Churchill were the first that made this attestation;" yet three days later Churchill went over to Prince William's camp—a defection that gave James' cause a deathblow.

Nor was he much more faithful to William. When it seemed possible that the Stuarts might be restored to their lost throne, Churchill—now Earl of Marlborough—made overtures to the exiled monarch. "Will you be my intercessor with the king?" he said to a Jacobite agent. "Will you tell him what I suffer? My crimes now appear to me in their true light.

The thought of them is with me day and night. I sit down to table, but I cannot eat. I throw myself on my bed, but I cannot sleep." It is difficult to find a spark of sincerity in such messages. "The loss of half a guinea," Macaulay cynically says, "would have done more to spoil his appe-

Blenheim, from the Lake.

From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

tite and to disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience."

But history has still graver and more specific charges against the great soldier. Tennyson's lines, written of Wellington—

> Whatever record leap to light
> He never shall be shamed—

might have been written to contrast the hero of Waterloo with the victor of Blenheim. In 1694 William planned a sudden attack upon the French port of Brest, which he knew to be inadequately defended. An expedition was prepared, its object being kept a profound secret, known only to the king and his military counselors; yet Louis was warned. The British fleet was entrapped, found itself surrounded with skilfully arranged batteries, and escaped only with heavy loss. One of the slain was Marlborough's chief rival, General Talmash, who declared with his dying breath that he had been betrayed. A hundred years later, among the papers of the Scottish College at Paris, there was discovered a copy of a letter giving full information of the intended attack—written to the exiled James by none other than Marlborough.

Yet with all these blots on the first Churchill's escutcheon, his services to his country were invaluable. Such a man was sure to have enemies and detractors; but when he girded on his sword for battle, he silenced them all. Thackeray's *Esmond*, who "never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget the stories of that great chief's selfishness and treachery," admits that he "did indeed seem in the

Blenheim Palace—South Front.

presence of the enemy to be the very genius of victory." To him more than to any other commander England owes it that she emerged successfully from the hard fought struggle with France which for two generations was waged all over the world, from Canada to India. His brilliant triumph at Blenheim, which struck a fatal blow at the Grande Monarque's dream of a world wide French empire, was the first English victory on European soil since Agincourt, almost three centuries before. No reward was too great for the general to whose genius it was due. Besides his dukedom and a yearly pension of $25,000, Parliament gave him the old royal manor of Woodstock, and voted $500,000 to build him a palace. That sum was spent thrice over before Blenheim was finished, which was not until after John Churchill's death. Its construction was delayed by incidents which Marlborough's critics called characteristic. His duchess—a woman fully as thrifty as himself, and far less suave—quarreled with Vanbrugh, the architect, refused him admission to the building, and with-

John and Sarah Churchill, First Duke and Duchess of Marlborough

Drawn by V. Pearl from old prints.

The Drawing Room at Blenheim.

From a photograph by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

held his fees. Next she declined to pay her workmen, who had to go to law to get their wages. Twenty years passed before the great pile, which covers more than three acres, was finally completed, and its grounds laid out, with their artificial lake,

To his wife, the famous Sarah Jennings, John Churchill owed much. It was her close friendship with Queen Anne—the two women used to correspond as "Mrs. Freeman" and "Mrs. Morley"—that enabled her husband to secure and maintain his

George Charles Spencer-Churchill, Eighth Duke of Marlborough.

Drawn by V. Pérard from a photograph.

their lodges, their Victory Tower, and their plantations of trees arranged to form a plan of the battlefield whose name was given to the place. The lake, formed by damming a stream that runs through the park, and the stone bridge that spans the rivulet, are ornaments characteristic of the age that created Versailles. An envious rhymer saw in the pretentious arch and the tiny brook a type of Marlborough:

> The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
> The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

command in spite of the machinations of enemies at home; and he repaid her with a devotion that was one of the bright spots in a character that has puzzled historians with its contradictions. Amid the absorbing toils and perils of his campaigns he wrote to her almost every day. "I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tel you that we have had this day a very bloody Battalle," he wrote on the evening of Malplaquet. "It is now in our powers to have what Peace we pleese, and I may be pretty

well assur'd of never being in another Battel; but that nor nothing in the world can make me happy if you are not kind;" and all his letters are full of such personal touches.

On her side, the clever and domineering woman was equally devoted to her husband in his life, and to his memory in her widowhood. When he died, she offered five hundred pounds for the best poem in his honor, and awarded the prize to this stanza:

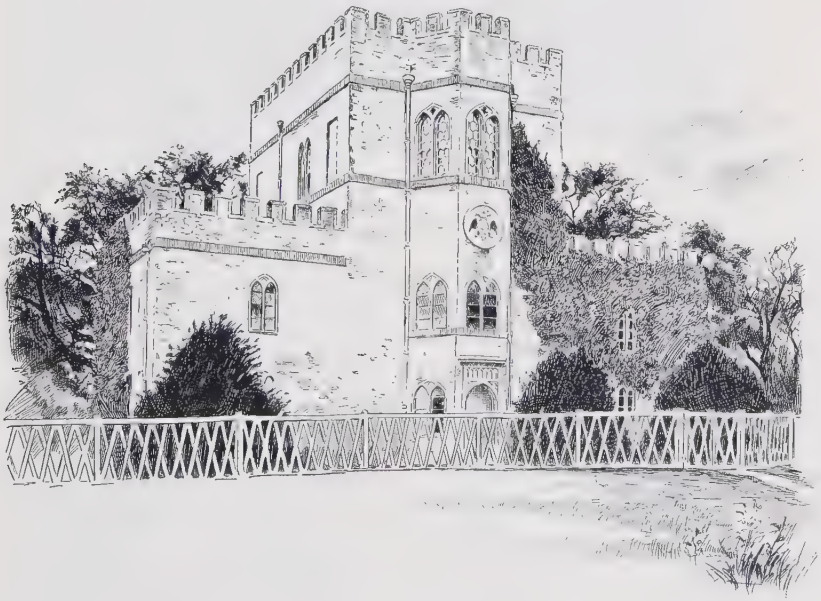
Five hundred pounds, too small a boon
To set the poet's muse in tune
That nothing might escape her.
Were I to attempt the heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

John Winston Spencer-Churchill, Seventh Duke of Marlborough.

When the Duke of Somerset proposed marriage to her, she gave him a dignified refusal:

I am confident that there is very few women (if any) that would not be extremely pleased with what your Grace proposes to me; but I am resolved never to change my condition, and if I know anything of myself, I would not marry the Emperor of the World, tho' I were but thirty years old.

She grievously offended the Duchess of Buckingham by refusing to lend her, for the obsequies of her husband—the builder of Buckingham Palace—the funeral car that bore the victor of Blenheim to the grave. "It carried my lord Marlborough,



The High Lodge at Blenheim.

and shall never be profaned by any other corpse," she declared.

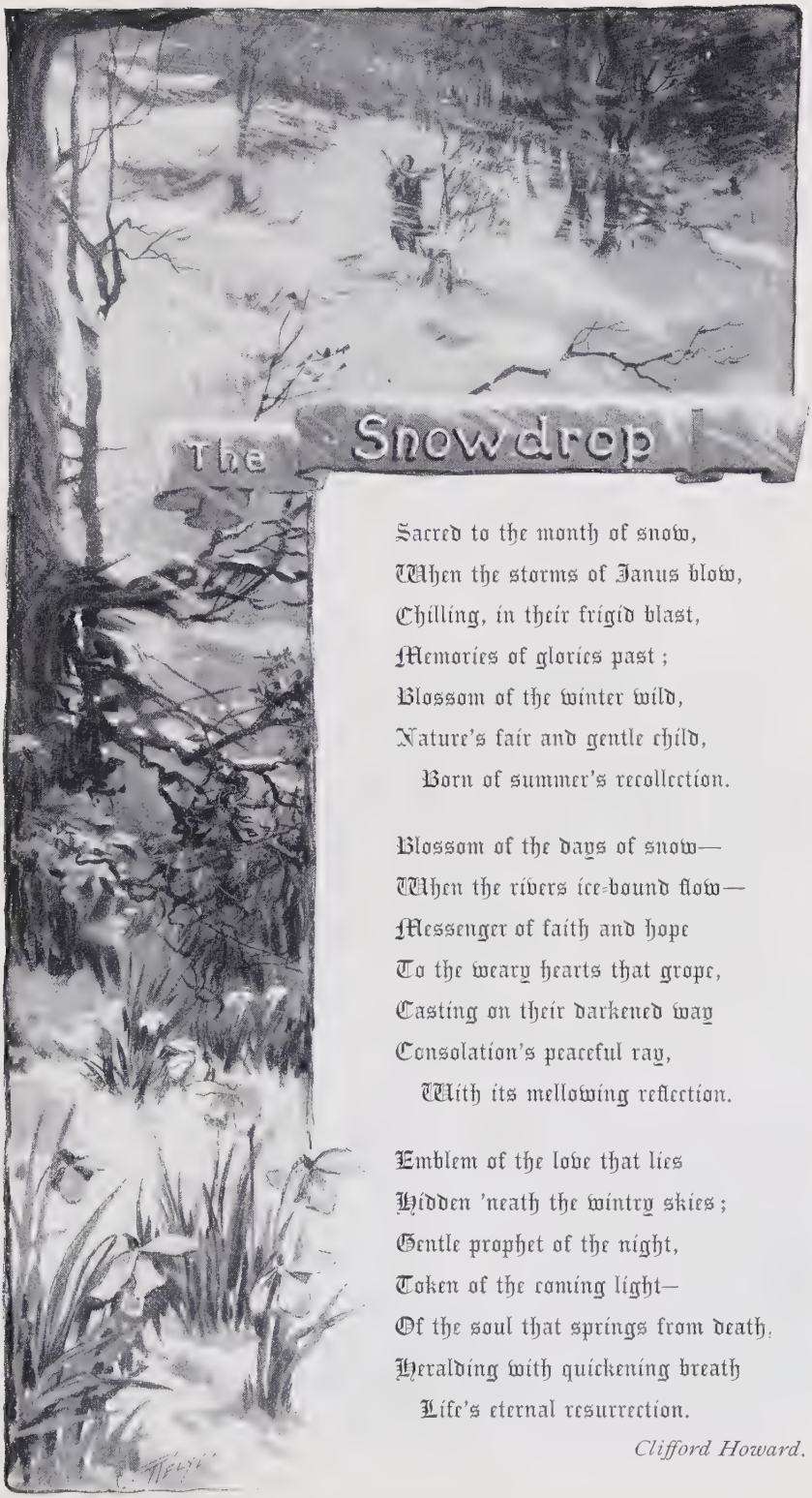
The greatest sorrow of John Churchill's life was the loss of his only son, who died of smallpox while a student at Cambridge. To save his name from extinction, Parliament passed a special act authorizing his daughter to succeed to the title and estates as Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. When she also died without a direct heir, they were settled upon her nephew, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, eldest son of Anne Churchill, Marlborough's second daughter. The third duke was a soldier, and served with some distinction in George II's wars with France, commanding a brigade in the battle of Dettingen, and dying of a fever caught in the field. His grandson, the fifth duke, was licensed to add the name and arms of his great ancestor to his own, making the family name Spencer-Churchill. The title descended in direct line to the seventh duke, who was prominent as a leader of the Conservative party, serving in Disraeli's cabinet, and as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The seventh duke's political talents were inherited by the younger of his two sons, Lord Randolph, whose brilliant parliamentary career was prematurely ended by his death a couple of years ago. In the judgment of those who knew him, the elder brother, who succeeded to his father's title as eighth duke, was an equally clever man; but he failed to do himself justice, and his career was not a distinguished nor even a creditable one. He was survived both by his second wife—originally Miss Lillian Price of Troy, later Mrs. Hammersley of New York, and now Lady William Beresford—and by his first, who obtained a divorce from him before he succeeded to the ducal title. Of her eldest son, the present duke, so much has been written since his marriage to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, that nothing more need be said here.

Richard H. Titherington.

Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, Ninth Duke of Marlborough.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.



The Snowdrop

Sacred to the month of snow,
When the storms of Janus blow,
Chilling, in their frigid blast,
Memories of glories past;
Blossom of the winter wild,
Nature's fair and gentle child,
Born of summer's recollection.

Blossom of the days of snow—
When the rivers ice-bound flow—
Messenger of faith and hope
To the weary hearts that grope,
Casting on their darkened way
Consolation's peaceful ray,
With its mellowing reflection.

Emblem of the love that lies
Hidden 'neath the wintry skies;
Gentle prophet of the night,
Token of the coming light—
Of the soul that springs from death,
Heralding with quickening breath
Life's eternal resurrection.

Clifford Howard.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BYRON.

Scenes of the famous poet's wanderings through the classic lands of Europe, and the deep influence their historic associations exerted upon his life and work.

NAPOLEON was at the summit of his wonderful career when a young Englishman of noble birth set out on an eastward pilgrimage. The Corsican had seized the crown worn by a hundred kings, and had become the center of Europe; yet in two short years, the young traveler was to transmute his experiences into a fame which rivaled that of the great conqueror.

From the very beginning, love played a great part in Byron's life. It was a disappointment which sent him out of England to find diversion in travel, and it was the charm of some face that held him in this or that spot until the spirit of the place, its teeming associations, could take possession of him and kindle his poetic imagination. His mind was, as he himself said, "wax to receive and marble to retain"; and as he wandered through the cities and plains of Greece and Italy, reminded at every step of their past glory, he was filled with beautiful images and interesting characters which reappeared in *Childe Harold*, *Lara*, *Conrad*, *Don Juan*, and the other picturesque heroes whom he gave to the world with such profuse prodigality.

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron.
From the portrait by Kramer.

With his devoted friend John Cam Hobhouse, and his servant Fletcher, Byron started away from England in search of adventures. The date was 1809, and the poet was twenty one years old. After a short visit to Lisbon and Gibraltar, they sailed for Greece, stopping at Malta for a few days. Short as their stay was, it was long enough to allow Byron to cultivate the acquaintance of the "sweet *Florence*" of "Childe Harold." It is an interesting fact that his first sight of Greece was a sunset view of Missolonghi, where his brilliant young life was to close fifteen years later. At the time of his first visit, the unhappy country seemed to be hopelessly crushed under the domination of the Turks. Her noble struggle for freedom did not come until nearly ten years later. No doubt Byron's eloquent description of the former glory of Hellas, contrasted with her mournful decadence, helped to inflame her people, and to arouse them to strike the blow that made her free.

The Acropolis at Athens.

"'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

Ali Pasha, the Turkish governor of Albania, received the young Englishman with great distinction. The large reception room in his palace at Yanina was paved with marble, and surrounded with scarlet ottomans. Fountains played in the center. Here the pasha paid Byron the compliment of receiving him standing, and then made the poet sit by his side, while he conversed with him in Latin. Throughout his stay in Albania, the governor treated him like a petted child. He told him that he knew he was of noble birth, because his ears and hands were small and his hair curled. A dozen times a day he sent him sweetmeats and sherbets.

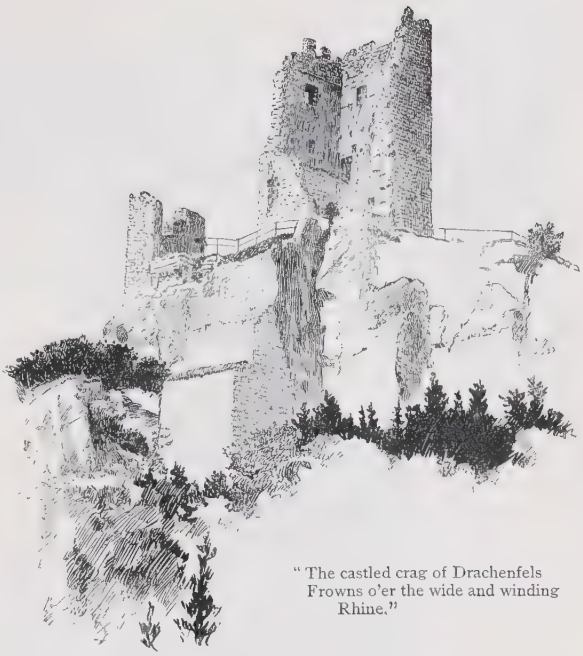
At the end of a week Byron, with a guard of fifty men, started for Athens, by way of Patras. He reached the Attic city about the middle of December, and took lodgings in the house of a Greek lady, Theodora Macri, the widow of a former British vice consul, whose name was originally McCree. This lady had three daughters who were known as "the Athenian Graces." Theresa, the eldest, was immortalized by Byron in his famous appeal to the "Maid of Athens."

No spot on earth appealed to Byron so strongly as the ruined capital of Theseus and Pericles. His first visit there lasted from December, 1809, to March, 1810, and he returned the following summer to take up his residence in the Franciscan convent, which was his headquarters for the next nine months. During this time he made numerous excursions through Attica and the Morea, but the charm and majesty of "Athena's tower" held complete sway over his mind and heart.

The ruins of Athens are comparatively few in number, but indescribably precious and interesting. First of all stands the Acropolis, which has defied war and weather for more than two thousand years. This stately pile takes us back to the most brilliant period of Attic history, when Pericles ruled Athens, and Aspasia ruled Pericles. The Acropolis, with its crowning glory, the noble Parthenon, towers above everything in the City of the Violet Crown. It dominates Athens, as Athens once dominated Greece. It was the most glorious temple of the ancient world, as it is the most beautiful ruin in the modern world. In the days of Athenian greatness, the Acropolis contained the richest cluster of architectural beauty on earth—beauty as compact as a bouquet of flowers. The presiding deity of the place was Pallas Athene, whose lofty image was worthy to crown the most perfect pile of

stone ever designed by the genius of man. It was a colossal statue of gold and ivory, forty feet high, and ranked with that of Jupiter as the master work of the great Phidias.

Standing at the summit of the Parthenon, it is easy to see how the poetical mind of Byron must have been impressed by its classic surroundings. On one side is the bay of Salamis, the scene of the Greeks' glorious victory over the fleet of Persia; on the other are the heights of Phylæ, seized by Thrasybulus before the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants. In another direction can be seen the prison of Socrates, the lantern of Diogenes, the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, on which Saint Paul preached, and the Cephissus, on whose banks stood Plato's Academy. Below the Acropolis are the Temple of Victory, erected in commemoration of the defeat of the Persians when they first invaded Greece, and the theater of Dionysus, in which Demosthenes delivered those masterpieces of eloquence against Philip of Macedon, which have placed him first among the orators of the world.



"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding
Rhine."

As Byron looked upon the scene before him, he must have recalled the Athens of Miltiades, of Themistocles, of Cimon, of Socrates, and have seen it pass under the yoke of Macedon, the power of Rome, and finally the tyranny of the Moslem. His fiery hatred of its wrongs made his muse more eloquent, and inspired some of his noblest lines.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."

The Acropolis has seen the vicissitudes of twenty five centuries of eventful history. Originally the nucleus and the citadel of prehistoric Athens, it was sacked by the Persians in the year of Salamis. Pericles restored its temples with trebled magnificence, and they stood for many years unharmed, though turned to strange uses. Athene's temple, the Parthenon, was alternately a Christian cathedral and a mosque. The Erechtheum became first a church and then the Turkish governor's harem. Finally the Turks made them a military depot, and from this came their ruin. Lightning struck the Propylæa, and exploded the powder stored there; a Turkish engineer attempted to put a bomb proof roof on the Erechtheum, and crushed the building; and the Parthenon was shattered

by another explosion when the Venetians bombarded the city in 1687.

At the time of Byron's visit, the unspeakable Turk had reduced the once polished capital to a handful of hovels, inhabited by a few thousand wretched people, who seemed lost to all the former glory of their country. Though "Sulla punished, Philip subdued, and Xerxes burned Athens," the spirit of her citizens had never been entirely destroyed until the Moslem fastened his fanatical hands upon the classic land. Its pitiable condition drew the following lines lines from Byron:

Here let me sit upon this mossy stone,
The marble columns' yet unshaken base.
Here, son of Saturn, was thy favorite throne,
Mightiest of many such! Here let me trace
The latest grandeur of thy dwelling place.

It may not be, nor e'en can fancy's eye
Restore what Time has labored to deface;
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh,
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

When the late Leland Stanford visited Greece, a few years before his death, it is said that he was so much impressed by these great columns that he wished to buy one as an ornament for his estate at Palo Alto. Knowing how poor the Greeks were, he thought they would be tempted to sell a block of old marble for forty thousand dollars. He was extremely surprised to find that no amount of money would tempt the Athenians to part with their precious treasures. Fickle as the winds, inconstant in all else, the Athenians prize the antiquities of their city with patriotic devotion. One of their greatest causes of hatred for the Turk was the fact that the Porte permitted the spoliation of the Acropolis by Lord Elgin. Some of the most indignant verses in "Childe Harold" were called forth by this outrage upon a defenseless people.

The Tomb of Cæcilia Metella.

"What was this tower of strength? Within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave."

Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand of soul?
Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were.

First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour?

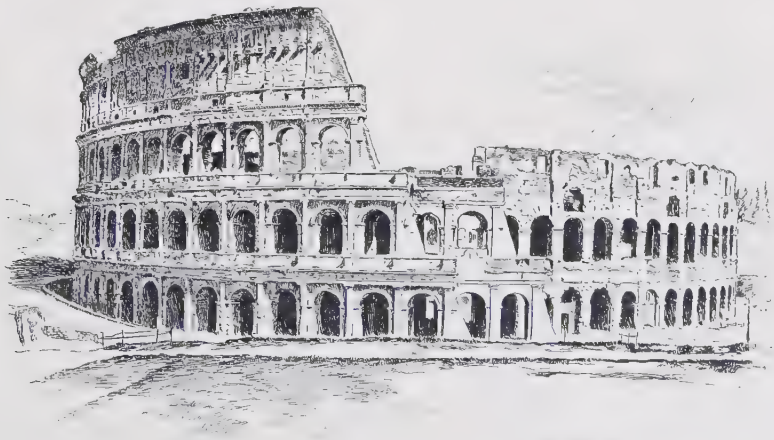
Son of the morning, rise, approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenseless urn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulcher!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.

It has been said of the temple of Theseus, in whose portico Pericles and Aspasia walked, that time seems to have swept over it with his wing and not his scythe. Of the hundred and fifty majestic pillars of the glorious fane of Olympian Zeus—each of them nearly sixty feet high—only sixteen remain, but the grandeur of the ruin inspired Byron to write:

" Leman lies 'neath
Chillon's walls."

Another spot that deeply stirred Byron was "gray Marathon," the narrow plain beside the Attic shore, where the Athenians earned the brightest laurels of all their history by their victory over the Persian army of Datis. It was the first landing on the soil of the Greek mainland of the barbarian horde that had successively overwhelmed the eastern outposts of Grecian civilization. Their numbers, to the small states of Hellas, must have seemed so vast as to make resistance almost hopeless. Not a city answered the Athenians' urgent appeals for aid against the common foe, save only the little town of Platæa in Bœotia. Mindful of former favors from Athens, the Platæans' full force, a thousand armed men, came running over the intervening hills and joined the Athenians at dawn on the day of the fight. Then, led by the brave Miltiades, the ten thousand Greek soldiers, chanting their battle song, charged upon the huge army—fifteen times their numbers—which had disembarked from the long line of triremes. The fate of Greece, and indeed the fate of civilization, was with that handful of heroes. There was a shock of meeting hosts, a fierce hand to hand struggle, and the Greek war cry became a shout of triumph, for the Persians broke and fled to their ships.

The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!



" While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

Missolonghi, the Scene of Byron's Death

poet was an hour and ten minutes in accomplishing it.

Byron reached Constantinople in May, and spent several weeks there. He said: "You might damn the climate, and complain of spleen five days out of seven." In Athens, he had found the weather "a perpetual spring. I never passed a day," he wrote, "during eight months, without being as many hours on horseback. Rain is extremely rare, snow never lies on the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable variety." Not all travelers, however, find the winter climate in Greece so pleasant.

One hundred and ninety two Athenians fell on that glorious field; more than six thousand Persians perished—the invader was repulsed, and Greece was saved.

On his way from Greece to Turkey, Byron performed the "notable exploit" of swimming from Sestos to Abydos, "in humble imitation," as he wrote to his mother, "of Leander, though I had no Hero to welcome me on the other side of the Hellespont." All his letters at this time mention the feat with evident pride. The distance is only a mile, but the strong current makes the passage difficult and dangerous, and the

Byron never went into raptures over "views." He scarcely mentions the approach to Constantinople through the Golden Horn, whose beauty has been said to be worth a year's travel to see. He did not agree with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that the mosque of St. Sophia excelled St. Paul's in London. He was filled with a sense of its associations, with the fact that all the Greek emperors from Justinian had been crowned there, and that several had

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

been murdered at its altar. But he declared that "it is not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a Cockney!)" It was always the human interest, the drama of life, which attracted the poet. He visited every spot in Constantinople where life went on—the palaces, the seraglios, the mosques, and the slave markets.

One day an English traveler saw him bargaining over a pipe in a bazaar. He describes the poet as wearing a scarlet coat richly embroidered with gold. His features were remarkably delicate, and with his brilliant dress would have given him an effeminate appearance, but for the manly expression in his fine blue eyes.

Byron's vanity was always uppermost. While in Constantinople he attended an audience of the Sultan, and made elaborate arrangements as to the place he desired to occupy in the train of the English ambassador.

At the end of two years Byron went back to England, where he remained until the separation from his wife alienated him from his country forever. When he first left home, his genius was unknown; but when he said farewell to England for the second time, he was probably the most famous man in the world, with the single exception of Napoleon—whose exile began a year earlier than Byron's. His was not the calm nature that may be tied to any one spot. He needed constant change, the sight of picturesque and historic spots. The course of his travels, as Tom Moore said, is best traced in his own matchless verses. The Rhine, with its vine clad slopes crowned by storied castles, roused all his love of scenic beauty, and suggested some of the finest and most familiar lines in the third canto of "Childe Harold." The majesty of the Alps moved him no less deeply. He took a villa on the southern side of the Lake of Geneva, crossing every evening to sit with his friends the Shelleys. It was during a voyage which the two poets took around the lake that he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon." Bad weather detained them in a little inn at Ouchy, and Byron amused himself by working upon the poem.

The Rialto.
"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

In the autumn he went to Italy, where he lived for seven years, and wrote "Manfred," "Beppo," part of "Childe Harold," "The Lament of Tasso," "Mazeppa," his dramas, and "Don Juan." It was in Venice that he began the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," with the line which every tourist has quoted ever since:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs.

It was his gift to call back the glories of a decadent city, to repeople the Doge's Palace and the Rialto with the picturesque

The Franciscan Convent, at Which Byron Lived in Athens.

spent only two weeks in Rome, merely passed through Florence, and did not visit Naples at all. No man who really loved art would thus have divided his time in its mother land. The works of art that appealed to him did so entirely through their human associations. "The Dying Gladiator," the "Apollo Belvidere," the "Laocoon," St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, the Coliseum, the tomb of Cæcilia Metella—these inspired him.

Ever and always he was under the dominating influence of some beautiful living woman, to whom the beauties of the dead world were secondary. Years at Ravenna, months at Venice and Pisa, weeks at Leghorn, were all given to

figures with whom we associate them—Antonio, Shylock, Jessica, Portia, Desdemona and the Moor, Faliero and the Council of Ten.

During all his seven years in Italy Byron

St. Peter's, the Tiber, and the Castle of St. Angelo.

"O Rome, my country, city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires!"

such dallying. The last years of his life passed in this way until the Greek revolution roused him to a noble exertion for the land which had first won his love and inspired his genius. He told Lady Blessington, at Genoa, a few days before sailing for Greece, that he had a presentiment that he would die there, and he hoped it might be in battle. A soldier's death was denied him. His strange inaction after he arrived in Greece—lingering in Cephalonia, when he might have shared the glory of Marco Bozzaris, and at Missolonghi when he should have been leading his brave Suliotes at the storming of the castle of Lepanto—has never been fully explained. Nevertheless,

O'er the grave of Childe Harold Greek maidens shall weep,
His name shall go down to the latest of time,
Fame tell how he fought for earth's loveliest clime,
And mercy blot out all the rest.

Eugene L. Didier.

THREE SONGS OF LOVE.

Sing no sad song of bygone days
Now veiled in memory's tearful haze ;
I would forget the hopes and fears
That filled with pain the former years ;
Those flowers are dead, those suns have set,
Those joys have changed to vague regret,
The love I crave along life's way
Is not the love of yesterday.

Sing no blithe song of time and tide
That in some heavenly sphere abide ;
Paint no fair scene of coming bliss
In tender look, hand clasp, and kiss ;
Those words sound vain in ears like mine ;
Suns may not rise, stars fail to shine,
Birds may not sing in boughs above—
Oh, sing not of tomorrow's love.

Sing me a song, a happy song,
Full voiced, with cadence rich and strong;
Gather no notes from olden themes,
Nor from the mystic land of dreams ;
But sing in ringing rune and rhyme
The rapture of the present time.
Go, past and future—sing, I pray,
Of love that lives and loves today.

Clarence Urmy.

EMERSON OF ROLLING FORK.

I.

THE election of county officers was over in the little town of Rolling Fork. Whisky had flowed as freely as was usual on such occasions, yet to one who knew the people there was a perceptible difference between this and the elections of previous years.

The center of interest on this occasion seemed to be a dry goods box on the sidewalk in front of Garrison's store. Upon this rude throne was seated a man, a commonplace looking individual enough, clad in blue shirt, and breeches of "butternut jeans" thrust into high boots. His features were not remarkable, if we except the under jaw, which was firmly, somewhat heavily modeled; a pair of singularly bright brown eyes and a set of white teeth, which gave his face a winning, almost child-like expression when he smiled.

"Wal, I'm glad yuh got thur, Cal!" cried a noisy admirer, clapping the occupant of the box heartily on the back. "Whut *we* want's a sheriff ez *is* a sheriff."

Cal accepted the congratulation with a pleasant smile, the smile that made him such a favorite with children.

"Yaas," drawled a tall, gaunt bystander, Fleming by name, "we've got a jedge now 't ain't afraid tuh do his duty, 'n' a sheriff 'et's thur every time. Ef th' juries don' scare out, we'll git th' county in order by nex' 'lection."

"Yuh want a good man fur jailer, Em'son," remarked a third, addressing the new sheriff. "Ten tuh one thur'll be more'r less trouble when them three men yuh got now comes up for trial. Th' Donaldson boys been sayin' they're tiahred a-waitin' fur a jury 'et'll hang Jake Pusey. An' the two Beckers—some uh th' folks down long th' crick'll do wuss'n steal hosses. I reckon them two's about th' flower uh th' flock."

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed the first speaker, who evidently posed as a humorist, "Ike Donaldson ain't th' fus' man 'et's hed his father shot—but thur's no denyin' them was good animiles th' Becker boys tuk!"

The crowd laughed appreciatively.

Cal Emerson swung himself down from his box, gave his suspenders a hitch and prepared for speech, which usually came hard with him.

"I reckon Fleming's ez good a man ez yuh'd fin' fur jailer," he said slowly, "'n ez fur me—I'll do th' best I kin."

With which declaration, he swung himself around on his heel and walked off down the main street toward the jail, which was built on the outskirts of the town. Fleming accompanied him.

Rolling Fork was the court house town of one of those counties of Missouri which had been the scene of numerous border tragedies during the fifteen or eighteen years following the war. Juries afraid to convict, judges afraid to administer the law, sheriffs and under officials afraid to execute it—had been the rule. At last the respectable portion of the community had determined to make a firm stand for law and order, regardless of politics, and had elected a set of county officers of whom great things were expected.

The name on the ticket which was most discussed was that of Calvin Emerson. His years numbered perhaps thirty five. The ten immediately preceding his début into public life had been spent on the frontier. Somewhat ugly rumors of his doings in that locality had followed him back to Rolling Fork; hints of rude scenes in which human lives had been lost, and in which the doughty sheriff had participated. However, under the circumstances the man's history was no drawback—rather a recommendation than otherwise.

Whatever his record, sheriff he was and determined as such to do his duty.

Within a few days after the election, Fleming was ensconced with his wife and household goods in the little frame "lean to" attached to the jail, the established residence of the jailer, an arrangement common enough in the Southwest. Emerson had seen him settled, given him his instructions (the jail was under the sheriff's supervision), and was now ready to undertake another function of his position—the collection of the county taxes. The circuit court convened in two weeks, and he wished to accomplish as much as possible before that date.

Accordingly, he started out one fine

morning, mounted on a spirited little black horse, to perform this somewhat thankless task.

A little before sunset he stopped at the horse trough in front of Martin Shelby's house. Shelby was a substantial farmer and the chief supporter of the sheriff in the recent election. Consequently, Emerson no sooner drew rein than he was greeted with a hearty—

"Howdy, Cal, howdy! Won't yuh 'light an' hitch?"

Shelby came out from the shadow of the porch and advanced toward the gate—a large, fair, freckled man, with a habit of breathing audibly.

The two men shook hands warmly.

"Wal, I dunno," the sheriff said in response to the invitation. He came into the yard, however, and was soon comfortably seated on the shady porch, enjoying a Missourian's ideal of comfort—a splint bottomed chair in the shade, heels elevated at an angle of forty five, a plug of tobacco in his pocket and a corncob pipe between his teeth. The possible presence of a demijohn is by this chronicler omitted.

A cheerful sound of chicken frying in the kitchen and a whiff of fragrant coffee may have contributed to the sheriff's peaceful state of mind—a peace all too soon to be broken, alas! for just at this moment *she* appeared in the vine wreathed doorway.

He did not apostrophize her mentally as Spring, or Morning, or Youth, or Hope, or Purity, because he was not accustomed to conceal his ideas under poetical figures, but there was a vague impression in his mind, as she stood there with the pale green vines drooping about her, that she was in some way different from all the women he had known—a kind of glorified essence of womanhood, though he didn't put it in that way either.

In reality, she was just Mildred Shelby, a niece of his host, from the East, spending the summer in Missouri; a sweet, rather pale, studious girl of nineteen or twenty.

The sheriff had seen a hundred prettier girls, but—and this is important—he didn't know it. He thought she was the loveliest vision that ever dawned on mortal sight. He liked her dress, too—some kind of blue stuff, with something white and soft at the open neck and wrists; and it looked loose and comfortable, not strained and tight, like most girls' dresses. So he mused as he rode home by moonlight.

Mildred was interested in him, too, because, in the first place, the Southwest was new to her, and she was fond of discovering "characters"—"types," we should say now—and secondly, this particular individual was reputed to be of quite the Bret Harte order of bad man: gambler and worse, but brave and perfectly trustworthy.

She tried at supper to draw him out about his adventures in the far West, but in vain. The sheriff would not talk of his past life, perhaps with good cause. The real reason of his reticence was, however, that he did not consider himself good enough to address so pure a being.

So he lingered there as long as he could in decency, gazing with shy admiration at Mildred's somewhat pale face when her eyes were cast down, making blundering answers to her calmly put questions, and actually thrilling with delight when she smiled an acceptance of a dried scalp—a souvenir of the Custer fight—which he had the temerity to offer to send her.

Altogether that was an evening to be remembered—by him as a blessed lifting into a purer, spiritual atmosphere; by her, in after years, with a strange stirring of a nameless emotion, though at the time she had smiled amusedly at the shy awkwardness of the man, and the dawning worship in his eyes.

II.

"If we can only get to the jail before the storm comes!"

The speaker, a black eyed girl of eighteen, gave a quick glance at the small, brick structure, rising on the other side of the flat not more than a quarter of a mile away, then bent her head and hastened on toward the desired haven.

A thick blackness was sweeping rapidly up from the southwest, the brick red, ominous wind clouds well in advance. The air was deathly still, save for an occasional breath from the approaching storm which raised a swirl of dust in the chalky road. There was a faint rumble of thunder in the distance. The crickets had ceased their chirping.

"If we can only get to the jail before the storm breaks!" the girl repeated anxiously.

Her companion, a girl somewhat older than herself, followed the direction of her gaze.

"It isn't a cyclone, is it, Josie?" she asked, fearfully scrutinizing the rolling clouds.

"Thank Heaven, no!" responded Josie fervently. "At least, I reckon not. Any way, there's no funnel shaped cloud in sight. They say that's the sign of a cyclone.

There's a good deal of wind in those red clouds, though. Let's make for the big hickory and rest there a minute. I'm clear out of breath."

A moment more and they were standing beneath the branches of the gnarled old tree.

A fierce gust of wind—then a pause, the sudden quiet that precedes a thunder storm. The branch babbled on at their feet, distinctly audible in the brooding silence. Above their heads a bird hopped from one bough to another, startling them by the slight rustling it made among the leaves. A cricket began to chirp shrilly in the grass beside them, then ceased abruptly.

The trees bent their heads and whispered. The low bushes shivered with dread of the coming storm. An ugly water moccasin which had been sunning itself on a stone near them, slipped into the clear water and sought shelter somewhere under the overhanging bank.

Another gust! The old trees sighed and swayed and yielded. A shriek of the wind and the storm broke above them. In an instant the air was full of flying leaves, twigs, and dust.

The two girls dashed out into the midst of the wild whirl, straining every muscle to reach the jail, the nearest shelter. They could not see it now. It was barely five o'clock, but almost the blackness of midnight prevailed.

Something passed them in the rushing wind—a horseman flying toward the little town which lay beyond the jail. They had not heard the horse's tread in the roaring of the wind in the trees.

"Who was it, Josie?" panted Mildred, without relaxing her pace.

"Cal Emerson," replied the other, in the same tone—"the sheriff."

Mildred pressed on, wondering if it was only the greenish glare of the lightning that made the sheriff's face so ghastly.

Her thoughts flew back to the evening at her uncle's when she had first seen Emerson. Her aunt had discovered him approaching, and called her to the window, and Mildred, woman-like, had peeped between the curtains once or twice, full of curiosity about the much discussed new sheriff.

Seated there in the shady porch, pipe in hand, his glance resting idly on one of her small cousins who had captured the guest's pistol and was taking squinting aim at a blue jay on the fence, Emerson's face had worn an expression of easy good humor. Later, at supper, when he would so far forget the constraint of her presence as to smile for a moment at some remark of Shelby's, there was an almost child-like candor and open heartedness upon his countenance.

Now his features were locked into a cold rigidity, and his eyes—well, if a man has ever looked at you along the barrel of a loaded Winchester, you know the gleam in the sheriff's eyes.

With some such thoughts turning in her brain, and a growing sense of dread, foreboding—she scarcely knew what—oppressing her, she hastened on. She half wished Emerson had seen them and stopped—not that there was any danger which he could avert, but in some way his presence brought something of confidence, a vague feeling of protection.

At last the jail! A patch of red lamp light as the door of the "lean to" was thrown open and the two girls stumbled across the threshold. Half way across the flat the first heavy shower had caught them, and their light summer dresses were now thoroughly drenched.

"Oh, Mrs. Fleming!" cried Josie, dropping into a chair. "We're just worn out! The storm caught us on the other side of the branch at the big hickory, and we've run every step of the way, and Mildred—oh, this is Miss Shelby, Mr. Shelby's niece from Philadelphia, Mrs. Fleming."

The jailer's wife, a buxom, good looking woman of forty, acknowledged the introduction with a smile, a murmur of welcome, and a vigorous shake of the hand.

"I'm afraid Mildred won't have a very good opinion of Rolling Fork," Josie continued. "She came into town yesterday to spend a week with me, and yesterday it was so hot we almost melted, and today this storm came up——"

"Well, I declaiah!" interpolated Mrs. Fleming, cordially placing chairs for her guests beside the kitchen stove. "Ef yuh ain't ez wet ez sop! Jes' put yuh feet up on th' he'rth in th' hot ashes! Thet'll dry 'em out."

She stopped and opened the oven door, letting out an odor of hot corn bread.

"Yuh might ez well mek up yuh min's tuh stay tuh suppuh," she went on, clinking the dishes as she began to set the table. "This hyuh storm ain't going to let up soon."

She paused in one of her trips from the pantry to the table to listen to the wind, then turned to them with shining eyes—good, hospitable soul. Guests were rare at the jail.

"We might have declined if you hadn't

given us a whiff of your corn bread, Mrs. Fleming," said Josie, laughing.

"Shuh," replied the hostess modestly. "'F I'd a' known yuh was comin', yuh *might* a' hed sompin fit tuh eat, but sech ez 'tis——"

She made an inviting gesture, and they sat down around the table, Mildred enjoying the scene intensely—the homely little room, with its elegance in the way of china vases and tidies; enjoying, too, the sense of being snugly housed from the storm howling without.

The wind pushed, pushed, with a strange, almost sentient insistence, against the frail walls of the little dwelling. It was as though some storm giant had laid his huge shoulder to it with the savage intention of demolishing it. You could almost hear his rough garments rustle, as he diminished the pressure, then bent his fierce head for another trial.

Something of all this Mildred thought, as she sat gazing unseeing above her hostess' head. It was mingled in her consciousness with dim perceptions of the objects that immediately surrounded her — the hair wreath on the opposite wall, an oval frame containing Washington in the bosom of his family.

And yet, through the commonplaceness of the scene and the conversation, Mildred's nerves thrilled with a sense of something tragic, ominous. She started when a door communicating with the jail opened, letting in a breath of cooler air from the interior of the brick building.

It was, however, only Fleming who entered, bearing a basket containing the prisoners' dishes. Josie greeted him pleasantly—every one knew every one else in Rolling Fork in those days—and his wife introduced Mildred.

"Who is there in jail now, Mr. Fleming?" asked Josie, with the laudable desire of making conversation, as their host seated himself at the table.

"Thur's Jake Pusey—he's th' main one jes' now," Fleming was beginning, when Mildred interrupted.

"What! That man who murdered old Mr. Donaldson?" she asked, shuddering.

"Yaas, miss," replied Fleming. "He was tried agin this circ'it court—yistiddy, in fac'—but his lawyers got 'im a new trial. They jes' tryin' tuh gain time. They'll 'quit 'im in th' end, but this hyahr jury's mos' afraid tuh do it, I reckon. They *do* say 't mebbe thur'll be trouble, but I dunno—— Thur ain't been a lynchin' fur three 'r foahr yeahrs now. Ole man Donaldson's boys was in town th' day uh th' trial; said they was tiahred a-waitin', er some sech stuff. I don't tek much stock in 'em myse'f. 'F they 'd a' hed much grit, Jake Pusey'd nev' been put in jail 't all. They'd a' jes' settled it among 'emselves."

He paused and took a mouthful of biscuit, while the girls gazed at him in horror.

"Law, Jem," remarked his wife placidly, apportioning the pie with mathematical precision, "yuh hedn't oughtuh say that. Jes' look at th' trouble thet's come f'om th' Slickers's feud. Why, them Slickers 'n' th' Rays togethuh's lost 'z many's thirty men in th' las' ten yeahs, I reckon, 'n' thet all stahted 'th jes' one murder."

"Thet's so," Fleming assented. "Thur *is* danguhr 'f stahrtin' a feud. Yaas, that's a fac'. Down in Tennessee, whur her folks come f'um "—indicating his wife—"they're great fur feuds. I dunno but yuh los' three 'r foahr cousins yuhrse'f?"

This inquiringly.

His wife nodded.

"Two cousins 'n' m' uncle," she amended. "Bĕgun 'th hawg stealin'."

A sudden noise at the door interrupted the conversation at this point—a sound like a heavy body falling against it, a frightened dog, perhaps, seeking shelter from the wild weather without.

The three women started. Fleming softly pushed back his chair and stood listening.

Again! A heavy hand swept across the panel now, and a hoarse voice seemed to be muttering excitedly an entreaty for admission.

Fleming slowly crossed the room and drew the bolt, to let in a wild, half clad figure, panting with exhaustion and superstitious terror of the night and the storm—an intensely black negro, whose ill smelling rags dripped audibly in the silence that followed his entrance; Gabe, a poor, half witted fellow who "did chores" about the livery stable.

"Fo' Gawd, Mist' Fleming, yuh bettah git rady!" he gasped, his yellow eyeballs almost starting from their sockets. "Donaldson boys was in town dis eb'nin' 'n' Ike he declah Jake Pusey's gottuh swing *dis night!*"

Gabe paused and dropped limply against the wall, his head drooping, his collapsed chest laboring for breath.

"Oh, come, Gabe! How much uh thet 'd yuh dream?" asked Fleming incredulously, by way of reassuring the trembling women.

"Ain't dream none uv it! Ain't dream none uv it!" vociferated the negro.

Then he explained hurriedly that from the loft where he slept over the livery stable, he had heard enough of a muttered conversation between Ike Donaldson and one of his followers to be assured that an attack was to be made on the jail that night. The two men had entered the stable from a rear door opening on an alley, and had remained for some time, thus keeping the negro a prisoner in the loft. As soon as the men had departed, he had gone in roundabout ways in search of the sheriff, whom he had not succeeded in finding. He had feared to approach the jail as long as daylight lasted lest he might arouse the suspicions of the attacking party, and so had lingered in the woods skirting the town till night closed in.

"Dey's a whole passel uh men comin' up de ribber road, Ike Donaldson wid 'um. I dun slip down troo de ole railroad cut 'r I wouldn't uh got hyuh 't all. Dey's men scat'd all 'round troo de wood's, 'n' I reckon dey done sot gyahds on all de roads by dis time."

Fleming's face grew grave.

"So Emerson's not in town!" he soliloquized. "D'yuh know whur he's likely tuh be, Gabe?"

"Dunno, suh. Done saddle 'is hawse f'im dis mawnin'. Gimme quahtah 'n' rid off."

"Oh, *I* know where he is!" cried Josie, with a sudden flash of recollection. "At least, he can't be far away. And I just bet he knows something's up! Don't you remember how excited he looked, Mildred?" And she poured out the story of their brief encounter in the storm an hour before.

"Good Gawd! Why ain't he hyahr?" groaned the jailer, pacing excitedly back and forth. "They'll head 'im off shore 'f he tries tuh git hyahr now."

"I kin fin' 'im, suh," the negro interrupted eagerly. "I kin fin' 'im, 'n' yuh kin trus' Mist' Em'son tuh git hyah. He's tuh fond uh shootin' tuh miss a scrap!"

He rolled his head and chuckled at some memory of his hero's prowess, then slunk out into the darkness and rapidly falling rain.

"Yaas, he'll come," muttered Fleming to himself. "Cal Emerson's al'ays thur 'r thurabouts," he continued, with rapidly clearing brow. "An' it's mos' gin'rally *thur!*" he concluded, with a brief laugh.

III.

HALF an hour later found the lower story of the jail pretty well barricaded. It contained two doors, one leading into the "lean to," the other opening upon the road to town. The whole ground floor consisted of but one large room, with the exception of a narrow passage in which was the staircase. This was partitioned off at one end.

Both the doors were guarded with stout iron bars. In addition, all the heavy furniture in the house had been piled against the main entrance. Two or three guns and as many pistols lay ready loaded on a table.

Mrs. Fleming was bustling about, distributing ammunition as nonchalantly as though engaged in the most ordinary household task. Josie paced up and down, with heightened color and flashing eyes. Mildred sat, or rather lay, pale and quiet, in a rude armchair.

It had been found impossible to send the girls home. An attempted sortie had been met with a stern——

"Halt! No one to leave the jail tonight!" issuing from the darkness.

A death-like silence reigned. Not a sound came from the cells up stairs. The prisoners were waiting in sullen silence—for what, they only knew too well.

There had been rumors of trouble in the air for days, but Fleming, used to such talk, had disregarded them. His wards, more vitally interested, had not treated them so lightly. Their lives of late had passed in a state of terrible expectancy.

Half an hour dragged by. Still no sign of the mob's approach. Such attacks were not usually made before midnight, but as the storm favored an expedition of this nature, the unwelcome visitors might be expected sooner.

At last! A slight rattling at the door; some one trying the fastenings cautiously.

Fleming stalked across the floor and raised the heavy bar, the women waiting in horrified silence. It was Emerson who stepped into the room.

His blue shirt, drenched by the rain, clung close to his broad chest and the fine curves of his back. As he clapped the door to behind him and looked around the room with a smile which revealed his white teeth —erect, alert, agile—his strong, brown face alight with determination and courage, he might have served as model for some contestant in the Olympian games. In the imperfect light he looked ten years less than his real age. Deadly peril is a fountain of youth to such men.

"Wall, old man, I'm hyahr," he remarked cheerfully to Fleming.

Then an unexpected sight met his eyes—a slight girl in a blue gown approaching

him, shining eyes and parted lips smiling an eager welcome. Hope had awakened in her heart at the first sound of the sheriff's manly, confident voice. All the danger was past, now that *he* had come. He would save them.

"In the name of——"

Emerson almost staggered with surprise.

"How'd *yuh* git hyahr?" he asked finally.

"Storm druv 'um in," explained Fleming laconically.

Mildred had turned away and thrown herself into a chair with a groan. She had looked upon him as her deliverer, but the consternation, the swift fear for her, which had leaped into his eyes as they alighted upon her face, were unmistakable.

"An' how'd *yuh* git in? Thet's th' question!" she heard Mrs. Fleming break in. "They've set gyahds all 'round, ain't they?"

"Yaas," replied the sheriff, recovering himself with an effort. "Gabe brought me 'round by th' cut, 'n' I came up through the floor of the lean to. Yuh better 'tend tuh thet loose board."

The jailer and his wife left the room to do so. Josie accompanied them. Action of any kind would relieve this dread monotony of waiting.

The place was very quiet. Mildred had returned to her chair, placed as far as possible from each door.

Emerson stood near the table, narrowly examining the trigger of one of his pistols. From time to time he glanced at his solitary companion. Once or twice she shivered, as with a sudden realization of her danger, but made no other sign.

"Yuh ain't got a piece uh soft cloth uh any kind about yuh, have yuh, miss?" he said finally, blowing some invisible particle of dust from the shining barrel of a six shooter.

He spoke merely to distract the girl's attention from her own position, she seemed in such a paralysis of dread. She looked up, her gaze vague as that of a sleep walker. Trembling, she handed him a little embroidered handkerchief.

"It's too good, miss. I might spoil it," he demurred.

"Oh, no!" she murmured faintly. "It doesn't matter."

He took the handkerchief in his large hand almost reverently. After dusting the hammer of a gun with it, he placed it, apparently in a fit of abstraction, in the breast pocket of his blue flannel shirt.

Mildred sat still, impassive and pale, in the arm chair.

Emerson cleared his throat uneasily and glanced toward her. Her eyes were closed. She was evidently waiting in strained suspense for the attack. "I don't want tuh scare yuh, miss," he began at last, "but it's jest ez well tuh tell yuh what tuh do 'n case anythin' happens."

He coughed apologetically behind his hand.

"Course, mebbe th' boys won' come, but I sorter think they will," he continued. "Now, when they come in—at thet door mos' likely"—indicating the main entrance—"they'll mek fur them stairs, fur, of course, what they're after's th' prisoners. Fleming 'n' me'll be at th' door when they come, an', 'f they git in" (that "if" was a gentle prevarication) "we'll mek our nex' stand at th' foot uh th' stairs, so 'f yuh stand over hyahr yuh'll be pretty safe. *We'll* draw th' fire natchally—Fleming 'n' me, I mean. An' I'd sed down on th' floor, ef I's you. Fleming an' me—we'll be shootin' yuh way, yuh see—we'll aim high. Thur won' be much danger. Th' men wouldn't hurt yuh a-purpose—unless some uv'm happen tuh be drunk," he added under his breath.

Mildred nodded dumbly, in token that she was listening.

"'N case any uv'm *do* trouble yuh, use this on'm."

He produced a little ivory handled pistol; just the thing for a lady, as he fondly thought.

Mildred shuddered.

"Oh, I couldn't! I *couldn't!* I'd rather die than—hurt—any one!" she gasped, pushing it aside.

"Now, I reckon thet's so!" he ejaculated admiringly. "I reckon it'd all upset yuh tuh shoot anybody. Thet jes' shows th' diffunce in folks."

He continued to ruminate upon this topic until Fleming and his wife and Josie returned.

"Where'd we better put th' women, Emerson?" asked the jailer abruptly.

"Over thar, *I* say," replied the sheriff, indicating the end of the room farthest from the stairs. "Th' fight'll be *hyahr*."

He planted his cowhide boot on the bottom stair step.

"*I'd* say, put'm in th' lean to, but th' boys *might* set it a-fire," said Fleming. "I reckon yuhr way's th' bes'."

Mrs. Fleming arranged the two girls in a corner, as the men directed, and deposited her own ample proportions beside them. Emerson and Fleming set up a barricade, consisting of a bureau and some bags of meal, in front of them.

There was an interval of silence so profound that they could hear Emerson's watch tick. He was standing close beside the door, his ear to the crack.

"They're a comin'," he remarked laconically.

He placed his rifle in a loophole beside the door.

"Will *yuh* parley with 'm 'r sh'll I?" he asked, turning to Fleming.

"*Yuh* better, I reckon," was the reply. "I couldn't mek 'm hyahr."

"All right! Stop, though! *Yuh* better go, 'cause they'll mek th' rush soon's yuh tell 'm they kain't hev th' keys. I'm stronger'n yuh; I better be reception committee."

He chuckled at his own witticism.

Fleming climbed the stairs to the grated window of an empty cell on the second floor.

As he opened the heavy door at the head of the stairway the prisoners' voices could be heard—hoarse cries, mingled with imprecations, prayers, sobbing.

The footfalls of the approaching mob had aroused the poor wretches to the keenest sense of their danger.

"Fur God's sake, give us guns, Fleming! Don' leave us hyahr to be shot like dawgs!" cried one.

"Shot!" growled another voice. "Thur's no sech luck. Hangin's what *we'll* git, 'f they don' burn th' jail 'n' roast us 'live."

It was the murderer who spoke. He ended with a defiant laugh.

Another prayed—ceaselessly, monotonously—crouched in a corner of his cell, his eyes fixed in an unseeing glare on the door through which his fate would shortly enter. He was a negro awaiting trial for larceny.

In the corner cell, away from the entrance, was confined a mere boy; slight, fair haired, blue eyed. At intervals he threw his weight against the door, beating desperately upon the strong bars.

The other two prisoners, the horse thieves, preserved a grim silence. To all five—listening, waiting—was borne the low murmur of voices, as the mob, that grim avenger, drew nearer and nearer. In dead silence, the concourse halted in front of the jail building.

The mob! In that word lay the element of terror. Any one of the prisoners would have taken his chances, calmly at least, with almost any jury chosen from its ranks, unsupported by the rest, and would have stood some reasonable chance of meeting with justice; but to appeal to this mass of humanity, hardly human, with its thirst for blood aroused!

A mob has neither justice, which is a masculine attribute, nor pity, which is feminine. It is neuter; an awful monster, a Thing.

IV.

FLEMING, at an upper window, faced this monster, his gaunt figure and almost deathlike face thrown into strong relief by a sudden glare of lightning. That flash was almost the last farewell rocket of the departing storm. The thunder which followed sullenly rolled itself out of hearing among the hills over the river. The fresh night wind awoke and parted the thin clouds high in the heavens, revealing the silvery moon, drifting across the bare, blue space, like some great white flower, wafted perhaps from the Elysian fields. A few stars sparkled in her wake, diamonds dropped by the celestial queen, or, let us say, dew drops shaken from that pure, floating blossom.

The muddy flat, the somewhat rugged hills that bounded it, even the rough brick walls of the jail, took on a certain weird, poetic charm in the streaming, white light. Only the human element showed, an ugly blot, on the gleaming, white road.

Three hundred men, perhaps—there were others scattered through the town to arrest any unwary citizen who should appear in the streets—three hundred men of whom twenty, it might be, realized the magnitude of the offense they were about to commit. Of the irresponsible majority, some were urged on by personal feelings—revenge, spite, and a hundred even smaller vices—while many joined the mob as much to see "what was goin' on" as for any deeper reason. Whatever the motive, there they were, a swarm of dark figures, some on horseback, some afoot, halted determinedly in the road in front of the jail.

All were masked in some haphazard fashion, one drunken maniac coquetting with a lady's black lace veil, which depended from his dilapidated hat, seeking to win fame among his companions by the nonchalance of his behavior on so momentous an occasion. As he became somewhat boisterous, a neighbor struck him a powerful blow on the shoulder, causing him to reel in his saddle.

"Keep still, kain't yuh?" muttered this rough disciplinarian. "Don't yuh hyahr th' cap'n talkin'?"

The joker subsided, partially sobered by the blow.

A horse in the van of the crowd sprang forward with a snort, at the prick of his

master's spur, and took up a position a few yards in advance of the packed mass of humanity in the road. They stood out, horse and rider, a clear silhouette in the moonlight.

Fleming scrutinized them sharply from his post of observation. A look of recognition came into his black eyes, an expression of relief also. Mystery is always terrible. There is a certain melancholy satisfaction in positively knowing even the name of one's executioner. Then his eyes wandered over the crowd with a kind of impersonal curiosity born of despair.

"Jailer!" came the summons from "the cap'n," the man whom he had identified.

Fleming brought his gaze to a focus again upon the figure of the leader. No, there was no mistake. No mask could disguise that huge bulk and harsh voice.

"Ike Donaldson, thet's a fac'," he said to himself in the triumphant tone of one who has had a pet theory confirmed.

Then aloud—

"What's wanted?"

"Deliver the keys uh th' jail."

A confirmatory murmur from the mob.

"Throw the keys down 'r bring 'um, 'n' yuh won' be tetched. Refuse, 'n' we'll hev 'um anyhow."

There was a pause. Then—

"Who is it yuh want?" asked Fleming apathetically.

"Jake Pusey," replied the stern voice of the leader. He spoke with the authority and solemnity of a judge.

"The whole damn lot. Let's mek a clean sweep!" cried another, the jester before mentioned, hoarse with drink and thirst of blood.

A minority of the crowd echoed this cry with a wild yell, sudden and sharp, dead silence ensuing.

Fleming spoke.

"It's no go," he said simply, and turning, left the grating.

Courage of an exalted order. And yet the only spoken commendation came from the lips of Jake Pusey, leaning with seeming carelessness against his cell door. He said,

"Bully for yuh, Fleming!"

* * * *

The four watchers in the lower story of the jail heard Fleming descending the creaking stairs.

"'Tain't no common mob, Cal," he remarked to the sheriff in an undertone. "Thur's five hundred uv'm 'f thur's one, 'n' half uv'm full uh whisky. The Lawd knows I ain't no coward, but it's no use lettin' 'um kill ten people 'stid uh five."

The sheriff laid his ear against the door. The mob was planning an attack in comparative quiet. He raised his head and saw Mildred coming toward him, her face white, her eyes shining with excitement. A sudden anguish seized the man. Surrender would mean safety for this girl, who had wrought upon his feelings so strongly—resistance, probable death to her, certain death to him. As for three of the five wretches above stairs, they deserved death.

Her voice roused him.

"Have they come?" she asked, in sharp, strained tones.

For some time she had been but half conscious of her surroundings.

"Yes," he said simply.

Then, seizing the girl's arm, he went on, almost roughly,

"Look hyar——"

He paused, his eyes blazing with a terrible excitement, and swept the great drops of perspiration from his brow with a shaking hand. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Then it seemed to him that something cracked in the center of his brain, the blood rushed back to his heart, and he went on—his utterance thick, his tongue almost refusing to form the words that so belied his nature.

"Ef Fleming gives up the keys—we're—all right. He'll do it—'f I say so—'n' let them five up stairs—tek thur chances. Ef he don'—give'm th' keys—it's death tuh all uv us. Now—th' question is—what sh'll—I do?"

He awaited her answer. There was a red mist before his eyes. His head seemed bursting.

"Oh, I—I—" she gasped in a weak, terror stricken voice.

A vision of the unseen mob came into her whirling brain.

"Oh, yes! yes!" she cried incoherently, "Give them to them and save us."

There was another pause.

"Save yourself," she urged; "you will be killed."

Then his rigid muscles relaxed. His features regained something of their usual expression of careless good nature. He hitched up his trousers in quite his every day manner, and laughed quietly. Unwittingly she had struck the wrong note. Coward he was not.

"Oh, I don' matter much, I reckon," he said; "better git behin' that bureau agin."

He strode back to his post, the glory of a transfiguration upon him.

It was weakness to dream of leaving the decision to her, but the weakness was past.

And she had seemed to care for his fate.

* * * *

A rush, a crash, a wild yell!

The door was down!

The animal heat and scent of fifty human bodies, streaming through and blocking up the doorway; the gleam of polished metal in the dim lamplight, as a pistol was raised and emptied; oaths, shouts, the trampling of heavy boots on the rough boards of the floor, the sudden roar of a revolver in the confined space; heat stifling, intolerable; smoke of gunpowder, odor of whisky and steaming, not over clean human bodies; a scene to make one sicken of his race.

But, in the midst of the turmoil, first at the open door, then borne backward toward the stairway, powder grimed, drenched with sweat and blood from a cut in his bare shoulder—his shirt had been torn from his back in the struggle—sinewy shoulders and arms gleaming strangely white in contrast with the brown face, jaws set and eyes shining under leveled brows, stubbornly contesting with arched back and bent knees every inch of the way, firing till both revolvers are empty, then sullenly clubbing with the butts any head that came within the reach of his arm—Emerson, sheriff of St. Croix!

At last the stairway! His foot upon the bottom step! No passage save over his body!

Stand your ground, Emerson! Dash the blood from your eyes—that was an ugly cut he gave you, that fellow with the bowie—your senses are reeling, your knees tottering with weakness, but it will not be for long! Stand your ground!

For the chance of Mildred's love—remote as the stars? Because self sacrifice is sublime?

Because he took the oath of office—that is all.

Down at last. A blow on the head with a crowbar did it. Over the body and up the stairs.

* * * *

Five hundred yelling demons, on horseback and afoot, pouring down the road across the flat, now black in the moonlit open, now only deeper shadows in the darkness of the wood, and—what is that?

Twenty fiends firing buckshot into some dark object dragging by a long rope after a plunging horse—the body of the murderer!

The dawn of a perfect summer day; a landscape veiled in soft, concealing, gray mists; the first sunbeams striking through the thick foliage of a locust grove, revealing five bodies, swinging from the gnarled old limbs—the bitter fruit of sin.

The same half light stealing through the broken door of the jail; the body of a man across which the broad, entering beam falls a little later; spots of red upon his coarse garments and upon a handkerchief—a dainty, useless trifle—that is clutched in the stiffened hand.

Life, hope, love, cast away for a mere ideal—what men call honor.

Juliet Burdett Graham.

DRIFTWOOD.

MEN say I float with any wayward tide;
They liken me to driftwood on the sea,
And murmur, passing with averted face,
They see no use in floating planks like me.

But planks will float where staunchest boats go down.
I drifted by a shipwrecked life at sea;
Clinging to me it safely reached the shore.
God sees some use in floating planks like me.

Alice M. Goodwin.

IN A BORDER TOWN.

THE little town of Brownton was like a camp. The inhabitants had forgotten the time when white tents had not shone on their hilltops, and uniforms of blue or gray had not made color in the streets. It was first one camp and then the other. The gay Georgia Zouaves had come, had danced and ridden horseback with the prettiest of the girls in the Southern families, only six months before; and now the town was in the hands of a Vermont regiment, with a colonel as grim as one of his own rocky hills, and officers and men who knew more about plowing than dancing.

Many of the Northern sympathizers had crossed the river into Ohio during the Southern occupation; but when the Federal troops came, the Southerners were cut off from their own. They found a great many of the more outspoken of the townspeople haled up to take the despised oath of allegiance to the United States; and after that, hatred burned all the deeper that it was repressed. Old friends and neighbors who had visited daily for years, looked the other way when they passed on the street which ran sociably twisting its way through the town, accommodating itself to the shape of everybody's front yard.

Only "the Roses" had remained friends in all this unpleasantness. Rose Allen and Rosie Miller had been friends from their babyhood. Their families had never been intimate. The Millers were of the soil; their great grandfather had been an elegant gentleman in the days when the Allens were mere dependents. In later years, the Allens had made money in speculation, in any way and every way. "Traders," the Millers called them contemptuously. The crowning insult had come when Mr. Allen married the beautiful but poor girl with whom Mr. Miller was in love, and built a porticoed, cupolaed house next door to the old colonial mansion where four generations of Millers had been born, had brought home brides, and had been carried out for the last time.

But all the spite and heart burning had never touched the children. When they were babies, their nurses gossiped while the children played. When they grew older, they found a shady place where the palings were broken in the old garden fence. Rose sat in her little chair on her side, and Rosie on her stool on her own ancestral soil, and the children of wax and wood, and rag and corncob, made perilous journeys into forbidden territory. It was when they went to school and came dancing home, their arms about each other, that people began to call them the "red and white Roses."

Rose Allen, black eyed, red cheeked, daring, pert, and saucy, was no prettier than Rosie Miller, with her yellow curls and soft, shy blue eyes. But Rose was the leader, always. She took possession of her gentler friend, and, if there was no other way, stormed her into submission. But the other girl or boy who was not sweetness itself to Rosie had to tread a thorny path.

The friendship lasted even to the evil day when armies pushed each other back and forth over the broad, sweet country, and Brownton became a camp. While Mr. Allen had opened his house to the "Northern horde," and was reputed to be making money in army contracts, Mr. Miller had taken with him the sons of the old Southern families in the county, and had offered his services to the Confederacy. The seriousness of war did not touch the light hearts of the Roses. When the boys from Dixie were riding through the town, there was always a merry party of them at the Miller house; and when Rosie rode out with them, Rose Allen went too. She had no prejudices, and she laughed when Rosie turned her face indignantly from the sight of a blue uniform.

It was while the Georgia Zouaves were swaggering through the streets, each one of them a brilliant and picturesque hero, that Rose met Harry Wrenn, the youngest lieutenant of the company. He was only a boy, full of dash and enthusiasm and entire belief in the South and its cause. His experience was as callow as his mustache, the dark shade of down over his upper lip, that was merely an accent on his handsome face, bringing out the flash of his white teeth. When Rose argued the cause of the Union, and flung jeers at the South, Wrenn

thought she disliked him. He was gentle in his replies, because she was Rosie's friend, and with Rosie he was already in love. Rosie could talk of other things than the war. He told her of his home in Georgia, and before long the tale was one of personal interest to both.

Perhaps it was shyness, or the birth of joy at having a new world of her own, which made Rosie keep her secret to herself. The box bordered, syringa shaded walks of the garden became a veritable lovers' lane, but Rose did not suspect. Her mother was jealous of the Miller influence, and kept her daughter with her as much as possible. But one night Rose ran away. She had been riding until dusk, and then had slipped from the stables into the old Miller garden through the hole in the fence. There was an arbor covered with honeysuckle and heavy headed hermosas by the syringa walk, and Rose sat here for a moment to tie her shoe. Her head was bent, and the big feathered beaver hat hid her face and hair. The walks were covered with tan bark, and soundless. It was dark in the arbor, except where a beam of the young moon trembled through the leaves.

Suddenly Rose felt a pair of arms around her, and her head pulled gently back.

"Rose," a voice said, "Rose!"

It was a voice she knew, and her heart gave a choking throb, while her head went against Wrenn's jacket.

"I knew I should find you here;" and he stooped and lightly kissed her. Then, laughing, he gently pushed her face into the moonlight which lay in a bar across his sleeve. As the light struck Rose's happy eyes, the boy let her go almost rudely, and sprang to his feet.

"Miss Allen, I—I beg your pardon——" he began, but Rose was on her feet.

"How dare you! How *dare* you!" she cried, and, lifting her lashed whip, struck him a stinging blow across the face. Then, with a sob of bitterest mortification, she ran, lost in the shadows of the trees, while Wrenn stood cursing his stupidity.

A day or two later, Mrs. Miller asked what had become of Rose. Nobody knew. They heard the next day that she was visiting in the neighboring county.

Rosie's life was so full that she forgot the comrade of her girlhood, as many a girl has done before. Wrenn explained his cut face as a "camp accident." Meanwhile Rose, in a frenzy of hurt pride, thought of him telling Rosie of what had happened—thought of them jesting over it, perhaps, until her heart was black with anger at her humiliation.

Not long after this the Southern regiment was hastily moved. The Yankees were coming in force, and the Georgians were obliged to retreat. Lieutenant Wrenn came to say good by to his sweetheart. There were tears shed on the braided jacket, as they sat together on the old haircloth sofa in the dusky sitting room, and I am afraid that there were some which fell upon Rosie's fair cheeks from a pair of black, boyish eyes. The chances of war might mean that this was a last good by, although they told each other that it would all be over in a few months, and—*then!*

In a week the Vermont regiment was firmly established, and the colonel was the constant guest of Mr. Allen. Rose would ride and walk by with never a glance toward her old friend. It would have cut Rosie to the heart a little while before, but now her life was full of a new interest. There were long letters to be smuggled through to Harry, and the constant expectation of some word from him. He had changed his regiment, and had been put on special duty near one of the generals. He might even be a general himself, if the war lasted long enough. He was a captain now. He had met her father, and they were friends. "When this cruel war is over," was the burden and refrain of all their letters. Fate could not be so hard as to part them.

As the months went by, there were changes in the positions of the two armies, which made Brownton a strategic point of importance. Correspondents began to speak of it in their despatches, and to say that the Southerners had made a great mistake in giving up their position there.

One night, about dusk, a man in a tattered blue army overcoat knocked at the Millers' back door. All was quiet about the house. Aunt Cely, the cook, had finished everything but the waffles for supper, and was singing softly to herself while she buttered the irons. One would have supposed that a hungry Yankee soldier would have gone on to the next house, where they were giving a dinner party, and where every window shone, yellow with light, through the trees. The soldiers knew that the Allens were Northern sympathizers.

Aunt Cely let the light from the kitchen candles fall on the stranger, with his bearded face, and on his blue coat.

"G'long 'way frum heah!" she said. "We ain' feedin' no po'h white trash."

"Is your mistress at home?"

"None yo' business."

"Will you take her this button, and ask her to buy it? I need money."

It was a worn gold collar button. Cely took it, and shut the door. She had seen that button before. A moment later she gave it into Rosie's hands as she sat scorching her face before the wood fire, reading.

"Thar's news from yo' pa," the negro woman whispered.

"Tell him to come here."

As the bearded, blue coated man entered the door, he took off his hat and stood smiling in the light of the fire. Rosie gave a little gasp.

"Harry!" she said, and flew toward him.

"Your father told me to come here to you, but I will not stay. Nobody knows what the consequences might be if a spy were to be found in your house."

"You are safer here than anywhere else."

"You are not. I should be a poor soldier if I could not take care of myself almost anywhere."

"I will not let you go out into this town, a camp of wolves."

"Suppose they were to trace me here? The servants must think that I was your father's messenger, and that I have gone."

"They will not trace you here."

But he was proof against persuasion. He must go through the camp; he must know how strong it was. What a grave, serious man he had grown to be! Upon him rested the decision whether a considerable force should be brought here to push the Union men back.

That night Rosie sat all night long at her white curtained window, and looked at the camp fires on the hill. Somewhere, holding his life and her happiness in his hand, Wrenn was going about his work.

Every night she saw him. He would slip through the garden and find her in the rose bower, cold and wet enough now, where he had first told her he loved her; and she would bring him food and all the news she was able to collect. How he did his work she never knew.

One night Wrenn spoke of Rose, for the first time since that night in the early summer.

"I heard today that she was to marry the colonel of the Northern regiment here," he said carelessly. If it were true, she might forgive him, he thought.

"The war has parted us at last," Rosie said sadly. "I think her father must have forbidden her to speak to me. It can be nothing else."

The next afternoon Rose Allen, on her big black horse, the white feather that curled over her black braids sweeping her shoulder, rode by the side of the colonel from Vermont along a narrow road which led by the river to the hill camp. They had been walking their horses, and the colonel had his white gloved hand on the black horse's mane. He seemed to be pleading, and from the look in Rose's face she was tantalizing him. Perhaps, after the humiliation that had come to her once, she liked to hear that she was loved in her own person.

The earth was soft and the horses' hoofs made no sound. A ledge of rock, hung with leafless vines, jutted out into the road. As the riders passed this, they came face to face with a man in a ragged blue overcoat. Rose looked full in his face, as he lifted it in surprise, and her cheek grew white. She cut her horse with her whip, and the man jumped aside or she would have ridden over him. The colonel raced half a mile before he caught her.

"What was it? A bolt?" he asked.

"Only one of those rebel officers I thought you had driven out of the country," she said in a tone of annoyance.

The colonel from Vermont wasted no words, but when he reached the camp he gave some orders, and one of them referred to a slim, bearded man in a ragged blue army overcoat.

That night Rosie slipped out of the kitchen door with her basket of food under her cloak, and waited in the arbor. The leaves were off the vines, and the moonlight was clearer than on that other night; but all around the arbor, box and laurel and fir made it dense and dark. She did not see two men steal close to the summer house as Wrenn came through the door. While he ate his supper she softly whispered to him, happy in his presence there, despite her overshadowing anxiety.

The two men had drawn closer. One had crawled to the fence and signaled, and half a dozen had followed him back.

"You have all you want?" Rosie was saying.

"Everything," Wrenn answered.

As if his words had been a signal, a light flashed upon him, and they looked up to see the barrels of revolvers in their very faces. The summer house had only one doorway, and all the men had gathered there. Quick as lightning, Rosie was between those cruel round steel eyes and Wrenn.

"Go!" she gasped out, and he sprang through the low window in the back.

Orders had said "dead or alive." There had been no word until Rosie's cry, but as Wrenn sprang, two shots rang out, and the girl, putting her hand to her breast, fell as Wrenn threw himself to the ground. He might have gone, had he not seen her face. He knew every foot of the ground, and he had an instant's start, but that sight stopped him, and his second's grace was over. Before he could move, could draw his own revolver, he was caught, overpowered, and bound.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"It's no business of yours," the soldier said roughly. "It's your own funeral you want to be thinking of;" and he passed his hand around his own throat suggestively.

"In God's name, man, let me see if she is dead, and take her to her mother!"

The sergeant had lifted her. "She is not dead. We will carry her in," he said kindly, and Wrenn was led toward the camp while they carried Rosie into the house, still unconscious, her curls wet with the blood that ran from a wound in her shoulder.

Matters went rapidly with a spy in those days. A court martial was called at ten o'clock the next day, and half an hour later, Harry Wrenn, captain in the Tenth Georgia, was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

The news flew over the county. Everybody had known and loved the gay boy, and the story of his fate came like a physical shock. Union men by the dozen went to the camp and implored mercy for him, but the Vermont colonel only looked in grim denial at such as reached him. The matter was out of his hands, he said. The court martial had sentenced the prisoner. The sentence would be carried out in due course.

Rosie, weak, unable to move, lay in her own white bed, and watched her mother's tears. It was after the sentence had been pronounced, while women stood weeping in their dooryards, weeping for the boy they knew, who might have been son to any one of them—weeping in a community of sorrow which sought comfort from the general grief—that Mrs. Miller found Rosie looking at her consciously.

"I know what has happened," she said. "Harry was killed."

"My dear——"

"I would rather it had been so, than that they should have taken him." A shudder went over her.

"You must be calm."

"I will be. I am glad he was killed, if he could not get away. Will you send for Rose? She is so strong." Rosie seemed to have forgotten the estrangement.

Rose, dumb with agony, white and miserable, was in her own room.

"I cannot go, I cannot," she said, but in a moment she rose and pushed back her braids, and stepped across the lawn.

Rosie looked up in her face, her blue eyes dry. "Will you hold me, Rose? They have killed Harry;" and the stronger girl, the girl who loved him too, and who had betrayed him to a shameful death, took the gentle, suffering body in her strong arms and held it.

It was mid afternoon when down the street came the sound of fifes and the solemn roll of drums. Aunt Cely looked out of the window, and with a cry of "Oh, my sufferin' Jesus!" put her apron over her head and rocked in hysterics on the stairs. The soldiers were marching around the cart in which Wrenn sat, bound, on his way to the scaffold. The colonel had decided to make an example of him.

"What is it?" Rosie asked drowsily. They had given her opiates until her senses were dull.

Rose spoke rapidly, her breath coming in gasps. "It is Harry's funeral," she said. "They are giving him a military funeral. He was a hero, and even the Northern soldiers honor him. Will you let me go? I must take some—flowers."

Rosie began to cry weakly, and Rose put her down and ran from the room. She rushed past Cely on the stairs like a wild thing, her lip caught in her teeth. There was no time to saddle a horse. There was only one horse there, her father's fierce colt, which no woman had ever mounted. With strong hands the bit was pushed into his mouth, and springing to his bare back, Rose whipped him to his highest speed. There was a meadow between the Allens' house and the camp. She must cross it, and get back to that awful wooden frame behind the hill, before—— She must not think. The horse rose like a bird to the fences, his hoofs fairly eating the ground under them. Sentries tried to stop her at the edge of the camp; one grasped her bridle, but the half wild horse tore loose. Her hair was falling about her bare neck when she dropped at the door of the colonel's tent.

He sat, grave as ever, writing at his camp table. Rose fell to the ground before him, while he stood up bewildered. Her voice was husky with emotion.

"Reprieve Wrenn," she said, "and telegraph the President—he always spares a

life!" And then, as if his understanding were too slow for her eagerness, she shook at his hand. "Write it! They are killing him now!"

"Why do you care?"

She heard suspicion in his voice.

"He is to marry my friend, and I love her," she replied.

For an instant they stared into each other's eyes. Then Rose's fell.

"I ask you this in the name of my love for you," she said.

The colonel turned toward the door.

"Fire a signal, and run up a flag that the execution is to be delayed. Make haste," he said to the officer who stood there.

A. S. Duane.

COME UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

COME up into the mountains—come up into the blue!
Oh, friend down in the valley, the way is clear for you;
The path is full of perils, and devious, but your feet
May safely thread its windings, and reach to my retreat.
The mountains, oh, the mountains! How all the ambient air
Bends like a benediction, and all the soul is prayer!
How blithely on this summit the echoing wind's refrain
Invites us to the mountains—God's eminent domain!

Oh, soul below in valleys where aspirations rise
No higher than the plunging of water fowl that flies,
Come up into the mountains—come up into the blue;
Leave weary leagues behind you the lowland's meaner view,
The autumn's rotting verdure, the sapless grasses browned;
Come where the snows are lilies that bloom the whole year round;
Here in the subtile spirit of all these climbing hills,
Man may achieve his dreaming, and be the thing he wills!

Joseph Dana Miller.

A SCULPTOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

James E. Kelly and his work as a student of the men and events of the Revolution and the civil war—His "Sheridan's Ride," his battle monuments, and his portraits of our soldier and sailor heroes.

TO find a man who has achieved much in purely American art is unfortunately rare, and when this art takes the form of sculpture he is almost unique. It was only the other day that we, as a people, learned the difference between sculpture and image making.

There stands in New York today a public statue that was originally made for another than the historic figure it purports to represent, and whose identity was changed by having the head of one statesman knocked off and that of another fastened on. Such a transformation would be impossible with one of the statues made by James E. Kelly, who first became known a few years ago by his brilliant statuette of "Sheridan's Ride." Analyzing the series of bronzes that have followed that early achievement, we find that while the audacity which first claimed attention has been in some measure toned down, it has given place to a genuineness, a distinctive character, in which every detail of his work, however small, makes a part of the harmony of the conception.

Kelly studied in New York at the Academy of Design, and was one of the founders of the Art Students' League; but from the beginning, wherever he was, he was teaching his teachers new ways. He first learned wood engraving, and was one of the first to suggest that dashing method of reproducing wash drawings which made American magazine illustration famous the world over. After an apprenticeship in one great magazine office, and a few months as a free lance, during which he and Edwin A. Abbey made a studio home together, Kelly at last found the field where he was to do his imperishable work.

All of his life he had been a student of history. His mother—an Irishwoman, a descendant of McDermott Rue—had very wisely directed the patriotism of her son toward the land where he had been born to freedom. His first pictures were historical compositions, and from his earliest childhood he had studied everything he could find touching upon American history. The worship of war heroes was in his blood, and his poetic temperament idealized them. Long before the magazine world awoke to the fact that material relating to the last American war was rapidly passing away from us, and should speedily be chronicled, Kelly had searched out dozens of the men whose names were written in history, had made sketches of them from life, and had taken down from their lips the stories of their great fights—stories which this ardent young man drew from the fighters in all their living reality.

One of his early paintings was a picture of Sheridan dashing into his retreating army at Cedar Creek. When it was finished, he saw that, with all its violent action, the central figure had possibilities for a statue, and he set about modeling it in wax. Hartley, the sculptor, was his friend, and from him Kelly gained a few hints. With these and the sketches he had made of Sheridan, and with his thorough knowledge of horses, the model was constructed. Nobody but Barye had ever attempted to make a statue of a horse with all four feet off the ground, but Kelly did not know that, nor care for it. It was before the days of the Muybridge photographs, but the young artist knew the truth of what he made. General Sheridan's own criticism of the statue is one of the best:

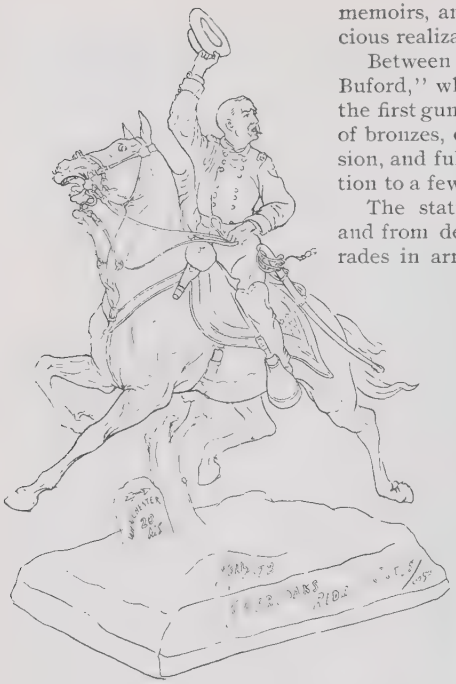
"The action," he said, in a letter which is one of Kelly's treasured relics, "is marvelously good. The accuracy of detail and the likeness of myself are wonderful. In addition to this, there is a spirit in the entire work as to the horse and man which cannot well be equaled."

It is probable that the statue will soon be set up in heroic size. A competition was recently opened in Chicago for a memorial of Sheridan. The prize of a thousand dollars went to a model of an equestrian statue which was found to be so close a copy of Kelly's that the thought of using it was abandoned.

The Buford Monument at Gettysburg.

[The gun in the left foreground is the one from which the first shot of the battle was fired.]

General Sheridan expected that the nation would one day ask the young sculptor to make his statue. Before he died, he gave Kelly accurate measurements of his body, and every opportunity for elaborate studies of his personality and of his war equipments. He chose the figure of the flying horseman to decorate the cover of his



memoirs, and kept the bronze near him always, as a precious realization of himself.

Between the "Sheridan's Ride" and the "General Buford," which was set up last July on the spot where the first gun was fired at Gettysburg, comes a long series of bronzes, each of which is original, energetic in expression, and full of sound realism. We can only call attention to a few of them, but every one has its history.

The statue of Buford was made from photographs, and from descriptions given by men who were his comrades in arms. At the extreme end of that great army which was spread out into a net thirty miles wide to catch the compact body of Southerners under Lee, Buford had dismounted his cavalrymen, and formed them as infantry, to deceive the enemy into thinking they had encountered the Federals' main body. The sculptor modeled him on the ground, his glass dropping from the gaze over the field, his cavalryman's legs wide apart. Kelly knew it was a correct likeness —correct, that is, as a reproduction of the photographs; but he could not *feel* the sort of man he was depicting. An old soldier came in and looked at it.

"Buford was of Southern blood, you know," he said; "had little hands and feet, and was proud of 'em, but the rest of his dress—— *slack!*"

In an instant Kelly changed his whole conception. He had found his clue; and that it was a true one is proven by the fact that on the day of the unveiling men recognized General Buford's brother by his resemblance to the statue.

This is not Kelly's only work on the field of Gettysburg. The monument to the Sixth New York Cavalry is his design. The panel represents General Fitzhugh leading a charge. Behind the chief figure is immortalized one of those incidents that are full of dramatic feeling, and which so often went by unrecorded in our civil war. A young soldier, fatally

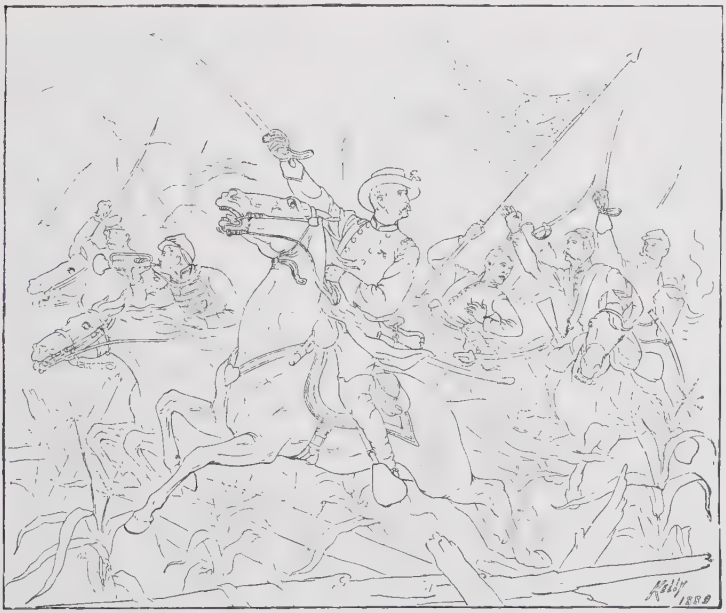
"Molly Pitcher"—Monmouth Monument.

wounded, passes the colors to a comrade as he falls. Mr. Kelly searched out an old daguerreotype of the boy who fell, and asked the man who received the flag to pose for him, making both of them portraits.

In this panel he has used the accessories that are dear to his heart — the Indian corn, and the typical American rail fence. The corn appears again in one of the reliefs on the battle monument commemorating the American victory of Monmouth. These five bronze tablets were Kelly's first large order, and his designs were accepted over those of sixty competitors. They represent "Ramsey Defending His Guns," "Washington Rallying His Troops," "Molly Pitcher," "The Council at Hopewell," and "Wayne's Charge."

"Battle of Long Island" Medallion.

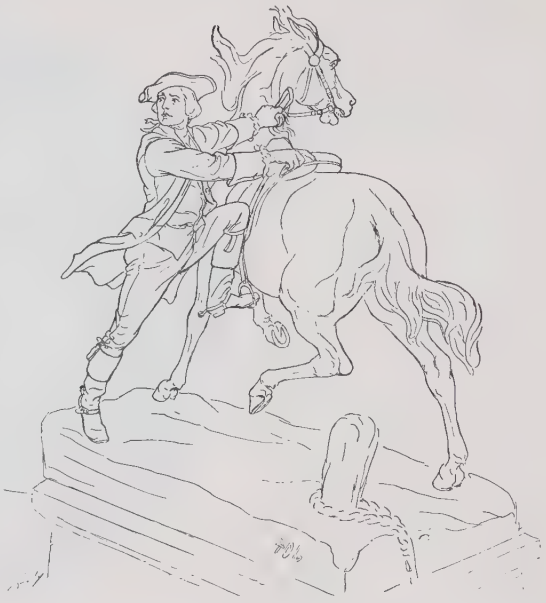
The first of these, in the order of making, has an interest apart from its artistic and historic value. It represents Molly Pitcher, with her dead husband at her feet, ramming the charge into the cannon, while a wounded soldier "thumbs the vent," and a gunner stands by, ball in hand. General Knox, in the background, directs the battle. Like Joan of Arc, the existence of Molly Pitcher has been denied, but the widow of General Hamil-



"General Fitzhugh's Charge."

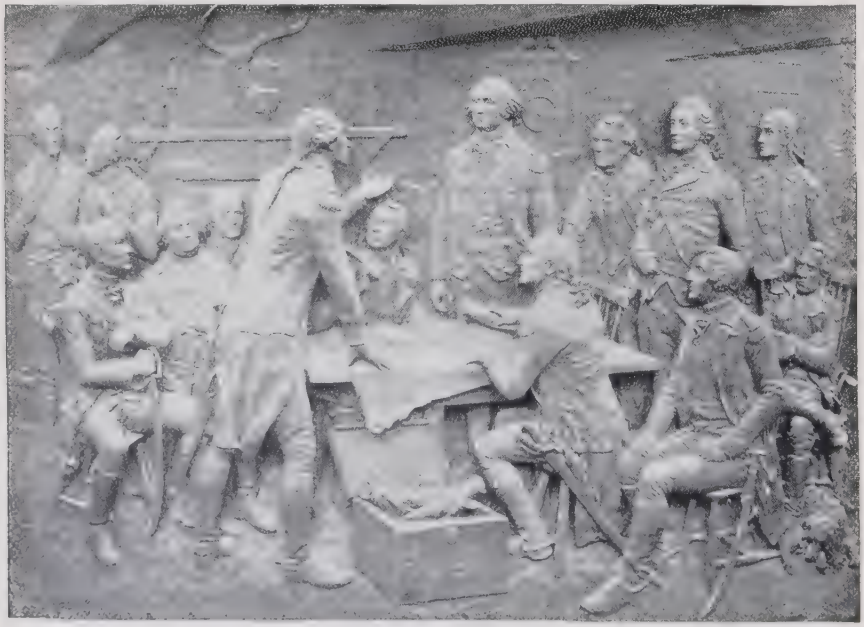
From the monument of the Sixth New York Cavalry at Gettysburg.

ton often described her as a "pretty, freckle faced, Irish lass," and the records of the war show how now and then a tent was set aside "to make skirts for Molly." When Kelly was working upon his design he could not find a smooth faced man to pose for the wounded soldier. He had only one acquaintance without beard or mustache, and that was Thomas Edison. Kelly went to him and asked if he would serve as a model. Mr. Edison consented, and the figure in the panel is an excellent portrait of the inventor when he was "lean and hungry" in his search for the secrets of nature's powers. The other face was modeled from that of a well known artist.



"Paul Revere's Ride"

"Wayne's Charge" represents the fight over the body of Monckton, who was killed in the final mêlée at Monmouth. Kelly has not only put spirit into the picture, and exactly caught the instant of intense action, when the thrust of one bayonet must throw aside the direction of another, but he has made a perfect historical document. Not so much as a buckle or button is left to "inspiration," but every detail is studied. The spirit of the Revolution is in every one of his figures. The sleek grenadier, just out from his winter in Philadelphia, is admirably contrasted with the ragged, hungry "Irish line" led by Wayne. Of Monckton no portrait could be found, and as he lies in the young corn, his arm conceals his



"The Council of War at Hopewell."—Monmouth Monument.

features. Wayne, full of purpose, is yet the correct general, the dandy of the American army. It was in this fight that the Stars and Stripes were carried quite or nearly for the first time, and the flag forms part of the background.

In the "Council at Hopewell," General Patterson sits by the table, while Washington listens to Lafayette. The general's grandnephew sat for the figure. Whenever it has been possible, Mr. Kelly has taken as the model for each of his Revolutionary heroes some descendant who resembled the portraits of his ancestor.

In "Paul Revere," which took the first prize in a Boston competition, he made a direct portrait. Joaquin Miller, with his usual fiery enthusiasm, considers this statue one of the finest pieces not only of American art but of all art. "Observe," he says, "the complete story. Revere has just landed. The cable is tightened about the post. We know that the boat swings into the river at the feet of the eager and impetuous Paul. One foot in the stirrup, his lifted face is thrown back over his shoulder, wild with excitement and the work before him. He sees the light. His soul is in his eyes, in his patriotic and fervid face. His one foot is lifted, and yet the other, so full of force and spring, scarce is on the earth."

The number "406" on the pedestal has a little story. John Boyle O'Reilly, who was the sculptor's intimate friend, was with him when the model was sent to compete for the prize. Kelly asked him to suggest a number.

"It is unlucky to give a number," O'Reilly said. "When I entered the British army, nobody would give me one. I went to a rack and took a saber at random. It was '406.' That was my number. When I was convicted of treason and stripped, and walked across the square to get my clothes, I took up a bundle at random. It was '406.'"

As the number proved a lucky one to Kelly, he kept it on his statue in memory of his friend.

The largest statue made by the young sculptor is the seventeen foot bronze on the Soldiers' Monument at Troy, New York—"The Call to Arms." It represents Columbia as a young girl of a purely American type who has been startled by the first shot of the civil war, and has grasped a sheathed sword and a trumpet to call and arm her warriors.

But it is in depicting men of action that Kelly is most successful. His own personality is full of winning enthusiasm. When he went to study a war hero, he was unfailingly interested in his subject, and awoke a response that gave him a life to see and portray. Day after day he would go to Grant and listen to the great captain's reminiscences of the war, when he was making the studies for his "Grant at Donelson." Probably he is the only living person to whom the general ever told the story of Belmont. Bit by bit, asking for this and

James E. Kelly.

From a photograph by Koester, New York.

that detail, he would awaken memories of events that had been forgotten, until the story would be in full swing. It was the arousing of these old recollections that first set Grant to thinking that the rest of the world might be interested in them, and made the beginning of his book.

The great store of sketches which Mr. Kelly owns is to be put to use in part. Colonel Jerome B. Wheeler, of Colorado, has ordered forty bronze portrait tablets of the military and naval leaders of the late war. The first of these, that of Admiral Worden, has been completed.

Mr. Kelly's own stories are endless. No characteristic is too small for his notice, if it is an essential part of the individual. He has all the Irishman's sense of humor and quickness of comprehension, and when he models a man's face and figure he seems to be able to make the lines by which he presents his subject, the accessories with which he surrounds it, express what only years of acquaintance could bring to the casual friend.

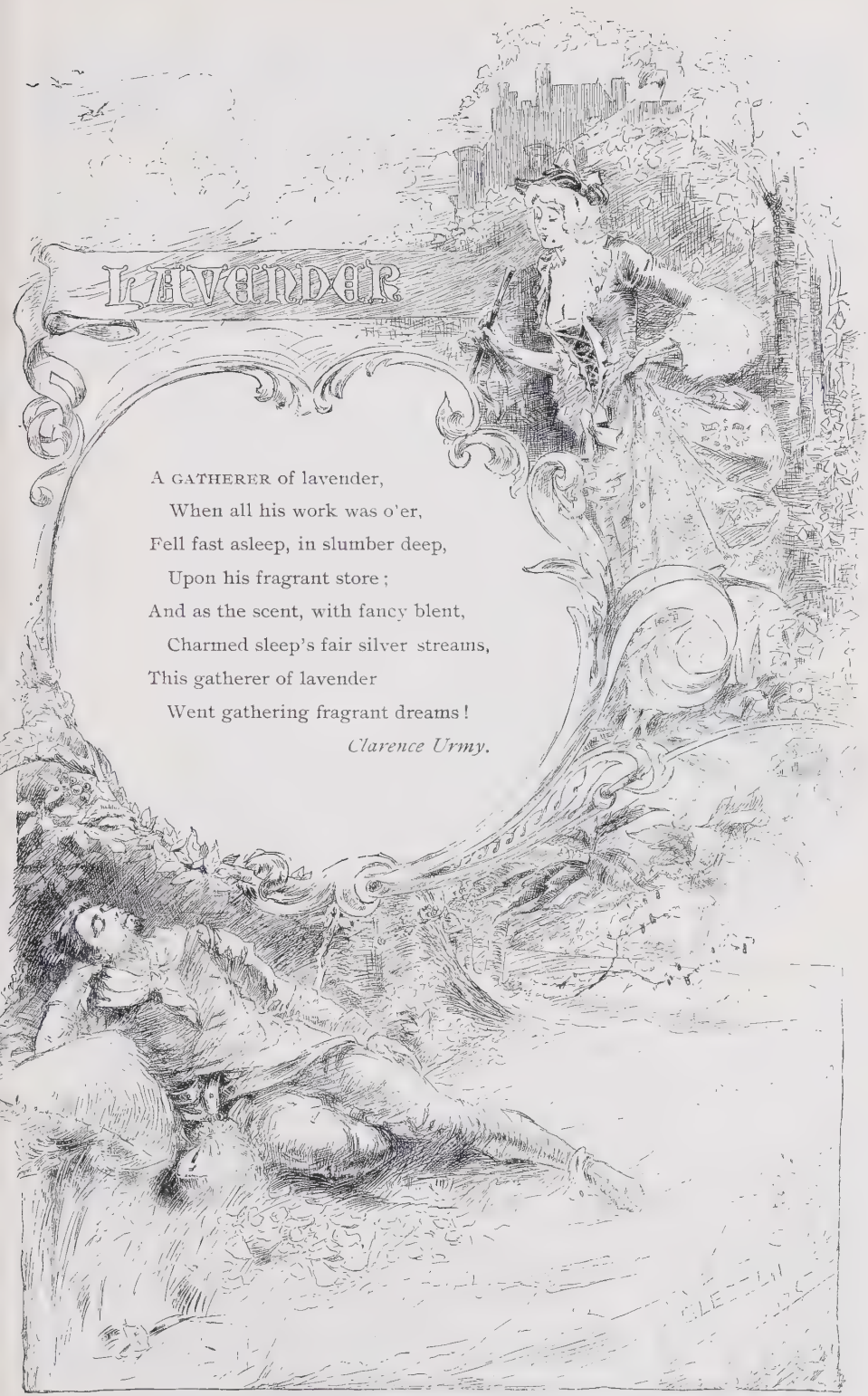
"The Call to Arms."

(The Soldiers' Monument at Troy.)

The most striking characteristic of his work is its pure Americanism. It belongs to no school. Mr. Kelly has been trained in no school. The conventions of sculpture are to him a sealed book. When somebody made a polite inquiry concerning his technique, Mr. Kelly looked gravely in his face, and said, "I do not know what you mean by 'technique.'" He designs and models in a fashion as untrammeled as that of the old masters; nay, more so, for his work is alive with freedom, while theirs was bound by the narrowness of their age. In no place does Kelly's work show a single hint of suggestion from another mind. He has, perhaps, a tendency to strike too high a note. While he is the sternest realist in form, he is a brilliant idealist in spirit of conception.

Anna Leach.

"Wayne's Charge"—Monmouth Monument.



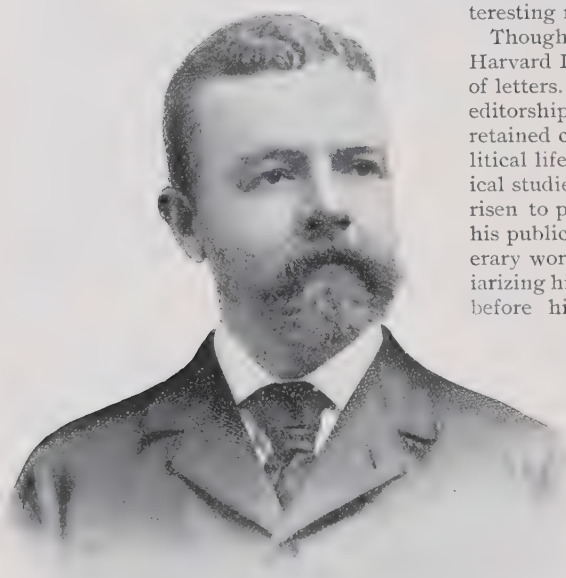
A GATHERER of lavender,
When all his work was o'er,
Fell fast asleep, in slumber deep,
Upon his fragrant store;
And as the scent, with fancy blent,
Charmed sleep's fair silver streams,
This gatherer of lavender
Went gathering fragrant dreams!

Clarence Urmy.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is one of the foremost representatives of the younger element which has stirred up the United States Senate so constantly in the last two or three years. He went to the Senate Chamber from the House of Representatives, where he had made some reputation as a legislator; and he immediately began to take an active part in the Senate proceedings. According to precedent, he should have remained in his seat for at least a year without making even a motion to adjourn. When he arose, on the second day of his membership, and offered an important resolution, his older colleagues were shocked and amazed. Mr. Lodge, however, went on in his iconoclastic way, encouraged by public approval, and he is today one of the most interesting figures in the Senate.



Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

He takes an active part in debate, he has ideas of his own about pending legislation, and he is especially interested in civil service reform. Last summer, during his vacation, he visited Europe and picked up some ideas about the application of civil service rules to the consular service. This will be one of his specialties in the present session. He is also deeply interested in the question of immigration, and has written several interesting magazine articles on the subject.

Though Mr. Lodge is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, his profession is that of letters. He went into Congress from the editorship of a Boston paper, of which he retained control after his entrance into political life. He has written several historical studies; but, like other men who have risen to political prominence, he finds that his public duties give him no leisure for literary work. His time is taken up in familiarizing himself with the questions that come before him, and preparing speeches and reports.

A TRANSPLANTED STAR.

Just two years ago, a writer in a musical journal expressed regret that Eleanor Mayo had grand opera aspirations. Her voice was perfectly adapted to operetta, he declared; to attempt anything more would be to invite failure. It seems a pity that fate interfered to prevent the world from finding out just what right to make a Cassandra of himself this gentleman possessed. But the prince came along, in the shape of Colonel James Elverson, and wooed *Princess Bonnie* from her artistic aspirations.

Mrs. Elverson is the daughter of Frank Mayo, but was not brought up to follow in her father's footsteps. She had seen scarcely half a dozen rehearsals in her life before she went on the boards herself. To this lack of familiarity with theatrical environment she ascribed the ordeal of stage fright through which she went. She is described as having been a particularly wilful and "undependable" prima donna. Her manager stood in nightly expectation of having her put on her street gown and go home in the middle of the opera. But her goodness of heart is un-

Mrs. James Elverson, Jr., of Philadelphia.
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

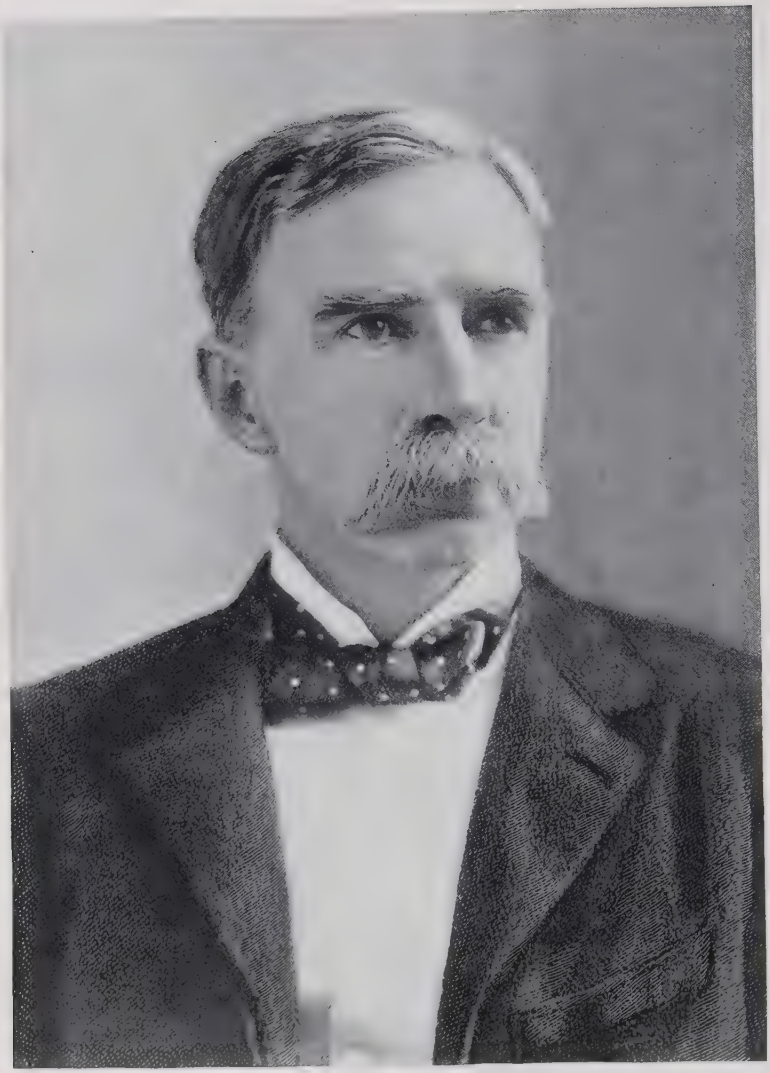
bounded. Her father, who during her year on the stage was cramped for means (it was before the day of "Pudd'nhead Wilson"), spent a great deal of money on her education, and this she paid back to him.

Mrs. Elverson's home is in Philadelphia, where her husband is the manager of his father's newspaper, the *Inquirer*. The family is prominent socially, and Miss Elverson's recent marriage to M. Patenotre, the French ambassador at Washington, was an event of international interest.

SENATOR CAMERON THE SECOND.

Senator J. Donald Cameron of Pennsylvania—better known as "Don" Cameron—has become conspicuous of recent years by his advocacy of the free coinage of silver. He is one of the few Eastern men in public life who have a good word to say for the white metal, and his apostasy—for he is a comparatively recent convert—is the more surprising because he received his business education in a bank in Middletown, Pennsylvania. His father, the celebrated Simon Cameron, was a man of wealth, and young Cameron had no need to work; but after graduating from Princeton, he entered the bank as a clerk, and rose gradually to be cashier, and then president of the institution. The bank has failed within the last year; but Mr. Cameron's interest in it ceased a long time ago.

Latterly, his chief business occupation has been the management of the property he inherited from his father, which is in-



J. Donald Cameron, United States Senator from Pennsylvania.
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

vested largely in stocks and bonds. He is a frequent speculator in Wall Street, but not to a heavy amount.

Mr. Cameron was secretary of war during the last ten months of Grant's Presidency. Then Simon Cameron resigned a seat in the Senate with the understanding that "Don" was to be chosen his successor. The younger Cameron has remained a Senator ever since, in spite of all efforts to displace him. He has never been a loud advocate of silver coinage, supporting it only by his vote in the Senate. But then he has seldom been a loud advocate of anything. It has been said of Mr. Cameron that his only speech was the oratorical effort he used to make every Thursday afternoon: "Mr. President: I move that when the Senate adjourns today, it be to meet on Monday next." This speech never drew applause, but it seldom failed to command the approval of the Senate.

THE GENERAL COMMANDING OUR ARMY.

Although it is some time since Lord Wolseley predicted that "the day is coming when large bodies of cyclists will become integral parts of every army in the field," the present head of the United States army is the first to exert his official influence for

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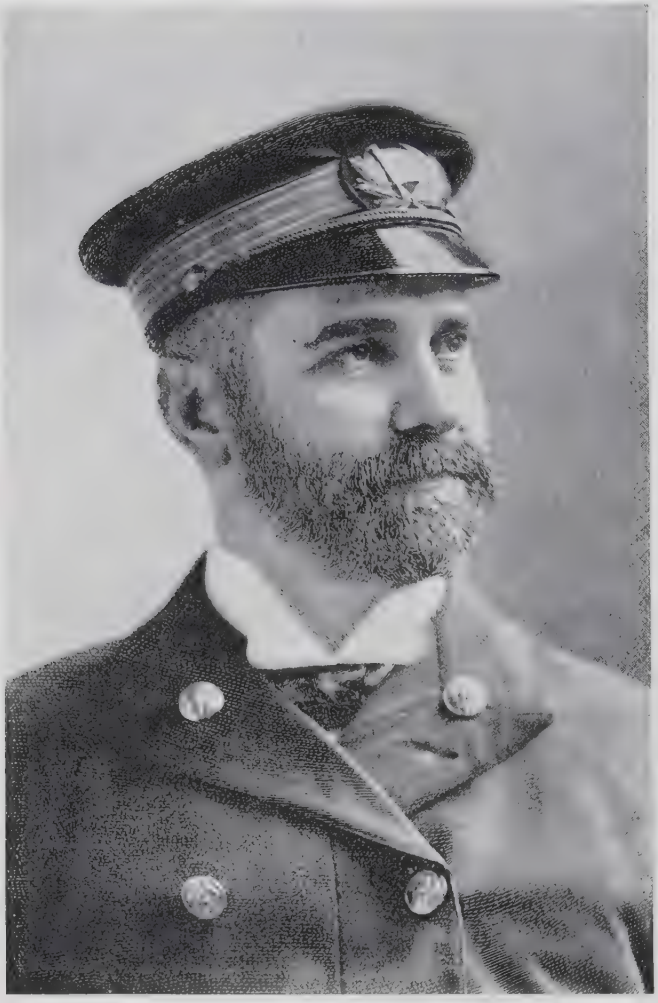
Major General Nelson A. Miles.

From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

the formation of a bicycle regiment. It has been an American tradition to lead in the development of new ideas, and General Miles, who breaks one military tradition by being our first commander who did not coveted distinction; but it was only one of a score of fields on which his soldierly qualities were shown. He was only twenty five when an emergency placed him in command of a corps of 25,000 men—a larger



C. H. Grant, Captain of the American Line S. S. New York.

graduate at West Point, is sure to keep our small standing force at the forefront in matters of organization and equipment.

"Ride down and tell Colonel Miles he is worth his weight in gold," Hancock said to one of his aides on the bloody slope before Chancellorsville, when Miles, in command of the Federal advance line, held his own against fearful odds until he was carried off the field, shot through the body. He won a medal of honor that day—he is the only general now on the active list who has the army than Wolseley ever led into battle. His feet were firmly planted in the path that might have led him to the very highest military renown, when peace came, and his later services have been rendered in that arduous field, where the highest skill is demanded, but few laurels are to be won—the Indian fighting of the far West.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR.

If the United States are to become a great sea power, the development of an American

George Gray, United States Senator from Delaware.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

merchant marine is as essential a part of our naval policy as the forging of steel armor and the building of heavy cannon. "The man behind the gun" still counts for much upon the ocean, and as a recruiting ground for our navy we must have American ships manned by American sailors and carrying American commerce into the ports of the world. To this oft enunciated principle is due the great public interest in the reappearance of the Stars and Stripes upon the Atlantic ferry, at the masthead of some of the finest and swiftest steamers in the world.

There is an impression that the officers of the American liners are foreigners. As evidence to the contrary we give a portrait of Captain Grant of the New York, a New Englander born and bred, a thorough American no less than a thorough sailor. The Portsmouth navy yard was his boyhood school. Then he learned to face wind and weather on Pacific and Atlantic with Yankee sailing ships, trading between Liverpool, New York, and San Francisco. Later, entering the Red Star service, he rose to his present post, successively commanding half a dozen less important vessels before he stepped, recently, upon the bridge of the New York.

The powers and responsibilities of the captain of a modern Atlantic liner are almost those of the general of an army. Upon his word of command hangs the safety of hundreds of lives and of property worth millions of dollars. He is the autocratic ruler of a floating community that represents the wealth and the population of a small city. For such a post Captain Grant is well equipped. He is a type of the sturdy sailor,

The Duchess of Coburg.

From her latest photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

a brave, strong man, with a cool head and an alert eye.

———

A CHAMPION OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

Whenever there is a vacancy in President Cleveland's cabinet, rumor promptly associates the name of George Gray with the expected appointment. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gray is never likely to enter the cabinet. Mr. Cleveland has twice invited him to do so, and is well aware of the Delaware Senator's views on the subject. Mr. Gray's friends say that he would be willing to go upon the Supreme Bench if opportunity offered; but his ambition is likely, for the present, at least, to remain ungratified, as the district in which he lives is already represented by Justice Shiras.

Mr. Gray is so persistent a defender of the administration on the Senate floor that a great many people credit him with being a blind worshiper of the President. This is not true. It is true, however, that he is in close mental sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, and champions the executive's policy as if it were his own. Mr. Cleveland respects Mr. Gray quite as much as Mr. Gray admires the President, and frequently calls him into consultation on public questions.

A famous Englishman once said that he could never hate any one whom he had seen. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr.

Gray appears to have adopted the same motto. He seems to find the best side of everybody's character. Unless he has something pleasant to say about a man, he says nothing. It may be inferred that he makes few enemies. In fact, he is one of the most popular members on the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber.

The Duke of Coburg.

From his latest photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SECOND SON.

Although he renounced his remote chance of succession to the British throne, the Duke of Edinburgh, now sovereign of the little German duchy of Saxe Coburg Gotha, is no more popular with the radicals of England than he ever was. When he succeeded to the petty throne of his uncle, the late Duke Ernst, it was expected that he would relinquish the yearly grant of twenty five thousand pounds which the British nation pays him as a member of the royal family. This he declined to do, and it was only after a somewhat unpleasant negotiation that a compromise was arranged by which his allowance was reduced to ten thousand—an amount that has since been paid him annually, to the disgust of certain outspoken members of Parliament.

Personally, the duke is a serious minded, highly intelligent man, an excellent musician, and a naval commander of skill and experience. When he assumed the government of Coburg, the Kaiser made him a general of infantry and "proprietor" of the Ninth Hussars—two positions for which he had no special qualification—but, rather curiously, did not give him a command in the German navy.

It is said in English court circles that in accepting the throne of Coburg Duke Alfred yielded to his wife's influence rather than to his own inclination. He had intended to resign his claims in favor of his son and namesake, who came of age last October;

but the duchess urged him to assert them, in order that she might enjoy the prerogatives of a reigning sovereign, and thus take precedence of the Princess of Wales, whom she has always regarded as more or less of a social rival.

Mrs. De La Mar, of New York

From a photograph by Wilhelm, New York

A NEW YORK BEAUTY.

This country is supposed to have no "professional beauties." Society women here do not sell their photographs as they sometimes do abroad. Nevertheless, extreme beauty is as potent a factor of social life in New York as anywhere in the world. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, the Countess of Essex (Miss Grant), and many others who have become prominent, have owed that prominence to their dowry of form and feature.

Another instance is that of Mrs. De La Mar, who was Miss Sands, a niece of the well known surgeon. Like so many young girls of the past two or three seasons, she married when she had scarcely had her first taste of society. She was staying at Narragansett Pier when Mr. Joseph De La Mar, the Hollander whose success in gold mining has won him the title of the "Monte Cristo of Idaho," came there in his yacht. Mr. De La Mar's love of beauty had been shown in his fine collection of pictures; and the conclusion of his meeting with Miss Sands was foregone. Unlike most foreigners who marry American girls, he has made his home here.

ROBERT ATTERBURY.*

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

XXIII.

A MOMENT later, Robert's arms were around his wife. He lifted her from the ground, and although the earth still shook under their feet with the trebly thundering storm, and he could not hear her voice, he was comforted because she put her arms around him and clung to him with the unmistakable air of one who has found the desired haven.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "I am so glad that you happened to come. I was lost!"

He wrapped her up as well as he could, and they started for home. In a minute she realized that he was very wet, and came fully to herself.

"We must hurry. You will take cold. Oh, I am so sorry! How could you venture out in such a storm? Come, let us walk faster," she said.

She hurried him along, and before they reached home had resumed her usual attitude, that of caretaker of all in the house. She ordered a warm bath for Robert, with a thorough rubbing after it, and while taking off her own wet clothes was superintending the preparation of a hot drink for him. She insisted that he should lie down and submit to be covered with an afghan, and offered, as a bribe, to read aloud to him.

The storm had passed; the air was full of unspeakable life and happiness; it seemed to have been purified and revivified from heaven. In a sky of serenest blue the moon shone with regal splendor; each pool in the wet streets held her image in its heart, and all the leaves on the trees were laughing in inconsequential glee as if they had never trembled before the storm king. Robert lay on the couch and listened to the voice he loved best. The window was open, and he could see out into the night. Was he dreaming, or had he wakened from a terrible nightmare?

Mr. Gardner came in, and Sara laid the book down. She looked from one to the other, and read upon their faces the anxiety which they could not hide. Leaning forward, she slipped one hand into Robert's, at the same time stretching out the other to her father. They understood the mute appeal, and both at once realized that the time had come when they must help her. How? They did not know, but they knew what kind of seeking it is that finds, and each was ready for the service with all that he was. They knew that she must have an absorbing occupation through which she could work out her own salvation.

Robert and Mr. Gardner sat long together that night, after Sara had gone to bed, talking of various plans and schemes. Robert walked up and down the room, and Mr. Gardner sat beside the open window. He looked older, and more as he had looked when Robert first went to Japan, than at any time since they had been in America. Finally Robert stopped before him.

"To put it in as few words as possible, it is this: she is deprived by misfortune of her natural interest—that is, of children; but the world is full of children also deprived by misfortune of mother love and care. Here is our answer; it is the natural one, and I will lose no time about it. Tomorrow I will talk it over with her, and we will find the best way to bring her the children who need her as she does them."

XXIV.

THERE is no more pitiable victim of an ill regulated conscience than the woman who, profoundly impressed with the duty of ordering her household affairs systematically, sacrifices people to things—taking, for instance, a martyr-like pleasure in doing herself a physical injury in order that the much overestimated goods and chattels may be in perfect condition.

Margaret was one of these people. As soon as the baby and nurse were off on their visit, she looked about to see what her busy

* *This story began in the October number of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

hands could find to do. She had earnestly endeavored to impress the nurse with the importance of putting each thing not only in its own drawer, but in its own side of the drawer. Of course she had not succeeded; nurse had learned, long ago, in her own childhood, how to hold a baby, and, later, how to wash it, put it to sleep, and comfort it when it cried. Beyond these things neither her imagination nor her understanding went. For days Margaret had felt that the baby's bureau was not in order. Now she determined to attend to it. She turned from the window where she had stood to watch them start, and opened the top drawer. Heavens! What a state of things! Lace dresses, nightgowns, bits of old linen, flannel skirts, caps, dainty embroidered shawls, boxes of cold cream, and powder and puffs, all thrown promiscuously everywhere. It would have been disconcerting to any one, and it overwhelmed Margaret with the sense of being accessory to a crime.

She took everything from the bureau, relined the drawers with fresh white paper, and, with a face which each moment grew more stern, sorted and folded the little garments. She knew that she was very tired, altogether too tired, but she would not stop; indeed, she could not stop. She hurried so that she might finish before her strength was entirely exhausted. She was so absorbed in her work that the clouds gathered without attracting her attention. She was kneeling on the floor, laying the dresses in the lowest drawer, when the first blinding flash of lightning came, followed by the terrible burst of thunder. Involuntarily she crouched as before a blow, and the next instant sprang to the window. A wild scene met her gaze. There was fury in the air and sky.

Margaret rang the bell violently, and asked if the nurse had returned with the baby. When she found they had not come, she walked the floor, stopping each time she came to the window, against which the flames of lightning were beating. She strained eyes and ears for any sign of the carriage. Her whole form shook as with cold, her teeth chattered, and when she could no longer stand she sank down beside the cradle, moaning and praying, "My baby! Oh, God in heaven, give me back my child!"

In her anguish she seemed to see the horses maddened with fright, and dashing through the storm; to hear the crash of the carriage against a post, and to behold her darling lying bruised and perhaps dead on the pavement in the pitiless rain. She struggled to her feet once more, grasped frantically at the air, and shuddered down in an unconscious heap on the floor.

* * * *

The coachman, alert for the safety of his horses, had taken no chances. He drove rapidly away from the Atterburys' house, but when it became evident that there was no possibility of reaching home before the storm broke, he turned his horses into the open door of a livery stable which they were passing; and when the first roar of the thunder came, he stood at their heads talking to them reassuringly.

In the carriage, the child slept, undisturbed by human suffering or raging storm.

* * * *

Meanwhile, out on the ocean, almost within sight of home, driving helplessly before the wind, her rudder broken, her mast trailing over the side, the Vivien rushed to meet her fate. Just ahead, the white water rose against the black sky. Now and again, in the red light, the hungry rocks gleamed for an instant, then hid themselves behind the foamy veil. There was only a moment left, and the stern faces of the men on board showed that each had prepared to meet the peril in his own way. Joseph Hunter had taken his coat and shoes off, ready to do what a strong swimmer might to save his life, but there was no hope in his white face. As the boat quivered on the crest of the last wave, and the cold spray dashed over him, his lips moved to utter one word —"Margaret!"

XXV.

The morning dawned bright and gay. In every tree the birds were almost bursting their little throats, trying to express the joy of life. The water in the bay broke into rippling laughs and wreathed itself into smiles, reckless of what lay beneath its shining surface.

Robert found that Sara had taken cold and must lie down. He sat beside her for a while, talking cheerfully, and then started to go into town. On the steps he met the coachman, who was coming to tell him of the rumor that the Vivien had gone down with all on board. He hastily stepped back into the house and told Mr. Gardner; then, leaving him to keep watch over Sara and see that no one told her, he hurried off to find what truth there was in the report. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when, fears having become certainties, he sorrow-

fully started for Margaret's house, the bearer of the fatal news. As he drove along he tried in vain to frame words in which he could tell her what she must be told. Once he turned the horse toward his own home, to call Sara to help him. Then the memory of the events of the previous day returned to him with fresh pain, and he felt depressed with care and sorrow almost beyond endurance.

The moment he entered the house he saw that his tidings had preceded him. The servant who opened the door had that peculiar air of vicarious mourning and suppressed excitement (which is a kind of enjoyment) that servants wear in the house of the dead who are not their dead.

"Does Mrs. Hunter know?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir, she have been tole, early dis mo'ning. She is very bad, sir, an' de docto' done been heah mos' all day. I was jus' gwine down fo' Mis' Atterb'y. De docto', he say dat she bette' hab some frien' heah befo' night, an' she been askin' fo' Mis' Atterb'y all day."

Robert went up into the room. On the bed lay the poor little woman, death written plainly on her face. Beside her, on a pillow, where her restless hands could touch it, lay the child; and although Margaret had almost lost the power to move, her eyes turned incessantly from it to the door. When she saw Robert she looked behind him to see if Sara were there. An expression of despair crossed her cold, damp face.

"What is it?" Robert asked, bending over her. "Tell me quickly, dear child, what can I do for you, what can we do?"

His ear was close to her lips, and making a last great effort she spoke.

"The baby—to Sara, to you."

He understood her and said, "You wish to give the baby to us?"

She said, "Yes."

"As if it were our very own, before God and its dear father and mother, I promise you," he answered.

A faint smile shone on her face, and a long, quivering breath struggled through her lips. She looked toward the child. Robert lifted it and laid it on her breast. A light paused above her, then settled down upon her. It was the light of another world.

Sara was asleep on her couch when Robert reached home. He sat beside her, waiting for her to waken. His heart was full of sadness for the friend taken away in the prime of life; and mingled with this sorrow were other strong emotions. He could not grieve that Margaret was dead. It seemed so kind a thing that the fragile little woman, so unfit to meet the shocks and storms of life, should have gone with her husband into the blessed world where their children were waiting for them. Then, dominating all else, and mingled with the solemn tenderness with which he assumed his new position toward the helpless babe she had given him, there was a great hope. It welled up within him, and shed its blessed influence over even his sorrow. Here was the imperative and needed call for Sara!

He was thinking of all these things when she opened her eyes and smiled at him. Was she better? "Yes, almost well," she said. Then, holding her hand in his, he told her, carefully and tenderly, of the shipwreck, of Joseph's death, and then of Margaret's. She was utterly overcome. Death had not come into her very presence before, and she could not have it so. With her tears for Margaret there was also self reproach, because she had not been with her. Robert held her in his arms and she wept unrestrainedly. When she grew quiet he rose and left the room. He had not told her of Margaret's gift to them. He took the child from the nurse, and brought it and laid it in her arms.

"Take it. It is your own. She gave it to you with her latest word."

Sara's whole form shook convulsively. She held it for a moment, then, rising, went over to where Robert sat watching her. She knelt beside him, and, still holding it in her own arms, laid it on his knees.

"Yours too, Robert," she said. "Not mine unless it is yours."

He clasped them both and held them folded closely in his arms.

XXVI.

THE winter following the death of her cousins, and the advent of their baby into her house, was an eventful one to Sara. It would be more just to say that it was one of great development and growth. At first, her sorrow for the tragic fate of her cousins shadowed everything, and especially affected all that she did and felt for the child. She had a constant impression that Margaret was near her, and that the baby was only left for a time in her care. Gradually, the little one herself removed this feeling. Her glad greeting to Sara when she came in, the tiny outstretched arms which with undoubting trust claimed a mother's love from her, at last made her feel that it was truly her own.

Her husband and her father, watching her with thoughtful care not unmixed with

anxiety, were filled with wonder at the new unfolding of a nature which they had deemed already almost perfect. Through her they learned to take delight in the constantly changing child life before them, and they all found their lives set to a higher, clearer keynote than before.

In his wonderful revelation of the uses of things, Swedenborg teaches that the angels who watch over us, guard and keep with greatest care all that they can of our child life, of its joys and dear experiences, of its unselfish loves and hopes, to bring them again to us, when, earth soiled and world worn, we approach the passage into the spirit world; that often these pure memories and untainted joys come with such refreshing influence to the spirit that it gladly leaves its later life to become a little child in the Kingdom of Heaven. Happy are they who can live so near to the real life of little children that these influences never leave them!

April had come again, and spring was in her glory. All the trees were bursting into leaf and blossom. Robert and Sara rode leisurely along the lovely Woodley Lane, which was then only a country byway. The spring was in their hearts, and they felt as young as the renewed earth. Robert whistled in answer to the meadow larks that sprang from the hedges as they passed, and Sara's gay laugh was a natural and integral part of the morning. After a morning full of delight they turned into their own avenue and walked their horses, in order to prolong their pleasure for a few minutes.

About half way to the house they found the nurse sitting in the sunshine with Baby Margaret. Sara drew in her rein.

"Give her to me," she said. "She shall have her first lesson in riding this morning."

Robert sprang from his horse, and, taking the little thing in his arms, put it up into Sara's lap. She held it with one arm and let the horse walk quietly around; then, seeing that the child enjoyed the motion, she quickened the pace. Having waited to see that they were safe, and knowing that the horse was as much to be trusted as a human being, Robert went on toward the house.

On the veranda he found a messenger boy waiting for him, with a telegram. It was from Van Ruger Blethen, and simply said, "I am in great need of you. Can you come at once? Answer immediately."

With a sudden reaction from all the peaceful influences of the morning there came back to Robert the memory of the note from Van Ruger which he had found waiting for him when he returned from California six years before, and of all the trouble and disaster which had followed. Instinctively he knew that this also was trouble; how much or for how many he could not surmise. The experiences of his life had made him strong to endure pain, and all he wished to know was how to meet what came most usefully. In a few minutes, Sara brought her horse to a stand beside the steps.

"Here, Robert, take your little daughter. She has enjoyed her ride immensely. Why, what is the matter?" she asked as she saw her husband's serious face. He handed her the telegram.

"I will go with you," she said, when she had read it. "You know it is very cold in Boston, and you remember——"

She paused, and he finished the sentence.

"Yes, I remember very well, and I promise you that I will take no foolish risks. I do not think you would better go with me, because I must catch the eleven o'clock express. I will telegraph you as soon as I find what the trouble is; and if I am likely to be detained any length of time, you can come."

Sara consented to this, and early on the following morning Robert arrived in Boston. He went first to his mother's house, where he found Mrs. Atterbury expecting him, with great grief and pain in her heart. Van Ruger had shot himself the day before. Claire had sailed for France on Tuesday; it was now Thursday. Mrs. Atterbury did not know what the reason for the suicide was. Van Ruger was quite dead when those who heard the shot rushed into the room. Beside him, on the table, was Robert's telegram, saying that he would start for Boston at once. She had gone to the Blethens' and brought Whitwell home with her as soon as she had heard of the trouble; and that morning the postman had brought a letter for Robert addressed in Van Ruger's handwriting. As the telegram told her that her son was on the way, she had done nothing more until he should come. Her tears flowed fast while she told all these details, and constantly she interrupted her story with ejaculations of "Poor Claire! Poor child! I am terribly afraid that she is to blame!"

Robert consoled his mother as well as he could, and went to his own old room to read Van Ruger's letter alone. It was short, and inclosed one from Claire, which was addressed to her husband. It said:

I have been alone all night with this. I have known all along what the end would be, and now it is here. I have not sent for you on my

own account. I am easily disposed of, but the boy! I made my will long ago and settled everything on him, making you his guardian and the trustee of his property. For the love of God, Robert, take him and bring him up decently; not as I was brought up. He is all that I care for now, and for a little while I thought I would send him out of this damned world before I quit it myself. Then I remembered you and your wife. Ask her to——

Here the letter broke off. The paper was covered with blots and scratched out words. At the end was this:

There is nothing I can do—nothing for my boy—my little boy—good by—good by, papa's dear little fellow.

Tears blinded Robert, and he groaned in bitterness. After a time he opened Claire's letter and read:

This is for you to read after the steamer has sailed. It is to tell you that at last I have taken myself entirely out of your life, that you will see me no more. Will you be sorry or only relieved? I do not know; and strange as it seems to me that it should be so, it is nevertheless true that never since the first few weeks of our married life have I felt as kindly toward you as I do now, when I am leaving your house forever. I am sorry for you, too, and realize that you also might have had a happier life, and perhaps have been a different man, if it had not been for me. Well, you are free now. For me, through all these years of life in death which we have endured under the same roof, I have struggled against the tyrant of my own heart who bade me go and taste of life. I have given up the fight. This dead thing which we call respectability is not worth the sacrifice. You know that, and have never made the fight. Now—I am going to live; to drink all that I can from the cup whose dregs, they say, are death and despair. I do not care. I am only in haste to get it to my lips; I only regret the years I have wasted; I fear nothing but to grow old before I have drained its last drop.

XXVII.

For many years life at the Atterbury home was like the flow of a majestic river, which, brimful to the banks, finds its way through green meadows. The rocks and boulders over which it broke in its beginnings are in the past, and its maturity does not harbor even a memory of them. So the life of Robert and Sara was unmarked except by dear domestic joys—the baby's first step, her lisping words, the day on which, for the first time, Whitwell's pony stood beside his father's and mother's horses, and he cantered off with them for their morning ride.

Whitwell called them "father" and "mother." Robert wished him to feel that he was absolutely one of the family, and from the first set himself to win the boy. He entered minutely into all that concerned him, and he felt himself in a peculiar way to be like a soldier over the citadel of the boy's life. He was alert, not to meet emergencies, but to anticipate them, and questions were answered before they could be asked. In the intimacy of their home life he taught him the truth concerning himself and his relation to others; that his body must be clean and holy, a fit temple for the Living God. He taught him in what great and wonderful sense it truly was such a temple, and that the crime of desecrating it was on a level with any crime against nature.

As both children grew, they were supplied by the never ceasing watchfulness of their parents with the knowledge that is the true protector of innocence—a protector as much more powerful than ignorance can be, as day is lighter than night. Their time was filled with duties and pleasures, and life was made so healthfully bright and gay for them that neither had time or inclination for dreams of sickly sentimentality. The beautiful unfolding of their characters was seen in their frank, steadfast eyes, without fear or secretiveness, and in the alertness with which they offered themselves for any service.

It was Christmas morning. The trees on the avenue were bare, and there was a cheery frostiness in the air. In the open fireplace a great yule log gave welcome warmth as well as seasonable brightness. Margaret was alone in the room. She stood, her little face against the window, looking eagerly down toward the road. The doors leading into the adjoining room were carefully closed. Presently, with a shout of joy, she rushed to the door.

"They are coming, they are coming! Come, Whitwell!" she called as she ran. Without waiting for hood or scarf, she threw open the front door and ran down the avenue to meet her friends. Whitwell joined her, and in a few minutes they came back, bringing with them about twenty boys and girls. Amid much laughter and shouts of "Merry Christmas!" they soon had the wraps off and were making their guests at home. These were children whom Whitwell and Margaret had themselves chosen for their Christmastide frolic. They had been taught that they could properly celebrate Christmas only by giving themselves to others. They learned the lesson well and quickly, as children always learn true lessons; so when their mother

asked them who should be their guests, they had chosen with unerring judgment those whose day would be made brighter for their feast, rather than those whose overladen palates were already sated.

Robert and Sara now came in from the closed room, and prepared to act the part of spectators. Whitwell asked one of the oldest boys to stand beside him at the doors, so that they might throw them both open at once. The eyes of all the little ones were wide with expectation when Margaret and Whitwell said, almost simultaneously, "Where is dear grandpa?" and Margaret rushed off to Mr. Gardner's apartment, calling to him.

In a moment Mr. Gardner came in, ushered by Margaret; the two boys, looking as solemn and important as possible, threw the doors open, and the lovely Christmas tree, with its shining tapers and silver frost, its lower branches laden with gifts, its upper ones gay with jeweled stars, stood revealed before the children. For one moment they stood and looked at it, the next they had gathered around its base; Whitwell and Margaret began to untie the presents and give them to those whose names they bore. Immediately all the others were helping in the work, and if the kind old Santa Claus whose smiling face looked down from the topmost branch had really been able to see, he would have been more than satisfied.

Soon Robert and Sara had to concentrate all their attention on preventing a conflagration, as the tree with its lighted tapers swayed about under the hands of the young marauders; and they laughed to see that the decoration, which had taken them several hours to arrange, disappeared in a few minutes before the onslaughts of the children. There was nothing left except a few bright balls which were too high for the tallest to reach, and the delicious odor that was the tree's own breath, and with which it filled the air. The children scattered about, romping to their hearts' content. They stopped playing to eat the Christmas dinner, and then, to their delight, Sara sang for them in her sweet, true voice.

When she ended her song, she turned around on the piano stool, and putting her arms around two or three of those nearest to her, while the rest clustered about her knee, she talked to them—only for a few minutes, only a few words, but into each childish heart there sank a little seed, a nobler idea of the Christ Child, which grown into their lives should surely mean purer loving, truer living.

Robert was standing in front of the fire, an interested spectator of the whole scene. He noticed, with ever new wonder and love, that to Sara there seemed to be no difference between the children. Her wonderful mother love was for *childhood*, and she poured its blessings on all.

She looked up and found his eyes fixed earnestly on her. Gently detaching herself from the caressing hands of the children, she bade Whitwell and Margaret help them to put on their wraps. When they had left the room she went over to the fireside and stood before Robert, looking at him a little wistfully.

"Robert!"

He took both her hands in his, and held them pressed against his breast.

"Yes, dearest. What is it?"

"Does it ever seem—I mean, have you ever felt—"

She paused.

"Do you mean, have I ever felt that because you give so much of your dear self to the children, some of you is taken away from me?"

Her eyes answered him.

"Never! Never, by all our dear love, which is my life! You cannot be more to me in any way than in fulfilling all of your nature. Nothing could be more terrible to me than to know that any influence of mine should dwarf any part of it."

"Yes, Robert," she said. "But that wasn't all that I wished. It was to tell you, in words, that all of it, whatever I am to them or to any one, is all for you and because of you."

"I know," he answered.

XXVIII.

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in my heart."

So Sara paraphrased the words of the song. She stood on the veranda, looking dreamily out over the smiling scene. Several years had passed. It was early summer. The lilacs were in bloom, and to Robert, coming toward her across the lawn, her noble profile and the masses of her luxuriant hair were outlined against the thick clusters of flowers. Since the time when she lived in Japan, her home gowns had always been of Japanese crêpe. She loved the soft, clinging stuff, and it suited the grace and gentleness of all her movements. Robert saw no change in her on this lovely morning. To him she was always the embodiment of perfect womanly beauty; to other eyes there were changes to be noted.

There were a few faint lines around the sweet eyes, a few white hairs on the temples, and the tender mouth showed unmistakably that it had drunk deeply of life's goblet, filled as it is with bitter-sweet pleasures and pains.

She had come out to see her children start for an afternoon's ride, and after kissing her hand to them, and smiling good by, had remained in the same attitude long after they were out of sight. She did not see Robert, and just as he reached her he heard her speak the words quoted. He put his hands on her shoulders and drew her toward him.

"What is 'only in your heart,' dearest?"

She turned to him, and as her eyes met his there came into them the light that had been the light of his life. She clasped her hands over his arm, and they walked back and forth on the veranda.

"I was thinking of the children, dear," she said; "living over, in a way, all their lives. It is so sad, don't you think, that they are so altogether grown up? We have been so happy with them and in them, and I was indulging in a little sentimental regret over their vanished childhood. All the happy times and all the sad ones, too—all their dear childhood days are gathered up and buried in my heart. You see, Robert, I was really sentimental, wasn't I? It all came of a great longing, about which there is beginning to be a great fear. You know, dearest, I have so hoped that they would see each other with my eyes. I can hardly restrain myself from saying to Whitwell, 'Do you not see that Margaret is the sweetest, fairest, truest woman in the world? Why do you not woo and win her for your wife?' Then, when the next minute I see her look at him as if he were just any man, one to whom she is perfectly indifferent, I have to shut my lips tight together for fear I should say, 'What then, do you not know Lohengrin when you see him?' I know, of course, that it would surely spoil everything if I did anything of the kind. I certainly will not, but oh, Robert, you do not think either of them could be so blind as to love any one else?"

"I do not know, darling. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and I have no power to foretell what love will do," Robert replied.

"It will be a terrible disappointment to me if any such thing should happen. I have always counted on their being married. It seems to me that their marriage would be the utter fulfilment of our lives, Robert. Their characters are so noble, they both have the same beautiful ideal of marriage, of home and children. It seems to me impossible that Margaret could marry a man with the ordinary understanding of marriage; it would be a desecration; or that Whitwell should be anything but repelled by the fascinations of women who have more physical charm than womanliness of character."

She was gazing appealingly into Robert's face.

"I too have hoped for it," he said, "and we will hope until there is certainty that it is not to be."

Sara had seen with a mother's intelligence all the phases of relation between Whitwell and Margaret. In the beginning they had been truly brother and sister. Whitwell's favorite name for Margaret had been "little sister." They had played together, had quarreled and made friends again, as all healthy children of strong individual character do. Grown older, they had met in their vacations as old comrades and chums, with frank, open gladness. Of late there had come a change. Margaret had returned from a trip abroad just as Whitwell, having finished his course at the Cambridge Law School, entered the law office of one of his father's friends. Their mother smiled, in private, to see this courtly young man display his ceremonious politeness to Margaret, and the dainty but distant grace and dignity with which she received his attentions.

As the days went by, and the coldness between them did not pass, but seemed rather to augment, she grew alarmed for her fondest hopes. The more anxious she felt for the final result, the more exactly she demanded of herself that they should have every opportunity to know their own minds. To this end she filled the house with youthful guests, and for weeks the whole place rang with merry peals of laughter, and the music that accompanies light hearted youth on its inconsequential way.

More than once Sara, keeping jealous vigil, saw looks of love and admiration showered upon Margaret; but the stately maiden gave no sign that she took note of them. Again and again she caught a passing flush of pleasure on fair young faces which seemed to say that Whitwell had but to woo to win; he was attentive to all their guests, but even his mother's penetrating eyes could find no difference in his manner to any one of them.

The day came for the breaking up of the party. Luncheon was to be the last gathering of the guests; they were all going their various ways during the afternoon. While

they sat at table they were busy making plans to meet again, and discussing the pleasures of the near future. One of them, Helen Norris, was Margaret's most intimate friend.

"Mamma will be most anxious to know your decision about joining us for our winter in Egypt," she said. "You know we are going to cross early and spend the autumn in Switzerland. Do come, Rita dear. I do not half care to go, if you do not."

Margaret hesitated before answering. Did her eyes seek Whitwell's? Sara almost thought so, but the next moment they turned to her own.

"I will talk with mother about it and let you know. I feel almost sure that I will go," she added a moment later.

Was there a sad note in her voice? Her mother thought so.

When the last guest had departed, Margaret went into the house and started to go up stairs.

"Margaret, little sister," Whitwell called. She stopped, smiling down at him questioningly. "Do you feel like taking a ride, a good long ride, out beyond the Soldiers' Home or around by Arlington Heights?"

"Yes," she answered gaily, "I do. I will be ready in five minutes."

While she was putting her habit on, she repeated "little sister" to herself. "He wishes me to know that he only cares for me as a sister. Well, there is certainly no reason why I should cry because I cannot have what I have never had any reason to expect. Suppose he does not wish to marry me. Why should he? And why should I make him and mother and myself wretched about it?"

Margaret was a perfect horsewoman, and although her form was slight she looked like a little queen when she sat on her beautiful horse. Whitwell adjusted the stirrup, and she bent over to smooth her skirt. Her shining black braids almost touched the blond hair on Whitwell's forehead. He had Claire's golden hair and brown eyes, and as he stood there beside the horses, tall and straight, he looked like a young viking. The mother, standing on the veranda, thought she had never seen such a pleasant sight. In another moment, with gay backward glances and merry chatter, they disappeared down the long avenue. In that moment, when Margaret's head had almost touched him, and he had felt her breath on his cheek, Whitwell had taken one look into her face above him; the face which she had wreathed in smiles to hide her pain.

"She does not care," he said to himself. "I am to her only an elder brother and nothing more. Well, please God, I will never let her be unhappy as she would be if she knew." So he lent himself to her devise, and all the rest of the summer day they rode side by side, through enchanting groves where the busy birds were building their nests, and past orchards where the cherry trees were letting their blossoms drift off into the expectant air, that the hidden fruit might give itself to the sun.

They came out on the hill behind the Soldiers' Home when the sun was only about ten minutes high. The scene was full of glory. Everywhere the long, level rays shone through the trees, and even the shadows were luminous in the faint haze that overspread the land. Away in the distance lay the queenly city, the white columns and golden dome of the Capitol illuminated by the last light of the setting sun. They drew their horses up, and with one impulse waited to see the day's decline. Margaret's eyes wandered over the landscape, and as the shadows encroached on the sunshine there came into them a look of melancholy. Whitwell had dismounted, and with the bridle over his arm stood leaning against his horse and looking at Margaret. How sweet and dear she was; how wonderful in the strong springtide of her womanhood! What could any other woman ever be to him, and—yes, what could any other man ever be to her? He realized that without her life would have no meaning to him.

The sun was almost gone; only a little rim still rested on the hill tops, and behind them rose a great shadow which seemed waiting to enfold them. With sudden impulse Margaret stretched out both arms toward the west.

"Do not go. Oh, do not go!" she exclaimed.

Whitwell put his hand up and clasped one of hers.

"Do not go. Oh, do not go!" he repeated.

She looked down into his eyes and read them.

"Do not go, little sister!"

Her eyes told him all.

"Ah, Margaret, darling, what could have made us think that we could live without each other?"

"I never thought that I could live without you," she answered between a sob and a smile.

They went slowly home in the gloaming, the horses taking their own time. They had

so much to say; there were so many silences between them when their thoughts were too deep for words.

At the steps they sprang from their horses and let them find their own way to the stables. Moved by the same thought, hand in hand they went into the room where Robert and Sara were sitting with Mr. Gardner. Straight to the mother they went, and Sara read in their radiant faces that her hopes were to be fulfilled. Margaret threw herself into her arms.

"Oh, mother, mother," she sobbed.

Whitwell knelt beside them, and clasped his arms around them both. His voice was not less manly that it trembled as he spoke.

"Mother, dearest, will you trust her to me?" he said.

XXIX.

ROBERT stood in the open door of his house. It was a morning in October, almost at the end of the nineteenth century. He was waiting for his wife, and they were about to start on their usual morning walk. The clear morning light brought out, unreservedly, all the changes which time had wrought in him. The delicacy of constitution that had belonged to his youth was a thing of the past; the only remaining mark of it being in his figure, which had not grown portly with advancing years. He was inclined to regard this as an advantage, because, having less weight to carry, the years had not taken the elasticity of his step. His hair was white, and there were lines of life written on his face. Only in his eyes was youth; not the fleeting youth of inexperience and of few days, but the immortal youth of the gods, to which none may attain except those who have kept the springs of joy and delight unpolluted; those to whom the passing years only give new appreciation for their boundless pleasures.

Sara came to him smiling, and together they passed down the avenue.

Within the house, before a bright little fire, and with the sunshine falling across his knees, sat Mr. Gardner. The frosts of many winters had made his few locks like shining silver, and the strength of his manhood had departed. On his placid face was a look of repose and content, and a light which shone from within. It was the same light that looks from the eyes of a little child who has not lost the vision of the angels which surround it. We have all seen it in the infant's eyes; it is not always on the face of the aged.

The door opened, and Sara entered. She had a book in her hand, "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." Going to her father, she kissed his forehead.

"Dear father," she said, "here is a new book about your dear Japan. I am so happy to think how much pleasure you will find in it."

He took the book and kept her hand as well.

"Thank you, daughter. You may well say 'dear Japan,' because I do love it; but, daughter, there is something I have been thinking about, which I wish to say to you today. This is your birthday, dear; you are fifty five years old. I wish to tell you today that the years of my life, which are many, are good years because of you; that for more than thirty years past you have filled my life with the corn of comfort and the wine of great joy; and that now, as I look back over the long way, the sorrows of my youth are forgotten in the blessedness which you have given me. You know, daughter, that I am on the border land. Sometimes I seem to be so near that I can feel the life which is coming, all around me. I shall find her there; often I am conscious of her presence now, and today I had the thought come to me to thank and bless you in her name."

Sara's eyes were full of tender tears as she smoothed the straggling locks on his forehead. Suddenly there came the tramp of ponies' feet, then a rush like the wind, and the door flew open.

"Grandma, grandma!" shouted the voices.

Robert heard the clatter of hoofs and the voices of the children. He left his writing at once to go to meet them. They were Whitwell's and Margaret's children, and they were the crowning joy of Robert's life. He welcomed them each time with new pleasure; he studied the development of their natures with concentrated delight. They were indeed and in truth *his children*, the children of his life long devotion, of his self sacrifice, and of his manhood. Well might he rejoice in them, beautiful, happy creatures that they were! Here were no sad childish eyes looking out on a world of woe; no drooping corners of the mouth proclaimed them the inheritors of all the load of weary questioning, of all the doubts and hopelessness of these *fin de siècle* days. The elasticity and the activity of boundless life were in their every motion, the light of boundless joy shone in their lovely eyes. Robert never met their gaze without a thrill of great expectancy. He knew that these were the eyes of those who will enter into

the Promised Land, for they were free born.

He knew that in other places and other homes, few perhaps, but constantly increasing, sons and daughters were coming up to receive the promise: "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." As from the top of Mount Pisgah Moses gazed with rapture on the Canaan which he might not enter, so Robert now saw in these children the glory and joy of the human race that shall be.

The children had paused for a second on the threshold, and, seeing that "dear grandpa" was there, went and spoke to him first. Then little Robert, or Rob, as they called him, advanced to his grandmother. He carried a huge bouquet of pink roses, which he presented to her.

"There are fifty five, and they are all Hermosa roses," he said. "Mamma says that means 'perfectly beautiful,' so I would not have any other kind for your birthday."

She took them, and kissed the bright cheeks of her little grandson.

"Thank you, dearest, for the roses and the wishes and all," she said.

Meanwhile little Sara was waiting for her turn. She held, pressed close to her breast, a piece of cardboard, which she now put upon her grandmother's lap.

"It is a picture for your birthday, and I wishes you many happy returns, and I made it for you myself."

One side was blue, and happily it flashed into Sara's mind that that must be intended for the sky. She held it with that side up, very anxious not to disappoint the young artist, who watched her eagerly.

"Oh, yes! I see! It is the avenue leading up to grandma's house, isn't it, darling little girl?"

"Yes," the little girl went on, pointing with her finger; "yes, and this is the road, and those are the trees, and this is Rob on Toby, and I am on Fido, and we are coming to see you. I painted us coming because you are gladder when we come than when we go, and I wanted the gladdest thing for your birthday."

Robert was talking to his namesake, and now little Sara ran to him.

"There is going to be a surprise in a little while," she said.

"A surprise? For whom?" he asked.

She drew his head down close to her lips, and whispered mysteriously, "For grandma, because it is her birthday." At the moment, she heard the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel. "The surprise has come, the surprise has come!" she shouted, as she rushed out of the door.

Whitwell and Margaret came in smiling and happy.

"Hush, hush, little one, not quite so loud," Margaret said, holding up her finger to little Sara.

In Whitwell's arms lay the latest arrival in their happy home. He went and laid it in his mother's arms. They all gathered around her, Robert, standing behind her chair, looked over her shoulder at the fair, sweet babe, and even Mr. Gardner drew himself out of his easy chair to come nearer for a moment.

"We could not leave little Claire at home on your birthday, mother, dearest," Whitwell said.

"Because," said little Sara, who was leaning on her grandmother's knee, "when nurse said that Claire is too little to go visiting, mamma said that we must not think, because she is too little to talk, that she is too little to feel."

Rob had put his forefinger into the baby's hand, and the tiny pink fingers curled around it as he took up the theme.

"And papa said that she must come to take possession of her birthright. He said *that* is her part in grandma's love."

He paused, and little Sara, waiting eagerly to have him speak the words which she could not quite remember, said, "And more, he said more than that, Rob."

The beautiful boy slowly raised his eyes from Claire's little fingers; they paused for a moment on his sister's face, then rested on his grandmother as he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "'for her children's children shall call her blessed.'"

THE END.

THE HEALING OF A WOUND.

IT was Evelyn Morton's afternoon at home. A steady stream of people had filled her little drawing room since three o'clock, but now the last one had gone, and she came back to the open fire from the door where she had been saying good by, and threw herself with a sigh of content into a great Turkish chair directly opposite her cousin, Bob Inglis, who had just come in.

"I'm going to stay to dinner, Evelyn, mayn't I?" Bob said. "It's getting late, and if I go before dinner I shan't have any visit at all."

"Of course you're going to stay to dinner, my child," she answered, reaching over and giving his hand an affectionate little pat. "You don't suppose I'm going to let you escape me now, do you, when you have neglected me as you have, you wretch, five months without a sign of a letter?"

"Oh, Evelyn, you *are* the right sort of a woman. I swear the very sight of you does a man good. I think it's been at least a year since I asked you to marry me the last time. It's high time I tried my luck again, so here goes." He dropped easily on one knee before her and leaned toward her, his eyes a mixture of mischief and entreaty. She drew his head down on her arm and kissed his forehead gently.

"Oh, Bob, how fond I am of you, you old goose! I've missed you *so*. I do hope you are going to stay home for a while."

"I'll stay forever, Evelyn, if you'll treat me like this," he answered, pressing her hand against his cheek. "Honestly, Evelyn, why won't you marry me and let me settle down sensibly and comfortably? I live a dog's life; not a tie on earth, not a soul to care if I go to the devil—not even you. Are you never lonely, Evelyn? Do you intend to live this way to the end of your days? Tell me."

He had risen, and, leaning with his elbow on the mantel, was looking searchingly into her small, dark face.

"I am, indeed, sometimes very, very lonely, Bob; sometimes even wild enough to think, perhaps, we should be happy married. At least there would be no misunderstandings. We are both done with love; we have both lived and suffered." She spoke dreamily, sadly; then with her quick and charming smile, "But think how we should quarrel. I should wear French heels, and you would smoke constantly. I know we should quarrel horribly! Oh, here is Aunt Lucy!" she continued, as an old lady in a soft gray gown came down the stairs. Bob sprang to meet her with affectionate eagerness.

"I am glad to see thee, Robert," she said, with her gentle hand on his broad shoulder. "We have missed thee much."

"And the sight of you and Evelyn, dear Aunt Lucy, makes me feel a new man. I have just been making my annual proposition of marriage to Evelyn, but she scorns me as usual. Oh, you may scoff, perfidious damsel," he added laughingly, and taking Aunt Lucy under his arm they went out to dinner.

"Aunt Lucy," Bob said, as they reached the table, "I have come to ask a favor, as usual. I am going to invite some friends down to 'The Oaks' for the month of September, and I want you and Evelyn to come down and do the honors for me."

"Thy favors never seem hard to grant, Robert; thee knows I am very fond of 'The Oaks,' and I think I should like to come very much. What does thee say about it, Evelyn?"

"I think it would be charming, Aunt Lucy; let us go by all means. Who are you asking, Bob?"

"Oh, the Hines and the Shumans and the Wentworths, and then a man, Evelyn, for whom I want to bespeak your special good grace—Herbert Ralston."

"Oh, yes; I have heard you speak of him."

"We were freshmen together in college. He was the handsomest boy I ever saw. His people were Virginians with plenty of money; until he was twenty one, when he met with the accident, there was positively not a desire of his life that was not gratified. He was sadly spoiled, dogmatic, and arrogant; he hadn't too many friends, and we were always devoted to each other. Lately he has grown into a perfect bear, and although he is really an infliction to some people because of his bitterness, I love him, Evelyn, and I want you to try to civilize him a little."

"Really, Bob, you flatter me. I have never tried my hand at taming a bear. I'm afraid I shan't be very successful. What is his special grievance?"

"When he was twenty one," Bob went on, "Ralston was shockingly burned. He was experimenting with some chemicals, and they exploded. He was at the point of death for months, and when he recovered his face was terribly scarred. He had been an acknowledged handsome man, but now he knows he is an object of curiosity and pity to all who see him. One side of his face is as perfect as ever, but the other! He has brooded over it so long that he has grown to believe himself hideous to people, and so he avoids them. It is pitiful, Evelyn. He is a man of grand possibilities, but he simply shuts himself off from the world, and lives cursing his fate."

"How tragic!"

"I came home from Europe to find him even worse than when I left six months ago. He was here for a day having his eyes looked after, and he was so ill that his man and I just packed him up and took him down to 'The Oaks,' and I am going to keep him there until he is better, if I have to tie him up."

Evelyn's eyes were very bright; they looked as if the tears were near the surface, for there is always something touching in the devotion of one man for another. She got up from the table in a moment. "I am going to the opera with the Ludlams to-night, so you will excuse me, won't you, Bob?" she said. "You are a very nice boy, even if you are my cousin;" and she leaned over and kissed him again on the forehead as she left the room.

Bob's face flushed with pleasure. Evelyn's approval was very dear to him.

"Aunt Lucy," he said presently, "tell me, do you know what the trouble was between Evelyn and her husband?"

"No, Robert; I do not know exactly, although I have some idea."

"Was it some woman, Aunt Lucy?"

"I think it was; still I do not know. She loved him madly, Robert, and her grief when he died was terrible. She feared she had been too severe with him, unjust. Just before he died he took her hands in his, and he said, 'My darling, you have been pretty hard on me, but if all women acted so it would be a better world, perhaps.' Oh, how she suffered, poor child!"

"I was abroad at the time, you know, and I never knew much about it. Did she never live with him at all?"

"Oh, yes; they went to Florida for two months, and had been back some weeks before there was any trouble. No one knows what brought it about, but one night Evelyn rushed in upon me and begged me to start for Europe with her the next day. She was in such a terrible state of agitation that I felt alarmed for her, but she would tell me nothing, and while I was attempting to dissuade her, Ainsley came. He said that he and Evelyn had had a disagreement, that he was willing to accede to her wishes in all things, but that at any cost a scandal must be avoided, and we both pleaded with her to give up going away. Ainsley promised her that as soon as he could do so, without scandal, he would leave her in peace. He spoke very bitterly, and he looked like a man in great grief, but neither of them ever gave the slightest intimation as to the trouble. Evelyn's health suffered a good deal, so that she went out but little for a while, but at last she resumed her old life, and no one knew there had been any estrangement, though they lived entirely apart, never meeting except at meals and when they went out together. Within a year Ainsley had pneumonia and died. Poor Evelyn was almost insane; but time, the great healer, at last brought her back to a normal condition. That was eight years ago. Evelyn is twenty nine years old now."

They had left the dining room, and were sitting in the fire light, Robert on a hassock at his aunt's feet. She leaned over with her hand on his arm.

"Thee are both very dear to me, Robert, like my own children. And *thy* trouble? I hope time has brought thee peace."

"Yes, Aunt Lucy, peace. The world has never been bright to me since Mona's death, but, yes, I have found peace."

It was late before Robert left. He walked slowly up the avenue in the soft moonlight, his mind full of the past. What could Evelyn's trouble have been? Strange that no one had ever learned. His mind went back to the death of his own wife, seven years ago, and now "The Oaks," the beautiful home where she had reigned, was to be open again.

* * * *

It was the last day of Robert's house party. Evelyn and her aunt had been at "The Oaks" for three weeks; the gay party was to break up on the morrow. Evelyn sat in front of a low French window, listlessly embroidering. Chopin's "Nocturnes," one after another, floated dreamily in from the next room. Herbert Ralston was at the piano. He was a fine musician, and the

bitterness and melancholy of his life found expression in his music. Evelyn was thinking of this as she sat listening. It would have been hard to tell when, in the past three weeks, she had not been thinking of Herbert Ralston. She found a strange fascination in the man. The attitude of antagonism which he maintained toward the world she resolutely ignored, and with her first look into his hard, defiant eyes, she resolved to be his friend and make him hers. It was rather up hill work at first. He met friendly advances with the cold reserve of a man who has a horror of being pitied; still, Evelyn, in her relation to others, was a woman of wonderful tact and wisdom, and at last she had won; they were the best of friends.

Ralston's disfigurement was an appalling shock in contrast to the beauty of the uninjured side of his face, and to his over sensitive mind no one for a moment ever lost sight of what he morbidly considered his repulsive injury. In reality the scar on his face was not repulsive at all; it was simply startling.

Since his coming to "The Oaks" Ralston had, for the first time in years, found himself happy in the society of his fellow men. He left the piano presently, and came into the library where Evelyn sat. The other guests, except Aunt Lucy, who was not quite well, had gone on a picnic. Evelyn had declined to join them because of her aunt's indisposition, and Ralston, who always avoided such festivities, had gone off early in the morning, and had not returned until after the party had started.

"Why aren't you one of the picnickers, Mr. Ralston?" Evelyn said as he threw himself into a chair somewhat in the shadow, though near her.

"Picnics," he answered rather shortly, "are not in my line."

"You're a very lazy man. I believe it is pure laziness that prevents your joining all these exciting festivities."

"No," he answered bitterly, "it is an unwillingness to inflict myself upon my fellow men."

Evelyn did not answer him. The drowsy hum of the September insects came in through the swaying curtains, and Herbert Ralston sat in the shadow and looked at the fair woman who had made him her friend.

Suddenly Evelyn looked up, and meeting his eyes she leaned impulsively toward him. "Mr. Ralston," she said, "do you consider me your friend?"

"You have seemed my most kind friend," he answered gently.

"I am your sincere and devoted friend. I would do much, *much* for you, but I am not proud of you. Think, think of a strong and noble man letting a little trouble crush and embitter him as you have. Rise above it; live it down; be a man. Do you think you are the only person in the world who has suffered? Is it brave and manly to raise this barrier between yourself and the rest of mankind simply because your vanity has had a blow?"

Ralston turned very pale. The blood rushed to his face, and the cruel scar throbbed painfully.

"I am unfortunate," he said bitterly, "to have aroused your scorn."

"If you feel it so," she answered gently, "you can change it. Make me—make your friends proud of you." She rose from her chair and laid her hand appealingly on his arm.

"You presume to sit up and judge me, lecture me—you who have never had a trial or trouble in your life! You dare to judge one whose life has been ruined; who must carry about with him all his days a loathsome and repulsive presence. Do you fancy for a moment you know what it means? I would like you to pass through New York with me once. When I enter a car I have the happiness of seeing every lady look at me, then quickly turn her head lest she should show in her eyes the pity that she feels; every child stares as at some strange animal; while the others—the beasts—nudge each other and whisper behind their hands, and I must sit and endure it with no hope of anything different. You think it pleasant, perhaps, to be a blot upon the face of the earth. You must not judge me by the standards of other people, who can hold up their heads before the world. Do you think for a moment you know what trouble—suffering of this kind—means?"

Evelyn smiled sadly. The voices of the returning guests came up the drive.

"Tomorrow I will tell you my history. You shall judge if I have ever suffered; in the mean time, forgive me." She looked into his eyes, but saw only the bitterest anger as Ralston turned and left the room.

When the household assembled for dinner Ralston did not appear. In his own room, his head bowed in his arms, he was suffering the keenest agony; for bitterly angry as he was with Evelyn, he realized that he loved her. He stood before his glass and looked at himself, and ground his teeth with rage at the fate which had made him what he was. He thought he had sounded the depths of suffering and misery, but it

seemed he had not, and for hours he sat in the darkness, cursing his fate and thinking of his mad love.

Evelyn went to Aunt Lucy's room after dinner, and when she had made her comfortable for the night she astonished that gentle lady by dropping on her knees by the bedside and weeping violently. "Oh, Aunt Lucy," she sobbed, "I am going to marry Herbert Ralston. I am going to make a man of him, poor fellow! Think what a life he has led!"

"Why, my child, thee does not mean Herbert Ralston? Does he love thee?"

"Indeed he does, Aunt Lucy, madly, although he does not know it," and Evelyn laughed hysterically. "I am going to tell him so tomorrow."

Poor Aunt Lucy was much bewildered and distressed; but after a good cry, Evelyn smiled upon her reassuringly. "For the first time in eight years, Aunt Lucy, I feel life holds an interest for me. I love him with my whole heart, and I am very, very happy;" and she kissed Aunt Lucy tenderly, and went to write a note to Ralston, which was to be delivered by the maid early in the morning.

"I am aware," she wrote, "how very angry you are with me, but I am sure, after all these happy days together, you will not refuse to go for a last walk with me tomorrow afternoon. I shall be busy seeing people off in the morning—Aunt Lucy and I are to stay another week, you know—but in the afternoon let us go to the high hill. I want to tell you what has never passed my lips before."

* * * *

It was three o'clock when they started, and it was not until they reached the summit of the hill overlooking all that beautiful country, that Evelyn began her story.

"I cannot tell you how strange it seems to me, how terrible, after all these years, to put my experience into words. You are the only person in the world to whom I could possibly tell it."

Poor Ralston's heart throbbed painfully. Evelyn paused, but he did not answer.

"I married," she went on, "when I was twenty. My husband was young also—twenty five; he was an American, but had lived much of his life in France. I cannot tell you how I loved him. In my eyes he was almost a god—without a flaw. It never occurred to me to question his life before I knew him. I had been brought up in a strict New England atmosphere, and I did not dream that there was any other. We went to Florida for two months after our marriage, and those two months, it seemed to me, I was in heaven, and so it did to Ainsley. He worshiped me, and many times he would drop on his knees and say, 'My darling, I wish I had been a better man;' but how could I know what he meant—I who had scarcely heard of vice? We had been back in New York three weeks, when, one day, the maid said a lady wished to see me down stairs. She had a child with her and did not send up a card, which seemed rather strange, but I went down. She was a very handsome, large, blonde woman, with rather a hard face and voice, but well dressed and well mannered. When I came in she rose, holding the child by the hand. She asked me if I was Mrs. Ainsley Morton, and when I said I was, she took the child on her lap and began to take off its veil. 'I have brought you your husband's child,' she said. She pushed the little thing toward me. There could be no mistake; he was the image of Ainsley. She had known Ainsley, she said, for five years. She met him in the studio of one of his friends where she was a model, and they had had a little apartment and had been very happy, she said. Ainsley gave her plenty of money, and took her about quite a little. She had always been true to him, she said. He had told her he was not a marrying man—would never marry—and she was quite content. But six months before he had written her a letter; she showed it to me. It said he had settled upon her ten thousand dollars, the interest of which she was to receive during her life, and it said, 'If you form any other attachment be good to the boy; he is my only regret.' She said she had waited until he was married, and now she had come to have her revenge."

Evelyn had not realized what an effort it would be for her to tell her story, and she was quite pale and trembling. She got up and moved about a little. Ralston sat looking off at the distant hills.

"I need not tell you how we all suffered," she went on in a moment. "Ainsley suffered as much as I did, I suppose, but he thought me cruel and unjust to take the attitude I did. He tried to make me see he was only a boy of twenty when this had begun, too young to think for himself, and only following the example of those among whom he lived; but I would not listen to him, and except as we met at meals, and went into society together, we never saw each other. The little boy did not live very long, and the woman married, and then my husband died." Evelyn threw her hands over her head. "Oh, God!"

she cried, "how I have suffered! How I loved him, and he died, and I have lived all these years knowing that I was hard and unforgiving to my love!" She burst into a passion of weeping. Ralston sat and listened to her sobs. He was suffocating. He longed to take her hand and cover it with kisses, but the terror lest she should shrink from him prevented him. The passion of her weeping spent itself; still they sat on in silence, each longing for, dreading, the other's voice. At last Evelyn spoke.

"You are the only person to whom I have ever told my trouble. I wanted to tell you because you have suffered, and because—because I want your sympathy."

"You have honored me," he said in a low voice.

"I am afraid I have bored you sadly. You must forgive me."

"Mrs. Morton, hush. You do not know how cruel you are. You do not know how *mad* I am. I would die for you gladly."

"I thought you did not care; you seemed as if you did not."

"Did not care? God! I whose heaven is in your eyes, whose only happiness is in your voice; poor mad, seared, and blasted creature that I am!"

He dropped his head into his hands and groaned. Evelyn moved swiftly to him, knelt by his side, and pressed her smooth cheek timidly to his.

Ralston sprang to his feet. "Are you mad?" he cried in a low, tense voice. "It is not your pity I want. I love you. Do you understand?—*love* you."

"Then live for me, dear," Evelyn answered, looking tenderly into his eyes, "for I love you."

Rowena L. Hiltman.

A WINTER EVENING.

KEENER, crisper, grows the air and stiller,
While the night her dusky doors unbars;
Shifting as a spectral spiral pillar,
One white smoke shaft links the earth and stars.

In the woodland no melodious rally;
Presage of the springtime?—not a breath!
On the hill and in the sheeted valley
Silence as inexorable as death.

Yet beneath this numbing coil and cumber,
Hearkening but the word to bid it start—
Leap to life from out its icy slumber—
Somewhere waits the living vernal heart.

Clinton Scollard.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THE WIZARD OF THE KEYS.

Paderewski has proven that he has lost none of that personal magnetism which makes him the most conspicuous figure wherever he happens to be, however great other artists may be in achievement. Added to this, he is more than ever admired in the sober second thought of the critic—who has been like every other listener, so swept out of himself that he feels, rather than thinks, during the moments when Paderewski plays. The artist who came to America three years ago was unquestionably great, but he has added to his interpretations a breadth of comprehension, a sincerity, which he carries to the heart of every one whose ear comes within the range of his magical music.

Paderewski's technical skill is one of the marvels of his playing, when we know how comparatively short a time he has given to the study of the piano. He never falters. His touch is absolutely sure. He gives any shade of feeling to the notes, because he has absolute command of his instrument. It seems impossible that this skill should have been acquired within ten years; yet such is the fact. Before 1885, Paderewski was a composer rather than a pianist, and was known only to a very small class. His wife had died in poverty, because his work was unsalable. In that year he went to Leschetiszky, of Vienna, and began taking lessons. Leschetiszky is a marvelous teacher of technique, but he has had only one Paderewski. It was like teaching a Shakspere to read and write. The teacher's work was done after the tools were put into the hands of the pupil.

Every one of Paderewski's recent concerts has been filled with highly excited crowds, who hang upon each musical phrase with a boundless admiration.

As a composer, the magnetic Pole is still almost unknown to us, for the reason that after he has been heard to play his own compositions, they seem flat and uninteresting in other hands.

A SEMI-AMERICAN PIANIST.

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler has been one of the favorites in the musical world this winter, as one of the best piano players who has ever come to us. She is full of fire, of impetuosity, of brilliancy, and artistic breadth. She has been with us before; indeed, her early life was spent here. She was born at Bielitz, in Austria, but was only three years old when her people came to America. One brother, Maurice Bloomfield, is professor of Sanskrit in the Johns Hopkins University.

She appeared for the first time at the age of eleven, and since then she has played all over the continent of Europe. At Dresden, in 1893, one of the numbers on her program was Rubinstein's Concerto in D Minor. The great pianist himself was in the audience, and after the concert was over he followed the young woman to the green room and kissed her, telling her that he had never before been so satisfied with his composition.

Mme. Zeisler will hardly rival Paderewski, but there is no other pianist at the moment who can claim her popularity.

NEW LIGHT UPON A STRANGE CAREER.

Frau von Bülow has gathered together her husband's letters, and made an interesting book of memoirs. It touches chiefly upon his life during the years between 1841 and 1855, when the famous German pianist changed the whole current of his life through his acquaintance with Liszt and Wagner.

He tells the story of the movement which led to the formation of Wagner's style. It was in 1850, while listening to a performance of "Lohengrin" by Liszt, that Von Bülow determined to give up the law for music. There is a theory in the minds of some students of the brain that great musical and mathematical talents are entirely apart from the ordinary intellect, and are really phases of mental disease. They cite the fact that idiots have been known to possess both to an astonishing degree. Von Bülow's case would seem to bear out this theory. As a child he gave no evidence of the talent that was to make him famous. It was only after a severe attack of brain fever that he showed any taste for music. He received the best musical education, but it was considered merely as an accomplishment, and by no means as a preparation for a practical profession.

But Liszt and Wagner swept away everything. Von Bülow went to Weimar, studied with Liszt for two years, and then made a concert tour of Europe. He married Liszt's daughter, who had lived with him for twelve

Rose Caron.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

years when she left him for Wagner. Von Bülow obtained a divorce, and spent the rest of his life in concert tours.

A COMMENDABLE NOVELTY.

How many people get a program of a concert they are about to attend, and study the music beforehand? Every piece of music, however simple, has a theme; it is not merely a random collection of consecutive pleasing sounds. Yet that is what many a popular audience appears to consider it.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra now issues programs that contain a slight explanation of the music to be rendered, and something of its history. The idea is a good one, and should be widely adopted.

ROYALTY AND BANJOS.

Few people, outside of the circle that is constantly seeking for new ideas in entertainments, realize how large a field there is for a parlor entertainer. There are in New York and London men and women whose names never get into print, yet who make handsome incomes going from house to house during the season, singing or playing.

Louise Nikita.

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

They are in many cases artists of some distinction, and in others masters of some taking form of amusement which gives them vogue and popularity.

During the last London season two American girls named Leech, daughters of an American naval officer, played the banjo and sang negro songs in most of the great houses. They sang before almost every member of the royal family except the queen, and have come back home, with the prestige of their triumphs, to sing for American society people this winter. They are entirely natural and untaught, singing with the same freedom as the negroes whom they imitate, but with a delicate charm that is all their own. Their one public appearance in London was with their fellow countrymen and friends, the Cornell Glee Club, when they made their début in St. James' Hall last July.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

Marie Van Zandt has made her reputation almost entirely in Europe; but for all that, she has kept a unique place in the hearts of those who have faith in American music, and who believe that our climate makes fine voices. She was born in New York, and her mother, who was a clever teacher, gave her her first instruction. Even as a child, she had a pronounced musical temperament, and in her early years she picked up a knowledge of every musical instrument that came in her way. The noises of the street, the organ that played around the corner, fascinated her. Her brain wove

every sound into music. With a banjo, she learned the trick of making others hear what had struck her sensitive ears.

Her mother took her to Europe while she was still a child, and put her under Lamperti, in Milan. In those days—the early seventies—everybody went to Lamperti, and it was the American girl's dream to make her début on the stage of La Scala. The beautiful child captivated every one. She was invited everywhere, and asked to bring her banjo with her. It was she who introduced to Paris and Italy the sad and merry songs of the Southern negroes, as written down by Stephen Foster. Her début was made in Turin in 1879, when she sang *Zerline* in "Don Giovanni." She was immediately engaged to sing at Covent Garden in London, where she made a decided hit in "La Sonnambula." A year later, she was singing *Mignon* in Paris. She has made her home in Paris ever since, although she leaves it for long tours. Her greatest success in the last few years has been as *Lakmé*, a part which she created in 1885.

Marie Van Zandt.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

A little over thirty, Miss Van Zandt is still at the age at which Melba made her first success.

A RISING OPERATIC STAR.

Another American girl who has made herself known as one of the great prima

The Misses Leech.

From a photograph by Newman, New York.

donnas of the world is Louise Nikita. She was born in Washington, and is the niece of Le Roy, who was her master during her childhood. She is only twenty two now, but has already had a remarkably successful career as a singer in every European country and in the United States. Fifteen months ago she signed a contract to sing three years at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

It was thought at one time that Massenet was writing "La Navarraise" for Nikita. He stopped in his work to tell the world how much he admired her. But Mme. Calvé has put an end to all surmises concerning the origin of the new opera, which bids fair to rival "Carmen" in the hearts of her audiences this winter.

CALVÉ'S RETURN.

Mme. Calvé says that the libretto of "La Navarraise" was brought to her by the authors, Jules Claretie and Henri Cain. Calvé herself carried the book to Massenet, and asked him to write her a score. The story is that of a spy in the Carlist wars, and is full of the passionate intensity which the Spanish prima donna knows so well how to portray. Massenet not only wrote the opera, but drilled her for her performance, and then told her that he was jealous

that the world should share his enjoyment of her creation of the part.

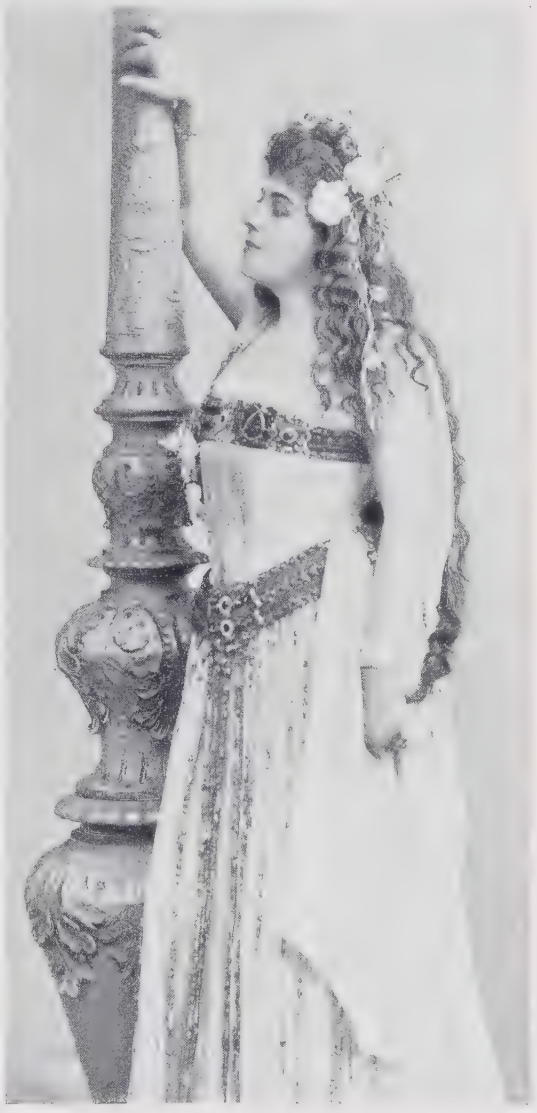
Calvé has been singing in Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Paris since she was here two years ago, and resting at her beautiful country place in the south of France. She did not sing *Carmen* to her own countrymen, as they consider it a play rather than an opera.

Calvé brings with her one opera which is a resurrection, and which will recall a thousand memories to the opera goer of a decade ago, who went to Europe for the season and knew all the rôles of the great singers. We spoke last month of Nilsson's wonderful success in Boito's "Mefistofele," whose leading part she first sang in London in 1880. When she left the stage, it was thought by many that the Italian composer's masterpiece had seen its last performance. The possibility of its being taken up by an artist so different from the old conception of the part as Calvé, appears to have occurred to no one. And yet, in the Spanish singer's hands, it is bound to be a creation, for Calvé's individuality shines through the preconceived idea of any part.

WANTED—A NATIONAL AIR.

Almost every nation except our own has a characteristic air that is recognized everywhere, at home and abroad, as a sort of national trademark or pass word—a cue for the entrance of patriotism. There is the electric, thrilling fury of the "Marseillaise"; the comparatively phlegmatic, dogged determination of "God save the Queen"; the strong and ponderous "Wacht am Rhein"; the Slavic stolidity of the Russian national hymn, the tropic passion of "La Paloma," and the others. But this great conglomerate of the peoples of the world, spread across a continent, mighty in numbers and varied in interests—what national air is the sure rallying cry of these United States? Having many, we have none.

"America" is a rank plagiarism of the English air. "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is also a plagiarism, and too naval to interest the vast inland majority. "The Star Spangled Banner" is a stirring and robust song, but its range is too great for ordinary voices. Those captivating lyrics, "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," have acquired too much sectional meaning.



Meyriane Héglon.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

These discontented animadversions are inspired by the recent death of two writers of national airs, Dr. George F. Root and Harrison Millard. Millard wrote two singable tunes, "Viva l'America" and "The Flag of the Free," but though they obtained a certain vogue, they failed to reach the

M. Marsick.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

general acceptance necessary to a truly national air. Dr. Root came nearer to being the Rouget de l'Isle of our country.

An old Greek legend tells how Terpander was summoned to Sparta to sing away the state's political troubles, and succeeded. Dr. Root came unsought, and was without doubt a more potent warrior, mounted on his Pegasus, than many companies of cavalry. Men are poor soldiers when out of the mood for fighting, and nothing so fires the veins and steels the sinews as the uplifting of war songs like banners. Such ballads as Dr. Root's were worth an army to President Lincoln in the civil war. The long list of his inspirations includes "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "The Vacant Chair," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." But fine as these were, and fine as were Henry C. Work's "Marching through Georgia," and the old tune "John Brown's Body," they were the songs not of our country against the world, but of our nation divided against itself. Their fame remains, but their use is happily gone.

A few weeks ago a candidate for the honor of ranking as our national air was put forth by Dr. English, the author of "Ben Bolt"; but the place is still vacant. The successful song must not be bombastic and bathetic, or the everlasting American humor will seize upon it. It must have a certain democratic, careless, honest brag about it, to please and possess the soul of this great republic. Who will write it?

AN INVASION OF VIOLINISTS.

After Ysaye the deluge. This great violinist's remarkable success last year has brought a positive inundation of fiddlers

upon our peaceful but golden shores. In the hands of Ondricek, Rivarde, Marsick, and a host of others, the catgut will twang out its tender soul unceasingly this winter.

While Ysaye created a furore, Marsick has established himself with modest but thorough success. Little and dapper, rather than Napoleonically short; affable, plump, and sleek, rather than gaunt, music lorn, and weird, he is hardly the player to set throngs of women mad—and it is always the women that create and sustain a furore. Yet Marsick's music is so worthy of all attention, it is so devoid of ostentatious gymnastics, so sincere and warm, that he must have a very high place among contemporary makers of melody.

Though a Belgian by birth, he has become thoroughly identified with France, and has been for some time a professor at the Paris Conservatoire. He was a remarkable boy soprano, but at the age of fifteen he gave up singing for the violin and composition. He had the uncomfortable honor of being refused at the Brussels Conservatory because—it is said—the director was jealous of his abilities. Going on to Paris, poor in all but art, he entered a competition for the post of first violinist at the Opéra, and won it over thirty five older artists. Still pursuing his studies, he won the first prize at the Conservatoire, and later attained decided success in concert work. The great Vieuxtemps saw in Marsick his own successor, and hailed him with enthusiasm. His long concert tours throughout Europe have given him a repertory that is amazing. He is also a composer of no mean ability.

A YOUNG AMERICAN TENOR.

America has furnished the world with so many great contraltos and sopranos, that the dearth of prominent tenors and bassos is all the more glaring. In Lloyd d' Aubigné we have a really promising aspirant for this vacant niche in the temple of musical fame.

It is simply an affectation, as a rule, for a man to change his name on entering stage life. Mr. d'Aubigné can hardly be blamed, however, for taking the old French form of his patronymic. But while his family name may lack the flavor of romance and music, it has not lacked honor, his father, Virginius Dabney, having been well known as an editor and novelist.

Fortune has a way of making quick decisions with Mr. d'Aubigné, who is only about twenty five years old. His vocal gifts being discovered by accident, he left home in Virginia for study in New York. His first professional engagement was as leading tenor at St. Thomas' Church,

Lloyd d'Aubigné.

From a photograph by Dupont. New York.

whence he went to Daly's Theater, appearing first in "The Foresters." The next year the London papers spoke of his *Clown*, in "Twelfth Night," as the hit of the piece. A friend got him a hearing before a representative of Abbey and Grau. Mancinelli, the conductor, happened to be present, saw "quality" in his voice, gave him a few lessons, and secured him a contract. A rival tenor's jealousy prevented his début in New York. In Boston the sudden illness of Jean de Reszke brought him, at 1:45 P.M., a summons to sing in *Faust* at the three o'clock matinée, though he had not studied the part for two years, and had never re-

hearsed it. Nevertheless, he made a hit that brought him double his former salary, and an offer to join Melba's concert company. This season, Abbey and Grau released him until Christmas week, at Melba's especial request, that he might take part in her concert tour.

M. Charles Nuitter translated Wagner's great music drama into French, and it was produced in the Gallic capital for the first time in more than thirty years. It was the opera's fourth performance there. The first three, in March, 1861, made one of the scandals of the Opéra's history. A malicious cabal turned the place into a bear pit, and broke up the performance in riot. But time brings its own revenges and rewards. The other day, when Rose Caron appeared as *Elizabeth*, it was to a deeply stirred and sympathetic public.

Jeanne Litini.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

THREE PARISIAN SINGERS.

They are beginning to say, in Paris and London, that the Americans take everything. The European capitals are obliged to wait for the best artists until New York has heard them and sent them back for a short season. But there are always singers and actors and musicians in Europe who cling to their own soil.

One of the best of these is Rose Caron, who recently made a great success as *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opéra.

Mlle. Litini and Mme. Héglon are two of the European singers whose home reputation is higher than that of some who have been pushed before the public in America through their own diplomacy or that of their friends. Litini is a Roman, Héglon a Dane, and both are Parisian favorites.

THE STAGE

POLITICAL PLAYS.

Ever since Crane's triumph with "The Senator," playwrights have hovered around Washington like flies about a pot of honey. And, if we may be allowed to carry the figure to the limits of a pun, they have been "stuck" every time, until the last venture, which was Henry Guy Carleton's "Ambition," prepared for Nat Goodwin's use during the year preceding the Presidential election. At this writing both New York and Philadelphia have voted solidly for this new dramatic venture into the political field.

The profits of "Charley's Aunt" and "Too Much Johnson" enabled J. M. Hill to push "The Capitol" to a fifty night run at the Standard, hoping to recoup himself for the New York "paper" houses by the cash returns from the provinces. This system of making the smaller towns pay for the entertainment of the great cities was referred to in our November number apropos of New York's surplusage of playhouses, and we suppose it will be continued until some such measures of self protection are instituted as are said to prevail in a few of the English manufacturing towns.

Emilienne d' Alençon.

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

The work people in the mills—on whom the traveling shows largely rely—having grown weary of being imposed upon by announcements of London hits, subscribe to a fund which sends certain representatives to the Evangeline, the pretty sister of Isabel Irving, and Carrie Radcliffe, of whom we give a portrait. Miss Radcliffe is a decided blonde, and is a striking figure on the stage. Former parts that she has played are the title rôle in "The White Slave," and a prominent one in "The Silver King."

Carrie Radcliffe.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

theater on the first night of a new piece. They judge for their fellows, and if the play is not as represented by the posters, the management finds the remainder of the week decidedly frosty.

To return to the subject of Washington dramas. Stuart Robson is another who was badly bitten by the fever of stage politics. He expected nothing less than a triumph with "Government Acceptance," produced in Brooklyn early in the autumn, and met flat failure. He has now gone into a decidedly new field, and will bring out at the Garrick Theater, this month, "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," an importation from Paris, where it was known as "Madame Mongodin." Mr. Robson's wife is his leading woman, and in his company are

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IRVING'S GROWING MANNERISMS.

The primary design of the theater is entertainment. There be those who resort thither for intellectual profit, and may not begrudge some mental exertion to extract it; but they muster small in reckoning the number of those who make playhouses possible. The masses go to the theater for recreation, and consider that they have done their share in earning it when they have paid the high prices that at present obtain for seats.

Henry Irving is still a name to conjure with: even a tariff of three dollars for an orchestra chair does not preclude a crowded

Nancy McIntosh.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

house. But let us be frank. Is this success all won by the present excellence of the man as an actor in all round parts? Take away his reputation as the foremost player of our day, as the greatest stager of dramas in two hemispheres, take away Ellen Terry, and would the same harvest of dollars be reaped? For the man's mannerisms have grown upon him; in "Macbeth" it is almost impossible to tell what he is talking about, so grossly does he mouth his words. This is not set down as an individual criticism; it is stated as the consensus of opinions gathered during the New York engagement. Irving's art is still there; he has merely suffered it to be muzzled by surface cloggings which he is surely powerful enough to disperse if he but make the effort.

W. S. GILBERT'S PROTÉGÉE.

Nancy McIntosh's guitar is responsible for the prima donna's rôle in "His Excellency."

"You shall be a ballad singer in my next opera," Mr. Gilbert said to her one night. This was at his home, near London, which Miss McIntosh calls hers also.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert insist on this," she says. "You know they have been married thirty years, and there are no children, so they have in a way adopted me, an American girl who had no thought of opera when she went abroad to study music. I had George Henschel

for a master at first, and then I sang in concerts. It was at a dinner party that I first met Mr. Gilbert.

"I think you ought to go on the stage," he said to me. I found out afterwards it was something in the carrying power of my speaking voice that put the idea into his head. It was arranged that Sir Arthur Sullivan should hear me sing. They were writing 'Utopia' then, you know, which failed so dismally here. I went to the Savoy Theater one morning, taking a roll of music with me. No, I was not particularly nervous. I save all that for first nights, when my state is simply pitiable. 'Orpheus with His Lute' was the song Sir Arthur picked out. It was one of his own, composed when he was nineteen, and sold for five pounds only five pounds, and it has been pronounced one of the very finest pieces of music he has ever written.

E. H. Sothern in "The Prisoner of Zenda."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

"I must have satisfied my critics, for they gave me the leading rôle in 'Utopia,' *Princess Zara*, and in it I made my first appearance on the theatrical stage. My *Christina* in 'His Excellency' is only my second part. I have been engaged for the whole season here, so I shall not be in the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which is to be brought out in London at the beginning of the year. By the way, I am the happy owner of the only original drafts of Mr. Gilbert's operas in existence. He gave me 'Utopia' after the first night's performance, and then, because I had that, he said I must own 'His Excellency,' too. They are my two chief treasures."

Miss McIntosh possesses a peculiarly winning personality. Her every movement is grace, and it is easy to understand why Mr. Gilbert was captivated by the possibilities of her voice.

DANIEL FROHMAN ON "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

"I read 'The Prisoner of Zenda' about a year ago, and it struck me at once that here was just the play I wanted for Mr. Sothern—a real romance." It was in this way that Mr. Daniel Frohman began his story of the most remarkable hit of the New York dramatic season. "I cabled at once to Mr. Hope for the right to dramatize, thinking to have the work done here in America. But the reply came that Mr. Edward Rose, a London playwright, was already at work on it, and I promptly arranged for the sole rights of production in this country. Well, the play was finished, and forthwith refused by three London managers to whom it was submitted, among them Beerbohm Tree. But my faith abated not, although I had no idea it would make the tremendous hit it has since scored.

"When the time for production drew near, Mr. Sothern came to me and asked a favor.

"'Mr. Frohman,' he said, 'I wish you would let me stage "Zenda."'

"He had never yet done such a thing for me, but I knew him to be an artist, so I said, 'All right, go ahead.' The result has amply justified my confidence. Sothern has never played a rôle that pleased him so much. He works like a Trojan at it, even now. Every day he is at the theater at four in the afternoon, brushing out the various wigs he wears; then to dinner, and straightway back again to dress for the performance. In this operation he has three men to assist him.

"The change from the drunken king to *Rassendyll* in the first act is accomplished in forty five seconds. We at first allowed him sixty, but as we wished to cut out all unnecessary dialogue, the time was reduced to fifty. You will remember that he is obliged to return to the stage on the opposite side from that on which he has made his exit. Now, keeping a clear course by roping in the wings and stationing guards all about, he has reduced the interval by five seconds.

"Mr. Sothern saw Mr. Hope and Mr. Rose in London during the summer. They expected

Germaine Gallois.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

to find a larger man, which was the type they had in mind for the part, but it did not take him long to convince them that what he lacked in inches he could atone for in many ways. I mustn't forget to mention that George Alexander, who was one of the London managers to decline the play in the first instance, hastened to arrange for the English rights immediately after our first night here."

THE "SHORE ACRES" TURKEY VICTIMS.

The attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is respectfully called to the small girl who plays the part of *Mandy* in "Shore Acres," now being reproduced at the Fifth Avenue Theater. Each night—and twice on Saturday—she is stuffed with turkey and cranberry sauce till her very soul revolts at sight of the Thanksgiving bird. While the S. P. C. C. debars other children from giving expression to their youthful feelings by keeping time to music with their feet—an amusement in which they simply revel—it is positively shocking to see this flagrant atrocity perpetrated with impunity.

But *Mandy* has plenty of fellow sufferers in Mr. Herne's company. The dinner eaten in the second act is ominously real, and as all are expected to partake with a relish, their regular evening meal is dispensed with. As the play has been running almost continuously for two years, and the bill of fare is never varied, tur-

Odette Tyler.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

key has, to put it mildly, somewhat palled upon the performers' appetites.

THE "GAY PARISIANS'" LEADING WOMAN.

Odette Tyler is one of the many Southern girls who have taken up some one of the professions as a means of livelihood. Her full name is Elizabeth Lee Kirkland, and, as all will recall, it came very near being Mrs. Howard Gould some two years ago. She comes of good Georgia stock, and is a stanch Southerner. General Robert E. Lee was her godfather.

Miss Tyler took up the theater some eight years since, when General Kirkland, her father, who had been reduced to poverty by the war, was appointed to a subordinate position in the New York post office by Thomas L. James. It was not until she played in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise," however, that she attracted much attention. Then her vivacious nature's adaptability to comedy impressed itself upon her audiences, and she rapidly grew into a favorite. She is now filling the leading rôle in that rollicking French importation at Hoyt's, "The Gay Parisians," and is the life of the play. Miss Tyler possesses the piquancy, the *chic*, that one naturally looks for in the character of *Marcella*.

THE LATEST PARIS HIT.

The theatrical sensation of the autumn in Paris was "Les Tenailles" ("The Tongs"), by Paul Hervieu, brought out late in September at the Comédie Française. It is a problem play of such radical description that we need not fear its transplanting here, even were it not true that our public—happily for us all—is beginning to tire of having the changes rung

on that one commandment which is never discussed in our drawing rooms, but which is by no means taboo in literature or on the stage. No amount of expurgating would make "Les Tenailles" acceptable with us; the bone and body of the piece is made up of a situation that only the French would tolerate.

Our Paris portraits this month show Émilienne d'Alençon, a favorite of the music halls; Julia Depoix, of the Gymnase and the Palais Royal; and Germaine Gallois, now at the Bouffes Parisiens.

THE THEATER HAT AGAIN.

In spite of all that has been said on the subject, woman's head covering is still a discordant note in the theaters. One of the latest efforts to remedy the evil takes the shape of the subjoined note, headed "To the Ladies," which appears in the program of the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia:

WOULD you add to the pleasure of your men friends, and aid the efforts of the management, by wearing a small bonnet to the theater, or remove large hats during the progress of the play? A commodious room, with a large mirror and a skilled maid in charge, is provided, where your hat can be readjusted in comfort and with perfect satisfaction to yourselves.

Though somewhat ungrammatically expressed, the idea is a good one; but we suggest that "others in the house" be substituted for "your men friends." The big hat obstructs the view of women quite as much as that of men; note for proof of this the frequent changes of place that take place in the auditorium, betokening the gallantry of escorts in giving up aisle seats, which are generally behind men. The Comédie Française in Paris has recently established a regulation forbidding seats to women wearing bonnets or hats. Will America be driven to follow the example? It seems odd that we have no manager who is bold enough to take decisive steps against this big hat nuisance.

VIOLA ALLEN'S OPINION OF "THE MASQUERADERS."

"An audience that seems thoroughly interested and in sympathy is a great inspiration; but on the other hand, to see one person restless disturbs me sadly. For the moment all the rest count for nothing; the one being who seems bored is the whole house to me." Thus Viola Allen, the accomplished leading woman of the Empire stock company. The writer had asked her to say something about the impression the auditor makes on the player.

"I am not sure about my having a favorite part," she went on. "When we were playing 'Sowing the Wind,' I thought it was *Rosamund*, but now we are giving 'The Masqueraders,' and I find myself growing very fond of the barmaid. The character of *Dulcie* is so rich, so full of growth from act to act. All of this may not be plain to the audience, but to me it is most interesting. In the first act she is a

Julia Depoix.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Viola Allen.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

thoughtless, happy hearted girl, thinking only of her own pleasure. The next shows her in possession of the joy she had craved, but with a new anxiety to bear along with it. In the third act it seems as if the end of all things had come to her, and still another phase of her character is shown. In the fourth, all the real strength and nobility of spirit the woman possesses comes to the front.

"Though the verdict of many of the critics has been otherwise, I think the fourth act exceedingly strong—poetical and beautiful. The separation of *David* and *Dulcie* preserves their love pure and ideal forever, and appears to me by far the most satisfactory solution of all the difficulty. The real is so often itself disappointing; the ideal is never close enough to reveal to us its imperfections."

Miss Allen is the same sweet, womanly woman off the stage and on it. With her, acting is an art, not merely a profession, and thus in hearing her talk about her work one thinks only of the artist, not the actress. Her home is close to Central Park, in a house owned by her father, Leslie Allen, of the John Drew company.

Viola Allen, it may be added, was the original *Dearest* in this country, playing the part to Elsie Leslie's *Fauntleroy* when the piece was first produced in Boston. She also created *Gertrude Ellingham* in "Shenandoah," and *Blanche Chilworth* in "Liberty Hall," besides the two characters already mentioned. She has played, besides, many of Shakspere's heroines. Her present position, at the head of one of the three leading stock companies in America, is one of the many evidences of Charles Frohman's habit of putting the right people in the right places.

A WIZARD WHO IS BEWITCHING.

The time has long since gone by when it occasioned surprise to find in comic opera a man or woman of whom we had always thought in connection with speaking rôles solely. Indeed, there are actors nowadays who flit back and forth from one sphere to the other so swiftly that one is at a loss where to classify them—Aubrey Boucicault, for example. He began the present season in the comic opera "Kismet," then transferred himself to the comedy "Other People's Money," only to turn up, a few weeks later, in Thorne's ill fated opera "Leonardo." Now he is back among the plays again with a rôle in Hoyt's "A Runaway Colt."

"A Contented Woman," by the way, even with the added attraction of Mr. Hoyt's beautiful wife, Caroline Miskel, did not content the San Franciscans—rather a novel experience for Hoyt, who seldom misses fire. He cannot attribute this failure to a breach of his superstitious use of the indefinite article. It remains to be seen whether the two new additions to his menagerie will be as profitable as the old inmates—"A Brass Monkey" and "A Texas Steer." "A Black Sheep" is to follow "The Gay Parisians" at Hoyt's, while "A Runaway Colt," the baseball play, with Captain Anson "at the bat," is making a home run further up town at the American.

But to return to comic opera—as that commodity goes today, "comic" is the accented word; the comedian's attempt to sing in some cases only intensifies the comic side. So nobody was surprised when Frank Daniels emerged from the farcical realm of "Little Puck" into the tuneful atmosphere of "Princess Bonnie"; the amazement was reserved for the success that has descended upon his first venture into that galaxy of stars where Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper are already twinkling with a brilliancy calculated to blind most new comers.

Daniels deserves the green fields of plenty into which he has found his way. He is a conscientious worker in his line, and the material with which he works is legitimately good stuff. The fun in "The Wizard of the Nile" is evolved directly from the story Harry B. Smith has to tell, which is saying a good deal in this era of "built up" concoctions of the librettist, which on their hundredth night are scarcely to be recognized for what they were on the first. Victor Herbert's music has much of the brass band clash to it which appeals to the multitude, but if this is not the proper vocation of light opera, it's a pity it should not be.

Messrs. Clark and La Shelle, Daniels' managers, directed the Bostonians last season. This last organization has lately been playing in the far West, where its members produced a new opera, "A War Time Wedding," which will be heard in New York about the middle of February, as they are booked to follow "The Artist's Model" at the Broadway. Mr. Barnabee has also promised a brilliant reproduction of "Robin Hood," which was not given at all during the company's last engagement in Gotham.

MANAGERIAL ANGLOMANIA.

"The Wizard of the Nile's" successor at the Casino will be "The Lady Slavey," in which May Yohe made a London success. In walking along Broadway this winter, it does not require a wide stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself in the British metropolis. At Palmer's one beholds the large letter announcement "From the London Gaiety"; at the Standard we find a play "from Terry's Theater, London"; Abbey's proudly displays the legend "and his London Lyceum Company"; the Broadway advertises its attraction as "from the Lyric Theater, London." In view of this condition of affairs, we are not surprised to read in the London *Graphic* that American actors are complaining that they are having the bread taken out of their mouths by this invasion from England.

The play at the Standard, referred to above, is "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." The experiences of the heroine with the poetical name cannot be much more striking than the clash of opinions between two of New York's newspaper critics, on the morning following the first performance. "It is entirely easy to see," says the *Sun*, "that 'Miss Brown' might have been a lively, laughable diversion when an audience was lucky enough to see it well played. But a solemn man with a wooden voice, a continuous expression of pain on his face, and a look of deep melancholy in his eye, is not just the central figure for farce. He is not likely to be any more capable when he acts with the crudeness of an amateur." So much for John T. Sullivan in the estimation of the *Sun* man, who then proceeds to remark that Ellen Burg, who plays the heroine, was "graceful and lively."

Now for the other side of the picture, seen from the *Herald's* viewpoint: "Mr. John T. Sullivan had a play pretty nearly all to himself last night at the Standard. He appears as an English cavalry officer in the first act (and an ideal one he makes) and is subsequently disguised as a girl and introduced into a female boarding school. It is a very difficult and trying rôle, but Mr. Sullivan carries it off triumphantly. The success which the play achieved was due very largely to his art." To put the capstone to this divergence of opinion, the

Herald adds: "Ellen Burg was perhaps the one weak spot in the cast."

Once more "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

BELASCO AND HIS "MARYLAND."

Something like twenty years ago the Baldwin Theater in San Francisco had for its stage manager a young man with a rumpled head of hair, and eyes that were never at rest. During rehearsals he acted every character in the piece, and on pay days was perfectly indifferent as to whether the ghost walked or not; his whole heart was in his work. It was not the money he got for it, but the satisfaction he derived from doing it to the best of his ability, that seemed to concern him most.

Finally he began to write plays, and his "Mayblossom" was a success at what is now Hoyt's, when it was known as the Madison Square Theater. After this David Belasco's name appeared very frequently on programs in connection with successful productions, but the dismal failure of "The Younger Son" at the Empire, two years ago, gave him a setback which was no doubt largely influential in keeping "The Heart of Maryland" off the boards until the present season.

Everything is said to come to him who waits, and to Belasco there has come, with his new play at the Herald Square, the most substantial triumph of his career. "The Heart of Maryland," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "A Social Highwayman"—these are the three pronounced hits in plays of the present season, and two of them are wholly American. Not a bad offset to the jostling British offerings referred to elsewhere!

A WEAK "HOME SECRETARY" AND A NEW "ZENDA."

The return to the home theater of the Lyceum stock company, which, as we have already remarked in this place, is the best balanced organization in the country, is always an occasion of real pleasure to New Yorkers. They are inclined to forget that "the play's the thing" in extending a welcome to the players.

Their ninth annual stock season was opened November 25, with "The Home Secretary," by R. C. Carton. It is doubtful whether it will still be on the boards when these lines are read. Written in the well molded style that made "Liberty Hall" so acceptable, it is conceived on illogical lines and reaches deplorably inconsequential conclusions from sadly strained premises. "Liberty Hall" was a love story, pure and simple; "The Home Secretary" appears a half hearted attempt to write a play of the so called "problem" type which Mr. Carton evidently believes to be "up to date." When the most surprising thing a married woman can hear is the declaration from her husband's lips that he loves her, it would seem that society has fallen into ways more evil than even the most pessimistic of us believed to be the case.

"The Home Secretary" contains not a few pretty scenes, but these, together with the charming outfitting and stunning gowns provided for it at the Lyceum, only deepen the pity over its shortcomings. Isabel Irving, with all her grace of beauty and manner, threw herself away upon the rôle of *Rhoda*. It would seem impossible to write a part more unsuited to her abilities, which shine conspicuously in a sparkling comedy, or an emotional play in which men and and women, not playwright's puppets, have their being. The new piece has, however, served one turn, in introducing to the Lyceum clientage the new accession to the company, James K. Hackett. Mr. Hackett, who last season was the *de Neipperg* in "Madame Sans Gêne," has a decidedly pleasing presence and throws solid virility into his acting. He is a valuable acquisition, and in every way deserving of the honor Mr. Frohman has accorded him—of playing Sothern's part in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is shortly to be brought out at this house by the stock company, with Miss Irving as *Flavia*, Kelcey as *Black Michael*, and Le Moyne as *Colonel Sapt*. Theater goers seldom have an opportunity to make such interesting comparisons as this revival will afford them. Sothern will continue to produce the play on the road. Pinero's "Benefit of the Doubt" will probably be "The Home Secretary's" successor; then will come the famous Hope drama.

OLYMPIA'S TRIUMPH.

On the 25th of November last was inaugurated in New York an institution that will undoubtedly become part and parcel of the city's personality, and be referred to in the fiction of the future with assured conviction that every one will have previous knowledge of it. Olympia is all that the name implies, the abode of the gods, if we reckon these, as we are mostly inclined to do nowadays, as presiding over the haunts of pleasure. Music hall, concert hall, and theater all under one roof, and admitting him who possesses half a dollar to wander at will from one to another—such a combination furnishes entertainment on a wholesale scale, which even Gotham has not known before. And each one of these auditoriums is different from any to which our theater goers have been accustomed; so that to the extensiveness of the pleasures provided is added the charm of novel surroundings amid which to enjoy them.

Barnet's "Excelsior, Jr.," the attraction at the theater, is a burlesque after the order of "1492" and "Little Christopher," produced by Rice with the best people from the casts of both. It has packed the house from the start, and before Yvette Guilbert arrived at the Music Hall, it looked as if the most sensible thing to do would be for the two shows to exchange quarters, the auditorium set aside for vaudeville being the larger of the two. There is no doubt, however, about Hammerstein's Olympia being one of the sights of the town, which ought to be enough to satisfy any manager.

THE JEW IN BUSINESS.

A well known rabbi's view of his race's place in the world of commerce and finance —A reply to some accepted theories of the Hebrew's business success.

I AM asked to answer two questions that are often heard in the modern commercial and social world—"What constitutes the Hebrew's special talent for mercantile life?" and "To what is his remarkable business success to be attributed?"

Although not a son of Erin, I am obliged to answer the first question by asking another: "*Has* the Hebrew a special aptitude for commerce?" Strange as it may seem, our answer is a decided "No." To no nation were mercantile pursuits so abhorrent, originally, as to the Jewish race. The traditions, nature, and character of the Jew forbade his being a trader. He became one only by compulsion.

Read the pages of Jewish history, and you will find overwhelming proof of my assertion. Was Abraham a trader? The only transaction of a business nature recorded of the great shepherd prince was that in which Ephron shamefully cheated him, in selling him a barren cave for four hundred shekels. That he did not possess the business faculty ascribed to the Semitic race is further proven by the fact of his refusal of a share of the spoils after the battle of Siddim. His son was a farmer, and he became rich because his soil yielded him an abundant crop. Jacob required twenty years of unceasing labor to reach the stage of being self supporting. It is true that Joseph possessed the quality of shrewdness in business; his policy during the years of drought proved this amply. Yet in all his actions he was unselfish. How well he knew his family's utter lack of business qualification is shown by the fact that instead of settling them in a large city, he asked Pharaoh to grant them a grazing land, the little province of Goshen.

The only thing Moses, God's greatest lawgiver, carried away with him on the departure from Egypt, was a coffin containing the bones of Joseph. In Palestine itself, the Israelites leaned strongly towards agricultural life. Sheer necessity, and the fear that agriculture alone would not support them, made one, only one tribe—the tribe of Zebulon—turn to mercantile pursuits; a fact partly due, no doubt, to the influence of the neighboring Phœnicians, the most successful traders of the east.

During the period from the Exodus until the reign of Solomon, the Jews as a whole were not a mercantile nation. Solomon's relations with Hiram influenced some of his people to make trading voyages to Spain, and even as far as Ophir. The fact that other nations followed the fortunes of war, considering martial prowess as the goal of all manly virtues, added in no mean measure to the gradual evolution of the original Jewish trait, developing merchants and tradesmen out of a nation of tillers of the soil. Commerce, with its slow and legitimate profits, was distasteful to the powerful nations, who by virtue of their numbers could swoop down on weaker tribes, and by pillage and plunder secure tremendous booty. While Greece and Rome devoted themselves to art and conquest, their people became unaccustomed to the practical sides of life.

Then there was the influence of class distinctions. India had its pariahs; Greece its helots. Moses discouraged a division of the people into castes and classes. All men were equal. No occupation was considered a bar to the highest dignities of the land. Every man must be master of a craft. Knowledge was not allowed as a spade to dig with—which means that it was not lawful to use knowledge for earthly gain. Thus we see Rabbi Yitzchak, Rabbi Jochanan ben Zakkai, and the great Hillel, all possessing a trade, the latter being a wood chopper. Saul was a driver of donkeys, David a shepherd, Amos a gatherer of figs. Jesus was the son of a carpenter; most of the apostles were tradesmen or fishermen. In later times, Baruch Spinoza, one of the world's foremost thinkers, was an optician; Moses Maimonides, another great philosopher, was a physician; Moses Mendelssohn was a bookkeeper in a silk factory.

In the medieval ages the Jews were barred from all pursuits save that of commerce. Here necessity, bitter necessity, made them what they became. Do not let us forget that rivers do not accidentally flow by large cities, but that large cities are built designedly on the shores of great rivers. The polar bear does not dwell in the icy north because of his warm fur; his thick coat formed itself to shield him against the cold climate of the arctic regions. Sheer necessity is the force that made the Jews a commercial nation, a people of merchants rather than of farmers, as they once were.

Dr. Aaron Wise is widely known as a pillar of American Judaism, and as one of the foremost leaders of modern Jewish thought. He is descended from a long line of rabbis, and was prepared for the ministry at the best schools of his native country—Hungary—and the German universities of Leipzig and Berlin. He came to America as a young man, and for eleven years he has occupied the pulpit of the Temple Rodoph Sholom, one of largest, most influential, and most progressive Hebrew congregations of the metropolis.

I will now try to answer the second question—to what is the business success of the Hebrew attributable?

"Rich as a Jew," goes an old English adage. Like many other adages, this too is based upon erroneous premises. I doubt whether there are any very rich Jews, a few instances excepted—that is, Jews who measured by the modern standard of wealth can truly be called rich. Moreover, I venture to question whether any extraordinary business success crowns the efforts of the Jewish race in general.

Take, for instance, the United States. Ever since we became a nation, and long before that glorious event, Jews have lived in our land. They have witnessed our golden days of prosperity, have lived under the very rays of the enormous wealth amassed by the genius and enterprise of our people. Yet there is not a single American Jew whose wealth can even approximatively compare with that of such modern Crœsuses as the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Rockefellers, and others. Nay, I will assert that here in New York, all the Jews from the Battery to Harlem do not possess so much as the single fortune of the Vanderbilts. This assertion is not only true as regards New York, but is equally applicable to other parts of the United States. There are wealthy Jews in Philadelphia, yet the wealth of one Drexel outweighs all their possessions. In Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, and other large cities, commerce is not controlled by the Jews, but by the Aryan race. The great "soulless corporations," the trusts, the railroads, all are dominated by men who are not Jews. Yet thoughtless people raise the cry of capitalistic Jews, millionaire Hebrews, and so on.

Let us examine how the Jews came to be regarded as exceptionally gifted in amassing money. The Jew is an oriental. In the Orient, where the social condition of woman prevents her from coming in contact with the outer world, where she is confined within the gilt cage of the monotonous harem life, the husband sought to satisfy the unstilled longings of the harem's inmates by presenting them with costly jewels, rich dresses, and similar glittering luxuries. Thus we read in the Bible that Abimelech gave Sarah a thousand pieces of silver wherewith to purchase herself a veil; that Eliasar presented Rebecca with the rarest and costliest gifts. The harem, it is true, has fallen, but the love of ornamentation remained. Thus we observe the fact—a thing which I cannot condemn too strongly—that women of the Semitic race too often cover themselves with more jewels than good taste and refinement would permit. This desire for ornamentation becomes, in people of inferior education, gross ostentation.

Now, this hoarding of jewels and precious stones, a tendency considerable in many respects, had its justification to some extent. For centuries the Jew was the ball that every Christian power could pitch and toss at heart's content. Any bigoted priest, any stupid peasant, any impecunious robber baron, any covetous king, could stir up the most brutal instinct of a brutalized crowd. Any cry, no matter whence it came, could fan the embers of prejudice into the lurid fires of relentless persecution. The edict of an imbecile prince, the order of some medieval Haman, sufficed to drive the Jew from his home at short notice. Is it a wonder, then, that he sought to invest his money in property that could easily be moved in case of danger? His house the mob could burn, but his silver and gold he was able to hide about his person and save. Thus it happened that the Jew, being compelled to invest his earnings in gold and silver, in trinkets, jewels, and precious stones, was forever under the suspicion of rolling in wealth. The rabble, always thoughtless, forgot that what they took for luxuries, the fruits of what they were pleased to call the usurious practices of the Jew, constituted in most cases his only safe and available possessions.

Another cause for the prevalent impression of the Jew's wealth was his ever manifested sense for charity and deeds of kindness. Who will deny this noble trait of the Jewish character? His charity to others, his exemplary family life, his love of wife and children, have always been the "urim and thummim" of the Jew. These virtues were—and, thank God, still are—the very soul of the Jew's life and being. Behold our hospitals, our orphanages, our educational institutions, our temples. Are they not all poems in marble singing the sweet hymns of benevolence and kindness? The religion of the Jew is based upon acts of kindness. Charity—which according to the Hebrew language is but *zadakah*, or "justice"—is the crowning glory of the Jew. Zadakah washes away sins and atones the godhead. Yet even the virtues of the Jew, his love for his family, and his devotion to mercy and kindness, were brought into play by the rabble in order to calumniate God's chosen people.

I say again that the original trait of the Jew was abhorrence of amassing riches. Wealth was not counted a mark of distinction among his people. Science and scholarship were honored and revered. The teacher, the thinker, the master of God's lore, these were Zion's aristocracy. I repeat then, that, in comparison to the Aryans, Jews are not wealthy, and that the exceptions, the comparatively few rich Hebrews, have generally made noble use of their money. In proof of this I need only recite such names as Rothschild, Hirsch, Montefiore, Schiff, Seligman, and others.

If the Jews are more successful than their Aryan neighbors, the main cause thereof is not a miracle, nor a special interference of Providence; their success is mainly due to their love of their families, their devotion to their elders, their habits of temperance.

"Let there be light!" was the divine command. Oh, for the light of knowledge to displace the darkness of prejudice; for where there is no prejudice there can be no hatred, but only mutual forbearance, mutual esteem, and the love of God's sweetest gift, peace.

Aaron Wise.

LITERARY CHAT

HALL CAINE'S MISSION.

No visiting author since Charles Dickens has received more attention in America than Hall Caine, who went back to England early in December. His journey across the Atlantic was undertaken primarily in the hope of settling the question of English copyrights in Canada. The subject is one which has an important bearing upon the literary market in the United States, and which has been a bone of serious contention between England and the Dominion for half a dozen years. The latter's regard for her own manufacturing industries has made her unwilling to concede what the mother country's authors have claimed as their rights.

A conference was held between Mr. Caine, who was commissioned to speak for the English Society of Authors, and the representatives of Canadian interests. The former conceded that geographical and political considerations justify the latter in asking for a manufacturing clause, as in the American law, but with the difference that while the printing must be done in Canada, it may be done with plates made in England. It was agreed that when the English author publishes a book, he may register it in Ottawa, and must then, to perfect his copyright, have it printed in Canada within sixty days. If he fails to take these steps, any Canadian publisher may apply for a license to reprint the book, subject to the author's consent and to the payment of a royalty.

The compromise seems to be a fair one to all concerned, and we understand that it is pretty sure to receive the approval of the Dominion government.

AN INCIDENT AND AN EXPLANATION.

A novel charge has been brought against Mr. Caine, who is accused of stealing from himself. Casual readers have picked up on the book stands a story bearing his name, and called "She's All the World to Me," and have found in it such striking similarities to "The Deemster" that they have considered themselves cheated, and have complained accordingly.

If any one has been cheated, it was not by Hall Caine, but by the American publishers who brought out an unauthorized book. A good many years ago, during Mr. Caine's early journalistic days, there arose one of those emergencies that will happen in the best regulated publishing offices. There was an unexpected hiatus between two serials: a story of Zola's ended a number or so too soon, and one by Ouida, which was to follow it, was not ready. To fill the gap, Mr. Caine was asked to turn out some copy at short notice. "She's All the World to Me" was the result. When it had served its purpose, its author did not care to rank it with his more studied works, and refused to have it issued in book form. It contained some ideas which he thought worthy of a more finished setting, and years later, when he was writing "The Deemster," he used it as a quarry from which to draw material for the structure of a new romance. Meanwhile, unfortunately, he had been unable, in the absence of a copyright law, to prevent the appearance of the earlier story in America; but it is manifestly unfair to charge him with self plagiarism, if such a crime there be. His literary conscience is perfectly clear. The blame, if any, rests upon our too enterprising publishers of foreign reprints.

ONE OF EUGENE FIELD'S LETTERS.

The stories told by those who knew the late Eugene Field show his character to have been one of singular contradictions. He combined a genuine love of nonsense that was remarkable in a man of his years with the most cultured appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art. His love of little children was proverbial, and very many of his finest pieces of verse have become popular from their delicacy and pure perception of childhood's ways. Only a few days before his death Field wrote a note to a small admirer in Boston which aptly illustrates this finer side of his nature.

DEAR LITTLE LADY:

I thank you very much for your charming letter. It pleases me greatly to know that away off in Massachusetts there is a little girl who reads and likes what I write. Not so very long ago I was a little boy in Massachusetts; maybe that is why I love the Massachusetts people so very much, for indeed my heart turns often and tenderly to them and to their dear old hills and pleasant valleys. I have several boys of my own now; when they are older I shall send them down to Massachusetts to see the girls there. If ever you see a fine young fellow coming down your street and crying at the top of his voice, "Where, oh, where is the charming Miss ——?" you must know he is my boy. And you'll be gracious to him, will you not? Well, I must stop now, for I must go out and shoot a buffalo or two for supper. Be sure to call on me if ever you come to this wild prairie town.

Always affectionately your friend,

EUGENE FIELD.

A POET WHO GAVE AWAY HIS WARES.

Mr. Field gave some souvenir of himself to everybody who knew him. His was the lavishly generous nature that continually gave, gave. The world he knew—and it was a large one—paid him back with an affection such as few men who have lived have inspired.

It looked like a little thing to take a friend's book and write poetry in the back of it. But poetry does not always lie ready, formed into verse just behind a man's pen. And after Mr.

Field had complied with a request for an autograph he never hunted the verses out and published them. He was not a rich man, and every time he wrote for an acquaintance he was making a gift of value.

One friend of his has two epigrams written on the fly leaves of books :

True hearts are rare, but those who prudent look,
Must find firm friend in well selected book,
Which has this charm : though with it you dispute,
Find constant fault, its storied lips are mute.

If Shakspere now, with magic pen in hand,
Could England view, where he won lasting fame,
Methinks he'd change one epigram to stand :
These days, alas, all things are in a name.

THE LAST DAYS OF DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas spoke of his own death a great many times in his last months. He had been frail for years. He thought that his powers were failing, and he often said to his friends that "when a man comes to my age the best thing he can do is to hold his tongue—and his pen." He used to tell over and over again how Guy de Maupassant had said, in the days when the black clouds first began to settle over his brain, "I wish I were rich enough not to be obliged to write. My dream would be to write only one more book, a short one, at which I should always continue to write, and which I should order burned on the day of my death."

Dumas was buried in the flannel working suit in which he had often been photographed in recent years.

WHY DROZ MISSED THE ACADEMY.

Almost all the Frenchmen who belonged to the Second Empire, either as literary men or artists, are dead now, or have completely changed with the times, taking on the fashionable tricks of their trades as they put on new coats of a different cut. Gustave Droz, the novelist, who died the other day, was not one of these. He kept to his old style, and with his countrymen, at least, it never went out of favor. "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé" has been more widely read than perhaps any other book in the French language. When Max O'Rell wanted to show French domestic life of a certain sort to English and American readers, he told them to get Droz' famous story. It has been translated into English over and over, but it lacks something we find essential, and has some things we eliminate.

Droz was known as a friend of the Empress Eugénie. He was the son and the grandson of well known sculptors. His grandfather designed the coins which were issued from the imperial mint during the reign of the first Napoleon. Droz had no expectation of being a literary man. He served no apprenticeship to literature. As a boy, he was sent to a school of engineering, but the artistic bent of the family was too much for him, and he took up painting. It was while painting panels in the Tuileries that he met the empress and won her friendship, which was his the rest of his life.

On the death of Edmond About, the author of the inimitable "Man with the Broken Ear," Droz was suggested as his successor in the Academy, although he himself always insisted that he was only an amateur in literature. Some time before he had seriously offended a malicious woman, who was determined that he should never have the honor. She went to Brussels, and had a wretchedly immoral book printed with Droz' name on the cover. This she sent to every member of the Academy, with the result that he was overwhelmingly defeated. When the plot was discovered, Droz was so crushed at the thought that his friends could believe him capable of such infamy, that he never wrote another line.

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his own epitaph, and it is on the stone at his head, on the top of the steep mountain above his Samoan home.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie ;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.
This little verse you grave for me,
"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter is home from the hill."

Mr. Stevenson's widow is now in Honolulu with her son, Lloyd Osborne, and her daughter, Mrs. Isabel Strong. They are on their way back to their hermitage at Apia, and Mrs. Stevenson says she never means to return to America.

ANOTHER ORIGINAL "TRILBY."

It is amusing to sit here on this side of the Atlantic and hear that "Trilby" is selling by thousands in England. We have given our British cousins a good many new ideas in the last few years, and now it seems as if we are selecting their reading matter, though we do not write it for them.

Albert Van Dam, the clever compiler of "An Englishman in Paris," believes that *Trilby* was drawn from Elise Duval, an artists' model who was well known in her day. She looked like *Trilby*, and had her peculiar failings and virtues, beside being sensitive to hypnotic suggestion.

JOKAI AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, who is becoming popularly known in America, tells something of the experiences which make his books so vivid.

"The dead and the living," he says, "all served with inexhaustible diversity to illustrate the models of my vocation. Neither the characters nor situations in my novels appertain to the impossible, strange as this may appear. I have cousined with strange people in the prodi-

gious circumstances of life. I participated in the desperate conspiracy of an oppressed nation. The king has favored me with distinction. I have been an indigent hero, reduced to giving lessons in Hungarian at two florins a month. The gallows rope has been about my neck as well as the medal of honor. The glorious dust of exaltation has covered me, alike with the blackest marks of calumny. More than any other mortal, perhaps, I have loved and hated. Therefore judgment must be passed on my books only after a knowledge of my life."

All this sounds very much like the death song of an Indian brave, who is allowed for once to tell his tale. As we listen to it, we fancy that in some places the Hungarian must have idealized his own life as he has idealized his stories, but both of them make capital reading.

THE HUSBAND OF "CURRER BELL."

Charlotte Brontë's husband has been discovered. It is doubtful if many people ever realized that she had such a possession. Of course the biographical dictionaries record her as "Mrs. Nicholls," but she has always seemed to be the little old maid of the parsonage on the Yorkshire moors, who leaped into fame by writing what was called a "naughty book." Mr. Nicholls married again long ago, and is still living in a retired corner of Ireland.

An enterprising English editor recently searched him out, and managed to get sufficient material for a new book about his famous wife, who died more than forty years ago. One "find" was a number of letters from Mrs. Gaskell, whose "Cranford" is as modern to-day as on the day it was written; another was a first edition of "Vanity Fair," with the author's inscription on the fly leaf. We can hardly credit the story that the editor returned with this book, which he had purchased from Mr. Nicholls for a few shillings, boasting that it could hardly have been secured in the open market for a hundred pounds. Most book collectors consider it legitimate to take advantage of a dealer's ignorance; but the families of a famous character are usually regarded in the light of friends by those who respect the great names of literature.

AN UNFORGOTTEN FAVORITE.

Something like a Byron revival seems to be in progress just now. There are hundreds of people who consider themselves well read, but who know almost nothing of Byron's genius. The bloodless school of American criticism scorned the romantic author of "Manfred" and "The Prisoner of Chillon." Heroines with intellectual foreheads, heroes who did their love making by the recipe Emerson laid down in "Love and Friendship," looked away over the heads of anybody who would acknowledge Byron. Browning was their poet.

No one denies the faults of the cynical young aristocrat. He was often melodramatic, and sometimes coarse, but he was a *poet*. Some of his lines are matchless in beauty and force. One of the publishing houses has just announced a new edition of his works, to be edited by William E. Henley, and to include his public and private letters as well as his poems.

Mr. Henley is becoming the best known editor of the English classics. He has finished an edition of Burns. His home is in Barnes, a southwestern suburb of London, in a quiet spot beside the Thames.

MORE FIREWORKS FROM MISS CORELLI.

Miss Marie Corelli, who is noted in the world of letters principally for her meteoric vocabulary and her intimate acquaintance with such unknowable things as the inhabitants of other worlds, is an Italian by birth and an Englishwoman by adoption. Since babyhood she has been closely associated with W. S. Eric Mackay, whom many people—Mr. Swinburne is not one of them—regard as a poet of ability. Miss Corelli was adopted by Mr. Mackay's stepmother, and at the latter's death was left in his care. She is described as hardly more than a girl, of a slight figure, with fluffy golden hair and a delicate complexion. She lives in Longridge Road, London, and is something of a hermit in inclination, invariably spending her mornings over her work, receiving but few friends, and never allowing herself to be interviewed. Her devotion to her adopted brother and her admiration for his work are unfailing, and Mr. Mackay reciprocates by being equally appreciative. Add to this that she is an enthusiast in musical matters, and that her early life was spent in a French convent with never a thought of writing books in her mind, and one has a fairly comprehensive picture of this rather remarkable young person.

Many readers of Miss Corelli's stories are astonished that she should know so much. One has a dim intuition also that she is a trifle too familiar with the world, the flesh, and the devil for a woman, especially for a woman of her years. In her latest book, however, this perception of the seamy side of life, while undoubtedly prominent, is not the most striking quality. It may be that some particularly virulent review of her work prompted it, or possibly her impersonal aversion to critics has aroused her; but whatever the motive responsible for "The Sorrows of Satan," it deals largely with "boomed" books, mercenary publishers, self glorifying writers, and unscrupulous reviewers, and all in a spirit far from gentle. It is a revelation of the venal side of literature, and an exposé of methods to which the author's attention has been drawn during her short literary career and against which her spirit has risen. These methods Miss Corelli does well to hold up to public derision. Take, for instance, the following burst of indignation:

I may as well state as a very plain unvarnished truth that for forty pounds a well known agency will guarantee the insertion of *any* paragraph, provided it is not libelous, in no less than four hundred newspapers. The art of "booming" is thus easily explained, and

level headed people will be able to comprehend why it is that a few names of authors are constantly mentioned in the press while others, perhaps more deserving, remain ignored.

A foot note assures the readers that this is a fact, and we do not question it. Here are some remarks which Miss Corelli puts into the mouth of a successful publisher:

I intend to write out a mystifying paragraph of about some seventy lines or so, describing the book in a vague sort of way, as "likely to create a new era of thought"—or as "ere long everybody who is anybody will be compelled to read this remarkable work"—or "something that must be welcome to all who would understand the drift of one of the most delicate and burning questions of the time." The last one always tells wonderfully considering how old it is and how often it has been made to do duty, because any allusion to a "delicate and burning question" makes a number of people think the novel must be improper and they send for it at once. We give the first two hundred and fifty copies away in order to be able to announce that "the first large edition of the new novel by Geoffrey Tempest being exhausted, a second is now in rapid preparation." The second edition will of course be behind the scenes and will consist of another two hundred and fifty. And so on till we get to the sixth or seventh edition.

Aside from these revelations there is little in "The Sorrows of Satan" that is interesting, though there is much that is characteristic of the author. The closing chapters develop sundry pyrotechnical bursts of true Corellian verbosity—weird and terrible faces, cries and groans, icebergs, red lights, opalescent radiance, unimaginable depths, angels, demons, damned souls, and His Satanic Majesty presiding over all like Henry Irving on the Brocken.

A SCIENTIFIC SATIRIST.

Mr. Grant Allen was a serious scientific man until he took to writing novels, and for quite a long time he was a pretty serious novel writer. Then he broke loose and wrote "The Woman Who Did," which turned England topsy turvy and brought him more money than he had ever had before, besides incidentally landing one young woman in a mad house.

But it begins to look as if Mr. Allen is laughing at us. He has brought out another novel which he calls "A Hilltop Novel." A hilltop novel, he proceeds to explain, is one which is written in that fine, rarefied atmosphere where such prejudices as those surrounding legal marriage and old fashioned conventions of that sort cannot reach. Mr. Allen is taking a noble stand with the little band of ladies who introduced the "problem novel." The most problematical part of the problem is how some of these intense philosophers keep out of the lunatic asylum.

Madame Grand's publishers jealously announce that her new book has a brand new sort of a problem, entirely distinct from anybody else's, and just as startling as the one propounded in "The Heavenly Twins." Perhaps we are to have a new fashion in literature this season.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR FROM ENGLAND.

Mrs. Craigie, the clever and satirical novelist who is best known to readers as John Oliver Hobbes, made a short visit to America in November. She is an American by birth, the daughter of John Morgan Richards, who was originally a New York business man, and is now a wealthy wholesale chemist of London.

Mrs. Craigie's last book, "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," is remarkable for its bitterly hopeless tone and for the sharp and stinging epigram that is so characteristic of the writer. Stern experience has taught Mrs. Craigie that life is not all a garden of roses.

"The book was written," she said, "to show exactly the attitude of a conscientious man whose life had been wrecked by an unfortunate marriage. He refused, you remember, to divorce his disreputable and unfaithful wife and to marry the woman he loved. He argued that he had nothing to offer her but eyes that had seen corruption, broken health, and a broken heart. I was curious to know what society would say of such a character, and I have found out. He is pronounced by almost every one to be weak, and his attitude to be that of a fool. I don't believe that. I have never seen how a man so placed could expect to begin life over again and put his past utterly away from him, any more than a person who has lost a leg or an arm in a hospital could expect to ignore his affliction and start forth as if it had never come to him."

Mrs. Craigie pays us the compliment of saying that the "Literary Chat" of MUNSEY'S "is always fair, and shows neither partiality to friends nor prejudice against enemies."

ONE OF OUR RICHEST NOVELISTS.

One of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's friends says that she has so fertile an imagination that stories simply lie around loose in it.

Mrs. Burnett spends very little time in this country, although her husband is a well known oculist in Washington, and her son, Vivian, the original of *Fauntleroy*, is a Harvard student. She has a beautiful home in Langham Place, in London, which is described as "a miracle of delightful extravagances." Mrs. Burnett probably makes, or has made, more money than any one of our American novelists. Most of it came from "Fauntleroy" as a book and a play. The truly artistic and unconventional work, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," which gave her her reputation with her critical audience, has never been the financial success of the more conventional stories.

Mrs. Burnett's magnificent drawing room in London will hold four hundred people, and it is often filled. She is of English birth, and after all the bias of her talent is English. She finds herself at home on the other side of the Atlantic. Her marriage to her American husband has added another to the many instances

of the lack of success that seems to wait upon the matrimonial ventures of literary and artistic genius.

PRAISE WHERE PRAISE IS DUE.

Not having thoroughly recovered from the nervous collapse occasioned by reading Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' "Idiot," it was with some misgiving that we took up "A House Boat on the Styx," by the same author, and it was with a pleasurable thrill that we discovered a trace—a distinct trace—of real humor in the book. It takes time, of course, to develop a humorist, but in the "House Boat" we see decided promise. There is only one joke in the book that really shows its age, and there are whole pages that are distinctly readable. We almost dare to hope that the author's next work will be actually amusing.

We are always glad to recognize nascent talent, and to accord it its meed of encouragement.

ANOTHER "PRINCESS" STORY.

Miss Julia Magruder's first work of importance, "Across the Chasm," appeared some eight or nine years ago, and created a small sensation in the South owing to its unmerciful portrayal of Southern men. It was published anonymously, and its authorship was discovered in rather a peculiar fashion. A lady whom Miss Magruder had been visiting, at Winchester, Virginia, recognized an incident in the story which her guest had related to her some time before, and was thus enabled to make a correct guess at the identity of the writer. For a time it was believed that the scenery of "Across the Chasm" represented Winchester, and the loyal inhabitants were much chagrined; but Miss Magruder denied the allegation, and the trifling unpleasantness occasioned by some of her utterances was soon forgotten.

In "The Princess Sonia" Miss Magruder has reached a level far above that of her other stories. The title is somewhat misleading, since it transpires that the princess is no princess at all, but the narrative is briskly told, and its merit will do much toward insuring to the writer the reputation she deserves.

Miss Magruder is a Virginian by birth, but lives in North Carolina. Her father was a Washington lawyer, and General Magruder of the Confederate army was her uncle.

AN ESSAYIST WHO ESSAYS FICTION.

In all friendliness we would advocate the return of that lost sheep, Mr. Brander Matthews, to the safe and familiar fields of essay writing. He has wandered afar into the thorny ways of fiction, and lamentable has been the loss to literature. For Mr. Matthews has been, and probably still is, a brilliant essayist. His quiet humor, his enormous fund of information and his genial attitude toward the reader made "Pen and Ink," "French Dramatists," and "The Theaters of Paris" books to gladden the heart and to become favorites in many a library. Mr. Matthews is nothing if not systematic. He spends months collecting material for an article, storing away clippings and notes in envelopes, and keeping his ears open for every item of information bearing upon the subject in hand. In essay writing this is a most desirable policy, but to the builder of fiction it is often fatal. Many of Mr. Matthews' incidents are entertaining, but one is constantly aware of being led up to an anecdote or a bright remark, and it is this evident arrangement of scenes to suit sayings that mars his work.

In "His Father's Son" Mr. Matthews has shown himself very ambitious, but has failed to do more than tell a dull little story which is buried beneath an overwhelming amount of local color. The local color is that of Wall Street, and the principal characters an elderly banker and his remarkably unattractive son. The former is strongly reminiscent of the late Jay Gould, and his transactions in stocks are expounded at great length. Mr. Matthews has, no doubt, kept a Stock Exchange envelope containing articles on the machinations of the moguls of the Street, but he has failed to make himself entirely master of the situation. The following morsel has sent a broad smile around the sancta of the aforementioned moguls:

> The father and son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.
>
> "Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "what's the balance at the bank today?"
>
> The old bookkeeper opened the check book again and answered, "Not quite two millions."

It is hardly necessary to state that no firm ever keeps such a sum in a single bank.

Winslow Pierce is perhaps the best drawn character in the book. He can do what few mortal men have ever been able to do before—become intoxicated on half a pint of champagne; and while we have no special admiration for the accomplishment we are conscious that it demonstrates a singular constitution.

The world would revolve on its axis just as well if Mr. Matthews had not written this story. He would make no mistake in dropping fiction. There are other things he can do so much better that it is a waste of time to write books like "His Father's Son."

A PROMISING AMERICAN REALIST.

Mr. Stephen Crane is a young man who has been called names. The publication of "The Black Riders," last year, called forth from some enthusiastic critic the assertion that the author was the "Aubrey Beardsley of poetry." The majority of readers were satisfied to accept this statement, being unable to find in "The Black Riders" much more sobriety that is discernible in Mr. Beardsley's bizarre drawings.

Another critic has said that Mr. Crane's new book, "The Red Badge of Courage," is written by the "American Zola"; and still a third announces him to be "the bright star of the renaissance in fiction." We were therefore pre-

pared for something startling in "The Red Badge," and it is well we were. It is a story of exceeding strangeness, with no visible plot, but dabbled profusely with singular fancies and word pictures. Mr. Crane rejoices in surprising his readers. He scorns conventionality, and lies awake at night thinking up new expressions. When his characters swear it is with "crimson oaths"; bullets "spang" into trees; stars lie "like glittering pebbles on the black level of the night"; and the sun itself breaks loose from accepted metaphor and is "pasted in the sky like a wafer."

From all this it might appear that Mr. Crane's imagination runs away with rhyme and reason; and in the case of "The Black Riders" such was assuredly the fact. But in "The Red Badge" there is a more substantial quality than mere eccentricity. His writings, to be sure, are an acquired taste. One must become hardened to having everything described as "murder red," and to having one's composure startled by lurid similes. This achieved, there comes a realization that Mr. Crane possesses a power of his own, a knowledge of truth, and an ability to portray it forcefully. The battlefield is no longer the conventional scene of heroism, but the arena of very human emotions in which fear is realistically prominent.

Mr. Crane is only twenty four, but his literary career is already eight years old. He began writing for the press before he was sixteen, and his first book—"Maggie, a Girl of the Streets"—was published some three years ago without creating an appreciable sensation. Hamlin Garland, who is something of a realist himself, said in a review of it: "With such a technique already in command, with life mainly before him, Stephen Crane is henceforth to be reckoned with." The further development of the young writer's ability has fulfilled this prophecy. Mr. Crane will doubtless be reckoned with mercilessly in many quarters, so long as he persists in his riotous style; but it is to be hoped that this will not discourage him. He is one of the most original writers of the day.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF MAN.

If the "new woman" fad of today has done nothing more, it has given the libraries one more curiosity. To the first Colonial edition, the first English edition, the Breeches Bible, and hundreds of others, has been added "The Woman's Bible."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her coworkers disclaim any desire to tamper with the ancient faith in the inspiration of the Holy Book, although they are revising about one tenth of it. They are merely pointing out that Man (cruel tyrant, and cunning as cruel!) edited the Scriptures to his own advantage, and made little of women in order to establish his own supremacy. They have coined a new word, "amphiarcate." It means "absolute equality between men and women," and they mean to prove that it is the real keynote of the Bible.

The latest and most advanced doctrine, however, proclaims that, according to the teachings of nature and religion, woman is not an equal, but the superior sex. The Biblical order of creation went upward day by day, from the reptile to the beast, from the beast to man, from man to woman as the flower and crown of the universe.

A SOUTHERN SINGER.

The modern poet, as a rule, does not gather inspiration by lying on his back amid sylvan scenes, and listening to the languorous lullaby of babbling brooks. The march of civilization and the rush of modern life have done away with such luxurious leisure, and most of the lyrics in which impressionable maidens detect whispers of sea and woodland are composed among the hard realities of office desks and cane seated chairs.

But Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck, whose love songs have won their way to thousands of hearts, boasts of a most romantic home among the birds and flowers of Alabama, where

> The rose's shattered splendor flees
> With lavish grace on every breeze,
> And lilies sway with flexile ease
> Like dryads snowy breasted;
> And where gardenias drowse between
> Rich curving leaves of glossy green,
> The cricket strikes his tambourine,
> Amid the mosses nested.

Mr. Peck's work has a peculiar melody which has made it popular with composers, and many of his lyrics have found their way to the music shops, and have been sung through the length and breadth of the land. The famous Yale song, "A Little Knot of Blue," is one of them. His verse displays a disregard for modern faddishness that is highly refreshing. It needs no knowledge of psychology to grasp his meaning, for his diction is simple, sincere, and of marked purity. Of course we admire the lofty strains of Sir Edwin Arnold and other esoteric philosophers, but sometimes, for variety, it is pleasant to know what a writer is talking about. Therefore it is often the least ambitious bard that creeps closest to the heart; and it is safe to say that the average reader would prefer to hear Mr. Peck sing of "Dollie"—

> She sports a witching gown
> With a ruffle up and down
> On the skirt.
> She is gentle, she is shy;
> But there's mischief in her eye,
> She's a flirt!

rather than to have certain larger lights chant dithyrambic descriptions of aggressively unintelligible sensations.

A MODERN "GULLIVER."

A book that may create a sensation is in process of making in the workshop of an American author. It is to be given to the world anonymously, for reasons like those that led Colonel John Hay to refuse to father his famous "Bread Winners." The title suggested at present is "The Diary of an Amateur

Scientist," but the man who only looks at the cover, and considers that the contents can have no interest for him, will be mistaken.

The story is of a scientist who is startled by the fall of a meteoric body. He takes a fragment of it home with him as a curiosity, and carelessly lets it fall into a pail of water. A few weeks later, when he recovers it, he finds the surface alive with crawling things. He suspends it inside a glass jar, and with a large and improved microscope makes it a study. Day by day he sees its scaly monsters—for as such the tiny organisms appear under the glass—change by evolution into other forms. As the bit of mud becomes drier, they change to meet their new environment, until finally the species which covers most of the little ball of earth is a two legged creature, walking with its head in the air, and possessed of singular and ridiculous habits. It is so fond of ornament that it will keep thousands of its kind laboring and suffering and dying in holes in the ground, to take out tiny bits of glittering pebbles with which the females of the strongest insects deck themselves. Some will scheme and toil, and make others toil, that they may have higher nests of stone to sleep in than the insects by their sides. When one has a higher nest, the others bow to him submissively.

They were all alike, these insects, yet they lived in tribes. In one of the muddy places on their little globe there were some creatures whose skins the tribes valued. There were not many of them, and each tribe wanted them to make coverings for the females of the insects who lived in the highest huts. They went to war, and thousands of the fighters were killed on both sides. The scientist laughed at those who died, for there was not one who would ever have owned one of the skins under any circumstances.

The book is a satire something after the style of "Gulliver's Travels," and is a plain record of the habits of men. When we hear them told as the ways of insects, they look foolish enough. The New York tenement houses are described in a chapter on "Strange Habits of the Insects," which tells how the fortunate ones who have learned the secret of living in air and sunshine keep the ignorant working for them, through setting up false standards.

It is certainly strange to take this world as a whole, and realize that almost the entire energy of mankind is consumed not in obtaining food, but in creating, out of the products of the earth, ornaments and ornamental clothing for the houses and the bodies of a comparatively limited class.

WAS POE A PLAGIARIST?

In two recent numbers of *Collier's Weekly* there appears an article by Joel Benton entitled "The Precursor of Poe." Probably few readers know the poet to whom this essay refers—Thomas Holley Chivers, M. D., who was a Georgia doctor, and the author of seven or eight volumes of verse issued between 1834 and 1858. What is interesting about him is the fact that he preceded Poe, while much of his writing has the accent, style, and atmosphere which the world has regarded as Poe's peculiar properties.

"It is not only in the swing of his verse," says Mr. Benton, "but in the epithets of this bizarre Georgia poet—sometimes in the exact phrases—that we are confronted with the Poe manner. Such words as 'Aiden,' 'abysmal,' 'Eulalie,' 'Asphodel,' 'Evangel,' 'Avalon,' and dozens of others, require no comment or foot note. Two poets could not have fallen upon them by original choice, to say nothing of the atmosphere that was drawn around them. Of course there is no question that Poe used this sort of hypnotic machinery very much better than Chivers did or could. One leaves an immortal halo around his name, and the other a nebulous mist which failed to condense into a star."

In several of Dr. Chivers' lyrics one feels plainly the Poe touch and characteristics. Note, for instance, the two following stanzas from his "Lily Adair":

Her eyes, lily lidded, were azure,
  Cerulean, celestial, divine—
Suffused with the soul light of pleasure,
  Which drew all the soul out of mine.
She had all the rich grace of the Graces,
  And all that they had not to spare;
For it took all their beautiful faces
  To make one for Lily Adair—
  For my Christ-like Lily Adair,
  For my heaven born Lily Adair,
  For my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

She was fairer by far than that maiden,
  The star bright Cassiope,
Who was taken by angels to Aiden,
  And crowned with eternity.
For her beauty the sea nymphs offended
  Because so surpassingly fair;
And so death then the precious life ended
  Of my beautiful Lily Adair—
  Of my heaven born Lily Adair,
  Of my star crowned Lily Adair,
  Of my beautiful, dutiful Lily Adair.

Chivers is referred to by Bayard Taylor in his "Echo Club" papers. "The Ancient," one of the characters in that book, gives him the credit of one of the finest images in modern poetry, where he speaks of

Cataracts of adamant uplifted into mountains,
Making oceans metropolitan for the splendor
  of the dawn.

Both Stedman and Taylor have shown much interest in Chivers, as a phenomenon if nothing more, and Swinburne is said to be aroused when his name is mentioned. On one occasion he said to Taylor, "Oh, Chivers, Chivers—if you know Chivers, give me your hand!" He can repeat whole passages from Chivers' books.

But the chief importance of this Georgian bard lies in the fact that his verses were published a few years before the poems of Poe's which they so strongly suggest. This fact, which is unquestioned, entitles him to rescue from his almost total oblivion.

ETCHINGS

A TWENTIETH CENTURY LOVE SONG.

Dedicated to Hiram S. Maxim, of flying machine fame.

COME, dearest maiden, fly with me!
My Maxim, built for two
Is tethered to yon chestnut tree,
And only waits for you.
Soon, thrilling 'neath its burden fair,
Its joyous sails shall beat the air,
While, cherished by my tenderest care,
You drift along the blue.

Dread not the circling bat, my sweet;
Watch him with gaze serene;
His forkèd wings are scarce more fleet
Than is my good machine!
The mighty pinions rise and fall;
Our friends fly past; there's room for all;
While flocks of birds, with twittering call,
Affrighted, flit between.

How dull those wights who love to feel
The slow steed tug the rein,
Or bend to guide the toilsome wheel
Along the dusty lane!
How glad, beneath the breezy sky,
With laugh and song, we float and fly,
While passing voices make reply
In sweet, far sounding strain.

Then fly, dear maiden, fly with me,
Free, through the bright, clear weather!
Come forth, and from yon chestnut tree
I'll loose my Maxim's tether.
While twilight draws her azure veil,
Beneath the evening star we'll sail,
And if, like Icarus, we fail,
We'll die, sweetheart, together!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

TIME'S REVENGE.

WHEN first I sought Cecilia, she
Had lovers then in plenty,
And looked on me disdainfully
Because I was but twenty;
For she, you see, was twenty three—
Which made her so much older
That, though I wooed her ardently,
She could not have been colder;
And when I swore, with faltering tongue,
I loved her, and no other,
She laughed, and said I was too young—
Must go home to my mother!

How fast the years have sped away!
I'm getting old—I'm thirty!
But Cissy's youth has made delay—
She's twenty six—and flirty.
Now she on me smiles tenderly,
And her heart is so warm, it
Would yield itself quite readily
If I should care to storm it.

But when I think of marriage now
My thoughts are of another,
And Cissy's chance is good, I vow,
Of staying with *her* mother.

Vincent F. Howard.

CUPID'S NET.

AH, what is Cupid's net?
A web of filmy laces;
A trap for a coquette,
A means to show her graces;
A lure he loves to set
Before our very faces.
Ah, what is Cupid's net?
A web of filmy laces!

Harry Romaine.

IN BOHEMIA—A MEMORY OF BYGONE DAYS.

AH, those dear, delicious Bohemian days
When we lived at the house top, you and I!
Far above the grime of the city ways,
And close—quite close—to the sun and the sky.

I was your lover, you were my wife,
My world, my heaven, my bride of a week;
For it was the honeymoon of life,
And our troubles—and triumphs—were yet to seek.

I sketched and I painted, with palette on thumb;
Your little forefinger was steeped in ink;
Both prophesied fortune and fame to come,
Yet were happy for all their delay, I think.

Who would have guessed that a snowy bed
Lay snugly beyond the Japanese screen;
Or that tea things and cheese and a bit of bread
Behind the tapestry lurked unseen?

Just a window to raise, and a step to go,
And there lay our garden and lawn in one,
Clothes lines above, and leads below,
With a glorious view of the rising sun.

Ah, what rejoicing that fortunate day
I sold my marine—the "Ebb of the Tide"—
I bought you some roses, we went to the play,
Paid bills, had a little left over beside.

Do you ever fashion a wish like mine?—
Such a foolish wish—and all so vain!—
When weary of bowing at fashion's shrine
You long for the old life back again?

I wish, and I wish it night and day,
That honors and riches and place and power
Would take to them wings and fly away
And land us back at that spot and hour!

For if we could wander hand in hand
Back through the years, we might find in truth
All we have lost in Bohemia's land—
Love and freedom and boundless youth.

Susan Owen Moberly.

THE REASON.

ONCE she liked my idle rhymes,
Full of her and Cupid;
She recalls them now at times,
Laughs, and whispers, "Stupid!"
Bids my fancy to essay
Longer flights, and gently
Hints that love has had its day—
Cupid, consequently.

Yet I notice, when I write
In the vein she chooses,
Leaving her and love out quite
While I court the muses,
That she bids my fancy seek
Nearer themes and better;
Kisses me upon the cheek—
Thinks that I forget her.

Thus it happens, after long
Years of lyric making,
Love still lingers in my song,
In each stanza waking.
There are poets who have nine
Muses at their mercies;
One dear little girl is mine,
So *I* write love verses!

Felix Carmen.

IN A JANUARY THAW.

ALL the world was dark and dripping,
And the skies were drear and dun,
And my soul was chilled within me,
For I longed to see the sun;
And the snow was soiled and sodden,
And the air was damp and raw,
When I met my dainty darling
In a January thaw.

First I chanced to see an ankle
In a gaiter, trim and neat,
And a silken skirt uplifted
As she crossed the muddy street;
Then a lip of laughing scarlet,
And a brow without a flaw,
And a cheek of summer roses—
In a January thaw.

There was ice upon the pavement,
And she slipped in passing by;
But I saved her, and she thanked me
In a manner sweet and shy,
And my pulses thrilled with pleasure—
Ah, we neither of us saw
Cupid, with his bow and arrow,
In a January thaw.

Other lovers 'mid the lilies
In the dusk may plight their troth,
Or upon the moonlit beaches
By the ocean's foam and froth;
But my love and I together
By the same enchanted law
Pledged our hearts unto each other
In a January thaw.

Minna Irving.

THE REDEMPTION OF A PLAGIARIST.

FULL filled with knowledge he came from college,
And vowed to his muse he'd be
A diligent writer and clever inditer
Of the sort she loves to see;
He had studied up diction, the rules of fiction,
And he had an attractive name,
Which in due season, he thought with reason,
Might well be known to fame.

Like all the rest he wrote as a test
A most imposing pile
Of poetical works, with quips and quirks
In the Austin Dobson style;
He blithely sang (like Andrew Lang)
In ballade and villanelle,
But he found in time that these forms of rhyme
Are not the forms that sell.

Lowell, Thoreau, Disraeli, Poe,
He copied them all in turn;
Tried Anthony Hope, turned back to Pope,
Lamb, Addison, Swift, and Sterne;
The styles that he prized he plagiarized
With an infinite deal of toil,
And, being no laggard, he grafted Haggard
On Du Maurier, Kipling, Doyle.

But each poem or tale he would write and mail
The mark contrived to miss,
Till in dull despair he rumpled his hair,
And wrote him a rhyme like this!

THE MORAL

Is, then, that it's not the pen
Of another that brings one pelf,
But the simple truth an original youth
Has the sense to write himself!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SHE ANSWERED NO.

SHE answered no—yet why despair?
'Twas on the day of Cupid's fair,
When lovers toss to win or lose,
To make their entrance or adieus
In spirits light and debonair.

Yet, though I boasted not to care,
I knew 'twas more than life could bear
If through fair love's uncertain muse
She answered no.

In truth, I loved beyond compare,
And all my soul was in my prayer:
"'Tis thee, dear love, that I would choose!
If I should ask, wouldst thou refuse?"
In accents soft, with blushes rare,
She answered, "No."

Clifford Howard.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR.

MUCH has lately been said as to the possibility—when this reaches the reader it may even have become the probability—of an outbreak of hostilities between America and England. There are several diverse classes to whom the idea of war is always welcome. To professional soldiers—far fewer here than elsewhere—it offers a coveted chance for fame and promotion. To certain lines of industry it brings sudden stimulation and great opportunities for profit. To the thousands who cherish a vague discontent under the existing order of things it promises an upsetting of established conditions from which they hope to be gainers rather than losers. Even among thoughtful and conservative people there are some who think that peace has lasted long enough, and that war might be a salutary medicine for some of the ills of the body politic.

We are reminded of the remarkable movement of public opinion in England which heralded the Crimean war. Forty years of profound peace had followed the battle of Waterloo when the British government found itself drifting into hostilities with Russia. Interfering in a dispute which concerned it not at all, it was supported by the loud and unanimous approval of popular sentiment at home. All classes of Englishmen joined in the militant fervor which Tennyson voiced so strongly in "Maud":

No more shall commerce be all in all, and peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note;
Hail once more to the banner of battle unrolled!
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done.

These were wild and whirling words to come from the gentle poet who sang:

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

The war was fought, and from the military standpoint successfully. The fortifications which Russia had declined to dismantle were swept away in fire and blood. Yet never in all her long list of conflicts was there one that England so sincerely regrets today. She looks back upon the Crimean war as an unforgotten mistake, a wasted expenditure of life and treasure, the effects of which have lingered long as a national burden.

This is a warning—and it would be easy to find others—against the clamor for war to end the tedium of a slothful peace. A process that decimates the flower of a nation's manhood and destroys much of its material wealth is a clumsy expedient for remedying existing ills. It would stimulate the demand for labor; but how much better would this end be accomplished by the inauguration of great and productive public works. It might gratify the jingoistic patriot; but if we must have a "masterful foreign policy," how much more striking an achievement it would be to compel other nations to disarm, rather than to prolong the reign of militarism by waging an aggressive war.

Fortunately, the forces that make for peace are stronger with us than those that tend toward an outbreak of hostilities. Uncle Sam should defend his coasts from the possibility of a predatory attack, but we do not think he need sharpen his sword to sally forth against foes abroad.

HIGH WATER MARK IN PENSIONS.

EIGHT years after the close of the civil war, 238,411 persons were in receipt of pensions from the United States government; and it seemed as if the roll had reached its highest point, for during the five following years there was a gradual decrease to 223,998. Then, however, Congress began its successive extensions of the pension system, and the figures grew rapidly and steadily. The most tremendous increase took place between 1890, when there were 537,994 names on the roll, and 1893, when there were 966,012. At this point the advance slackened, and two years later, at the close of the fiscal year ending with last June, the pension commissioner's report shows a total of 970,524. As the losses from death must become more and more frequent, it is probable that another twelvemonth will show a slight decrease in the list, which may now be said to have reached its second high water mark, with almost one million families, in a nation of thirteen million families, drawing bounty from the government.

Will this second high water mark be the final one? It will not, if at any time within the next few years Congress passes a law granting pensions to all who served in the Federal army or navy during the civil war. But at present such a step is practically prohibited by the absence of the necessary funds to meet so colossal a draft on the national treasury.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

ANOTHER government report from whose array of figures interesting deductions may be made is that of the commissioner of immigration. The number of arrivals for the last fiscal year is put at 258,536, the smallest for any year since 1879. The high water mark figures were those of 1882, nearly 800,000. From that point

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the record passes with considerable fluctuation to 623,000 in 1892. Then, with the labor market depressed by the panic of the following year, there was a steady decline, of which the commissioner thinks the lowest point has now been reached and passed. Basing his argument upon past experience, he predicts a rapid recovery in the volume of immigration. Should there be such a boom as followed the depression of 1873, we may have a million foreigners landing here in the last year of the present century.

Fortunately, this is a forecast which the results may not verify. It is becoming more and more clear that the addition of an annual million of aliens to the population of the United States would be not a benefit but a serious burden to the country.

ENGINEERING AS A PROFESSION.

PUBLICATION has recently been made of records stating the business success of the graduates of several leading colleges of engineering—the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Stevens Institute, the Rensselaer Polytechnic, the engineering department of Cornell, and others. The showing is a really remarkable one, both in the high average of successful careers achieved by so large a body of alumni, and as a testimony to the value of mechanical science as a branch of modern education. It impresses the reader with the importance of the posts held by the men who in this age of machinery stand with their hand on the levers of the great forces that do the work of the world.

It would seem that the profession of engineering is not an overcrowded one; that its qualified practitioners are not multiplying more rapidly than the growth of the demand for their expert services. Herein it offers, at the present time, a more promising field to the young man than those of medicine and the law. Its great prizes are perhaps scarcely equal to theirs, but to the rank and file it affords a readier footing.

REFORMERS WHO NEED REFORM.

IN France, Dr. Max Nordau politely informs the modern world that its inhabitants—with the possible exception of himself—are degenerates. In England, Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has been talking longer than Nordau and can talk almost as loudly, calls almost everybody a "crank" and almost everything a "craze." Equally sensational critics of existing tendencies and institutions are constantly making themselves heard in America. One day it is a lady who is reported as declaring that she would rather send her son to the infernal regions than to a leading New England university; on the next, a political orator who warns an affrighted country that the Pope is preparing to "crush Americans to the wall"; and on another, some equally valuable contribution to the literature of hysteria.

It cannot be denied that the present day has its besetting sins. One of the most marked is the prevalence of intemperate utterance, and some of the worst offenders are well intentioned people who regard themselves as divinely commissioned to turn the contemporary world from the evil of its way. Mounted upon their small rostrums of conscious superiority, these self appointed prophets go through the performance popularly known as talking through their hats, to the edification of nobody but themselves.

We have energetic and influential societies for the promotion of temperance in the matter of alcoholic beverages. There is high authority for the doctrine that the defiling element is that which comes forth from the mouth, rather than that which enters it; and it would seem as if an association for the suppression of intemperate talking would meet a need of the hour. It would find an ample field for work in the press, on the platform, and even in the pulpit.

A HOLIDAY MORAL.

PAUL BOURGET, Max O'Rell, and other serious or humorous observers of society on this side of the Atlantic have given general currency to the theory that the male American, from the millionaire to the mechanic, devotes all or nearly all his energies to earning money for his wife to spend for personal adornments. If our foreign critics were here about Christmas time—their summer trip seldom lasts so long—they would probably comment no less strongly upon the alarming proportion of his income which the aforesaid male squanders upon the amusement of his children. The reflection is forced upon the most casual passer by in the shopping streets of any American city. In New York, and probably elsewhere, it is safe to say that never before was there such a tremendous display of goods designed solely for young people—toys, to be explicit—as was made during December. It was interesting to think of the great and growing manufacturing industries represented in the immense collection of articles that serve no strictly utilitarian purpose. It was still more interesting to think of another side of the matter—the myriads of households for which the toys were destined, the little fingers that would clasp them, the eyes they would brighten and the hearts they would gladden.

It is probably true that the average American spends more for his children's amusement than the average European. Yet we do not consider him extravagant. How else could he get better value for his money?

Philosophers distinguish love into two kinds, sexual and parental; and these two emotions, they tell us, have been the great

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working forces in the evolution of man. Although the novelist may not admit it, the latter is the stronger and nobler feeling of the two.

A FADED INSTITUTION.

THE decay of the "first night" is one of the recent developments of the amusement world. A "premiere" is still an event in Paris, but it is so no longer in New York. The cream of the social and intellectual world no longer assembles to witness the introduction of each new play of importance; on the contrary, it is conspicuous by its absence. The daily newspapers which used to print a list of names as "among those present," have recently discontinued the practice. It had become ridiculous, owing to the lack of really representative people. Tickets for first nights get into the hands of the most extraordinary individuals. It is chronicled that as the audience filed out from one of Irving's openings, a member of it was heard to inquire,

"Who is Irving, any way?"

"Well, I guess from his accent he must be English," was the reply.

The decline of the "first night" may be simply one of the unaccountable freaks of fashion. It may be partly due to the fact that a play runs more smoothly after a few performances; but more probably it is to be accounted for by the unwillingness of the real leaders of society to rank themselves with the nonentities, the poseurs and advertisement seekers who found attendance at "first nights" a ready way of getting their names into the newspapers.

VASSAR AND THE NEW WOMAN.

THE conservatives who regard with deepening alarm the development of the "new woman" may take heart again. The Vassar juniors, in more or less solemn conclave assembled, voted an emphatic negative, the other day, to the proposition "that the modern conception of femininity is superior to the long cherished ideal of female domesticity." Vassar does not desire to figure as the type of the "advanced" woman. She frowns on the knickerbockered wheelwoman, prefers chewing gum to cigarettes, and does not want to run for Congress.

It would be more satisfactory, though, if the girl undergraduates had first debated and settled the question whether the modern conception of femininity is really and essentially different from the old one. Some "new" things are not so new as people think, and the "new woman" is one of them. There have been changes, and there has been growth, but we doubt if there has been anything to modify the fundamental relations based on the unchangeable facts of sex.

POLITICS ON THE PLATFORM.

THE reported failure of Senator Hill on the lecture platform may be taken as another sign of the waning popularity of that once great educational institution; or it may be due to more direct causes. The Senator is a clever speaker, we all know, but politicians are too plentiful to be curiosities in any portion of these United States. Novelists who can sell their books, clergymen who can reform a municipal government, Arctic explorers who come back from Greenland alive—such men are rare birds, and the public will pay out its money to see them and hear them talk; but the Presidential possibility abounds, especially in the West. When he makes a speech, people think he ought to do it without charging an admission fee.

It has been said that a statesman who enters the United States Senate puts himself out of line for the Presidency. The lecture platform seems to be a still flatter failure as an avenue to the White House.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BOOKS.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires why the average American book is better illustrated than the average English book, but inferior to it in other respects. It is not easy to give an exact reason for this condition of things, which we think is correctly stated. The standard publishing houses of England turn out books which in every detail of paper, printing, and binding, are exactly fitted to their purpose. American firms have seemed to lean toward the showy, rather than the useful and the really tasteful. Our magazines have been, and still are, admittedly the best; but the standards of book making and magazine making are as different as are the respective missions of the book and the magazine. Our books have been too much like magazines. The printing is equal to that of the foreign books, but the paper is often too stiff or too glossy to be durable, and the binding is also too stiff, besides being too flimsy and too showy.

Some of the recent books, however, show a marked advance in these respects. The recognition of a fault is always a long step toward its correction, and no people are more quick in self improvement than the Americans. With our vast reading public, and the keen competition between those who supply it—a body of craftsmen as intelligent, probably, as any in the world—we see no reason why America should not soon produce the best books at the most moderate price, as it already produces the finest and cheapest magazines.

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at a price proportionate to that of* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine should bring but seven and one half cents.*

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E[illegible]

[illegible] painting by A. Seifert—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

Notes on the winter exhibitions, and other contemporary incidents of artistic interest—With a series of engravings of representative paintings.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

New York seems to be cultivating fastidiousness in art matters. During the present winter the city—as represented by the Sculpture Society—has declined a large and costly fountain offered to it as a memorial of Heine; and the Metropolitan Museum has refused the Renwick bequest of paintings, which boasted such great names as Titian, Rubens, and Velasquez. Even at the expense of personal feelings—and the Heine matter caused no slight unpleasantness—we sympathize with every effort to raise the standard of civic acceptance. Only the best is good enough for our public places. Would that the principle had been

"A Love Story."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by C. A. Lenoir.

"At the Fountain."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors), after the painting by Diana Coomans.

recognized earlier by the censors of our municipal art!

TWO AMERICAN ACADEMIES.

The same tendency seems to have been at work with the jury that selected the exhibits for the National Academy's winter display. Only three hundred offerings were hung thrice as many being rejected; and the result was a collection which, while

"In the Infant Class."

From the painting by Jean Geoffroy.

"A Moonlight Night."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by S. Jacobsen.

lacking in "features," was of high average merit. It was all the greater pity that the *hors concours* privilege of a few members who represent a bygone stage of art should permit the exhibition of canvases interesting only as contrasts with modern methods. When will the institution that is—or at least ought to be—our leading artistic organization abolish this obsolete rule?

Stimulated, perhaps, by the special offer of a five thousand dollar prize, the Pennsylvania Academy's recent exhibition was one of unusual proportions and pretensions. Indeed, in its array of important names, it had the advantage of the simultaneous display in New York, such men as John S. Sargent, Alexander Harrison, Gari Melchers, W. L. Picknell, and Abbott Thayer,

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"Hope and Death."

From the painting by Gabriel Ferrier.

"A Pleasant Recollection."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Joseph Coomans.

who were not represented in the metropolis, figuring in its catalogue. It may be added, however, that several of its important pictures had already been seen in New York.

ILLUSTRATORS AT THE FRONT.

Numerous recent exhibitions of work by American illustrators are significant of a fact which perhaps scarcely needs to be enforced—the high standing of our foremost workers in this line. At one New York gallery there have been successive displays by C. D. Gibson, A. B. Frost, and George Wharton Edwards; elsewhere Edwin A. Abbey, Frederic Remington, and others have been in evidence. All of them are well known to the public through their work for the press; but when their original drawings are

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"To Bring the Roses Back."

From the painting by J. A. Lomax—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"Winter."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Eisman Semenowsky.

grouped and dignified—as they deserve to be—with an "exhibition," their strength is more impressively developed.

AN ARTISTIC FAMILY.

A living American painter and a recently deceased American sculptor afford a notable instance of the inheritance of artistic genius. Leonard Volk was quite or nearly the leader of his profession in the West. He was a self taught, ambitious lad when he settled there a dozen years before the war. It was Stephen A. Douglas who gave him the opportunity of a course of study in

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"Bright Summer."

From the painting by Marcus Stone, R. A.—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"Ready for the Empire Ball."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors) after the painting by H. Rondel.

Rome; and when Volk went back to Chicago, his first important undertaking was a life size statue of Lincoln's famous adversary. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1871, but Chicago possesses several other works from Volk's chisel.

His son, Douglas Volk, is a member of the Society of American Artists, and is commonly considered as a New Yorker, although he was born in Massachusetts, studied in Paris and Rome, has recently been teaching in the West, and is now an instructor at a Boston school. He is an intellectual, imaginative figure painter.

"A Moorish Doorway."

From the painting by E. Richter.

CALVÉ AT HOME.

The famous prima donna's apartment in Paris, and her "farm" in the south of France—Incidents of the great singer's life as told by herself.

WHILE America is crowning Emma Calvé with praise, and crying "Brava" to her as she appears in the rôle of *Carmen*, *Santuzza*, *La Navarraise*, or *Ophelia*, a remembrance of an hour with her in her home has an added charm. To know and see her, not before the footlights nor in her dressing room, but in the privacy of her home life, just as Calvé entered through a glass door from her sleeping apartment.

Who can ever describe the winsomeness of Calvé's smile, that gracious clasp of the hand, that perfectly natural, simple manner with which she greets the visitor? She was gowned in a black toilet of modish style, and the beauty of her face was enhanced by the glow overspreading it.

Calvé's "Farm" at Cabrieres, in Aveyron.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph.

was the writer's privilege, and the opportunity came just before she turned the key on her apartment in Paris and set sail for New York.

Should I see *Santuzza*, or *Carmen*, or a beguiling mixture of both? This was my speculation as I turned into the Avenue de Montaigne, and went toward the big porte cochère which I knew led to the pretty apartment of Calvé.

On the smoothest monogramed paper a few trailing words had told me to come at eleven. At least I was punctual, for from a church close by the hour was chimed as I went from the sunlight into the shadow. A neat, white capped French maid ushered me into the daintiest of drawing rooms,

"You are feeling better," I said.

"Yes. The trip to my country place has quite restored my health; and you know I really was ill for a great part of last year. I love my farm—it is not a castle or chateau; that sounds too pretentious. I prefer calling it a farm, and I bought it because it is in the south, and was the scene of my childhood."

"But there is a castle on the grounds," I interrupted, "so rumor has told the truth. I can see it in the photographs here."

"It is an old house—a chateau, if you will, but I call it my farm. There I go, away from all the glitter and whirl of my stage life; and when I am utterly weary, utterly discontented—and I often am—I get new

courage from the pure, vitalizing breezes of the Cevennes. It is a wild and strange life. I walk for hours all about the country, and sleep so well! Ah, it is my haven of rest! I even like the honesty of the people so much that I do not care when their frank criticism wounds my pride.

scream, but always sing. You see, they knew me when I was a child; I am always their child, to be corrected, to be loved and taken into their lives, just in their own frank, natural way. I would not have it otherwise."

As she spoke, the singer's dark eyes

Calvé in "La Navarraise."

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

"A few days ago—you see it takes only ten hours to reach Cabrieres, so I can go often—an old peasant on the place heard me singing some of the score of a new opera, and when I asked him how he liked it, he shook his white head, pulled his forelock, and said, 'Mam'selle, that is not singing; that is screaming! Sing for me as you did in the days when you were at the convent, and we heard you in "O Salutaris."'

"I sang for him, and made him happy; and the poor old man implored me never more to

flashed, and her face was vivid with expression. "She feels so intensely all of life," has been said of her by an intimate friend, and it is true.

Calvé keeps her Paris apartment as her home, and although her absences are so long, the pretty rooms are always ready to receive her when she returns from her tours to foreign lands. When the writer saw her she had just come back from Russia, after adding one more triumph to her list. Among her souvenirs of the tour, more prized than

the jewels she received, is a photograph of two members of the imperial family, signed and handsomely framed.

Few really know Calvé's life. Many stories of it have been told, but her history has no such romantic flavor as some of the newspaper chroniclers have given it. She was born in Decazeville, in the department of Aveyron; her father was a Spaniard, while her mother was a Frenchwoman. She came of a good family, and was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Montpellier, which is regarded as the best school in that part of France. There it was, as a child, that the voice which has made nations sing in praise, was first heard and admired. Through the cloistered walls it rang out in the Ave Maria. No thought was harbored that one day she might sing on the stage. It would have been considered a profanation. But then came the death of her father. M. de Roquer—for Calvé's real name is Emma de Roquer—had been well known as an engineer, but he left no fortune, and Calvé found herself with several younger brothers and sisters looking to her for help. She gave up all else to work for them, and they have ever since had the best that has come to her.

A Hillside on Calvé's Farm.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea from a photograph.

Her first appearance on any stage was at Nice at a charity concert.

"What was the song you sang?" I asked her, as she leaned back in a great chair. "Do you remember it?"

"Ah, yes, I can never forget it. I sang 'L'Etoile que J'Aime'. Shall I sing a few bars for you?" And before I could acquiesce, Calvé was at the piano pouring forth the notes of that exquisite melody. When she finished, she said, "That was the song that made people praise me. I shall always care for it. It was a friend."

Next she came to Paris, and studied with Puget and Marchesi; but above all she says she owes gratitude to Mme. Rosine Laborde, from whom she learned so much, who always believed in her, and of whom she never speaks without tenderness. From that time began her brilliant career. She has known what the most lavish adulation is, but it has changed her not a whit.

Calvé is a great believer in the occult, and is always interested in any recital of spiritualistic experiences. She is often guided by astrological suggestions.

Her sympathetic nature is constantly asserting itself. A story told of her is that at a smart luncheon given in her honor, she met a young widow recently bereft of her husband. She was young and beautiful, and her sad history impressed Mlle. Calvé, who, on leaving her, took her menu card, and in answer to a request for an autograph, wrote in French,

"Only those who have sorrowed can truly sympathize with those who have suffered."

Another episode in her life was her devotion to an American child whom she met on board ship, coming over from America. It was only a fair haired little invalid, but for a winter she had Calvé's most devoted attention. No matter how great the singer's social and professional duties were, never a week passed without a visit to the sick child, and for an hour her sweetest songs were sung in a low voice, while the rarest of her flowers went to the invalid's room. It was not the fad of a week or a fortnight, but continued for months, until death released the little one from her pain.

Calvé's charity is wide spread. Many a tale of woe has been brought to the pretty apartment in the Avenue de Montaigne; and, if possible, aid is always given.

The furnishings of Calvé's rooms are charming. As I leaned back in the soft easy chair, I noticed with what excellent taste she had selected yellow and white as a background to her dark beauty. A piano between the two large windows contained many photographs of celebrities and titled personages, all autographed, and offering the originals' homage to the "adorable *Carmen*." Ellen Terry's portrait is seen here and there, and all of her pictures bear charming bits of sentiment. On one is written: "One lesson in English I will give you—'I love you'—that is all. ELLEN TERRY."

Flowers in profusion were in the large vases, and on the walls were several portraits of Calvé by Henri Cain. A couch with a high canopy of white, enameled and fitted up with yellow silk curtains and pillows, is a most artistic addition to the room. Small tables, with dainty bric-à-brac and prettily bound French books, are scattered about; while in a low glass case are quaint curios of great value. The sunshine rushing in through the large windows is Mlle. Calvé's great delight, as she is a firm believer in the beneficiary powers of sun and air. She has her windows open nearly all day.

Through a large glass door one enters the sleeping chamber, which is as dainty as the most fashionable mondaine could desire. The prevailing color is pink, and the dressing table is specially attractive. It has the prettiest accessories of the toilet in ivory and silver. A canopy bed in one corner has handsome curtains of silk and lace, and the rose pink tones are accentuated by the decoration of walls and ceiling in the same color. The spirit of Calvé is felt all through the house. She is fond of light and color, and seems to delight in the full indulgence of this taste.

"I mean to return to America next winter," were her last words, as she leaned against a great chair and toyed with a flower in a restless fashion. "I can frankly say that in all my career, nowhere did I ever make as great a success as in the States. When I return, I wish to have a large repertoire."

"'Carmen' will often be on your list, will it not?" I queried.

"Yes, but *Ophelia* too. That is my favorite rôle. Ah, but wait and see! I mean to do much when I again cross the Atlantic."

An "at home" with Calvé in her Paris apartment is an hour whose golden memory lingers long after the doors of the drawing room have closed, and the dark, Spanish, seductive looking *Carmen* has waved a friendly adieu from the window. Yet the memory which stays longest, which comes back after the others have faded, is neither of the tragic *Santuzza* nor of the bewitching *Carmen*, but of Calvé, the woman, the full hearted, sympathetic Calvé, whom for an hour one has seen in the rôle of chatelaine in her charming home.

Julia F. Opp.

A PLATONIC PAIR.

"IT'S ever so handsome, Jeremiah. You never tried making a head before, did you?"

"No, not without you count lambs and doves; there's enough of *them* in this cemetery, and when Mrs. White said she'd like a cherub on the old man's stone, I was willing to try."

"Well, I think you've succeeded real well."

Emmeline Kent stood thoughtfully eying the stone. She was a tall girl, dressed in a brown cashmere. She was rather slender, but large boned, and her head, with its dark hair and strong face, looked well set on her shoulders.

"These feathers are done well, too," she said, still regarding the little winged head.

Jeremiah Brayton studied them reflectively, as he sat on the grassy mound.

"I don't know how well they're done," he remarked slowly, "but there's a sight of work on feathers."

Emmeline and Jeremiah continued looking at the stone with its rude little relief. To them it was more beautiful than the waning October afternoon about them. The cemetery was very still, so still that you could hear an occasional belated cricket chirping in the leaf strewn grass. The grass was a dark green, and the leaves seemed to trace red and yellow patterns on it. It was cold under the feet, but the sun was quite warm, and shed a hazy glory over everything. The maples were golden, and there was a faint whirring sound among their topmost branches, as if the spirit of the Wisconsin summer still lingered.

Jeremiah Brayton stood up suddenly, and whipped his handkerchief over his Sunday clothes. A funeral procession had passed them earlier in the afternoon, and the dust had powdered Jeremiah's black suit. Sitting on the grave in his dusty clothes, surveying his craftsmanship with something of reverential awe for his own genius, he had been subtly allied to a poet or master painter; but the allusion was dispelled with the dust, for when he tucked his handkerchief into his pocket, and strolled along beside Emmeline, he looked the honest, practical fellow of thirty two that he was.

Emmeline was twenty eight. Her name and Jeremiah's were always coupled together by the village gossips. It was generally believed that they were engaged, or would be. Old Mrs. Kent, in spite of Emmeline's protest, clung to the same opinion. As a matter of fact, however, Jeremiah and Emmeline were not engaged —they were distinctly unengaged; that had been the understanding when they first began "going together," five years before. Emmeline, even then, had been sensible and quiet beyond her age. Her father had just died, leaving her with a mortgage to pay on their little house, and after a few weeks' training in the "business college" of a neighboring town, she had returned to become bookkeeper and buyer in the only drygoods store of the village, beginning her labors soberly and with very little romance in the outlook. She had never had much attention from young men, and when Jeremiah Brayton made his straightforward proposition for their mutual enjoyment, she had accepted it in the same spirit. He did not wish to marry, and said so plainly. His reason, if he had one, Emmeline did not trouble herself to guess. It might or might not be his mother, who was credited with an "awful tongue," and was too grasping to allow Jeremiah to build them a comfortable house, although there was no lack of money—of which, according to the terms of her husband's will, the widow had entire control during her lifetime. As to the effect of the arrangement on Emmeline, Jeremiah had not failed to represent to her that he might be keeping others away by his attentions, but she had waived this objection. There was no one in Edgerton that she wanted, if indeed there was any one that wanted her, which she doubted; and so the sort of friendship that bears the name of the Athenian philosopher found earnest, if unconscious, followers in these two.

Jeremiah kept a good horse; he also owned a boat which could outsail any other on the little lake, and they had driven and boated together for five years, and had attended all the social events in the village in each other's company, as openly as an engaged pair. People sometimes questioned

Mrs. Kent, and, though she evaded direct replies, she said nothing to dispel the prevalent impression. Lately, however, she had thrown out mysterious hints about another admirer of her daughter. These had been given principally to Mrs. Brayton; and today, as Jeremiah walked by Emmeline's side between the graves, he cast furtive glances at her. She was looking extremely well, and was all unconscious of what was passing in his mind. Ordinarily there was a square set to her chin, her mouth was too tightly closed, her gray eyes lacked animation, and her hair was too smooth. People called her "sensible looking" instead of pretty; but today she seemed to be transformed by one of those rare gleams of beauty dependent on a more natural carriage, and perhaps upon the effect of the air on her cheeks and her spirits. There was no longer the usual sober resemblance between her and Jeremiah. She glanced at every stone which they passed with interest. She knew every one that Jeremiah had cut. Suddenly she halted.

"There," she cried, "I always liked this one. It hasn't any fancy carving on it, but the marble is such a pretty streaked gray, and I like just the simple lettering. This was the first of your work that you brought me to see. Do you remember?"

Jeremiah nodded. He took a step nearer, and laid his hand on the slab. Emmeline's hand, from which she had drawn the cotton glove, rested, pink with cold, on the edge, but his fingers did not touch hers.

"Say, Emmeline," said he, "I heard something yesterday which has set me to thinking. It was about the young chap that the Davises have been getting their goods of lately. Folks say he's taken a shine to you."

Emmeline let her hand slip from the stone. Her color deepened.

"Do you mean Mr. Lessing?"

"Yes, I guess that was the name. Now you understand, Emmeline, that I ain't never wanted to injure your chances with any one, and I don't believe I have so far, but now, if you think——" He hesitated, but she did not help him. She looked away, and her face seemed to gather something of the cold light that was settling over the cemetery. "And so if you think —well, the long and short of it is that I wouldn't stand in your way for anything, and—and so, perhaps——" Jeremiah's face was burning, but Emmeline waited as irresponsibly as the earth waited the downfall of night. It seemed to him from the expression of her face that she never intended to speak again. "And so, perhaps," he concluded, "I'd better give this Lessing fellow a chance. What do you think?"

He watched her with keen anxiety. After a moment, during which the question seemed to hang in mid air between them, she brought her eyes around to meet his.

"Very well, Jeremiah," she said.

Her color had faded, and she looked at him steadily. He drew a sigh of relief.

"I didn't think you'd misunderstand me, Emmeline; for of course you know I ain't considering my own feelings in the matter. I've enjoyed your company ever so much, and it will be lonesome for me going around alone, but it's only fair to you; for according to what I hear this Lessing is a real likely fellow—likelier than any of the boys around here."

"It's growing chilly," said Emmeline abruptly. "We'd better be getting home."

She kept along ahead of him until they gained the road leading from the cemetery; then Jeremiah took his place by her side on the narrow walk. Some embarrassment still lingered in his manner, but every glance at her reassured him. She was not offended, as he had half imagined; indeed, she was more talkative than usual, but she walked very rapidly.

The cemetery was only half a mile from the village, and when they had nearly reached home, he caught her arm.

"It ain't more nor a league to your house, Emmeline, and I'd like to slow up a little. I shan't have another chance of walking with you this way, I suppose; and I want to say again that I've enjoyed your society ever so much during the time we've been going together. You've been kind to me in lots of ways, Emmeline, and I ain't one to forget such things."

"You've been kind to me, Jeremiah."

"Well, I think I've had the best of the bargain," he rejoined.

Then some words of his mother's surged insistently through his mind. The Braytons lived next door to the Kents, and Mrs. Kent had extended many little courtesies to her wealthier neighbor, whom she secretly despised for her stinginess. Mrs. Brayton never returned thanks, and in answer to Jeremiah's expostulations was in the habit of declaring that the money he spent on Emmeline more than paid.

"If it wasn't for you, Jeremiah," she would conclude, "that girl wouldn't go a place from year's end to year's end, and I guess her mother knows it. Now she has about as good a time as any of 'em, though she is so awkward and black."

Jeremiah did not think Emmeline was awkward and black, and he was almost glad of this new admirer to silence his mother's taunts. But the next moment he was filled with a vague regret.

"There you are again, walking as fast as ever," he remonstrated. "What's your hurry?"

"Mother'll be waiting for her tea," said Emmeline, but she slowed her steps a little. When they reached her gate, however, she did not pause. Jeremiah would have liked to stay talking with her a little. The feeling of regret had grown apace during the last few minutes, but she closed and latched the gate between them.

"Good night, Jeremiah."

"Good night, Emmeline," he responded helplessly.

The Kents' little house had a comfortable, home-like look, despite the rigid economy that was practised within its walls. Jeremiah stared at it, even after Emmeline had gone in. He could just catch a glimpse of the sitting room table, and of the stove, whose isinglass glowed red through the meshes of the lace curtain. Jeremiah sighed as he turned away and went slowly towards the house next door. There was no light there.

"That you, Emmeline?" Mrs. Kent, who had been crippled by a fall years ago, sat beside the stove.

"Yes," came her daughter's voice from the hall door.

"Did Jeremiah come in with you?" Mrs. Kent's voice was furtively sweet.

"No, I didn't ask him to." Emmeline hung up her jacket and hat. Then she entered the sitting room.

"Well, you might just as well have asked him, and I don't see why you didn't. I've been out and cut some cake and got all the things fixed on the tray ready to bring in."

"You needn't have taken that trouble, mother." Emmeline approached the stove and stood before it warming her hands.

"How was I to know I needn't? Last Sunday, when there wasn't any cake in the house, you didn't like it, so I made sure to have some this week. How was I to know you wasn't going to bring him in?"

"You told his mother about Mr. Lessing's coming here the other night, didn't you?"

"Well, what if I did? What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, only Jeremiah's stepped back."

"What's he stepped back for?" inquired Mrs. Kent in bewilderment.

"To give Mr. Lessing a chance, he said," returned Emmeline grimly, though the corners of her mouth twitched. She was not wholly insensible to the humor of the situation. Her mother dropped back in her chair.

"Well if I ever *did!*" she said. Her daughter glanced at her, and her face hardened.

"I hope now, mother, you're convinced. You never would understand that there was nothing between Jeremiah and me but friendship. This is a lesson to you."

"A lesson—yes, a lesson never to have any more to do with them Braytons," cried Mrs. Kent, suddenly growing excited. "The son's as bad as the mother, every bit, and after the way I've let her use my cellar, and borrow my kittles and flatirons, and she with more money than any other woman in town; and after the way Jeremiah's been with you! It's five years he's been waitin' on you, Emmeline."

"Jeremiah's done all right," answered Emmeline stolidly. "You're the only one that's done wrong."

"Oh, dear!" wailed the mother. "I was only tryin' to act for the best. I wanted to hurry him up. I couldn't bear to have you keep goin' with him, and people thinkin' you was engaged when you wasn't."

"Well, I've stopped going with him, so you won't have to worry any more about that."

"But people'll say that he jilted you."

"Let them say it, then," rejoined the girl. Her eyes were defiant, but the crimson began to burn again in her cheeks.

"I declare, Emmeline Kent, you ain't got a bit of proper pride," shrieked her mother. "Before I'd let a man treat me that way, and not even be mad about it! He's treated you mean, *dirt* mean, and you ain't got sense enough to know it."

Emmeline seated herself in a chair opposite her mother, and, leaning back, closed her eyes. "Go on," said she, "since you seem to know all about it."

"I *do* know about it, and I *will* go on." Mrs. Kent rose tremblingly, and stood, a little, wavering, crooked figure, before her stolid faced daughter. "I'll go on and cart every speck of Mis' Brayton's fruit up cellar this very night, and throw it over the fence; and when I see Jeremiah I'll tell him what I think of him!"

"You won't do any such thing," returned the other in a dull, expressionless voice, without opening her eyes.

"And I'll have Jeremiah arrested and sued for breach of promise!"

Emmeline's face quivered. She opened

her eyes, and before that look her mother sank down in her chair. It was the inmost soul of her womanhood, from which the natural covering had been torn, that showed itself for an instant.

"Don't you ever mention Jeremiah Brayton in that way again," said she. "He's been perfectly upright and fair, and if there were more men like him in the world, it would be a good thing."

"Well, of course I know that his mother's at the bottom of it," admitted Mrs. Kent apologetically. "I had almost the same kind of an affair when I was a girl—two affairs, in fact—and Jeremiah wants to marry you fast enough, only——"

"No, he doesn't want to marry me, either," returned Emmeline, "and I wouldn't have him if he did. What there was between us was friendship, and I'd rather have the friendship of such a man as Jeremiah than the love of fifty such men as you tell about. Now we'll eat. Did you say you made chocolate or tea?"

"Chocolate. But I ain't never goin' to eat again. I don't care what becomes of me. Givin' me such a goin' over for nothin'!" Mrs. Kent began weeping softly into her handkerchief.

Emmeline went out into the kitchen. In a moment she returned with the tray, which she placed on the table between them. She was not at all hungry, but she was determined that her mother should take something before she went to bed.

"I won't touch it," Mrs. Kent whimpered.

Emmeline took a little tin pail of chocolate from where it had been warming on the back of the stove, and poured it imperturbably into the two cups, one of which she extended to her mother. "Take it," said she, and Mrs. Kent took it. Then Emmeline seated herself and began to eat in a businesslike way.

Mrs. Kent held her chocolate cup in her two little shaking hands for a moment, then began to sip it pitifully.

"Did Mr. Lessing say when he'd be in town again?" she asked, after a pause.

"No, he didn't say anything about it."

"Well, don't you suppose he'll call when he's here?"

"No," said Emmeline. "I haven't the least idea that he'll ever come again. He only came up last night because he wanted those samples I brought for you to see."

Nevertheless, Mr. Lessing did call the following week. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings Davis Brothers kept open until nine o'clock, to accommodate the shoppers from the country. It was a large store for so small a place. Men's ready made clothing from Chicago hung in the windows, and there were two wire frames with waxen heads that presented the latest styles in feminine gear. These models were closely followed by the Edgerton girls and matrons, most of whom were—or at least thought they were—as modishly and tastefully dressed as their sisters in the cities. Emmeline, however, was an exception. She seldom had a new dress, and when she did it was never really fashionable in material or cut; but she took pride in the draping and bonneting of the display figures.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays she always remained until the young boy clerk and the two shrewd, middle aged brothers had left; then she made up her accounts and closed the store. It was half past nine on Wednesday evening; she had just turned the key in the lock when a young man with a satchel in his hand stepped up to her.

"Good evening, Miss Kent."

Emmeline started. Her first thought was that Jeremiah had come as usual to walk home with her. She looked around and discovered Frank Lessing.

"Oh, it's you!"

"Yes, I just dropped off the train five minutes ago. Who did you think it was?"

"I didn't know," said Emmeline. She hesitated, and then stepped past him into the street, dark save for the red front of an occasional saloon.

"Are you going home?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll walk along with you, if I may. I've got some curtain samples in my satchel that I want to show you—elegant patterns!"

Mr. Lessing was a fair young man, and tall, but so slight that he bent to one side with the weight of his valise. His hands were almost as small and delicate as a woman's, and he had always the odor of white rose perfumery about him. Emmeline felt as if she ought to offer to carry his satchel for him.

Her mother was watching at the front window when they came up.

"There," she muttered, in a tone of relief. "Jeremiah stopped in for her. I knew he would." The two ascended the steps and Mrs. Kent drew back. "Why, it ain't Jeremiah; he's never as tall as all that. It's that Lessing fellow!" Her crutch beat a tattoo out of the room as the two entered.

Emmeline did not ask her escort to lay aside his coat, but he did so without being asked.

"It's awfully comfortable in here," he said, shrugging up his slender shoulders and approaching the fire. He stood glancing about him for a moment before he became conscious of any lack in Emmeline's manner. A gray cat, saturated with heat, crept out from under the stove with a soft scratching of the zinc, and, after stretching his sinuous length, stole confidently over to his mistress. Emmeline stooped and patted him, but her face wore a tired, uninviting expression. Frank Lessing perceived it.

"You must excuse me. I haven't been in a room like this for months, and it seems good; but perhaps you don't like my making myself at home so," he stammered.

"Yes, I do," said Emmeline. She was suddenly ashamed of her coldness. There was a boyish air about him which she had not noticed before. He looked very innocent, despite his foppish clothes. "You must get nice and warm," she added, "and I'll call mother—she'll want to see the samples you spoke of." Emmeline stepped to the door leading into the dining room. "Mother!"

Mrs. Kent gave a guilty start. She was just pinning an old shawl over her head, and a lantern stood on the table.

"Why, mother, where are you going?"

"I thought I'd just step over to one of the neighbors."

"Not tonight. It's too late."

"I thought I'd just run over for a minute," repeated Mrs. Kent in the same voice, but gesticulating angrily for Emmeline to close the door into the sitting room. "Smart, I must say," she whispered, "saying it was late, and he just come. You haven't got sense enough to last you over night."

She caught up the lantern and hobbled towards the entry door. Emmeline ran after her.

"But you can't go, mother. You'll slip down."

"No, I won't slip down, neither; there ain't no frost," and Mrs. Kent began descending the steps one foot at a time, clutching the lantern tightly. Emmeline went beside her and assisted her.

"There," she exclaimed, when they reached the bottom, "you go right back into the sitting room, and don't worry about me. I'll be back in a few minutes." Her good nature was restored now she was fairly started. She limped off with the lantern as happily as a child that had gotten its way. Her daughter's voice pursued her.

"Mr. Lessing's got some samples; don't you want to see 'em, mother?"

"Not tonight. Tell him to leave 'em."

Emmeline went dazedly into the house. Samples were her mother's chief delight, and when they failed to turn her from her purpose, further argument was useless.

The daughter returned to the sitting room, but she could hardly talk connectedly. What sudden attraction had the neighbors for her mother? She seldom went out anywhere, even in the daytime. Though she had no trouble in getting around the house, knowing every inch of the floors, out of doors she was afraid of falling. Emmeline hovered near the window, and, lifting up a corner of the shade, watched the progress of the lantern. It was slowly moving toward the next house. "I don't see what she's going there for," she muttered.

The young man stared, hardly knowing whether to be offended or not.

"Where are you, Miss Kent?" he asked at last, with an attempt at facetiousness.

The shade rattled, but Emmeline did not withdraw her head. "I'm watching mother. She's gone over to the Braytons', and I'm afraid she'll fall."

Frank Lessing crossed the room. He, too, peeped out. The lantern crept up to the neighbors' door.

"Well, she's got there all right; and if you want me to, when you think she's about ready to start back, I'll run over there and fetch her."

"Oh, no," said Emmeline, "I don't want you to—that is, it won't be necessary. Mother can walk better than I thought she could."

She shrank from the thought of Frank Lessing appearing in person to substantiate her mother's story to the Braytons. The young salesman did not make a long call. He was half angry when he left, though he told himself that he was sorry for her. Indeed, Emmeline's manner betrayed her state of mind more clearly than she knew. She could not keep away from the window.

Mrs. Kent hobbled in at the gate about ten minutes after Lessing had left. She was going around to the side door, but Emmeline descended the front steps, and helped her in without a word. Mrs. Kent panted a little as she limped into the sitting room with the lantern.

"Oh, he's gone!" she said in a tone of disappointment. "Seems to me he didn't make a very long call, Emmeline."

The girl made no reply. A hopeless expression had settled on her face. She waited to take her mother's shawl. Mrs. Kent sat down, and laid her crutch on the

floor beside the lantern. Then she began unpinning the shawl. Between its folds, her face looked as irresponsible as a child's.

"It's real pleasant out, if it is so cold," said she. "I really enjoyed goin' out, Emmeline. You needn't have made such a fuss about it. That Mr. Lessing must have thought you acted funny."

She handed her shawl to the other, and a newspaper fluttered to the carpet. She tried to push it under the stove, but Emmeline had seen it.

"What have you got there?"

Mrs. Kent picked it up. "It's the *Times*. They take it, and Mis' Brayton's goin' to let me have the readin' of it."

"I'd rather have taken the paper for you, mother, than have had you ask Mrs. Brayton for it."

"I didn't ask her. She offered it to me."

"It was something you said that made her."

"I didn't say anything; and if I did, I had a right to. You've thought it all right that we should let her use our cellar all these years, and why shouldn't I get something back, I'd like to know? The paper ain't half pay, but I'd like the readin' of it, and we can't afford to take it."

"We *could* take it, I suppose," said Emmeline, "but I thought that was one of the things we could get along without. After the mortgage is paid——"

"After the mortgage is paid!" interrupted her mother. "It won't be paid while I'm livin', though it might be settled by now if you'd been different, and you know it."

"I don't know it, either; I don't know what you mean." Emmeline looked down at the carpet and her face flushed. "I'm sure I work as hard as I can," she added.

"No one's complainin' about your not workin'. Don't you suppose I know you work a good deal too hard, and that it's going to wear you out if you can't let up pretty soon? And there ain't no need of it, if you had a mind to act a little different—show you cared and fix up a little. You must like slavin' from mornin' till night, and goin' without, the way we have to."

"Aren't we comfortable, mother? Isn't the house warm? Don't we have all the food and clothes we need?"

"Well, what if we do? That isn't all there is to livin', Emmeline Kent."

"No, I don't suppose it is," said Emmeline. She went up stairs to her room with a heavy step. "It isn't all there is to life," she repeated; yet her own present, continuing indefinitely into the future, seemed to assert that it was all.

She made no reference to the paper the next morning. After her departure for the store, her mother got it out and read it defiantly while she was waiting for her dish water to heat. She regaled her daughter with bits of news when Emmeline returned at noon.

"But the greatest piece of news ain't in the paper at all, Emmeline. What do you think? Soon after you went this mornin' I see Jeremiah drive up with a great load of stone and dump it behind the house. I guess he's persuaded his mother at last to let him build a cellar."

Emmeline turned very pale. She rose from the table, and walked to the window. The pile of stone in the next yard swam before her eyes. In spite of her resolve to let her mother go her own way, she could not refrain from pinning her down to at least a partial confession. She wheeled around abruptly.

"I want you to tell me one thing, mother, and I want the truth. Just what did you say over there last night?"

Mrs. Kent began to struggle like a bird that finds itself in a trap. She beat her wings furiously. "I declare, that's a pretty way to talk to your mother, Emmeline Kent!"

"I don't care whether it's pretty or not." Emmeline herself did not look at all pretty. Her countenance was dark and hard as she faced the little angry old woman.

"Tell you what? I can't remember what I said."

"Yes, you can."

"Well, since you must know, I said a little something about her havin' used the cellar so long, and I had a right to."

"Did you say anything about Mr. Lessing—or Jeremiah?"

"I didn't say anything about Jeremiah. I couldn't, he was right in the next room."

"Or Mr. Lessing?"

"I just said he was over here."

The girl drew a hard breath, and turned to the window again. Her mother's anger increased.

"But I tell you one thing," she cried, "I can't stand this kind of thing no longer, nor I ain't a-going to, being took to task every time I turn 'round. I ain't to blame for the way Jeremiah Brayton's acted, and I ain't got nothin' to do with his buildin' that cellar. If they're so stingy they ain't even willin' to pay the readin' of a paper for the use of one, let 'em build one, I say."

The winter was unusually cold and snowy, but Emmeline plodded steadily to and from her work at the store. Frank

Lessing called on her as often as once in two weeks now. He made no trip, apparently, which did not include Edgerton on its route. It was rumored that Emmeline had jilted Jeremiah for the salesman. Once a gossiping acquaintance charged her with something of the kind and met with an unexpected, though dignified, explanation.

"There's just as much between Jeremiah Brayton and me today as there ever was; we're good friends. There was never any engagement, so there was nothing to break off."

The girl, who had her own opinion of the other's attractions, regarded her curiously. She could not understand why Emmeline should trouble to contradict such a report. As for Frank Lessing, Emmeline received his attentions quietly, though her first manner of treating him as a boy had to be dropped. He knew far more of the world than she, a steady country girl, would ever know. A certain suggestion of dissipation overbalanced his youthfulness, and made him seem older than he was. He urged small gifts upon Emmeline—now and then a few yards of ribbon or a handkerchief, and these she accepted, appearing not altogether displeased; but when he offered her enough black silk for a dress she refused it.

"I should think you would have taken it," said Mrs. Kent, after the young man had gone. It was Sunday, and he had been spending the afternoon there. "It wouldn't have been anything so dreadful, and I'm sure you need a nice dress bad enough. That brown cashmere ain't hardly respectable. I declare, Emmeline, if you keep on scrimpin' and savin' much longer, you'll get to be as close as old Mis' Brayton."

Mrs. Brayton was no older than Mrs. Kent, and the latter did not consider that she was. She used the term slightingly.

"Do you know," continued her mother, as the girl made no reply, "Mrs. Brayton 'll never get over tellin' me about the expense they've been put to in buildin' that cellar. She told me this mornin', when I was over there, that the bills for the gravel and sod were awful; but Jeremiah 'll have it finished in about a week now, and then, says she, 'I won't have to trouble you any further, Mrs. Kent.' But I intend to have the readin' of that paper until she takes her fruit away."

Emmeline looked dully at the rising mound in the next yard. It was an "up ground" cellar, and Jeremiah worked on it noons and nights, after his return from the shop, and sometimes on Sundays. He was out there now in the winter twilight. The metallic ring of his tools on the stone chimed with the church bells. Jeremiah was not a church member, but Emmeline knew that ordinarily he would not have worked thus on Sunday. It seemed to her sometimes that she must go out and stop him, but something held her back. He had always wanted to build the cellar, she told herself, and was probably glad that his mother had at last given her consent. How much her own mother had to do with it, it galled her to think. Still, she knew Jeremiah understood.

When she passed him in the street his manner was eagerly pleasant, as though to reassure her; but he never called at the house now, and when they met at social gatherings she was with her new admirer, who was considered quite an acquisition to village society. Some of the girls, younger and prettier than Emmeline, tried openly to attract him, but, though he flirted with them, he remained loyal to her. No one had thought it strange that Jeremiah should admire Emmeline. They were cut out for each other, people said; but what Frank Lessing saw in her they could not think. Indeed, the young fellow had asked himself this question at first, but lately he had not asked it. He dropped off even more frequently at the red painted wooden depot, and remained longer in the little, sordid, winter bound village. He took Emmeline driving in a livery turnout, and sent her flowers and fruit, of which her mother never let the neighbors be in ignorance. His attentions were considered extravagant. The object of them, however, kept on with her work steadfastly. Sometimes she looked a little conscious, and carried her head higher when she knew her acquaintances were envying her. Her mother, by dint of much talk, persuaded her into affording a pretty plaid waist, which was really very becoming to her; and this she wore on the evenings when Frank Lessing called, losing thereby a certain steadiness of aspect which had come to be characteristic; but her bearing towards the young man was never anything but kind and a little stiff.

One evening, when she opened the door, he caught her hands and drew her out on the porch. It was a wondrous night of moonlight and snow. The maple trees in the yard stood like soft white ghosts, and the air was full of sparkles and fluffs of snow which blew like feathers into the face.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he whispered. He had been drinking a little. Emmeline tried to draw back, but he held her wrists firmly.

"No, you're not going in yet; you've got

to hear me!" Then he went on speaking rapidly, half inarticulately, and Emmeline listened perforce, standing awkward and frightened with him clinging to her hands. She could not shake him off when a square, stout figure turned in at the gate.

"That's you, Emmeline, ain't it? I've come after the paper. Jeremiah hadn't seen it when your ma took it."

Mrs. Brayton pushed up to the steps, eying Frank Lessing sharply as she spoke. He straightened up and buttoned his coat nervously across his narrow chest. There was something antagonistic in the glance of this strange old woman.

"All right," said Emmeline, rather breathlessly; "I'll get it;" but in the hall she ran against her mother.

"Here it is," Mrs. Kent exclaimed. "No need to go in for it." She pushed Emmeline ahead of her, and hobbled along to the door. Her thin old hand shook as she extended the paper out to the other old hand reached up for it. "Here 'tis, Mis' Brayton; I'm real sorry you had to come for it." Her voice was sweet, but it trembled with a feeling that was not sweet.

Mrs. Brayton muttered that she didn't mind coming, and turned away, but she had only gone a few steps when another thought seemed to occur to her. "You understand that I ain't any objection to your borrowing the paper, Mis' Kent," she called back. "You can have it again soon's Jeremiah's seen it." Then she went on, a dumpy, bundled old figure which the moonlight failed to transform into loveliness.

Frank followed Emmeline into the house, and remained half an hour. But it was the last time; he never came again.

When a fortnight went by and he did not put in an appearance, Mrs. Kent could conceal her anxiety no longer.

"I guess Mr. Lessing's gone on a longer trip than usual," she remarked tentatively.

Emmeline crushed the smart sleeves of the new waist, which she had taken to wearing at the store, into her old cloak. "I shouldn't wonder."

"Didn't he say anything about it?"

"He may have. I don't remember."

Her mother waited as patiently as she could for another week; then she broke out again. "It's about a month, Emmeline, since Mr. Lessing's been here. Did you know it?"

Emmeline was drawing lines with red ink in her cash book, which she sometimes brought home. She laid the ruler down squarely on the page.

"Mr. Lessing don't have to come to Edgerton now," she said. "Davis Brothers are getting their goods of another firm."

Her mother stared at her. Her little peaked face grew paler, and her lips twitched.

"*Then he's stepped back, too!*" she announced tragically.

Emmeline drew another line without answering. Mrs. Kent caught her breath, and it sounded like a sob. Suddenly, however, her expression sharpened to one of anxious pity. She laid a hand on her daughter's arm. "But you ain't a-goin' to let yourself feel bad, Emmeline?" she quavered.

The girl shook her head, but a deep red surged into her cheeks.

"That's right; he ain't worth it. There ain't a man livin' that's worth feelin' bad about, I don't care who he is. They're all alike."

"Don't you worry about me, mother," said Emmeline quietly. "There's no need." And Mrs. Kent relapsed into a painful silence, though every now and then she shot furtive glances at the other woman.

"I'm sure I'm glad she can take it so calm," she thought, quivering sensitively at the slights put upon her daughter. Emmeline's utter lack of resentment annoyed her, even while it was reassuring. She herself was consumed with rage against the recreant suitors. She watched Emmeline for some minutes before she spoke again; then her thoughts took another channel.

"Do you know, I've just about decided what made him step back," she said at length. "It was Mis' Brayton comin' after the paper that night that scairt him out. He probably thought if we was so awful poor we couldn't even afford to take the paper, he couldn't afford to marry you."

"Oh, mother, what nonsense!"

"Depend upon it, that was it," persisted the other, "for if he wasn't in love, I never see any one that was."

Emmeline was silent.

The cellar had at last reached completion. The work had dragged more than Mrs. Brayton had anticipated, and there had been a delay of a week or two when Jeremiah was laid up with a cold; but one evening he came in wearily and pronounced it finished, and the next day his mother went after her fruit. Mrs. Kent caught sight of her before she reached the house, and in feverish haste hobbled to the different doors, and locked them. She had just regained her chair when Mrs. Brayton knocked. She smiled spitefully to herself.

"Let her stand there and knock. It'll do her good."

The rap sounded again, louder this time. Mrs. Kent leaned forward, listening. She rested her chin on the top of her cane, and her eyes gleamed like little dark jewels. She looked like some tiny old witch.

"There, she's got her nice new cellar all ready, and she can't get her fruit to put in it," she chuckled. The door was softly tried. "She'd come right in if she could," chuckled the little old lady, pressing her hand to her side in the excess of her mirth. "But I was too smart for her, and she's going back. She thinks I ain't to home. Well, she'll find I ain't ever to home when she comes after that fruit."

In the evening, Mrs. Brayton plodded over again. Before she had taken the side door; this time she went around to the kitchen door. Her knock sounded loudly through the little house. Emmeline, up stairs changing her dress, heard it. She listened for the murmur of voices, but instead the knock was repeated.

Hastily catching up the lamp and fastening her wrapper as she went, she descended the stairs. Her mother sat in the sitting room, calmly piecing samples together for a sofa cushion. Just then there came a violent shake at the door.

"Why, mother, didn't you know there was somebody at the door?"

"Yes, I knew it. It's Mis' Brayton. She wants her fruit."

"Well, why don't you let her in?"

Emmeline paused, lamp in hand, staring at her mother. Mrs. Kent looked up at her, a mixture of cunning and defiance in her face. "Let her want it, then; I ain't bound to wait on her."

Emmeline uttered an exclamation and walked out of the room. Mrs. Brayton was pounding on the door. When Emmeline opened it, she looked red and angry.

"Well, I should think it was about time. I've come after that fruit your ma's been fussin' about so long. I came after it this mornin', but she wouldn't let me in."

"I'll hold the lamp for you," said Emmeline quietly, and the two went down into the cellar together.

"Funny folks," snorted Mrs. Brayton, bending over her fruit. There were three boxes of the glass jars set on the cellar bottom. She hauled them with wrathful energy towards the stairway where Emmeline stood with the lamp. Suddenly she straightened up.

"My back, it takes me sometimes when I lean over!"

Her broad face was drawn with pain. Emmeline handed her the light.

"I'll carry it up," said she, and then she tugged the three boxes up, one after another, in her strong arms, and set them in the kitchen.

Mrs. Brayton placed the light on the table. "I'm much obliged, Emmeline; but don't you lift no more. I'll have Jeremiah come over with the wheelbarrow tomorrow and get 'em." Her manner was half apologetic. She hesitated when she got out of the door and looked back. "I hope there ain't any truth in what folks are sayin' about that Lessing fellow. You see as much of him as ever, don't you?"

Emmeline's glance grew cold. "Good night, Mrs. Brayton," said she, and closed the door.

All the next day Mrs. Brayton's fruit stood in the Kents' kitchen, and Mrs. Kent fretted and scolded about it. "I can't git into the pantry without goin' 'round it, and I can't sweep. It clutters up the kitchen so there ain't no place to walk. I declare, I don't see what possessed Emmeline to let her set it right there."

But when the second day passed, and still Jeremiah did not come, she began to eye the fruit with interest. "It's workin', true as you live," she chuckled, bending down and holding her ear over one of the boxes. "I suppose it's being so near the stove. My, won't she be mad, though!"

After dinner it was her custom to let the fire in the kitchen die down, but that afternoon she kept it going briskly. The juice began to trickle over the tops of some of the cans, and when Emmeline came home she noticed it.

"Why, mother," she cried, "I believe that fruit of Mrs. Brayton's is working."

"I know it is; it's been sizzlin' all the afternoon," announced the other, with unruffled tranquillity.

The girl looked perplexed and troubled. She took a lamp and examined the fruit.

"Yes," said she; "it ought to be moved right off. I don't see why Jeremiah don't come after it. There's danger of its bursting the cans."

"Well, it can't burst in my kitchen," screamed Mrs. Kent, "and I won't bother no longer with it. You can go and tell her to git it right off, or I'll dump it in a snow bank!"

Emmeline hesitated, her eyes fixed abstractedly on the other's excited face; then she slowly put on her shawl and started for the next house. Her mother took up her station at the window to watch. She stood on the steps for some minutes, talking; then Mrs. Kent saw her go round behind the new

cellar. In a moment she reappeared, trundling a wheelbarrow.

"What's she doing that for, I should like to know?" her mother gasped. When she heard the creak of the snow as Emmeline approached, she flung open the door.

"Now, Emmeline Kent, do tell me what you mean! You ain't a-goin' to tote that fruit over yourself, are you?"

The girl brushed past her into the house. "Yes, I am; Jeremiah's sick."

"Well, what if he is? You ain't a-goin' to push no wheelbarrow for him, the way he's treated you?"

"There's no other way," responded the other; and lifting a box of the fruit a second time, she carried it down the steps and put it into the wheelbarrow. Then she grasped the handles, and started away in the twilight. The snow crisped under her feet, and the iron bound wheel marked a wavering track. When she returned her cheeks were flushed with the exertion, and strands of hair, which she had not stopped to push back, had blown across her face. She brushed these under her shawl and stooped for a second box.

Her mother eyed her sarcastically. "I'd do everything I could for 'em; they're such obligin' people, and they've treated you so well. Why don't you offer to bring in the coal for old Mis' Brayton, and nurse Jeremiah?"

"I don't know but I shall," responded Emmeline. Her mouth was set hard. She passed out, staggering under her load.

She was gone longer this time. When she returned for the last box, she rested a moment, holding her reddened hands over the stove.

"I'm going to do what you said, mother," she announced. "I'm going over there to nurse Jeremiah. His mother hasn't had a doctor."

Mrs. Kent looked at her daughter without saying anything; she was past words. Emmeline took advantage of it. "I went in there. He's got a high fever and is out of his head, and she's been giving him I don't know what all—things she's read about that were good. Now I'm going down to the store, mother, and I'm going to tell 'em that I won't be there for a few days; and on my way back I'm going to stop for Dr. Sanders."

"I thought you didn't care nothin' about Jeremiah," remarked Mrs. Kent.

"I don't intend to have him die for the lack of a little care," retorted Emmeline.

And Jeremiah had good care. Emmeline nursed him faithfully for a fortnight, and then he began to struggle slowly back to health. The rheumatic fever, however, had done its work, leaving the sturdy frame gaunt and weak, and the man's face above the scraggy beard delicate as a girl's. The poor fellow, naturally so active, was pathetic in his helplessness. The great thin hands lay mutely over the coverlid, and the sunken eyes followed Emmeline with a strange intensity.

"Have you noticed that new cellar, Emmeline?" he asked her suddenly, the last day she sat with him.

Emmeline looked up from her crochet work. "Yes, but you ought not to have worked on it the way you did. That's how you got sick."

Jeremiah shook his head. "There's something queer about it. Did you ever think that it looked something like a big grave, Emmeline?"

She tried to smile dissentingly. This fancifulness in the practical Jeremiah frightened her.

"Well, it does," he persisted, "and it *is* one; for I've buried five years of my life in it—years that have been spent wrong, and that I wish I had the chance of living over again."

Emmeline half started in her chair, then bent low over her work.

"I've been a fool in lots of ways," he continued in a weak, self accusing voice. "I can see it now. Working out there nights sort of opened my eyes. Say, Emmeline," he interrupted himself, "you won't take it wrong if I ask you something, will you?"

She made an almost imperceptible movement of the head.

Jeremiah hesitated, and the color rushed into his white face. "Well, it's this. I didn't judge that Lessing fellow right. He's acted the scamp, and hanging's too good for him; but did you mind—did you mind very much his going away?"

She tried to go on with her work, then let it fall in her lap. Turning a burning face towards him, she met his eyes squarely.

"No, I didn't mind his going away. I sent him."

"You *sent* him? Oh, why, Emmeline? Not because——" Jeremiah got hold of her hand. She pulled it away.

"Because he'd been married and was divorced," she said clearly. "That's why I sent him away."

Jeremiah fell back on the pillow. "Well, I don't blame you," he said in rather an abashed voice. "But folks around here don't understand it. Why don't you tell 'em, Emmeline?"

"I don't care whether they understand it or not," she returned.

She rose and began tidying the room. Jeremiah watched her. Then she put on her shawl. She was going back to her work at the store the next day. "Well, I guess you'll get along all right now, Jeremiah," she said, approaching the bed.

"Oh, I know I shall, Emmeline, and it's all owing to you. Mother and I both feel this, and want to thank you. She'll tell you when you go out."

"It was nothing."

Jeremiah reached out and caught her hand again. "Well, I rather guess it was something, but you ain't a-going to cast me off entirely, now I'm getting better, are you?" He clung to the work roughened fingers, and tried to see into her face. She trembled and turned her head away. "I know I've got no right to ask it," he continued huskily, after a pause, "no right at all; but the first day I can get out, would you mind walking a little ways with me, Emmeline?"

"I'd just as soon go as not," she said with gentle readiness. Her cheeks, could he have seen them, were glowing softly under the old shawl.

The last Sunday in February was warm; the air was almost caressing, and the sun had melted all the snow from the earth. Emmeline wore her cloak open, so that it showed the plaid waist, and she had on a new hat. Jeremiah, too, appeared strangely rejuvenated, but they walked slowly. He was leaning on her arm, and when they met anybody, which they did often, the afternoon being so pleasant, she blushed, she hardly knew why. People, passing them, invariably glanced around. "Jeremiah Brayton's gone back to Emmeline Kent," was the gossiping comment. They walked as far as the sidewalk extended through the village; then Emmeline was turning about, when Jeremiah stopped her.

"No," said he, "I want to go into the cemetery."

"I'm afraid it's too damp for you," she objected, but he shook his head and they entered the quiet, leaf strewn place.

Drifts of dead leaves bordered the gravel paths, whispering faintly among themselves. In the older, sunken lots the graves were entirely obliterated under the rustling mass. On the rise of ground where the soldier boys slept, the village patriots, pale flags drooped and moved softly in the wind. Over all was the peace of unretarded decay; but the warmth of the sunshine brought spring to mind even here, and around the roots of some of the trees the grass was beginning to start.

Emmeline pointed this out. Jeremiah scarcely seemed to notice. He hurried her along eagerly, his eyes fixed straight ahead. There was something so unusual in his manner that she ceased thinking of the muddy path, and splashed along recklessly, her eyes seeking his face. In spite of herself her heart began to thump heavily, and when Jeremiah stopped, with a strange, appealing glance at her, beside the streaked marble stone with the plain lettering, she grew as red as a poppy, and put out her hand to steady herself. Instantly Jeremiah's fingers closed over it.

"I want to take back what I said that day; that is, I—I've brought you here, Emmeline, to ask you to marry me," he began impetuously. "Not that I suppose you will, after the way I've acted," as she withdrew her hand and covered her face, "but I owed it to you and to myself to say this. Oh, Lord, Emmeline, you don't know what I've been through! I know I never talked this way before; I've been held back by—by things that ought not to have counted, but I never really sensed how I felt about you until I let that Lessing fellow step between us. Then I *knew*, and it seemed as though—well, as I told you, working out there nights, I buried the fool that I had been in that cellar, and I made up my mind that if you and Lessing didn't make a match of it—though I hadn't a hope that you wouldn't—that I'd tell you this. But I ain't expecting a thing," he hastened to add in the fervor of his humility. "No woman could——"

Emmeline turned on him. "Yes, she could—she could, too!" she cried passionately, and then he saw in the patient face what he had been foolish not to see before.

* * * *

An hour later Jeremiah and Emmeline walked into the Kents' little sitting room. Jeremiah's pale cheeks had gathered quite a color, and Emmeline was softly radiant. Mrs. Kent started when she saw the young man; then her eyes sought her daughter's, the lace bow atop of her cap fairly quivering with anxious inquiry.

Emmeline flushed. "I've brought Jeremiah in to have some chocolate, mother," said she, and her voice thrilled with a wonderful new note of pride.

She stood a moment, smiling vaguely into the uplifted face, then suddenly she knelt down and threw her arms around the little deformed old figure.

Mary M. Mears.

AN AVERAGE MAN.

COTTER was in love with the pretty girl who was staying with Mrs. Chase on Minetta Street, and he hardly knew what to do about it. He thought that this was his first attack. Indeed, he felt sure it was. He reasoned to himself that the others could have been nothing but fancies, because he had not been so anxiously careful to conserve his attitude toward them. He had not lain awake at night wondering how he could pay them attentions which they would accept as leading up to serious things, without attracting the notice of his sister in law, and inviting the consequent ruin of his hopes.

Cotter could not tell what tactics his sister in law employed to keep him still a widower, but he knew they were efficacious. She never said anything to him; she employed herself entirely with the party of the second part. Any number of times in the years since he began to "take notice," he had seen girls whom he had found charming, and who had displayed just that piquant spice of consciousness, when in his vicinity, which can sometimes add twenty per cent to the value of a pretty face. One at a time had filled him with an emotion which he called interest. One by one he had seen them grow chilly, indifferent, and commonplace, after the blight of an interview with his sister in law. And now that he was—as he told himself—honestly in love at last, he lay awake nights thinking of ways in which he could lead up to a declaration and yet leave Mrs. Shears in ignorance.

If any man has ever tried to keep a secret in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, he knows how hopeless a task Cotter had before him.

It may sound strange to say that Cotter had never been in love before, although he had had a wife; but it only sounds so because it is an unconventional thing to put on paper. He had married at twenty three—or, more properly speaking, had been married, being passive in the matter. He had been a lanky, rather shy young man who had never had a home in his life, and who knew nothing of the ways of women. He was a serious fellow, to whom vulgar dissipation meant nothing as a temptation, and who lacked the vanity to read the innocent advances of young girls. So until he met Miss Clinch he had hardly known a woman. She was thirty, small, compact, with curls, sympathy, a lisp, and arched eyebrows that gave her an expression of childish wonder. She treated Cotter as though he were head and shoulders above any other man; and the sensation being new to his simple heart, he drank it in like a sponge.

Miss Clinch, under her semblance of youth, was wearily reminding herself that it was "now or never." Her charms had never been those that appealed to maturity. Men like young girls, but they like them in a natural state of bud, giving promise of luxuriant bloom; not as stunted little roses. At thirty, with Miss Clinch, it was a boy or nobody, and Cotter was at her hand. Heaven knows, his conquest was easy! She married him in less than six months; before another year she was dead, having done Cotter no particular harm, and leaving a not unpleasant fading memory behind her.

It is a wise provision of nature which makes so many men the victims of a youthful passion for a woman old than themselves. She educates them, keeps them free from entanglements, and lets them go, with open eyes and their eye teeth cut entirely through; but in the freemasonry of femininity the older woman who marries the boy is a traitor and a "cat," and when the inevitable arrives, and the boy, grown a man, realizes that he has been tricked out of the prize of life, she gets the scorn instead of the sympathy of her sex. No warning in the Book of Proverbs is bad enough to fit her fate. But happily Mrs. Cotter died, leaving—less fortunately—the legacy of a sister in law to keep her memory green.

Mrs. Shears, who had been the eldest Miss Clinch, was a power in the community. She managed all the church fairs and mothers' meetings. Her rather aggressive nose was carried triumphantly not only into, but through, the affairs of everybody, and Cotter was by no means least in her regard. She always spoke of him as "my brother, Mr. Cotter," and took credit for his prominence. In the fifteen years between twenty four and thirty nine, he had never been

able to throw off her yoke. He had established meek little Mr. Shears in his bank—for Cotter had grown rich in these passing years—and was educating her boys, taking upon himself the good natured obligations of a brother. And Mrs. Shears exercised her sisterly prerogative by keeping him from marrying again.

"If I only knew what she said to them!" Cotter said as he doubled his pillow under his hot head, and looked through the maples at the lady moon sailing by his window. "I'll ask Lucy Hitt!" And then he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Now there is an unwritten law in Clarksonville that no man shall call on a married woman alone, and that no married man shall call at all. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a citizen to ring a neighbor's door bell, the person who answers it stands in the door with an inquiring air, waiting to be told the caller's business. That it might be social in character is out of the question. So Cotter had to wait two or three days before he saw Lucy Hitt.

Mrs. Hitt was a widow in the last stages of mourning; and if Cotter had called at her home, every woman on the block would have put on her bonnet and gone to tell her most distant kin the delicious piece of news. Cotter was the handsomest and richest man in town, and his lightest move was full of meaning.

In the mean time, the pretty girl had been walking and driving with every eligible in town.

The Clarksonville library was partly supported by charity. As there were not enough subscribers to keep it going, the ladies of the town took turns in acting as librarian, and fortunately Mrs. Hitt's day was not long in coming. Cotter went up the rickety stairs which led to the abode of culture, with a year's subscription in his hand, and sat down opposite Mrs. Hitt at the green magazine table, where he could look full into her face. It was a pretty, pleasant face to look into, with little fluffy tendrils of red gold hair pushed behind the small ears, and a mouth which had no severity of lines.

"What can I give you?" she asked politely, when she had entered his name in the book. "Will you have 'Art in Lace Making,' or Lombroso's 'Female Offender'? Those are our new books. Sally Rice wanted to read one, and Dr. Smith the other, and as they are stockholders——" She waved her hand expressively.

"I don't want anything to read. I want to know what Mrs. Shears says to a girl to make her give me the cold cut."

Mrs. Hitt looked at him, her blue eyes growing wider, and a tinge of red stealing its way to the top of her rounded cheek, where two or three golden freckles lay.

"Why do you ask me? How should I know?"

"Because," Cotter said boldly, "you were one of the girls. When you came here visiting Mrs. Dr. Smith on Rice Avenue, I——"

"You? Yes?"

Mrs. Hitt's color deepened as he hesitated. He thought how pretty she was when she blushed.

"Oh, well—you know. I spent nearly half my time hanging about after you, until you gave me to understand that you liked Tom Hitt better."

"And you think I preferred Tom because Mrs Shears——" she began indignantly.

"No, I do not. Now be reasonable. But I do know that Mrs. Shears went to see you, and asked you to drive with her in that old pumpkin phaeton of hers, and you never were the same afterward."

"Why did you think it was something she said?"

"It wasn't only you, but——"

"Innumerable others. Who were they? I should like to know who else listened to Mrs. Shears. It will tickle my sense of humor to imagine them listening to—what she told me." And she laughed rather loudly to prove her words.

"What was it?"

"That was a long time ago."

"Maybe it was," Cotter said; "but to look at you, it might have been yesterday."

He looked at her rather closely, as if to make sure of his words. The table was only two feet wide. She had been just eighteen when she called down upon her head the confidences of Mrs. Shears, and Cotter had not had a good look at her since. It is not customary for young men to look very closely at married women in Clarksonville; and Tom Hitt had been an invalid for a long time, and had kept his wife with him.

As Cotter looked at her now he remembered that she had been the first. A little tingle ran along the backs of his hands as he let his memory carry him back over those twelve years. His wife had been dead three years then; he boarded with Mrs. Shears, and Lucy was actually the first young girl he had ever known very well. A new light came up from the corners of his black eyes, and his voice grew confidential.

"Do you remember how I met you? How

that skittish colt of the doctor's bolted at the engine on the bridge? And you nearly sawed his head off——"

"To keep him from climbing into your buggy! Yes, and I remember how he pitched me"—"into your lap," Mrs. Hitt was about to say, but she thought better of it. "And you took me home," she went on lamely.

"I bought that colt," Cotter said. "He is out on the farm now."

There was silence for a moment. Wagons lumbered along Center Street, and storekeepers called sociably from curb to curb. Cotter drummed on the table with his fingers, and smiles tucked themselves under his mustache.

"Do you remember the picnic at the island, when we rowed home in the moonlight, and——"

"Our skiff stuck fast on a sand bar——"

"And I had to carry you ashore before I could get it off?"

Mrs. Hitt laughed, but the white territory of her forehead took on the red, as Cotter, still smiling, still looking straight into her eyes, with an expression that made her uneasy, went on, "I was choking over—the chokable words, when that skiff stuck. I suppose if I had gotten them out, I should have asked you what Mrs. Shears said—only I did not connect her with it then."

A look of disdain swept the blush out of Mrs. Hitt's face. "It took dozens of times before you awoke to that, I suppose?"

"Not exactly dozens——"

"And"—furiously—"you would have married dozens of girls if she had let them alone, I suppose?"

Cotter leaned across the table and took her hands. "Lucy," he said, "would you have married me if she hadn't meddled?"

The stiff bosom of Mrs. Hitt's lavender shirt waist heaved once or twice, and her sailor hat bent down until Cotter couldn't see anything but a pink lip twisted under the clutch of white teeth; but a hot drop splashed on his thumb, and brought him around the table as if he were an automaton and his spring had been touched.

Two or three minutes later, when there was a calm, Cotter asked, "What did Mrs. Shears say to you, anyhow?"

"You know—I married Tom," she began hesitatingly.

"Yes!" he said impatiently. Tom did not seem to belong here.

"I—would you like it *now*, if I—if anybody were to tell you that I kept all of Tom's things by me and kissed his photograph good night, and——"

"No." Cotter's voice was cold.

Lucy went on rapidly. "Do you remember the story of the bride who cried, and explained that she couldn't be happy, because, if her husband loved her as much as he said he did, he couldn't be sorry his first wife died; and if he wasn't, that made him too brutal for her to love?"

"Well?"

"I'm not a *bit* like that!"

"Know this," Cotter said solemnly; "I never knew what love was until I knew you; I never loved any woman but you."

Lucy looked at him. As a sage long ago discovered, whatever a woman may doubt, that statement she always believes.

"Those others?"

"Figments of my imagination."

She held both his hands, and looked into his face with hers against his coat.

"I knew it," she whispered, "when you came in and asked that question. I think I always knew that you would come."

Cotter was standing where he could see out of the window. The pumpkin phaeton was going by, with the pretty girl from Minetta Street sitting by Mrs. Shears and looking rather unhappy. For the thousandth part of a second Cotter had a sinking of the heart. It was all up again! Mrs. Shears was telling that girl that he kissed his wife's picture good night. He gave a "*st*" of indignant amusement; and then he remembered, and looked happily down into Lucy's face.

Anna Leach.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES."

There are people, even among those who find little that is pleasant in her cynical views of life, who regard "John Oliver Hobbes" as the cleverest of the English women writers of the day. To her might be applied Coppée's description of a Parisian novelist whom he termed "a delicate and passionate amateur," since with Mrs. Craigie literary work is not a means, but an end. Her father, John Morgan Richards, is a prominent member of the American colony in London, a millionaire, and a pillar of Dr. Joseph Parker's City Temple. His fine house at Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, which is Mrs. Craigie's home, is a center not only for American visitors, but for the leading lights of the social and intellectual world of London.

Reputation has come early to Mrs. Craigie, for she is still only twenty eight. Her talent was precocious. At eighteen she wrote letters to a London weekly, signed "Diogenes Pessimus," which brought her an offer of an assistant editorship. She is remarkably versatile. She has studied music at the Paris Conservatoire, and classics at King's College in London. She talks well upon all the topics of the day, from the Armenian question to the cut of a débutante's frock. Not long ago she made a pilgrimage to Hawarden, where she read her play "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting" to Mr. Gladstone. She is fond of society, and declares that she does not find it nearly so full of bores as the caricaturists would have one believe. Her unhappy marriage has been the one sad side of this brilliant woman's life. Last year she obtained a divorce from her husband—a Bank of England official—in order to secure possession of her child, a boy of five.

Mrs. Craigie recently paid a flying visit to America—which is her native country, for though she has lived in London since infancy she was born in Boston. While in New York she said that she has done with the type of womanhood portrayed in "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," and that her next story will move on different lines.

THE RULER OF ISLAM.

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is the most mysterious of all the great personages of the earth. There is no other ruler of an empire of whose personality it is possible to say so little that is definitely known. There is no one whom the world regards with more curiosity and wonder. Much has been written of him, but the writers speak with no certain authority, and their statements are hopelessly contradictory. The Sultan's person is sacred; by habit and tradition he rigidly secludes himself from ordinary observers. "Personal journalism" is unknown in Constantinople; and such official information as is imparted to representatives of the foreign press is confused and unreliable.

General Lew Wallace, who was the American minister to Turkey; Mr. Oscar S. Straus, who succeeded him; and Mr. Terrell, who is now in Constantinople, have all eulogized Abdul Hamid. "A kind, benevolent ruler," Mr. Straus calls him, "whose every aspiration is for the good and the welfare of his subjects." "He is without doubt the ablest padisha that has reigned for many years," says another eulogist. "He is a ruler in fact as well as in name, and understands thoroughly every detail of the government of his country. He is extremely simple in his habits and manners. He rises early, and devotes almost the whole day to his duties as a sovereign, the monotony being broken perhaps by an audience to some foreign ambassador or distinguished stranger. He is a man of serious disposition, caring nothing for frivolity or pleasure. In a remarkable degree he possesses the love of all around him, but every one feels instinctively his wonderful ability and his penetrating mind."

On the other hand, the Sultan has been described as a puppet in the hands of a corrupt coterie of fanatical officials, the useless head of a maleficent government, a spendthrift who idles away his time amid the sensual delights of his populous harem, a coward who skulks behind the walls of his fortress palace to shield himself from assassination. This may be, and no doubt is in part, the voice of political enmity; yet the more favorable picture may be mainly based upon the purblind admiration which royalty often seems to command from plain citizens on whom it deigns to look kindly.

There are some clear and significant facts in the case. Abdul Hamid has sat upon the throne for almost twenty years. If he had the good intentions and abilities

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes")
From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

ascribed to him by his panegyrists, his dominions could hardly be in the deplorable condition in which they admittedly are today. The Turks still are, as they have always been, a dark blot upon the map of Europe. The regions they overran, once the garden spot of the world and the center of its civilization, have become waste places under their sway. The sufferings of the remnant of their Christian subjects have never, in six centuries of oppression, been worse than now, at the moment when Abdul Hamid sends Lord Salisbury an autograph promise of reform. That Turkish rule will not be mended until it is ended in the opinion that is becoming confirmed in the minds of most observers. Whether Abdul Hamid is an active or a passive item in the baneful system is a question they find it difficult to decide.

A PIONEER OF WOMEN'S PROGRESS.

On a recent evening, when Elizabeth Cady Stanton, on her eightieth birthday, appeared on the stage of the Grand Opera House in New York, the three thousand women who cheered her to the echo greeted her as the foremost representative of the latter day progress of her sex. It is to her, more than to any other single individual,

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey.

From a photograph by Downey, London.

that the women of America owe the remarkable extension of their social and political privileges during the last fifty years.

She has the talents of the born political leader. Her energy, her fearlessness, her strong practical judgment, have put her into the foremost place among the champions of the cause she represents. Her ability to grasp large questions, and her power of giving forceful expression to her views on them, have made her the mouthpiece of reform. "Mrs. Stanton," says Susan B. Anthony, "has written nearly all of what might be called the state papers of our movement." Perhaps her most notable achievement was her success in securing the passage of the married women's property law of New York State, in 1848. This important statute, which has been the basis of many similar laws, was enacted as the direct result of a public agitation that culminated in a two hours' speech delivered by Mrs. Stanton before the Legislature at Albany. She has also stood with Lucretia Mott, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Lucy Stone for the abolition of human slavery; she has labored for the higher education of women; and has identified herself with every cause that meant increased liberty—intellectual, spiritual, and legal.

Mrs. Stanton carries her liberal principles into the world of theology. Her criticisms have alarmed some of the severely orthodox. "In the Bible," she said the other day, "I read that Jehovah ordered a certain tribe to swoop down upon a neighboring tribe and exterminate it. When the ministers of destruction returned, the Lord inquired what

booty they brought. 'Seven thousand cattle,' was the reply, 'six thousand camels, five thousand jackasses, and three thousand women.'" That cattle, camels, jackasses, and women should be grouped as spoils of war—above all, with the women mentioned last—is a characteristic fact that makes Mrs. Stanton dissatisfied with Old Testament ethics.

thing of her position to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A FRENCH ACADEMICIAN'S AMERICAN WIFE.

Scarcely any American woman who has married in Europe stands higher than the Vicomtesse Houssaye. Of her husband, Henri Houssaye, one of the "Forty Immor-

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by Geo. G. Rockwood. New York.

At eighty, it is natural that she should regard her active work as almost ended. "I have been before committees of twenty two successive Congresses," she says, "to plead for recognition as a citizen of this republic, but I shall never again plead the cause on my knees, as it were. To lean over before a body of men twenty or thirty years younger than myself, imploring them for what is my right, is ridiculous." But though some of her ideals are still unrealized, much has been accomplished during her long life of unselfish effort. Today wherever a woman wields her pen, or speaks on a platform, or plies her brush or chisel, or stands as teacher or as student at the founts of knowledge, she owes some-

tals," mention is made elsewhere in this magazine. He is a son of Arsène Houssaye, one of the political and literary lights of the Paris of the second empire ; and it was at his father's house—famous for the fancy dress balls at which Eugénie and her greatest ladies used to mingle with the wits of Bohemia, the artists and the queens of the stage—that the younger Houssaye first saw his wife, who was then Miss Ritter of California. Her father, who had died some years before, had owned land and mines in California. The childhood recollections of the Parisian *grande dame* are of life on a Western ranch, and of the Mexican mustang on which she used to take daring cross country gallops. Her school days were spent in

New York, and she was making the "grand tour" of Europe with her mother when she met the Vicomte Houssaye. Theirs was the wedding of the year in Paris, with Victor Hugo as the "chief witness"; and it is a curious coincidence that afterward made the Academy elect Houssaye, with great ladies as the Princess Mathilde and the Princess Yourievski.

The Vicomtesse Henri Houssaye.
From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

the rare compliment of a unanimous vote, to the chair once held by his old friend.

On the day of her husband's election, a year ago last December, the late Victor Duruy, who was then the *doyen* (senior member) of the Academy, took Mme. Houssaye, who was sobbing with joy, in his arms, and said, "After this they can elect any one they please; I shall bother about it no more, now that Henri has got his seat!"

Mme. Houssaye's tact and elegance have been important factors in her husband's successful career. The dinners she gives are noted gatherings of the best elements of Parisian life. Coppée, Bourget, and Halévy are among the guests who represent the literary world, while among the closest personal friends of the hostess are such

THE HEIRS TO THE GREEK THRONE.

When the inevitable end of Ottoman rule in Europe shall come, what will be done with Constantinople? In spite of Russia's historic hankering for the city on the Golden Horn, it is hardly likely that any one of the great powers will dare to arouse the jealousies of all the others by stretching out her hand to seize it. Among those who have solutions of the difficulty are the Greeks, who would like to see their flag supplant the Turkish crescent over the minarets of St. Sophia, as it supplanted that barbaric emblem over the Acropolis of Athens sixty six years ago.

There is a possibility, at least, that the next King of Greece may rule over a wider territory than the present dominion of the Hellenic crown. It would be only another instance of the good luck that has attended the newly founded dynasty. Prince Constantine, King George's heir—titularly known as the Duke of Sparta—is a young

The Duke and Duchess of Sparta.
From a photograph by Voight, Homburg.

man of twenty eight, whose abilities are said to be promising. He may certainly be said to possess influential family connections. He is first cousin to the Czar of Russia; brother in law to the Emperor of Germany; grandson to the King of Denmark; and grandnephew to the Queen of England. Although he has five brothers and a sister, he will inherit a handsome fortune from his father, who is credited with being the thriftiest monarch of Europe. His wife, née Princess Sophia of Prussia, a daughter of the late Emperor Frederick, has identified herself thoroughly with her adopted country since she went from Berlin to Athens. She is said to have offended her imperial and imperious brother not a little by deserting the Lutheran faith of the Hohenzollerns for the Greek Church. She has one son, a boy of six.

A NAPOLEON OF JOURNALISM.

Fools, the poet tells us, rush in where angels fear to tread; but because young Mr. Hearst has entered a field from which such journalistic giants as a Bennett, a Dana, and a Pulitzer have rigidly held aloof, it does not follow either that the publishers of the *Herald*, *Sun*, and *World* are timorous angels, or that the new owner of

the *Morning Journal* is the unpleasant opposite.

Mr. Hearst has undertaken to give New York what Philadelphia and Chicago already possess, but the metropolis has not yet had —a daily newspaper of first rate merit and standing at the price of one cent.

"In my opinion," he says, "the penny paper is the paper of the future. We all know the advantages of the large circulation you can get with a penny paper, if you make as good a paper as the other fellow makes and charges more for. I bought the *Journal* because it had more circulation than other papers that were offered me. I thought it would be easier to change its reputation, and make that good, than to take a paper with a good reputation and little or no circulation."

Many rich young men have gone into journalism, almost invariably to emerge therefrom with added experience and diminished wealth. Mr. Hearst, however, has already proved his possession of the ability that commands success. The usual predictions of failure were made eight years ago, when the California millionaire's son, then little more than a boy, acquired control of the San Francisco *Examiner*. They were completely falsified by the fact that he has made it the foremost paper of the Pacific Coast.

The two things that make a great newspaper are money and brains. Mr. Hearst has the former; he is said to have come to New York with a check for $7,500,000 in his pocket—the proceeds of the sale of some mining property inherited from his father —and to have thrice as much more in reserve. It looks as if he had the latter also. Entering the field from which Mr. McLean, his predecessor in the ownership of the *Journal*, beat so hasty a retreat, and undertaking a feat which none of the older New York publishers has cared to attempt, his progress will be watched with interest.

W. R. Hearst.

Drawn from life by V. Gribayédoff

THE FATHER OF ARBOR DAY.

Julius Sterling Morton, the third secretary of agriculture, has made a reputation for independence which has attracted public attention to him, and has made him discussed as a possible—though scarcely a probable—choice of the Democracy for the Presidential nomination.

Mr. Morton had a reputation for fearlessness when he came to Washington to enter Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, at the beginning of the present administration. He has confirmed it by reorganizing the working force of his department on business principles, regardless of the chips that struck Democratic members of Congress when his axe flew. Every year he has lopped off useless bureaus and abolished sinecures. His last achievement was to stop the distribution of free seeds. He discovered, by practical investigation, that some of the seed given to Congressmen was being sold, instead of being distributed to their constituents, a petty scandal already paralleled in the case of certain valuable government reports. Mr. Morton's claim that the distribution was not carried on in the spirit of the law was met by the demand that it should continue because the law providing for it was mandatory. The secretary looked up the law, and found that he was required to distribute only "rare" seeds; so he stopped the purchase of the common garden seeds that had been distributed for many years, and eventually he succeeded in entirely abolishing an institution that had become an abuse.

Mr. Morton's interest in agriculture is of a practical kind, and was acquired in the State of his adoption —Nebraska—when he was a very young man. He went to the West to help found a town, and while there he "ran" a newspaper published in the blockhouse at old Fort Kearney. In common with other settlers, he took up land, and his home in Nebraska stands on the ground which he preëmpted when he was twenty two years old. He took an active interest in the progress and growth of Nebraska, and naturally drifted into politics. While serving in the Legislature, he was struck by the treeless surroundings of the State capital. He investigated the subject of forest culture, and the result was the suggestion of a day for tree planting—which is now recognized in forty two States of the Union as Arbor Day. Mr. Morton has written much on the subject of forestry, and if the forests of the United States are preserved or renewed, no little of the credit for it will rightly be his. It was highly appropriate that when he had a coat of arms painted on his carriage, the other day, he should have adopted as his insignia the heraldic device of a tree, with the motto "Plant trees."

J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture.
Drawn by V. Pérard from a photograph.

Mr. Morton's positive way of expressing his views has brought him much criticism and much praise. At the beginning of the present controversy on the currency question, he was one of the first to commit himself to a definition of "sound money"; and he did this with such positiveness that the President felt constrained to give out a statement that Mr. Morton's views were not necessarily those of the administration. At that time "sound money" was one of Mr. Cleveland's famous phrases which had not been thoroughly elucidated. Mr. Morton is equally earnest on other public ques-

tions, and as frank in expressing his views. He is a remarkably agreeable conversationalist; he is on pleasant terms of personal acquaintance with a great part of the voting population of Nebraska, and there is little doubt where his State would stand if he were nominated for the Presidency by the next national convention of his party.

Almeric Hugh Paget.
From a photograph by Dickinson, London.

THE LATEST INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

The Anglo American marriage epidemic does not seem to abate. Correspondents of the English papers are propounding all sorts of schemes to prevent the continued annexation of British titles by the conquering daughters of America. On this side of the Atlantic, protests, more or less serious, are arising against the continued annexation of American heiresses by the scions of a foreign aristocracy.

No title was involved in a recent and conspicuous match of this sort, as Mr. Almeric Paget, who married Miss Pauline Whitney, has practically no chance whatever of becoming Marquis of Anglesea, as he would in the event of his accession to the titular dignity held by the head of his family—who also married an American, Miss King of Georgia. He is the younger son of a younger son, his father being General Lord Alfred Paget, a brother of the present marquis. His brother, Colonel Arthur Paget, is married to a daughter of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens; so that the American matrimonial habit may be said to run in the Paget family as well as in that of the Spencer-Churchills.

It is perhaps less strange that Miss Whitney should have chosen an alien husband from the fact that she was surrounded by foreign society during her father's residence in Washington as secretary of the navy. And Mr. Paget is not entirely a foreigner. He has spent several years in the Western States, and has important business interests

Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget (née Whitney).

From a photograph by Mendelssohn, New York.

there. Indeed, at the time of his wedding, last November, at St. Thomas' in New York, it was observed that he probably knew more about the United States at large, and the marvelous facts of our country's development, than did many of the social luminaries who participated in that elaborate ceremony.

BESIDE THE WINTER SEA.

As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream
The cry of battles ended long ago,
Inland I hear the calling of the sea.
I hear its hollow voices, though between
My wind worn dwelling and thy wave worn strand
How many miles, how many mountains are!
And thou beside the winter sea alone
Art walking with thy cloak about thy face.
Bleak, bleak the tide, and evening coming on;
And gray the pale, pale light that wans thy face.
Solemnly breaks the long wave at thy feet;
And sullenly in patches clings the snow
Upon the low, red rocks worn round with years.
I see thine eyes, I see their grave desire,
Unsatisfied and lonely as the sea's—
Yet how unlike the wintry sea's regret!
For could my feet but follow thine, my hands
But reach for thy warm hands beneath thy cloak,
What summer joy would lighten in thy face,
What sunshine warm thine eyes, and thy sad mouth
Laugh to a dewy rose for my delight!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE CRADLE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

An unknown spot that should be famous—The little English village that was the home of George Washington's ancestors, and from which his great grandfather emigrated to Virginia.

"THE cradle of the Washingtons? Only two hours' journey from London? Impossible!"

"Are you certain? Why, we never even heard of it!"

"Very likely, gentlemen. You're not the only American tourists who have told me the same story. Indeed, the majority of your countrymen display a singular lack of knowledge respecting the origin and ancestry of the 'father' of your great republic. I am vain enough to think that this humble effort at enlightenment will for that very reason prove interesting reading to thousands of patriotic Americans. It may also help to elevate a comparatively neglected 'shrine' from its present position of obscurity to a premier place in the long list of English sights which Americans are wont to 'do' when visiting the home of their forefathers."

The above conversation took place, one day last autumn, in the smoking room of the Hotel Victoria in London, whither I had repaired for the purpose of "sounding" a few of my American friends on the subject of this article. The evident interest manifested by the small circle of representative Americans more than justified the judgment which prompted its conception. I can only hope that my readers will indorse that opinion.

The distance from Euston station to the town of Northampton, by rail, is sixty six miles. At Northampton a branch line diverges to Althorp, half a dozen miles further. The whole distance, including stoppage for transference at Northampton, is covered within two hours. The return fare, available for a month, is about five dollars, first class, or three dollars and a half, second class. From Althorp to the villages of Great and Little Brington—the ancient home of the Washingtons—is but a little more than a mile. Two glorious drives, through picturesque rural scenery, lead to

Althorp House, the Residence of Earl Spencer.

The Spencers and the Washingtons Were Neighbors and Friends in the Sixteenth Century.

the latter hamlet. One of them—which may be preferred for the journey from the railroad—passes through Althorp Park, the country seat of the Spencers, and one of the oldest and finest natural parks in England.

In the center of the park, which includes about five hundred acres of the estate,

The Rev. Henry Holmes Stewart,
The Present Rector of Brington.

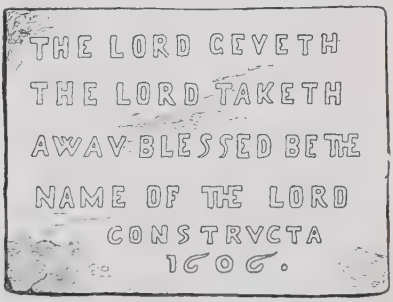
stands Althorp House, the historic home of Earl Spencer, whose family, for generations past, has figured more or less conspicuously in England's annals. Until quite recently Althorp House could boast one of the finest private libraries in the world, three librarians having charge of thirty three thousand volumes, almost all of them rare and costly, distributed in five suites of apartments. The collection was, however, disposed of by the present earl a year or so ago; but the large picture gallery, containing a valuable assemblage of portraits, still remains. The mansion came into the possession of the Spencer family in 1513; it was restored by the second baron in 1688, and has been greatly improved by its present owner.

In many instances the old parish records bear witness to the firm friendship which existed between the Spencer family and that of the Washingtons; and within the old mansion itself—carefully treasured and guarded—are to be seen numerous mementos of the stanch love which united the two families in generations long gone by.

From Althorp House to the village of Little Brington is about a ten minutes' drive. Leaving the mansion, which stands on low ground to the right of the main carriage drive, you shortly emerge from the inner park gates, and traverse a long avenue of old and stately elms, bordered on either side by undulating pastures and thickly wooded preserves, until you reach the outer gates of the home estate. Immediately facing these gates is the main street of the village of Little Brington, containing some twenty or thirty old fashioned thatched houses, with here and there an unpretentious shop and the usual village "public" and "smithy."

The picturesqueness of the scene, the all pervading calm of its surroundings, the truly rural simplicity of the villagers, and the old world atmosphere which meets you at every turn, all tend to impart to the traveler fresh from the din and turmoil of a modern Babylon a feeling closely akin to awe and reverence. And under the circumstances, the sentiment is an appropriate one; for here you are viewing the surroundings of what ought to be, to all patriotic Americans, a veritable shrine. You are treading the ground where once trod the ancestors of the chief founder of the American republic, and you will shortly be standing with bared head before the tombs that contain the bones of men who bore his deservedly honored and cherished name.

Arrived at the further end of the village, you retrace your steps until you again face the outer gates of the park. Then, turning sharply to the right, you pass the small village green, in the center of which stands the old village pump, as it has stood for centuries past. About fifty yards further on, to the left of the road, you draw rein before an old but well preserved building, over the doorway of which is a large white stone, bearing the following inscription:



This is "Washington House," wherein lived and died many members of the Washington family. It was built by a former Lord Spencer, in 1606, for his friend Lawrence Washington, who had fallen upon bad times, and had been compelled to quit Sul-

grave Manor, the estate he had inherited from his grandfather, Lawrence Washington, Lord Mayor of Northampton. Apart from the evident significance of the inscription over the doorway of the house, there are, in the possession of the Spencer family, documents which show that, just about this time, the Washingtons were suffering from a succession of serious reverses.

From the date of its erection, in 1606, to that of his death, in 1616, this house was occupied by Lawrence Washington and his family; and subsequently, from 1616 to Essex. This Lawrence Washington was the fourth son of the former Lawrence and his wife Margaret (Butler). He was the father of the two Virginia emigrants, and the great great grandfather of the great George Washington.

With the exception of the old stone flooring, which was removed some five years ago—the front windows being partially restored at about the same time—both the exterior and interior of the building present pretty much the same appearance today as when it was first constructed. The

St. Mary's Church, Brington, in Which Some of George Washington's Ancestors Are Buried.

1622, by his brother Robert and his wife. Upon the death of Mrs. Robert Washington, which took place on the 19th of March, 1622—only nine days after that of her husband—it was again occupied by the widow of Lawrence Washington, the original tenant. Here she lived with a portion of her family until 1636, when she went away to join her son, the Rev. Lawrence Washington, M.A., at that time rector of Purleigh, lower apartments are all spacious and comparatively lofty, disclosing numerous massive oaken beams, which act as supports to the many small rooms overhead. The large, old fashioned fireplaces still remain, albeit they are now fitted in the center with early specimens of the modern grate; but the quaint old staircases and the oaken flooring and paneling of the upper story remain intact. At the present time the house

NOTE—Up to the present time no authentic records showing where the Rev. Lawrence Washington and his mother died and were buried, have been discovered. Personally, I have a theory, based upon certain discoveries I made in Brington Church (and which I am still pursuing), that they both returned to the old house in Little Brington about 1644—or shortly after the living of Purleigh, in Essex, was confiscated from the Rev. Lawrence. Here, I believe, they died; and I further believe that the father of the Virginia emigrants and his mother are both buried in the same grave in Brington Church with Robert Washington and his wife Elizabeth.

is occupied by John Redley and Robert Maule, with their families. They are both farm laborers, and the family of the former have lived in the building for the last thirty eight years. Their ignorance, however, concerning the history of their own dwelling and its former occupants is simply astonishing. They have merely heard that "some great man called Washington" formerly occupied the house, and that's about all they know. I am sorry to say that this remark applies to most of the inhabitants of both Great and Little Brington.

From Little Brington to Great Brington is about a quarter of an hour's drive. Retracing your steps from Washington House to the park gates, and keeping straight ahead, you descend a somewhat steep hill. Then, bearing first to the right and next to the left, you pass, on the outskirts of the village of Great Brington, and to the right of the main road, the rectory, occupied since 1878 by the Rev. Henry Holmes Stewart, M.A., the present rector of St. Mary's, Brington. To Mr. Stewart I am indebted for much valuable information and assistance, and I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy shown me by this gentleman during my brief sojourn in the neighborhood. Like his predecessor, the Rev. John Nassau Simpkinson, Mr. Stewart evinces the liveliest interest in all matters

The Genealogical Tree of George Washington.

JOHN WASHINGTON, of Warton, Lancashire.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, of Northampton and Gray's Inn. Grantee of Sulgrave Manor.* Mayor of Northampton, 1533 and 1546. Died Feb. 19, 1584; buried in Sulgrave Church. — *married* ANNE, Daughter of Robert Pargiter, of Gretworth. Died Oct. 6, 1564; buried in Sulgrave Church.

ROBERT WASHINGTON, of Sulgrave. Died 1619; buried with his father in Sulgrave Church. — *married* (1) ELIZABETH, Daughter of Robert Light, of Radway, Warwickshire. (2) ANNE FISHER, of Hanslop, Bucks.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, of Sulgrave and Brington. Died Dec. 13, 1616; buried in Brington Church. — *married* MARGARET, Daughter of William Butler, of Tees, Sussex. Died about 1650; probably buried in Brington Church.

ROBERT WASHINGTON. Died March 10, 1622; buried in Brington Church. — *married* ELIZABETH, Daughter of John Chishull of More Hall, Essex. Died March 19, 1622; buried in Brington Church.

REV. LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. Rector of Purleigh, Essex, 1632 to 1643. Died about 1650; probably buried in Brington Church. — *married* AMPHILLIS ROADES. Died Jan. 16, 1655; buried at Tring, Hertfordshire.

JOHN WASHINGTON, Born at Tring, 1634. Emigrated to Virginia, 1657. — *married* ANN, Daughter of Nathaniel Pope (Second Wife.)

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON. Emigrated to Virginia with his brother John.

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Died 1697. — *married* MILDRED WARNER.

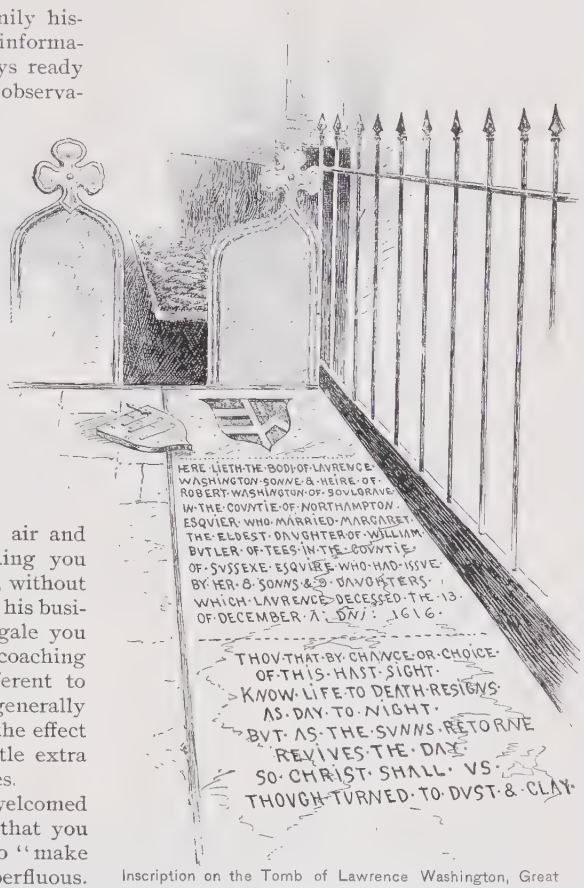
AUGUSTINE WASHINGTON, Died April 12, 1743. — *married* (1) JANE, Daughter of Caleb Butler. (2) MARY BALL.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Eldest Son by Second Wife. Born Feb. 11, 1732. Died Dec. 14, 1799.

* Sulgrave is about fifteen miles from Brington. The ravages of time and the sacrilegious hand of some unknown thief have played sad havoc with the tomb of Lawrence Washington.

pertaining to the Washington family history, and is possessed of a fund of information on the subject. He is always ready and willing to afford facilities for observation and research, and will gladly welcome the advent of American pilgrims to Brington.

The main street of the village is but a few yards from the rectory. Turning to the left, you ascend a fairly steep hill, until on the left hand side you reach the "Fox and Hounds," an old English inn where "good entertainment for man and beast" has been provided for generations past. Passing under an ancient archway, you enter the courtyard of the inn and, alighting, hand over your horse and conveyance to the care of the hostler—a jolly ancient, horsy of air and dress, who, after cheerily reminding you that "it's a fine day, maister," will, without asking, inform you that he learned his business as a boy, and will further regale you with memories of the grand old coaching days, when "times was very different to what they is now, zur." He will generally finish up with a "gentle hint" to the effect that a pint of ale will insure a little extra attention to your horse—and it does.



Inscription on the Tomb of Lawrence Washington, Great Great Great Grandfather of George Washington.*

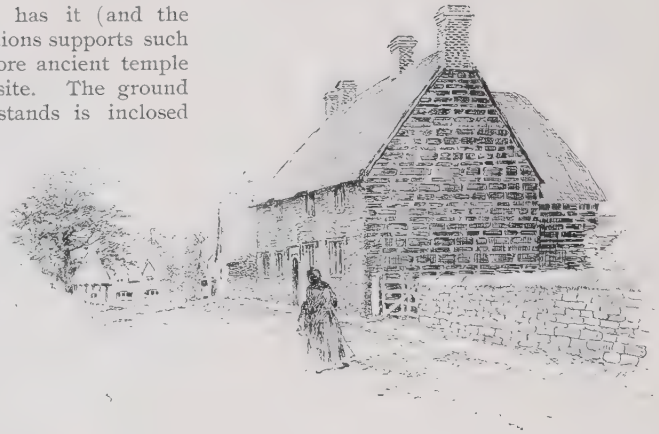
Entering the inn, you will be welcomed in such good old fashioned style that you will at once vote the invitation to "make yourself at home" altogether superfluous. Whether you have come to stay a few hours or a few weeks, you will be treated equally well. Scrupulous cleanliness, plain yet well cooked food, with perfect attention and civility, at an uncommonly moderate cost, you will certainly find; and, besides the exceptional inducements which the locality offers for American visitors, there are few spots in the "Old Country" that can boast more historical attractions or more picturesque surroundings than the county of Northamptonshire. It is the cradle of the well nigh defunct English art of lace making, as well as the center of the modern boot and shoe industry; it is the country of the famous Pytchley foxhounds, the paradise of the huntsman, the "warren" of the artist, and the "rookery" of the novelist.

Within five minutes' walk of the inn is the old church, which is dedicated to the Virgin. A few yards up the hill you turn sharply to the right, the street from this point leading straight to the church, which stands on the highest ground of the village. On either side the houses, with but few exceptions, are of ancient date; but the exterior and interior appearance of the buildings presents a true picture of neatness and thrift, and the well kept flower gardens give ample evidence of the comfort and contentment of the inhabitants.

Facing the church is the village green. Beneath the spreading branches of the old and stately elm which occupies the center, there stands an ancient preaching cross, erected about the time of the Norman Conquest. This historic structure is fast crumbling to decay, its present condition giving but slight indication of the beauty that originally characterized these few remaining monuments of the dawn of Christianity. The church, which has been many times restored, was erected in the thirteenth

* The above inscription is hidden from view by the two pews which occupy a position immediately above the tomb. The pews are, however, easily removed.

century; but tradition has it (and the character of the foundations supports such tradition) that a far more ancient temple formerly occupied the site. The ground on which the church stands is inclosed by a comparatively modern wall, while in the burial ground attached are many quaint and interesting tombstones, bearing almost obliterated records of the dust beneath. Perhaps the most interesting of these is a crumbling monument occupying a recess in the eastern outer wall of the edifice. It was discovered, in a very mutilated condition, during a late work of restoration, and represents the recumbent figure of a priest or bishop—probably a former holder of the ancient living.



Washington House, Brington, Northamptonshire—Built in 1606 for Lawrence Washington

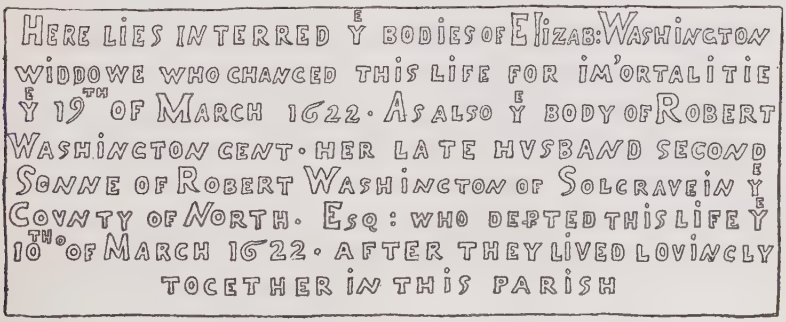
The public entrance to the church is through an old porch standing close by; a wrought iron gate, hinged to the outer supporting columns of the porch, barring the way to the immediate entrance through an old oaken door of massive proportions. Upon entering the church the eye involuntarily wanders to the northern end of the building, where, partitioned off from the chancel by numerous arches filled with ancient monuments and effigies—the whole inclosed by a high railing—stands the beautiful mortuary chapel of the Spencers. In the large vault beneath are the coffins of the Spencers for generations past; but the entrance is now sealed, as the vault is full.

The pews, though composed of old, worm eaten material, are not of the high backed order one would expect to meet with in so

The Interior of Brington Church

old a church. They have been cut down at some unrecorded date. To the left, as you enter, the most interesting object to be seen is the old baptismal font, which has done duty ever since the church was built.

Hence you wend your way along the center aisle towards the altar, until your attention is directed towards a plain brass tablet embedded in an old and foot worn stone slab in the flooring of the church. Here you may read the following inscription:


HERE LIES INTERRED Y BODIES OF ELIZAB: WASHINGTON
WIDDOWE WHO CHANCED THIS LIFE FOR IM'ORTALITIE
Y 19TH OF MARCH 1622. AS ALSO Y BODY OF ROBERT
WASHINGTON GENT. HER LATE HVSBAND SECOND
SONNE OF ROBERT WASHINGTON OF SOLGRAVE IN Y
COVNTY OF NORTH. ESQ: WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE Y
10TH OF MARCH 1622. AFTER THEY LIVED LOVINGLY
TOGETHER IN THIS PARISH

This Robert Washington was a younger brother of the grandfather of the two Virginia emigrants, and therefore the great great great granduncle of George Washington. A little below this plate is a small brass armorial shield of the deceased. In the large stone slab in which these brasses are embedded, there is—barely discernible—another inscription. It is impossible to decipher its exact wording; but, after a prolonged and minute inspection, I discovered "tracings" sufficient, at least, to warrant the presumption embodied in a foregoing note respecting the final resting place of the Rev. Lawrence Washington and his mother.

Proceeding along the nave, you turn into the chancel, where the pews, which extend on either side to within a few feet of the altar railing, run at right angles to those contained in the body of the church. At the extremity of the aislet giving access to the last two rows of pews, and close to the railings which divide the mortuary chapel from the chancel, you will notice, embedded in the stone flooring, an old wooden shield made out of two pieces of oak united by means of three roughly wrought iron bands. This old and somewhat unsightly specimen of rustic carpentry is not to be despised; for it has protected for ages one of the most interesting clues to the standing of the Washington ancestry. Beneath it—it is easily removed—cut deeply in the head of the stone, and remarkably well preserved, are to be seen the impaled arms of the Washingtons and the Butlers; while the portion extending beneath the adjoining pew bears the exceedingly interesting record and epitaph reproduced on page 557.

Although the old parish records chronicle the births, deaths, marriages, and burials of other members of the Washington family, I have, up to the present, failed to discover any further "tracings" within the church itself. Either time has effaced the inscriptions on the old stone flooring of the building—as is the case in many other instances; or perhaps only one or other of the many weather worn and crumbling headstones in the old burial ground marks their last resting place.

The homeward journey to the railroad terminus at Althorp should be made via the old highway. Leaving the church to the right, you descend a steep incline and traverse a comparatively straight but undulating country lane, fringed by old and stately trees. Stretched on either side are pastures and fields of waving grain, while dotted here and there are picturesque, old fashioned farm houses, whose thatched roofs and latticed windows are almost hidden from view by the surrounding trees. High and well kept hedges line the road, and during the summer months the air is laden with the perfume of the honeysuckle and wild rose. As evening closes, the nimble rabbit and the fleet footed hare dart noiselessly to and fro, while the vesper song of the blackbird, the soft notes of the nightingale, the solemn hoot of the owl, and the changing reflections of the setting sun, combine to form a perfect picture of English country life. Such is the impression you will most certainly find implanted on your mind as you speed homeward from the spot that may truly be termed the Cradle of the Washingtons.

Arthur Branscombe.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO IX.

BRANT, a good fellow gone wrong, turns a new leaf when a mining camp tragedy frees him from the woman who is responsible. He goes to Denver, meets Dorothy Langford, and tries to save her brother from the evil influence of James Harding, the brother of the murdered woman. Brant has evidence that will hang Harding, and so compels him to take young Langford home, and then to leave Denver. Harding, in revenge, tells Will Langford Brant's history, which so comes to Mrs. Langford, and procures Brant's banishment from the Langford home. Antrim, a friend of Brant's, is in love with Isabel, Dorothy's sister, who will not accept him because she is devoted to art. Antrim presses his suit, and leaves her, determined to try once more.

X.

TEN days after Isabel's latest refusal of him in the Sunday afternoon talk on the veranda, and a week after Brant's dismissal by Mrs. Langford, Antrim took Isabel to the opera, meaning to have his answer once for all before he slept. Another man might have hesitated to preface his *coup de grâce* matrimonial with an evening's amusement; but Antrim was wise in his generation, and he knew Isabel's leanings well enough to be sure that no other preliminary would add more to his chances of success. Moreover, "La Traviata," well sung, is a treat not to be despised even by a jaded theater goer; and Isabel was neither jaded nor lacking in the artistic sense which finds its complement in good music. Wherefore she gave a little sigh of regret when the curtain went down on the last act, and stood up mechanically in her place that Antrim might adjust her wrap.

"Great show, wasn't it?" he said, making an effort to strike the proper note of appreciation.

She did not answer; and when they came out into the deserted aisle he saw the rapt expression on her face and resented it.

"Up on the top of the mountain, as usual, aren't you? Did you happen to come down far enough any time during the evening to think of the thing as a play, meant to amuse people?" He tried to say it jestingly, but the whetstone of sarcasm sharpened the words in spite of the placable intention.

"Don't tease me, please, Harry—at least, not now, while I'm in the seventh heaven of the aftermath. I'll talk practical things with you by and by, but not now—it would be sacrilege."

Ordinarily, Antrim would have laughed; as it was, he sulked and was silent while they were edging their way out through the crowded foyer and during the long ride over to the Highlands. Before they had covered the short distance between the street car line and the house, Isabel began to understand that something was amiss.

"You're in a sweet temper tonight, aren't you, Harry?" she said.

Antrim helped her across the irrigating ditch at the curb and said nothing.

"I suppose you're just aching to take it out on somebody," she went on; "and if that's the case, you may begin on me—I'll give you leave."

Antrim held his peace, fearing to open his mouth lest trouble should come of it.

"Why don't you say something? You needn't go into your shell like a disappointed turtle just because I wouldn't let you spoil my negative of the opera before I could get it developed."

Still no reply.

"What's the matter with you, Harry? Have you lost your tongue?"

"No; I've been waiting till you could come down out of the clouds—that's all."

"Well, I've arrived; and I'm ready to forgive you for being so sulky—my—oh!"

They had reached the gate, and Antrim tried to open it. The latch stuck, and straightway the gate flew across the sidewalk, bereft of its hinges. Isabel laughed joyously, and the little explosion served to clear the moral atmosphere.

"Good as a play, isn't it?" said Antrim sheepishly, trying to reëstablish the wrecked gate.

"Ever so much better," was the quick retort; "it was positively the most human thing I ever saw you do. You're always so self contained and precise that you put a quick tempered mortal to shame."

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.*—*This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

"Did you ever do anything as senseless as this?"

"Haven't I? Come into the house and I'll show you."

He followed her obediently, and stood in the dark hall while she lighted the lamp in the sitting room. When he joined her she was running over a stack of canvases standing in a corner.

"Do you see that?" she asked, pulling one out and showing it to him.

It was a sketchy little painting of Long's Peak, and it was punctured with numberless penknife stabs.

"I did that one day when I was savage," she said; "just as you were when you smashed the gate. You don't know how much good it does me to be sure that I haven't a monopoly of all the bad temper in the world."

Antrim smiled. "Don't lose any sleep on that score," he said; "you've lots of good company. I've been having a tough time of it all day, and the gate business was only the wind up."

"Poor old martyr!—and I've been sticking pins into it all evening! What's been the trouble?"

"Everything—and nothing. It's just been an off day with me all around; I've quarreled with everybody I could reach, and with myself between times. I need a balance wheel worse than anything, Isabel, and it's for you to say if I shall have it."

He knelt to stir the smoldering fire in the grate, and then got up to walk back and forth in front of it. Isabel sat down and shaded her eyes from the light. Levity was on the tip of her tongue, but she felt that his mood was one in which ridicule would be as the spark to gunpowder. Therefore she met it fairly and tried to reason with him.

"Must we go all over the old ground again, Harry?" she began. "Can't I say something new and fresh—something that will make it clear to you that the worst possible thing that could happen to either of us would be this that you have set your heart upon?"

"You might try," he ventured, pausing in front of the mantel to adjust a picture that was out of plumb.

Being thus adjured, Isabel found that new sayings on a well worn subject do not always come for the asking, and was obliged to leave the promise unfulfilled. "It would only be dressing the old things up in new clothes, if I did," she contended, "and that wouldn't bring us to any better understanding."

"It isn't a question of understanding; it's your ambition against my love—against reason, I might say. I don't believe you love anybody else; and I—well, I'd be glad enough to take the chances of winning later on what you say you can't give me now. That's the whole thing in a sentence; and it's for you to say whether I shall go away tonight happy or miserable."

He spoke deliberately and with the air of one who had weighed and measured the possibilities of success or failure. Then it was that Isabel began dimly to understand that Harry Antrim, her playmate, had somehow come to man's estate what time she had been calling him a boy; and while she replied out of an honest heart, the new born conviction helped her choose her words.

"It wouldn't be right, Harry; even if you are willing to take the responsibility. I tell you frankly I don't seem to know anything of the love that reaches out toward marriage—and I'm afraid I don't want to. I value my friends—and you more than any of the rest; but I'd turn my back on all of them if that would bring the answer to the question that is always at the tip end of my paint brushes. It's unwomanly, hard hearted—anything you like to call it—but it's the simple truth. You don't want to marry a woman who feels that way, Harry."

He ignored the argument and pressed her to give him his answer.

"Which is it to be, Isabel—yes or no?"

She parried the direct demand, not because there was any present uncertainty in her own mind, but because she saw that in his eyes which warned her to deal gently with him.

"I say you wouldn't want to marry a woman without a heart—a loving, home making heart, I mean—and that is what you'd do if you took me. I have my own little battle to fight, and I must fight it alone, Harry; that is simple justice to you, or to any other good man who might ask me to marry him."

Antrim pounced upon the suggested alternative with unreasoning and vindictive acerbity.

"Any other man, you say—who is the other man, Isabel?"

The steel of jealousy struck fire at once upon the flint of Isabel's quick temper, and her mood changed on the instant.

"You intimated, the other day, that it was Mr. Brant," she said maliciously.

Antrim shut his teeth hard to keep back the bitter sayings that came uppermost, and when he could trust himself to speak

again tried to make her deny his own assertion. "Just tell me there is no one else, Isabel, and I'll be satisfied," he pleaded; but Isabel, in reality caring nothing for Brant and much for Antrim, yet stubbornly refused to give her lover even this small crumb of comfort.

"Then, once more, Isabel—give me my answer; is it to be yes or no?"

"Oh, can't you see? Can't you understand that it must be no?"

"There is no reservation, no little twig of hope that you can hold out to me?"

"Not as I hope to be sincere, Harry."

"Not if I should wait until you had won or lost the battle?"

The little arrow of self effacement found its mark, and Isabel hesitated. With the enthusiasm of a young devotee she had striven to unsex herself in the singleness of her purpose; but Antrim's pleading stirred the woman within her, and in that swift moment of introspection she saw how frail was the barrier defending her ambition from his love. Honesty, pure and simple—the shame of taking so much where she could give so little—stepped in to save her.

"Not even then, Harry," she said. "You deserve the full cup, and I couldn't be mean enough to offer you the dregs. If I fail I shan't be worth anybody's having; and if I succeed—ah, God knows, but I'm afraid I shall be still less lovable then than now."

"As you will," he said, and held out his hand. "Let us say good by and have it over with."

She put her hand in his willingly, and the tears came in her eyes when she saw and felt the depth of his trouble.

"It mustn't be good by, Harry; I can't afford to lose you as a friend—as a—a brother."

He smiled down upon her at this. "It's hard not to be hackneyed, isn't it, little girl? But I meant it; it must be good by, so far as I am concerned. I couldn't go on as we've been going on all these years; I should go mad some day when the right man turned up, and do that which would make you hate me—no, I shouldn't"—the denial came quickly in response to the distress that crept into her eyes—"but I should be sore and miserable, and you wouldn't want that."

She shook her head, and he stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, "Won't you kiss me, Isabel? You haven't, you know, since we used to play 'King William' in the old, old days."

She withdrew her hand quickly. "You mustn't ask that now; it wouldn't be right."

How was he to know that he stood at last upon the very threshold of her heart—that he had but to take her in his arms to possess her? Not by anything she said or did, truly; and yet at that moment her love for him sprang into being, filling her with joy unspeakable, and promising thenceforth to dominate every thought and act of her life. But her lover knew it not, and he groped his way toward the door with the vertigo of failure blinding him. On the threshold he stopped for a moment, and looked back at her as she stood under the light of the high banquet lamp.

In the little pause the picture and its setting—the fair young girl surrounded by the comfortable plenishings of the home-like room he knew so well—brought back a swelling wave of recollection that went nigh to submerging him. There was the piano where he had so often stood beside her, turning the leaves of her music while she played for him. In the corner, where the cross light from the windows could be shaded and controlled from her chair, stood her easel—the work bench before which she had spent so many patient hours. On the wall opposite, hanging just where she could see it while she worked, was the little Vedder—his one valuable gift; and beside the fire, which was now burning brightly, stood the easy chair which had come to be called his, so often had he sat in it. Some such background he had always imagined for his own home—the home Isabel was to make for him; and now that could never be. She who was standing beneath the spreading shade of the great lamp, gazing at him through eyes which were even now shining with tears, had said it. And she was sending him away without hope, and with nothing but the remembrance of her pity to fill the place she had made for herself in his life. She might have kissed him once, he thought, and the thought spoke before he could check it.

"It couldn't have made much difference to you, Isabel—a kiss is only a little thing; and yet I had an idea that if you gave me one the remembrance of it would perhaps help me over some of the hard places. That was all."

Her eyes met his when he began to speak, but she neither saw nor heard him when he went away. When she looked up and found him gone she ran to the door to call him back. It was too late. The night had swallowed him up, and she went back to the sitting room to bury her face in the soft pillows and to cry bitterly—for what, she knew not, save that her world

seemed suddenly to have fallen out of its orbit.

As Brant had left the same house just a week earlier, going out into the night with the settled conviction that in the whole weary round of the world's misery there was no trouble like unto his, so went Antrim, stumbling over the curb at the crossing and splashing through the pools made by the overflowing irrigation ditches without once realizing the discomfort. It was very foolish, doubtless; his experience was only a microscopic bit of side play in the great human comedy; but it was tragic enough to Antrim, and many a spoiled life answers to promptings no less trivial than those which gather, buzzard-like, to pick the bones of a starved passion.

Harboring such thoughts, Antrim tramped wearily back to the city, seeing none of the familiar landmarks until some one spoke to him on the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer Streets. It was Grotter, the division engineer; and he linked arms with the chief clerk and caught step.

"Chilly night, isn't it, Harry?" he said, shouldering his companion diagonally across the street toward a stained glass transparency marking the entrance to a saloon. "I should think you'd freeze in that light overcoat you've got on. Let's go in here and have a nip to go to bed on—what do you say?"

Now no anchoret of the Libyan desert was ever less a tippler than was Antrim; but the thought of his great disappointment came and grappled with him, and the devil, to whom some very worthy people have agreed to give a personality, tempted him with a specious promise of comfort. So he did no more than hang upon the doorstep while Grotter persuaded him.

This was at midnight; and therein was one of life's little ironies. At the very moment when Isabel, kneeling at her bedside, was trying, with innocent cheeks aflame, to frame the first halting petition for her acknowledged lover, Antrim was entering the saloon with the engineer. Five minutes later he joined Grotter in a cup of some insidious mixture in which beaten eggs and liquid fire seemed to be the principal ingredients, sipping it slowly while he listened to the engineer's stories of his perils by fire, flood, and unruly grade laborers in the mountains.

That was the beginning. In the end the devil's promise was kept, after a fashion, inasmuch as Antrim stumbled up the steps of his boarding house some two hours later in a frame of mind which, whatever may have been its lacks or its havings, was at least bullet proof on the side of sorrow.

XI.

In her own way, which was the quietest and least obtrusive of ways, Dorothy was quite as intolerant of mysteries as was her father; and after the evening when Brant had gone forth to seek and to save that which was lost, small mysteries seemed to lie in wait for her at every turn.

They began with Brant's brief visit and abrupt departure. She had heard his voice in the hall, and the rustle of skirts on the stairs as some one—her mother, she supposed—had gone down to meet him. Of what took place in the parlor she knew nothing; but a few minutes later, when she was on her way down to join them, he had stumbled out into the hall, snatched his coat and hat from the rack, and left the house without once looking behind him. So much Dorothy saw from her post on the stairs, and she also saw that he was excited and preoccupied, and that his face was the face of one upon whom trouble had come suddenly.

When she heard the gate clang behind him, Dorothy went to the parlor and found it empty; whereupon that which was merely singular became unaccountable. Was it possible that he had taken offense at being kept waiting? Dorothy thought not, but when the days passed and he came no more she grew curious and asked guarded questions of her mother. She received ambiguous answers, inasmuch as Mrs. Langford, with maternal self sufficiency, thought it unnecessary to take either of her daughters into her confidence in Brant's affair.

So Dorothy wondered, and laid innocent little plans to entrap her father, who had also grown unaccountably reticent. When these failed, she tried Antrim, with no better results. No, Brant was still in town; didn't know he had any idea of leaving, said the chief clerk vaguely; but Dorothy's query fell upon an inauspicious moment. It was the evening of Antrim's off day, and the question was asked while he was waiting for Isabel to finish dressing for the opera.

After this failure Dorothy tried Will, and got no more satisfaction out of him than an affectionate sister usually gets in an attempt to fathom the unplumbed depths of a younger brother's churlishness. She ventured carefully, knowing Will's peculiarities, but she was quite unprepared for his sudden outburst of petulant brutality.

"You wonder where Mr. Brant is, do

you?" he said, mimicking her; "well, you've no business to wonder—that's all there is about that."

"Why, Will——"

"You needn't try to wheedle me; I don't know where he is, and, what's more, I don't care, as long as he keeps away from here."

"But, Will, you must surely have some reason——"

"Reason enough," he interrupted rudely, "and that's all you'll get out of me in a thousand years." After which he lighted a fresh cigarette, and rapidly put distance between himself and the possibility of further questioning.

Knowing nothing of Harding or his story, Dorothy set her brother's anger down to a natural feeling of resentment toward a comparative stranger who had interfered with Will's private affairs. None the less, the incident added its quota to the mystery involving the draftsman, and Dorothy's curiosity and concern went one step farther on the road toward anxiety.

It was about this time that she began to notice a rather remarkable change in Isabel. From being the most outspoken member of the family, the younger sister began to develop a degree of reticence which was second only to Will's churlishness, though Dorothy fancied it was sorrowful rather than sullen. From day to day she spent less time at her easel; and twice Dorothy had come upon her when her eyes were red with weeping. To her sister's solicitous inquiries she would make no satisfactory answer. When the situation became unbearably strained, Dorothy went to her mother again, determined to get to the heart of things if persistence would serve her purpose. She chose her time craftily, going to Mrs. Langford's room after she had retired, so that there was no possibility of retreat.

"How should I know, dear?" was the mother's reply to her first question about Isabel. "I hadn't noticed anything wrong with her."

"But there *is* something wrong," insisted Dorothy; "she hasn't been like herself for days. She mopes, she doesn't paint, and twice I've caught her crying."

Mrs. Langford answered sympathetically. "It's another of the unthinkable pictures, I suppose. I do wish the child wouldn't torment herself so much over her work. It's all well enough as an accomplishment, but she needn't make a martyr of herself—Harry is quite right about that."

Having a very considerable reverence for art, Dorothy was not so sure of that; but she left the point uncontested, and asked a question suggested by the mention of Antrim's name.

"You don't suppose she's quarreled with Harry, do you?"

"It is quite possible; it's a way they've had ever since they were children."

"Still it might be serious this time."

"No fear of that," said the mother easily. "Isabel thinks a great deal more of him than she has ever admitted; and as for Harry, I would as soon think of the world coming to an end as of his giving her up."

Dorothy was silenced but not convinced. "That was one thing I wanted to speak about, mamma," she said, "but there are others. I want to know what has come over us all lately. We seem to be groping about in the dark, trying to hide things from one another. What is the mystery, and why can't I share it?"

"Mystery! Nonsense, child, there is no mystery!"

"Yes, there is," Dorothy insisted. "First, Mr. Brant does us a kindness and drops us all in the same day; and when I wonder at it, you put me off, and father goes deaf, and Will gets angry. Then I ask Harry a civil question about his friend, and he snaps me up only a little less savagely than Will. Now Isabel has turned blue and won't talk, and altogether we seem to be changing into a family of freaks. What is at the bottom of it all? Why doesn't Mr. Brant come here any more?"

Mrs. Langford smiled meaningly. "Mr. Brant probably has his own reasons for not coming, and they are doubtless good ones."

"What makes you say that? Do you know what they are?" asked Dorothy, determined not to be put off.

It was a point blank question, but the mother evaded it skilfully. "I? What a question! Mr. Brant is not likely to take me into his confidence."

For a moment Dorothy had an uncomfortable conviction that she had been making mountains out of molehills, and in that moment she retreated. When she was alone, however, the perplexities assumed their normal proportions again; and it was Isabel who finally gave her a clue to a startling solution of the mystery.

The sisters occupied adjoining apartments connected by a curtained archway; and when Dorothy went from her mother's room to her own, she found the curtains dropped—a thing without precedent, and emphasizing very sharply the barrier that Isabel sought to rear between herself and the other members of the family. Dorothy

was hurt, but she was too truly a Langford to take the risk of making unwelcome advances. She went to bed with eyelashes wet, and with a sore spot in her heart, in which the ache was rather out of proportion to the ostensible wound. Just as she was falling asleep she saw the curtains part, and Isabel stole into the room to kneel softly at the bedside. Dorothy made no sign at first, but when her sister buried her face in the bedclothes and began to sob, sympathy quickly found speech.

"What is it, Isabel?" she asked, with an arm around her sister's neck.

"Everything," said Isabel, apparently to the counterpane.

"But what, dear? Can't you trust me?"

Isabel shook her head to the first question and nodded to the second. Dorothy understood and pressed the point gently.

"Is it a picture? Won't the new one find itself?"

"It's something a great deal worse than those unthinkable pictures," said Isabel dismally.

"Then it must be bad; tell me about it, dear."

"I can't; there isn't anything to tell. He's gone—I sent him away; and he'll never come back," sobbed Isabel, with charming inconsistency.

Dorothy permitted herself a little sigh of relief. Then it was only a lovers' quarrel between Isabel and Harry—the last of many, and perhaps a little more serious than some of the others, but still only that. The wound would heal of itself, yet she made haste to pour the wine and oil of sympathy into it.

"Don't cry, dear; he'll come back," she prophesied soothingly.

Isabel shook her head vehemently. "No, he won't—not the man that I sent away. Harry, the good natured, obstinate boy that we used to tease and make fun of, might; but this grown man that I never knew till the other day is quite different. He'll never put it off with a laugh and come back as if nothing had happened; I know he won't."

Thus Isabel, thinking only of the change wrought in her lover by the quick shifting of her own point of view; and Dorothy, with the chill of a nameless fear benumbing her, could only repeat her prophecy.

"He'll come back; never fear, Bella."

"I wish I could believe it, but I can't. Oh, Dothy, if you could have seen his face when he went away! I shall never forget how he looked—not if I live to be a hundred years old!"

Dorothy had a fleeting vision of a man hurrying out through the lower hall with a look of desperate trouble in his eyes, and in a flash the apparent ambiguity went out of Isabel's speech. It was her sister, and not her mother, who had gone down to meet Brant; it was he, and not Antrim, whom Isabel had sent away and for whose loss she was grieving.

For a moment the pain of the revelation was sharp enough to threaten consciousness; then a wave of thankfulness submerged her when she remembered that her secret was yet her own. Close upon the heels of gratitude came a great wonder that she could have been so blind. She might have known from the first that it was Isabel. It was plain enough now. His gentle deference to Isabel's moods; his helpful criticism of her work; his evident determination to give Antrim the precedence which was his by right, leaving Isabel free to choose between them. All these things pointed to but one conclusion, and Dorothy blushed hotly and was thankful for the darkness of the room when she remembered how ready she had been to read an opposite meaning into all of his sayings and doings.

And Isabel? It was not wonderful that she had finally given Brant that for which Harry had pleaded in vain. It was what always happens when a man of the world and a stranger is pitted against a playmate lover who could never outgrow the impressions made by the crassness of youth and deepened by familiarity and constant association. So thought Dorothy; and even in the freshness of her own trouble she could find in her heart no secret condemnation for the manner of her sister's choosing.

Out of such material, and on the foundation laid by a misapprehension that a word would have set aright, was the pyramid of conclusion built up course by course until it lacked only the capstone; and this Dorothy found in the answer to a single question.

"When did this happen, Isabel?" she asked.

"The last time he was here—years ago, it seems to me, but perhaps it is only months or weeks."

The answer left no room for doubt in Dorothy's mind. It was nearly two weeks since Brant had stopped coming; and it was only a few days since Antrim had taken Isabel to the theater. Thereupon Dorothy rose heroically to her opportunity, put her own happiness resolutely aside, and became from that moment her sister's loyal and loving ally.

"Don't be discouraged, dear," she said caressingly; "you must learn to wait and

be patient. I know him—perhaps better than you do—and I say he'll come back. He'll never take no for an answer while you and he live."

Isabel got up and felt under Dorothy's pillow for a handkerchief. "You're good and comforting, Dothy," she said, "and I'm happy in spite of my misery." She bent to leave a kiss on Dorothy's cheek. "I'm going to bed now; good night—why, how hot your face is!"

"How cold your lips are, you mean," said Dorothy playfully. "Go to bed, dear, and don't worry any more; you'll make yourself sick."

And when her sister was gone she lay very still with closed eyes and trembling lips, and so fought her battle to the bitter end; winning finally the victory called self abnegation, together with its spoils—the mask of cheerfulness and the goodly robe of serenity.

XII.

When Brant awoke on the morning following his excommunication, he had but one thought, and that pointed to flight. Whatever he might be able to do with his life elsewhere, it was very evident that the Denver experiment was a pitiful failure, he argued, cursing the fatuous assurance that had kept him from going farther afield in the beginning. Denver was merely a clearing house for the mining camps; and, sooner or later, his story would have found him out, lacking help from Harding or any other personal enemy.

"Anybody but a crazy fool would have known that without having to wait for an object lesson," he said to himself, on the way down town, "but of course I had to have it hammered into me with blows. Well, I've had my lesson, and I suppose I'll have to profit by it and move on—not that I care very much whether I do or not. Left to my own devices, I'd rather be a sheep dog than a wolf; but if the world at large hasn't any use for the collie—confound the world at large! If I hadn't given my word to Hobart, I'd go back and join the fighting minority—that's what I'd do. As it is, I'll run for it."

So he said, and so he meant to do; but a small thing prevented. Colonel Bowran was away, and Brant was not unreasonable enough to desert in his absence. It could make no great difference, he thought; the chief engineer's trips were usually short, and a day or two more or less would neither make nor mar the future. Besides, it would help him in his next venture if he could show that he had left the C. E. & W. of his own accord and in good odor with his chief.

So ran the prognostication, but the event went awry, as it is prone to do. For three days Brant managed so to bury himself in his work as to leave little thought to spare for his perplexities. Then he had a note from Colonel Bowran, saying that the trip would be extended a week or more; and at the same time, lacking the data contained in the notebook taken by the chief engineer, he ran out of work. After that his days were empty, and his nights, wanting the sedative of labor, were sleepless. In the first idle hour he began to brood over the peculiar hardness of his lot; and from the moment when he first gave place to the remorseless devil of regret, such poor forgetfulness as he had been able to wring out of constant employment became a thing of the past.

At the end of twenty four hours he was desperate; and on the second day of enforced idleness he wrote to Hobart.

"The devil has another job for me," he said, "and if it wasn't for my promise to you, I'd take it. Things have turned out precisely as I knew they would, and you're to blame—first, for dragging me out of the pit when I wasn't worth saving, and next for sending me to Denver when I ought to have gone to Australia or Central Africa. In other words, my sins have found me out, and that in a way to send a better man than I ever hope to be straight to perdition. I don't know that you care to hear the story, but I do know that I shall go mad if I don't tell it to some one; and if it bores you, just remember what I say—that you're to blame.

"Before I begin, I'll tell you it's about a woman, so you can swear yourself peaceful before you come to the details. I met her on the train the day after I shook hands with you on Jack Mountain. Nothing came of that, except that I got a glimpse of the great gulf separating a good woman from a bad man; but later, after I had begun to venture on an occasional look ahead to the things that might be, we met again, this time in her own home.

"That was two months ago. Up to last Wednesday, everything went as it should. The father liked me, the mother tolerated me, and the girl—well, let that pass; I was welcome enough, and sufficient unto the day was the good thereof. Of course, I was living in a fool's paradise; walking daily over a mine that any spark might explode.

I knew that, and yet I was happy till last Wednesday. That was when the mine was fired.

"It came about in the most natural way, but the story's too long to write out, and I don't mean to weary you. It's enough to say that the mother found me out. I know who gave me away; and when I meet that man, God do so to me and more if I don't send him where he belongs, without benefit of clergy.

"I suppose you want to know what I'm going to do next. I don't know. The day after the thing happened I meant to run for it; but the chief was away, and I couldn't very well shut up the office and walk out. Then I got to thinking about it, and since then the mill has ground until I don't know what I want to do. Sometimes I'm tempted to throw the whole thing overboard and go back to the hog wallow. It's about all I'm fit for, and nobody cares—unless you do.

"For heaven's sake write me a letter and brace me up a little if you can; I never needed it worse. The chief is still away; I can't do another stroke of work till he comes back; and I don't know a soul here that I can talk to. Consequently, I'm going mad by inches. I suppose you'll take it for granted that I love the girl, though I believe I haven't said so in so many words. I do; and that's what racks me. If I go away, I give her up for good and all. If I stay, I can't get her. If I go to the devil again—but we won't discuss that now. Write and hold me to my word, Ned, if you love me."

This letter was mailed on Wednesday, and, in the ordinary course of events, Brant should have had his answer on Saturday. This he knew, and set himself down to wear out the interval as best he might, doing nothing more irrational than the spending of two of the evenings wandering aimlessly in North Denver in the vague hope of seeing Dorothy at a distance. Nothing came of that; and when Saturday passed without bringing the expected answer from Hobart, impatience slipped by insensible degrees into recklessness.

"He's disgusted, I suppose," he said, when the last delivery failed to bring the letter. "I don't blame him. He has a right to be. Good Lord! I wish the colonel would come back and fire me. If I have to sit here and grill through many more days like this, I shan't be responsible for anything!"

None the less, when six o'clock came, he went straight to Mrs. Seeley's, ate his supper, read through yet another evening, and went early to bed, though not to sleep. On the morrow he put in train a little plan, the details of which had helped him through the wakeful hours of the night.

It was this. Dorothy had a class in a Sunday afternoon mission school; and this Brant knew, and the place, but not the hour. Of the latter ignorance he was rather glad, since it gave him an excuse to haunt the neighborhood of the chapel during the better part of the day. Late in the afternoon he was rewarded by catching a glimpse of her as she went in; and heartened by this, he did sentry duty on the opposite side of the street until at length the school was dismissed.

She came out among the last, with a group of children around her, and Brant's heart went warm at the sight.

"God bless her," he said, under his breath; "what a sweet little mother of children she'll be in some man's home!"

Then he laid hold of his courage and crossed the street to put his fate to the touch. If she knew—if her mother had told her—her greeting would show it forth, and he would know then that the worst had befallen him.

They met at the corner, and Dorothy looked up as she was bidding the children good by. Brant felt sure that she saw him, and though there was no sign of recognition in her eyes, he paused and lifted his hat. Then she bent over one of the little ones as if to avoid him, and he went on quickly, with rage and shame seething in his heart, and a fell demon of despair whispering at his ear.

That night he went to his room as usual, but not to stay. At eight o'clock he flung down the book he had been trying to read, slipped the revolver that had once been Harding's into the pocket of his overcoat, and went out. Half an hour later he was at Draco's bar, and Tom Deverney was welcoming him with rough heartiness.

"Well, by cripes! Thought yous'd got lost in the shuffle. Been over the range?"

"No, I haven't been out of town."

"Took blame good care not to show up!" retorted Deverney.

"Did I?" rejoined Brant absently, and then he remembered. "You got my check for the hundred, didn't you?"

"Check be shot! Who's sayin' anything about that? What I'm kickin' at is 'cause you didn't show up an' say hello—savvy?"

"I've been busy," said Brant; then the smell of the liquor got into his nostrils, and he cut himself adrift with a word. "Let's have a drink and call it square, Tom."

Deverney spun a glass across the bar, and reached for a conical bottle in the cooler. "Dunno as I ought to—yous wouldn't drink with me last time. What'll it be, a little o' the same?"

"Always," said Brant; "I don't mix." He helped himself sparingly, and touched glasses with the bartender.

"Here's how."

"Lookin' at ye."

Brant paid, and the barkeeper dipped the glasses. "Goin' to play marbles awhile?" he asked.

Brant glanced back at the tables, and shook his head. "I guess not. I'm a little off tonight, and I'm afraid I'd go in a hole if I did."

"I'll stake ye," said Deverney.

"No, thanks; I didn't mean that; I've got money enough."

He strolled away toward the faro table, turning the matter over in his mind. He had left his room with a firm determination to go and do something desperate—something that would make Dorothy's heart ache if she could know of it; but now that he was on the brink of the pool the stench of it sickened him. Calling it revenge, the thing seemed very paltry and despicable; and half way down the room he faced about, and but for the drink he had taken would have gone home. That tipped the scale. The liquor was bad, and Brant—at his worst the most temperate of men—had neither touched nor tasted since turning the new leaf. Therefore he wheeled again, and went back to watch the game.

After that, the descent was easy. A dollar ventured became two, the two four, and the four eight. Then one of the players drew out, and Brant sat down in the vacant chair, lighted a fresh cigar, and ordered another drink. It was what he used to do in the old days when his conscience bit him; and now, as then, the intoxicant had the desired effect; it slew the man in him without unstringing the cool and steady nerve of the gambler. And, since he cared not whether he lost or won, luck was with him from the outset. Play as he might, he could not lose; and when he left the table at midnight, Draco, who acted as his own banker, had to stop the game and go to his safe for more money before he could declare the dividend.

"There's your ducats," he said, tossing a roll of bills across the table; "it's an open game, an' I ain't got no kick comin'; all the same, I'm willin' to see you pull out—this here outfit ain't no gold mine."

Brant unrolled the money, twisted it into a spill and handed it back. "Keep it, if you like; I haven't any particular use for it."

Draco laughed. "Yes, I will, an' have you moggin' back here with a gun when you're sob—when you've had time to think about it? Not much, Mary Ann! I hain't got no time to open up a shootin' gall'ry an' play bow an' arrow with you, George."

Brant stuffed the money into his pocket and went his way. As he was going out, Deverney beckoned him.

"Heard two ducks a-chinnin' about the way yous win," he said, leaning across the bar and lowering his voice. "I don't know 'em from Adam's off ox, but they was tough lookin' cullies, an' maybe they'll be layin' for ye. Are ye fixed?"

Brant nodded. "You say you don't know them?"

"No; never saw neither one of 'em till a few nights ago."

"Give me a tip and perhaps I can spot them."

"One of 'em's tall an' a sort o' lanky—about like the Perfessor, on'y he's got a beard like a billygoat an' red hair. T' other's a chunky man gone thin; smooth face, with a sort o' bilious look, an' a wicked eye on him."

Brant shook his head. "I don't remember them," he said, "but I'll watch the corners and give them what they're after, if they show up. Thank you for the pointer, Tom; good night."

He went out with the feeling that he would as soon end the bad day with a battle to the death as otherwise. At the corner above Draco's he saw the two men standing in a doorway on the opposite side of the street, and giving heed to a sudden impulse of recklessness, went straight across to them. They paid no attention to him, not even when he stopped and looked them over with a supercilious stare; but when he went on, they followed leisurely and at a considerable distance. Brant knew it, but he neither loitered nor hastened. If they chose to overtake him he would know what to do. If they did not, they would live longer, that was all.

In his scrutiny he had passed the tall man by as a stranger, but the face of the other haunted him. There was something exasperatingly familiar about it, and yet no feature by which it could be identified. Cornered down, the puzzle arranged itself above and below a line drawn across the man's upper lip. The prominent nose, high cheek bones, and sunken eyes were like those of some one he had seen before; but the hard mouth, with the lines of cruelty

at the corners, and the projecting lower jaw, seemed not to belong to the other features.

"It's a freak—that's what it is," muttered Brant, when he had reasoned out thus much of the puzzle. "That fellow has the top of somebody else's head—somebody I've known. Wonder how he got it?"

There was an easy answer to the question, and if Brant had guessed it he would have been careful to choose the well lighted streets on his way up town. If he had chanced to remember that a thick curling beard, unkempt and grizzled, might have masked the cruel mouth and ugly jaw, he would have recognized the face, though he had seen it but once, and then in a moment of fierce excitement. And if he had reflected further that a beard may be donned as well as doffed, and that the wig maker's art still flourishes, he would have realized that out of a very respectable collection of enemies, made in the day of wrath, none were more vindictive or desperate than the two who kept him in sight as he made his way back to Mrs. Seeley's.

They closed up upon him when he reached the gate, and he drew his pistol and waited. The few hours which overlaid his meeting with Dorothy had gone far toward undoing the good work of the preceding months of right living. The old habit reasserted itself irresistibly, and it was Plucky George of the mining camps, rather than Colonel Bowran's draftsman, who waited the coming of the two men. They sheered off before reaching him, and crossed the street. Had he known who they were and why they had followed him, their shadows would never have darkened the opposite sidewalk. As it was, he dropped the pistol into his pocket, and went in with a sneer at their caution.

"Two to one, and follow a man a mile at midnight without coming to the scratch! I've a mind to go over and call their bluff alone—I'd do it, if I thought they had anything worth taking."

XIII.

When he was permitted to escape after his attempt upon Brant's life in the private room at Draco's, James Harding tarried in Denver only so long as the railway time table constrained him. Though he stood not upon the order of going, he went unwillingly and with wrath in his heart; adding yet another tally to the score of his heavy account against the man who had banished him.

Having thoroughly worn out his welcome in most of the larger camps, he went first to Silverette, hoping to pick a living out of the frequenters of Gaynard's. In this he was disappointed. The savor of his evil deeds had gone abroad in the land until even the gates of this isolated outpost were closed to him, and he was met on the threshold of the town with an urgent invitation to go elsewhere. Yielding gracefully to the inevitable, he went farther and fared worse. At Carbonado, when he had barely gained a foothold and succeeded in insinuating himself into a quiet game of cards with a party of miners, he was recognized, dragged into the street, and, after an exceedingly trying quarter of an hour, was escorted out of camp and across the range by a guard of honor with cocked rifles.

Under such discouragements he chose to face the ills he knew, took his courage in his hand, made a forced march to the nearest railway, and boarded the first train for Denver. It was a hazardous thing to do. Brant was a man of his word, and Harding had known him to go to extremities upon slighter provocation. But, on the other hand, Denver was a considerable city, and their ways might easily lie apart. Besides, if it came to the worst, it was but man to man, with plenty of old scores to nerve the arm of the victor.

So reasoning, Harding stepped from the train, Argus eyed, and with his hand in the pocket of his ulster. There was no apparent occasion for the caution, and he reached his lodging house without mishap. An hour after supper, when the prowling instinct got the better of prudence, he ventured out; and in a den some degrees lower in the scale of evil than Draco's, met a man of his own kidney whom he had once known in the camps.

The man was fresh from the mountains, and had lately been known in Taggett's Gulch. He drank with Harding, and when his tongue was a little loosened by the liquor, grew reminiscent. Did the Professor recollect the mysterious killing of a man in the Gulch a year or so back—a man named Benton or Brinton? Harding had good cause to remember it, and he went white and listened with a thuggish demon of suffocation waylaying his breath. Certainly, everybody remembered; what of it? Nothing much, save that the brother of the murdered man was in Colorado with the avowed intention of finding and hanging the murderer, if money and an inflexible purpose might contribute to that end.

That was the gist of the matter; and

when Harding had pumped his informant dry, he shook the man off and went out to tramp the streets until he had fairly taken the measure of the revived danger. Summed up, it came to this: sooner or later the avenger of blood would search out Brant, and the latter would clear up the mystery and give Brinton's brother the proofs. Then the detective machinery would be set in motion, and thereafter the murderer would find no lurking place secret enough to hide him.

Clearly, something must be done, and that quickly. Concealment was the first necessity; James Harding must disappear at once and effectually. That preliminary safely gotten over, two sharp corners remained to be turned at whatever cost. The criminating evidence must be secured and destroyed; and Brant must be silenced before the avenger should have time to find and question him.

The disguise was a simple matter. At one time in his somewhat diversified career Harding had been a supernumerary in a Leadville variety theater; and the smooth shaven man who paid his bill at the Blake Street lodging house at ten o'clock that night bore small resemblance to the bearded and rather rustic looking person who engaged a room half an hour later at a similar establishment in West Denver. The metamorphosis completed, Harding put it immediately to the severest test. Going out again into the byways he sought and found the man from Taggett's Gulch. Introducing himself as a bucolic stranger from Iowa, he persuaded the man to pilot him through the mazes of the Denver under world; and when he had met and talked with a dozen men who knew James Harding rather better than he knew himself, he went back to his room with a comforting abatement of the symptoms of strangulation.

Having thus provided for his immediate safety, the professor began to cast about for the means to the more important end. Night after night he haunted the gambling houses, hoping that a lucky chance might reveal Brant's whereabouts; but inasmuch as Brant was yet walking uprightly, nothing came of this, and in his new character Harding could not venture to ask questions. Twice he had met Will Langford and gone unrecognized; and, knowing that the boy could probably give him the information he sought, he was about to risk an interview in his proper person when the god of evil doers brought him a tool exactly fitted to his hand.

It was on the Sunday evening of Brant's relapse. Harding had been making his usual round, and at Draco's he saw, hanging about the entrance, a man whose face he recognized despite its gauntness and the change wrought by the razor. A drink or two served as an introduction; and a few minutes later Harding led the way to the card room in the rear, on the pretext of seeking a quiet place where they might drink more to their better acquaintance. In the crowd surrounding the faro table he passed within reach of Brant without knowing it; and when the waiter lighted the gas in the card room, and left them with a bottle of whisky and two glasses between them, Harding veered suddenly from the subject of mines and mining, upon which the talk had dwelt, to ask a somewhat abrupt question.

"Reckon you'd take your oath you never seen me before, wouldn't you, Gasset?"

The ex-miner was in the act of pouring himself a second drink, but he put the bottle down and pushed back his chair.

"Who the blazes are you, any way?" he demanded, with a swift side glance toward the door.

Harding snatched off his disguise and leered across at him. "Does that help you out any?"

Gasset sprang to his feet, with a malediction choking him, and retreated backward to the door with his hand on his pistol.

"Don't you do it, Jim!" he gasped; "don't, I say—I nev' meant to hurt her; any of 'em 'll swear to that!"

Harding struck a match and coolly relighted his cigar. Gasset stood panting, watching every movement of the slim fingers, and feeling blindly behind him for the knob of the door. Whereat Harding laughed unpleasantly and pointed to the bottle.

"Better chase back here an' get something to stiffen your nerve, Ike; you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn, just now."

Gasset found the door knob finally, and breathed freer when the door opened under his hand. "Gimme a show for my life, Jim," he begged, edging toward the opening. "'T ain't worth much, but I want it fer a little while yet!"

Harding laughed again. "What's the matter with you tonight, Ike? What's to hinder you from getting the drop on me if you want to? Come back here an' finish your drink."

Having more than once set his life over against his appetite for liquor, Gasset did it once again, filling the glass to the brim

and swallowing the contents at a gulp. It steadied him a little, and he sat down.

"Then you ain't out a-gunnin' fer me?" he asked.

"No; what made you think I was?"

Gasset scratched his head and tilted the bottle again. "I dunno. 'Pears like to me if anybody'd killed a sister of mine, I'd want to get square. An' I reckon I wouldn't split no hairs about his bein' drunk or sober, n'r yit about whether 'r no he went fer to do it meanin'ly."

Harding ignored the implied reproach, and went on to the more important matter he had in hand.

"Drop that; it's enough for me to know that you was tryin' to plug George Brant," he said coolly. "Do you still feel that way?"

Gasset rose unsteadily, and the dull eyes glowed in their sockets. "Look at me now, Jim, an' then ric'lect what all I used to be; you know what that was—not ary man in the camp c'd put me on my back, 'less'n I was drunk. An' now look at me—a pore miser'ble, broke up wreck, jest out'n the horspital! *He* done it—fill' me plum' full o' lead w'en I was too crazy drunk to see single, that's what he done!"

"Then I reckon you wouldn't kick if you had a chance to even up on him?" said Harding, trying to hit upon a plan which would enable him to make use of this opportune ally.

"Kick? Say, Jim Harding, I'm a-hangin' on to what little scrap o' life he left me fer jest nothin' else; y' understand?"

"Good; that's business," said Harding. "Find him for me an' I'll help you square the deal."

"Find him?" echoed Gasset. "Why, good Lord, he's right out yonder at the faro table. You rubbed up ag'inst him comin' in here!"

"The devil you say!" ejaculated Harding, hastily resuming the wig and false beard. "He mustn't catch on to me or the game's up. Pull up your chair an' have another drink, an' we'll talk this thing over."

Half an hour later the two conspirators left the private room and made their way singly through the crowd to meet at the bar. Gasset lingered a moment at Brant's elbow, saw the winnings, and incautiously spoke of them to Harding in the barkeeper's hearing. Harding shook his head and dragged his companion out to the sidewalk.

"You better look out for Deverney—the barkeep," he said; "he's Brant's friend. First break is to find out where he sleeps. Let's go over to the other corner and lay for him till he comes out."

XIV.

HAVING gone so far astray on the Sunday, it was inevitable that Brant should awake repentant and remorseful on the Monday. He slept late; and when he had breakfasted leisurely and had gone down town to face another day of enforced idleness in the office, conscience rose up and demanded satisfaction.

What a thrice accursed fool he had made of himself, and how completely he had justified Mrs. Langford's opinion of him! How infinitely unworthy the love of a good woman he was; and how recklessly he had put his future beyond the hope of redemption. If the colonel would only come back and leave him free to go and bury himself in some out of the way corner of the world—this was the burden of each fresh outburst of self recrimination.

So much by way of remorse; but when he thought of Dorothy, something like a dubious measure of gratitude was mingled there with—a certain thankfulness that the fatal trial of his good resolutions had come before he had had the opportunity to involve her happiness.

"Good Lord!" he groaned, throwing himself into a chair and flinging his half burned cigar out of the window, "I ought to be glad that I found myself out before I had time to pull her into it. Why, I'd have married her out of hand if they'd let me go on and she would have taken me—married an angel, and I with a whole nest of devils asleep in my brain only waiting for half a chance to come to life! God help me; I'm worse than I thought I was—infinitely worse. Come in!"—this last to some one at the door.

It was only the letter carrier, and Brant took the letters eagerly, hoping to find one from Hobart. He was disappointed, but there was another note from the end of track on the Condorra Extension, saying that the return of the chief engineer would be delayed yet other days. Brant read the colonel's scrawl, and what was left of his patience took flight in an explosion of bad language. A minute later he burst into Antrim's office.

"Where's Mr. Craig?" he asked.

"He's gone to Ogden," said Antrim, wondering what had happened to disturb the serenity of the self contained draftsman.

"The mischief he has! When will he be back?"

"Can't say; the last of the week, probably."

"Oh, the devil!"

Antrim laughed. "What's the trouble with you this morning, George? You look as if you'd had a bad night. Come around here and sit down."

Brant let himself in at the gate and drew up a chair. "Trouble enough, Harry, and I want you to help me out. You have full swing here when the old man's away, don't you?"

"Why — yes, after a fashion. What's broken loose?"

Brant looked askance at the stenographer, and Antrim rightly interpreted the glance.

"Oh, John," he said, "I wish you'd take these letters down and put them on Number Three. Hand them to the baggageman yourself, and then you'll know they've gone;" and when the door closed behind the boy he turned back to Brant. "Was that what you wanted?"

"Yes; but I don't know that it was necessary. There's nothing particularly private about what I wanted to say. You see, it's this way: Colonel Bowran's out on the Extension, and Grotter's with him, I suppose. I'm alone here in the office, and I've got to leave town suddenly. What I want you to do is to put somebody in there to keep house till the colonel comes back."

The chief clerk smiled. "It must be something serious, George, to rattle you that way. You're a good enough railroad man to know that my department has nothing to do with yours, except to ask questions of it. And that reminds me; here's a letter from the general manager asking for a map of the Denver yards. The president is coming West in a day or two, and there's a plan on foot for extensions, I believe. I don't see but what you'll have to stay and make the map."

Now, to a man in Brant's peculiar frame of mind employment was only one degree less welcome than immediate release; and he caught at the suggestion so readily that Antrim was puzzled.

"Thought you had to go away, whether or no?" he said curiously.

"Oh, I suppose I can put it off, if I have to," replied Brant, trying to hedge.

"Which is another way of telling me it's none of my business," said Antrim good naturedly. "That's all right, only, if you've struck a bone, you can comfort yourself with the idea that you've got lots of good company. No one man has a monopoly of all the trouble in the world."

"No, I suppose not," rejoined Brant; and then he got far enough away from his own trouble to notice that the chief clerk was looking haggard and seedy. "You look as if you'd had a turn at the windlass yourself, Harry. Have you?"

"Yes; something of that sort," replied Antrim, turning back to the papers at his desk.

"Nothing that I can help you figure out, is it?"

"No," said the chief clerk, so savagely that Brant smiled.

"Which the same is none of *my* business, and so we're quits," he rejoined.

Antrim was much too good natured to let the matter rest there, and he made halting amends.

"I'd give you a chance, George, quicker than I would anybody else, but it's no use. Every fellow has to take his own medicine."

Brant nodded, and after a little, Antrim went on as one who changes the subject.

"Been over to the Highlands lately?"

"No."

"Thought you hadn't; Dorothy was asking about you the last time I saw her."

"When was that?" demanded Brant, so eagerly that Antrim, remembering his unjust suspicion of Isabel, had a pang of honest shame.

"Last Wednesday. She wanted to know if you'd left town."

Brant plunged at once into a problem in which there were many more unknown quantities than integral facts, coming presently to the surface of things to catch at a straw. Perhaps Dorothy was yet in happy ignorance, after all; in which case she had simply failed to see him when he had lifted his hat to her the day before. And if that were true, his recent excursion into the realm of things evil was nothing better than the sequence of a hideous mistake. The logic of the thing appalled him, and he made haste to go back to first principles, planting himself firmly upon the assertion that she must have seen him. And having done that, he was immediately swept adrift again by an overwhelming desire to know the truth of the matter beyond peradventure of doubt. A suggestion offered and he pounced upon it; he would make an unconscious messenger of Antrim.

"When are you going over there again, Harry?" he asked, making the question as incurious as he could.

"I don't know," said the chief clerk, burying his face in his desk.

"Well, when you do, if Miss Langford asks you any more questions, you may say that I'm going away before long."

Antrim looked up with a puzzled frown. "I don't begin to know what you're driving at. Why don't you go and tell her yourself? You know the way."

It was Brant's turn to prevaricate, and he did it so clumsily that Antrim stopped him in sheer pity.

"Let up, George," he said; "you're only getting mired, and that doesn't help matters. Besides, if it is a question of carrying messages to the Langfords' I can't help you; I'm out of the running myself—no, don't ask any questions, please; I can't talk about the thing, even to you."

Here the stenographer came back, and Brant took up the general manager's letter. "I'll take this and make the map," he said; "does he want a tracing or a blue print, do you know?"

"A tracing, I guess; they'll want to make marks on it," replied Antrim; and Brant went back to his office and fell upon the task with such singleness of purpose that the day was gone before he realized it. As he was leaving the office at six o'clock, a messenger boy met him at the door with a note. It was from the editor of the *Plainsman*, and it was brief and non committal.

"If you have nothing better to do, come down to the office this evening," it ran. "I have a promising little mystery on hand in which you may be interested."

Brant stepped back to his desk and wrote a reply. He had planned to go on with his work during the evening, but the editor's invitation came as a happy alternative. The map making would not last forever; and anything which promised to postpone the return of the evil day of idleness was to be accounted a blessing. Therefore he accepted gladly; and when he had given his answer to the boy, went to supper with the comforting thought that the next few hours were safely provided for.

(*To be continued*). 687

A VALENTINE.

LAST night, through mingled sleet and rain,
A wanderer to my window pane
Came tremulously flying—
A little bird with fluttering breast,
A little bird in russet drest,
And near, ah, near to dying.

And, since I know you love the birds,
I took him in with tender words,
And calmed his small heart's leaping;
Today at dawn, grown gay and strong,
His rippling, joyous hearted song
Awakened me from sleeping.

So I have sent him forth to seek
For you, that to your flushing cheek,
Caressing, you may hold him;
Dear love, for whom my heart's astir,
Receive the little wanderer,
And ask him what I told him!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

PADEREWSKI'S TEACHER.

Since the Paderewski craze, Leschetiszky, his teacher, has been overrun with pupils, especially Americans, and has built up such a reputation that he has fairly wiped out the local conservatory. He has had numerous offers to leave Vienna—some of them from America, coupled with most tempting financial proposals—but his setting in the city on the blue Danube is too perfect for him to think of leaving it. There, in the suburbs, in a beautiful home filled with magnificent trophies of his brilliant career, he lives esteemed, even venerated, by all the leading musicians of Europe, and numbers among his most intimate friends Brahms, Joachim, Richter, and Goldmark.

No teacher could live in America and follow his methods. He cannot be induced to take more than three or four pupils a day, and his terms are only four dollars a lesson. In giving a lesson, he never limits himself to time, but is more likely to give two hours than one—a sore inconvenience to the student who chances to be last on the day's program; but every one waits willingly upon "The Master." He will teach only those who possess unquestioned talent, and have acquired a good technique under the teaching of some of Leschetiszky's former pupils. To recommend them to him, learners must have something of the divine afflatus, a certain fertility of imagination to which he constantly appeals. Nor will he rest until all the sentiment, color, warmth, vigor, and fire in their natures has passed into their fingers. He will say, "Your fingers run over the keys and say nothing; they are like icicles; fill them with love, with sympathy."

Joachim once asked a young lady with whom she was studying.

"Leschetiszky," was the reply.

"Ah, then, you are an artist, a finished pianist," said Joachim.

Leschetiszky practises but little now, though he has been one of the leading virtuosos in Europe. He has a colossal memory, and frequently astonishes pupils by being able to take up a composition at any point and go on with it.

He made Esipoff. She came to him a little Russian girl of sixteen, and with no other teaching became one of the greatest of all pianists. She became his wife, but failed to make him happy, and they were divorced. He is now married to a beautiful Polish woman, also very gifted and devoted to his work. She entertains his pupils and interests herself in their studies, and is able to smooth over many difficulties for them; for a lesson hour with Leschetiszky is often a time of bitter torture, as he knows not patience. At one of the class lessons, after a young woman, an artist, had gone through the agony of "doing her best," she was greeted with—"Oh, yes, you would make a good *haus frau;* you could sweep and dust and put things in order!"

A NEW STRAUSS OPERA.

Johann Strauss has brought out a new opera, or rather operetta. It is called "Waldmeister," which is the name of a herb used in Germany to flavor liqueurs. The leading part was written for Ilka Palmay, the Hungarian, but by the time the piece was ready, she was singing in Gilbert and Sullivan opera in England.

Although this is the thirteenth opera Strauss has written, it is by no means unlucky, for its success was immediate and brilliant. It goes back to the days when the veteran composer's music breathed the fervor of youth, and set the blood to dancing in the veins. Its melody is as enchanting as any of the old favorites that the "Waltz King" gave the world. The libretto was written by an officer in the Austrian army.

LEHMANN'S RECOVERY.

Lilli Lehmann has returned to the stage after four years' silence. She was taken ill here in America, four years ago, at the end of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it was feared that she could never sing in opera again. She became a teacher, and now and then would appear for one night in concert. But her health is finally restored, and she is singing at Vienna. Next season she will be heard in her old Wagnerian rôles at Bayreuth, where she will appear in four of the five cycles arranged by Frau Wagner. When she appeared before the delighted Viennese, last month, it was as *Norma*. The old "Casta Diva," the voice test of other days, rang as true as ever.

During her rest from opera, Frau Lehmann has done much to add to the fame of the new song writers in Germany by bring-

ing out their works in her song recitals. She is said to be as handsome as in the old days of opera here, when her *Brunnhild* made her famous. No other singer has ever equaled her in this rôle.

AT THE SHRINE OF WAGNER.

The singers for Bayreuth in 1896 are already being engaged. Wilhelm Gruening, the Hamburg tenor, has signed a contract to sing *Siegfried*. Susan Strong and Marie Brema are named as two of the prima donnas. Miss Brema needs the training she will receive at the classic temple of Wagnerian music. She is a passionate and original actress, but at times she is very uneven. She needs reserve, discipline, and these she will have an opportunity to study under the Bayreuth director.

Miss Susan Strong is an American who won fame in a single night. She is a New York girl, the youngest daughter of the late Demas Strong, a well known lawyer and politician. She is twenty three, and it was only a year ago that she thought of appearing in public. She is wealthy, and her musical education under Francis Korbay was taken for her own pleasure and amusement. Her sisters married, and she went to London and entered the Royal College of Music. Korbay has always insisted that at Melba's age Miss Strong would surpass the great Australian diva, but he seemed to have no arguments which would force her on the stage. He felt that her strong dramatic ability would assert itself to keep her there, if once she secured a footing. When Hedmont was looking about for singers to carry to success his venture of grand opera in English, Korbay persuaded Miss Strong to sing *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." As he had prophesied, her success was instantaneous.

Susan Strong

From a photograph by Dana, Brooklyn.

Last summer Dr. Hans Richter, who is one of Miss Strong's most enthusiastic admirers, was the means of procuring her an invitation to visit Frau Wagner at Bayreuth. The result was an engagement to sing there in 1896. Miss Strong said that when she stood in the famous music room of the great composer, and realized that she was in the presence of the woman who was not only his wife, but the daughter of Liszt, she felt inspired to sing as she never had sung before in her life.

Lillian Nordica.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

NORDICA IN "LOHENGRIN."

Nordica has become the favorite *Elsa* of two continents, and hearing her it is not difficult to imagine why. She and Jean de Reszke have given one of the most wonderful performances of "Lohengrin" during the season that has ever been seen anywhere. Nordica has the feeling, the artistic understanding, which, combined with beautiful vocal gifts, brings out the most delicate shading of the part, and impresses it upon her listeners. She understands American audiences because she is an American herself, thorough, wholesome, sincere. The effect of her training at Bayreuth, however, has made a new singer of her, so far as Wagnerian rôles are concerned; and she has been able to give some of this spirit to Jean de Reszke. The two artists sing together with a striking degree of sympathy and enthusiasm.

Nordica receives more American gifts as tributes to her genius than any other prima donna. Her apartment is filled with trophies, the witnesses to her skill in delighting many

people. One of the most beautiful of them is a silver swan, presented to her on the first night of "Lohengrin."

THE GREAT FRENCH BASSO.

Pol Plançon, the tall and handsome *Mephisto*, has let his social engagements go this winter, and is devoting himself almost exclusively to his work at the opera house. No singer has ever come here who has been personally more popular than Plançon. It is almost impossible to make the acquaintance of the de Reszkes, as they care nothing for society, or for the curious sort of worship that has been given to them. To those who know M. Plançon intimately, he is a frequent entertainer and guest. His rooms are filled with souvenirs of his home in France, and nothing so much delights him as to talk of his family to sympathetic listeners. His father and mother live in a charming old home in the suburbs of Paris.

The voice of this great basso seems to grow finer with each succeeding season. It is full of the emotion of music. It vibrates, it thrills. Near by it is delightful, and in the very top seats of the gallery at the opera house it still rolls up full and round.

There have been many speculations over M. Plançon's Christian name. It is Pol. He is named after St. Pol, whose virtues are set down in the calendar of saints.

Pol Plançon.

From his latest photograph by Dupont, New York.

CLARA HUNT AND FRANCES SAVILLE.

Two new singers have made their début in New York this winter, who have attracted more than passing interest. When Miss Clara Hunt came upon the boards on the opening night of the opera it was her first appearance on any stage. Her manner showed self consciousness, but she had a full, deep contralto which pleased the audience. But Frances Saville has been one of the great surprises. She came unheralded by long newspaper interviews and descriptions of her private life. But perhaps that only made her success more piquant.

She is a San Francisco girl who studied in Paris under Marchesi, the teacher of Eames, Sanderson, and so many others. She made her début in September, 1892, in Brussels, where she sang *Juliet*, the part in which she astonished and delighted New York on the opening night at the Metropolitan. Her *Juliet* was a revelation of youth, beauty, and passionate feeling. From the first scene, where we see her as a happy girl, until the end, the opera carries her step by step to higher interpretation of the character. Miss Saville is not only a singer, but an actress.

A YOUNG AMERICAN SINGER.

Lillian Blauvelt stands at the very head of American concert singers—a position

Lillian Blauvelt.

gained in some measure by her youth and charm, added as they are to a thoroughly beautiful and cultivated voice. Her appearance in New York at the Oratorio Society's first performance of this season was one of the successes of a successful career. Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" was sung, Miss Blauvelt taking the part of *Penseroso*. Her delicate personality seemed ideally fitted for the rôle. In the air "Sweet Bird," she kept her audience spell bound as her voice rose and fell with the flute.

Miss Blauvelt has a certain timidity of bearing, and a girlishness which seems to accent the purity of her vocalization. She is a Brooklyn girl, who began the study of the violin when a mere child. At the age of eight she played at a concert in Steinway Hall. The discovery of her voice naturally came much later. She was a pupil of the National Conservatory, and continued her studies in Paris, singing in concert in the French capital and at Brussels. Like many Americans, she made her début in opera in the latter city, singing *Mireille* in Gounod's opera. But the strain of operatic work was too great for her delicate physique. She was listened to by all the composers in Paris—Thomas, Gounod, Massenet—and received offers of several rôles, but she found that she must confine herself to concert work. She has been married for several years—in private life she is Mrs. Royal Smith—and when she is not on concert tours she lives in New York. She has

many souvenirs of her triumphs, most of them from Russia, where the young artist was a particular favorite.

RIVARDE AND ONDRICEK.

We shall probably have a perfect rain of violinists next year. The success of those who came last year started all the great ones in this direction, and the smaller fry are making ready to follow.

Achille Rivarde.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Rivarde and Ondricek are meeting almost as large audiences as greeted Ysaye last year, even if their talent is scarcely so inflaming. At Rivarde's début he boldly challenged comparison with the two other masters by playing Saint Saëns' third concerto for the violin, which Ysaye's fiddle sang into the inmost heart of his hearers last year, and by following it up with the Hungarian music which the fiery Ondricek had already taught us. When we say that he succeeded, it means a great deal. Rivarde is an artist, but an artist without a great heart. He is like *les vierges* of whom Yvette Guilbert sings—"a little hard, like unripe apricots." He is also a little self conscious; we might say a trifle pretentious, were it not that he lives up to his pretensions. His mother was a Spaniard, and his managers usually give it out that he belongs to that country. In appearance he resembles the Spanish type. He was born in New York, where his father was a French singing teacher.

Rivarde's personality is remarkably different from that of the Bohemian Ondricek. Where Rivarde is feminine, Ondricek is full of a fine masculine magnetism. He is bold, commanding, full of fire, of passion. He cannot be measured by the ordinary

standards any more than Paderewski can be coldly judged; but in a last analysis he is found to be a master of technique, a man who knows the possibilities of music and of his instrument, and holds them under complete control.

and fire into every composition that comes under his bow.

WALTER DAMROSCH'S LUCKY FIND.

The German opera company brought over by Walter Damrosch has met with crowded

Franz Ondricek

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

From childhood Ondricek has shown the power of his talent. He played in concerts at seven, and at seventeen won an important prize. He was trained in Paris under Massart of the Conservatory, where the brilliancy of his technique was developed. His reputation in Europe is tremendous. For ten years he has been connected with the London Philharmonic Society, and he has played in every capital on the continent. His repertoire covers the entire field of violin music, and he seems to put new life

houses almost everywhere. There was some dissatisfaction with the prices of the seats, people in the smaller cities objecting to paying a dollar and a half for standing room; but the artistic success of the venture has been unquestioned. Klafsky, particularly, is keeping up her great European reputation.

One of the surprises of the company has been Gerhard Stehmann. A year ago, when playing in St. Louis, Emil Fischer, whose *Hans Sachs* is famous, was called

away temporarily, and a substitute was hastily found in a local dramatic company. To the amazement of everybody, the newcomer held his own. He had a fine, rich voice, good histrionic powers, and real originality of conception. He has practically created one or two parts, and is now a valued member of the company.

THE CHANGE OF PITCH.

The Philharmonic society has announced that it will adopt a new musical pitch. This means that its example will be followed by all the great orchestras in the country. One prominent musician has suggested that for a time, at least, this change is likely to result in musical chaos. The pitch of all the great organs in the country will have to be changed, and this will be a work of time.

All the great composers wrote their scores for a certain pitch, and to alter this materially changes the music. It would seem sensible to place the conventional pitch at the standard where they left it; but about this nobody is quite sure, unless Handel's old tuning fork should be taken as authority. Mozart's gives the same number of vibrations. It is said now that much of the old music is sung at a considerably higher pitch than was intended, and that the change is ruinous not only to the voices of the singers but to the true effect of the music. Years ago, Patti, Sims Reeves, and Mme. Nilsson put everybody to a great deal of trouble by declining to sing the accepted pitch, and insisting that the orchestras should be retuned to accompany them.

Christine Nilsson.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

A FADED STAR.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has sent an appeal to the American public for the relief of Louisa Pyne. Forty years ago she was England's queen of song, and when she appeared at the Broadway Theater in New York, in 1847, she was the sensation of the day in America. No singer ever did more for charitable institutions than Miss Pyne. During the years when she managed the Drury Lane, Lyceum, and Covent Garden theaters in London, she brought out numbers of native operas. Her life was one long sacrifice. She put off her marriage for twenty years, because she was obliged to support her family. Now, almost seventy, she is in want, childless, and alone. Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and Lady Thompson are making up a fund for her.

"Marblehead, Massachusetts."

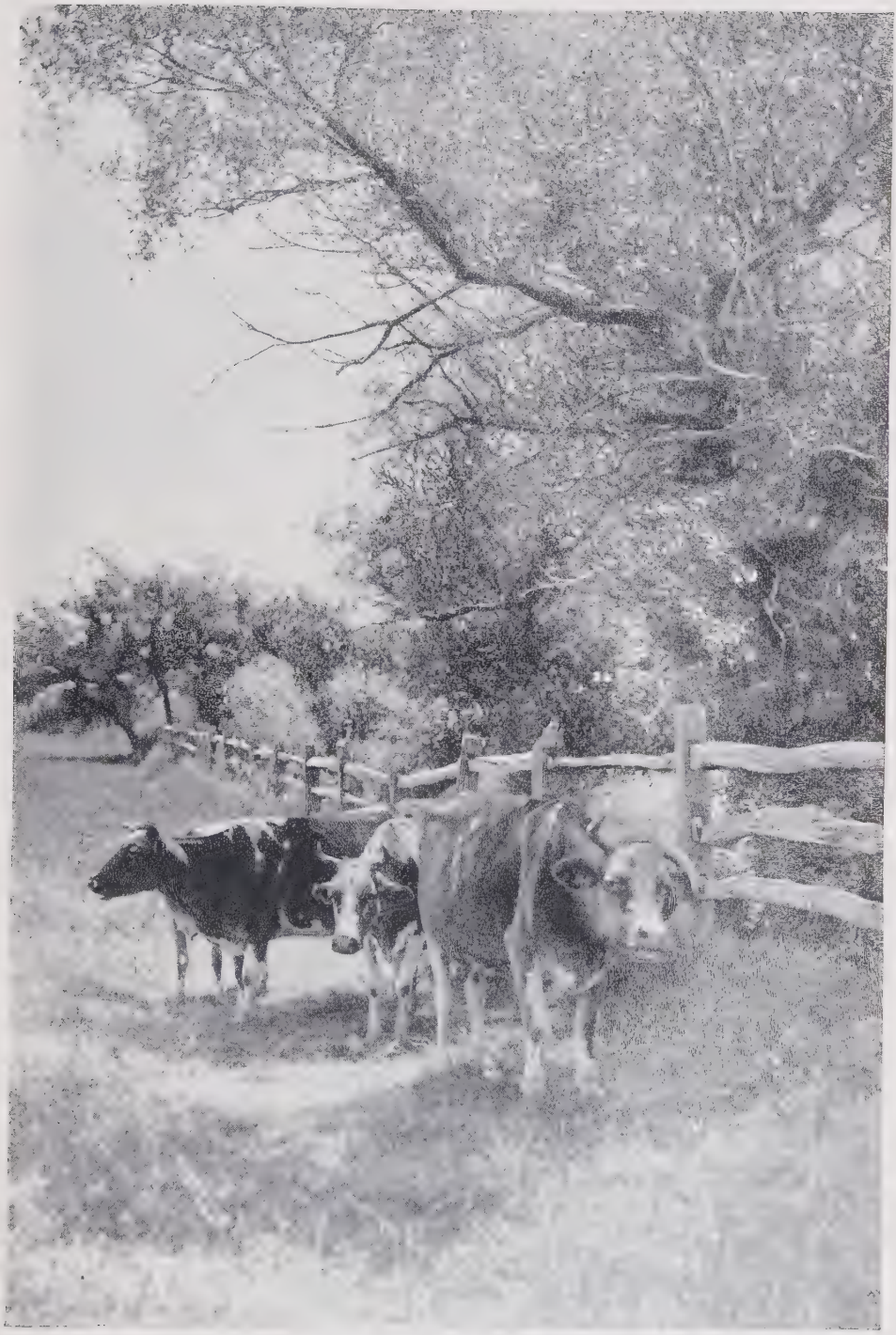
From a photograph by Harry Coutant.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

The possibilities and the limitations of the camera in the hands of expert amateurs—Some of the men and women who are leaders of the art in America, with specimens of their work.

FOR forty years it has been the fashion to speak of photography and its limitations. The modifying clause is seldom omitted. Victor Cousin and Sampson years ago conceded a niggardly place to photography and engraving in their classification of "the fine arts that address the emotions through the eye." They could do no less. Yet to this day artists and laymen continue violent discussions of the limitations of photography, just as if all other things under the sun were not finite. Nor, on the other hand, can the over zealous admirers of photography gain anything for their art by denying that it has limitations. It is by a candid recognition of the difficulties in the way of picture making by the camera that those limitations are eventually to be removed.

It generally is the amateur—that is, the non professional photographer—who has time and inclination for experimenting. Two thirds of the improvements in the art and its apparatus have been made by amateurs. One of the obstacles they have to encounter, in their ardor for the artistic side of their work, is scientific photography. So invaluable has the camera become to medical men, to astronomers, and to students of various other branches of science, that opticians find it difficult to satisfy their demands in the manufacture of a lens that will give the most minute detail upon every square millimeter of the plate. The feat has been almost accomplished, and now it is to be hoped that these same opticians will turn their attention to the making of a lens that will satisfy the wants of the photographer who is aiming only at picture making. Painful efforts to include as much unnecessary detail in each photograph as some realists place in their novels, are noticeable at every exhibition. In spite of its limitations, the art has varied possibilities of realism and impressionism. Max Holzberg, himself an eminent photographer, advises



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"In the Shade of the Willows."

From a photograph by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

"Off the Battery, New York"

From a photograph by Harry Coutant.

amateurs "to obliterate unnecessary detail, without losing the characteristics of the face," and then proceeds to ridicule the attempts of photographers to imitate the so called impressionists by throwing the lens very slightly out of focus.

By other methods not generally advocated by artists, some of the professional photographers, in New York and elsewhere, have been experimenting for several years in studies and pictures that excite only admiration. Napoleon Sarony's method—which is the usual one employed—in combining the camera with brush and pencil, is to get a good model, pose it in the studio, get a good negative of it, and then make a platinum print of the negative. This print is a basis for work. The accessories are painted in, the figure is idealized, and the result is an artistic photograph that is also a picture. A good deal of illustrating for the periodical press is done in this way.

"Lost in Thought."

From a photograph by William Bunker.

No photographer, amateur or professional, has been more original in his methods, or more successful in their results, than Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., of Yonkers, New York. In him we have a practical young mechanic, a Teuton, beginning his work in photography by taking pictures of his father's machinery, and soon discovering an artistic feeling for his work, and a perception of its dignity and possibilities, that have found recognition in half a dozen countries. Three years ago he won his first prize, a silver medal at an exhibition in Philadelphia. A few months

later a small collection of his work, exhibited privately in London after arriving too late to be shown at the Photographic Salon, attracted a great deal of attention. At Hamburg, shortly afterwards, with the same series of pictures, he scored a notable triumph, his eleven photographs receiving the highest award in competition with several thousand exhibits from all over the world.

"Home, Sweet Home"—a striking landscape, consisting almost entirely of foreground—is one of Mr. Eickemeyer's photographs that has taken an important prize on each side of the Atlantic. It earned him the president's gold medal at last winter's exhibition in the Fine Arts Society's galleries in New York, and received the coveted medal of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain. *Photography* truthfully says of it that "it is a picture few painters could ever hope to express."

It was another of his pictures — "The Kittens' Breakfast," which has taken prizes at exhibitions as far apart as Toronto and Calcutta—of which an artist, after a long and intent scrutiny, was overheard to ejaculate, "Well, if the devil isn't in it!" It may be well to add that if his Satanic majesty actually is in the composition in question, he is effectually concealed, for nothing could be more simple and innocent in appearance. "In the Shade of the Willows," reproduced in these pages, is another characteristic specimen of Mr. Eickemeyer's work, which has been successfully exhibited at New York and Toronto. His range of subjects is of the widest. Portraiture is one of his specialties. With less smoothness than the average professional, his portraits have a strength and a character that prove the possibility of photographing the soul and fleeting expression of the sitter, if only the photographer seeks for them with brains, patience, and an artist's perception.

The women members of the New York and other clubs have contributed not a little to the development of photography, and

"A Reverie"

From a photograph by Miss Mary E. Martin.

have proved that it is an art in which their sex finds a particularly congenial field. Miss Emilie V. Clarkson, Miss Emma Justine Farnsworth, and Miss Mary E. Martin have had remarkable success as prize winners both at home and abroad. An article published in this magazine some time

ago (July, 1894) was devoted to a brief account of their work and that of other women amateurs of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, and Washington. Of Miss Martin's clever figure pictures two recent specimens are given here. She has also been successful in portraiture, landscape, and animal studies, and especially in lantern slide making.

"Sisters."

From a photograph by Franklin Harper.

Two examples are also reproduced of Mr. C. I. Berg's figure work. His usual method is to dispense altogether with accessories of background, as well as to avoid theatrical poses, depending for effect wholly upon the figure. Nothing could be better than some of his classically draped models idly reclining or standing against a plain black or gray background. Of course it must be a professional model, one trained to naturalness of pose—anomalous as this may sound—to give the best results under such trying conditions. Mr. Berg has an idiosyncrasy of never "retouching." He has not exhibited a great deal, but has twice taken medals at the joint exhibitions of the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia associations. He has won similar honors in Brooklyn and in Paris. The only pecuniary reward Mr. Berg's camera ever earned was a first prize of a hundred dollars offered in a recent competition by *Truth*.

A professional model also figures in the picture by Mr. William Bunker, reproduced on page 584. The idea of training animals to

"Meditation."

From a photograph by C. I. Berg.

pose is a novel one. It shows that no realm of nature is exempt from the ingenuity of the photographer, with whom all is fish that comes to the eager dragnet of his art. Mr. Bunker claims for the original of "Lost in Thought" that it is the most accomplished canine of its interesting profession. A word must be given to another specialty of this clever amateur—the making of miniatures.

The beautiful study of childhood engraved on page 586 was made in Newburgh last summer. His summer holiday is the only time that Mr. Franklin Harper can spare for photography. He has nevertheless done some excellent landscape and figure work, and his interior views have won a prize at one of the joint exhibitions of the New York, Philadelphia, and Boston societies.

Mr. Harry Coutant, of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, has perhaps excelled all other artists in the breadth and sympathy of treatment of his marine views and landscapes. Two specimens are given here. "Off the Battery" is a fine study of cloud effects. It suggests the question how it was possible for a "mere photographer" to know when and how to catch that marvelous light just breaking through the clouds and shim-

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Portrait of Joseph Jefferson

From a photograph by James L. Breese.

mering on a single point of the water with such calm majesty. The "Marblehead" picture is marred somewhat by the insignificant specks of humanity seated on those mighty rocks; but the fault is not the artist's. He has accomplished as much for the rocks and the ocean, barring the lack of color, as any painter possibly could.

And nothing is more probable than that the color limitation in photography will in a few years be removed. Composite color photography, by which an image with all its natural tints is produced by an optical projection of three separate negatives, is a well established fact. New processes which will obviate the fading of pigments, at present inevitable, and will make it possible to multiply the copies of a picture to any extent, are now the subject of earnest experiment in more studios than one.

There is necessarily a certain opposition between artistic and scientific photography, but the practical value of the latter can scarcely be overestimated, and its technical standing is of the best. Among the prominent members of the New York Camera Club, for instance, are such men as Dr. G. H. Fox, who began fifteen years ago to use

his camera in the making of lantern slides to illustrate anatomical lectures; Dr. H. G. Piffard, who is said to possess the finest photomicrographs in the world; and Dr. Charles W. Stevens, who combines with medical work the daintiest pictures of landscapes and interiors.

The line between professionalism and amateurdom is not strictly drawn in the world of photography. Men—and even women—who have taken up the camera as a plaything, have found it become, as their interest deepened and their skill developed, a source of profit and sometimes of livelihood. Its increasing use in the various branches of illustrative work has greatly multiplied the opportunities for turning it to practical account, and has developed a special class of photographers, of whom Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, of Wash-

"A Study."

From a photograph by Miss Mary E. Martin.

"La Source."

From a photograph by C. I. Berg.

ington, and Mr. E. S. Bennett, of New York, are instances. These two, and others, have made a business of furnishing material to the periodical press, and have found a wide field for the exercise of their versatile talents. Mr. Bennett is especially noted for the technical excellence and the artistic quality of his figure work.

Mr. Charles H. Davis is another amateur who has entered the ranks—or rather the foremost rank—of the professionals, as a member of a well known New York firm. Equally well known is Mr. James Lawrence Breese, whose specialty is the carbon process. Mr. Breese is a New York society man, born with the proverbial golden spoon. Trained as a civil engineer, he took up photography as a pastime; but today, though he has a cottage at Tuxedo, a shooting box in North Carolina, and a salmon river in New Brunswick, his interests center most in his "Carbon Studio," on a central street of the

metropolis, where he makes, and sells, the fine photographs—chiefly portraits and copies of paintings and etchings—that have won his wide reputation.

Mr. Eickemeyer has recently entered into business with Mr. Breese, and the collaboration of these two men should produce something very much out of the common. They take time for many experiments, some of whose results are to be found among the interesting contents of their ornate headquarters. Those quarters, with their elaborate accessories, present a remarkable contrast to the bare rooms where, more than half a century ago, Daguerre wrote that "the time required to procure a photographic copy of a landscape is from seven to eight hours; but single monuments, when strongly lighted by the sun, or which are themselves very bright, can be taken in about three hours."

The ratio of three hours to one fifteenth of a second—the time of a modern "snap shot" exposure—is a fair estimate of the progress made in photography—thanks largely to the amateur—since Daguerre's time.

Kathryn Staley.

THE "NEW WOMAN."

Nay, not for me is love; I may not tread
The bypaths and the intricacies thereof,
The wide green plains of tempting verdure spread
For such as dare to love;

For me is set apart another way,
Serene, austere; my part in life to stand
The strong voiced herald of a coming day;
My part to rouse, command.

I have no time, no force, to waste on love,
And see, my life is full and very fair;
Above the race of humankind I move,
Above its petty care.

Yet from my calm, cool height I may look down,
If time permit and inclination move,
And give a word, a little smile or frown,
Perchance a hand, to Love,

Bidding him to climb to me. Ah, what if then
He turn aside, nor seek to share my crown?
For it hath ever been the way of men
Not to look up, but down.

A marble woman on a pedestal
The intellect but not the heart may move;
Ah, what if I step down and forfeit all
Just to look up and love?

Elizabeth C. Cardozo.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

WHEN the maid left her to seek the person for whom she had inquired, she took a long, curious look around the plain, stiffly furnished room. The parlor it evidently was, and that the parlor of a boarding house. She found herself wishing that she could rearrange the chairs, which were set around the walls as if for a funeral. Then she smiled to herself—half nervously, half humorously—as if she were some one else and there were something ludicrous in her present call.

The room was dark and cold, and she walked over to the fireplace and held out one small, daintily gloved hand toward the blaze. She was a dainty little person altogether; rather below the medium height, with a slender but perfect figure, and carrying her head haughtily, as if to make up in dignity what she lacked in stature. Her hair and eyes were a brilliant brown; the eyes proud and a trifle hard in their expression, though just now the red lips—a little too thin for beauty, perhaps—are quivering with suppressed nervousness. Her dress is plain and simple, as is also the cloth cape she has loosened at the throat, thus revealing a pretty silken waist with faint touches of red in it. There is a suggestion of red at one side of the small, dark hat. The hand holding her muff has dropped to her side, but she raises it as though to shield her face from the fire when she hears the door open. A man came forward, part way to the fire, but as her face was in shadow he did not recognize her.

"A woman wished to speak with me," he said with polite surprise; then, as she turned toward him, "My God! Anne!"

The woman looked at him calmly, seeing almost at a glance that the clustering dark curls were tinged with gray, that there were deep lines around the firm mouth and piercing gray eyes. After a moment she said quietly,

"You are surprised to see me here. I did not send up a card. I was afraid, if you knew, you might not come down."

He did not answer her; he gazed at her with a sort of dazed astonishment, while she looked out of the window. The blustering March afternoon was drawing to a close; the few straggling pedestrians seemed to move in the midst of a thin, gray mist. The woman turned her head slowly and held her hand out to the fire again, saying,

"It is bitterly cold."

"How beautiful you are still, Anne!" the man replied. "Not a gray hair, and you are almost forty."

The woman's eyes softened in their expression, but only for a moment. Still, she had enjoyed the compliment.

"I see you have grown gray, Albert," she said calmly. "Twelve years make changes in most people. Eleanor is nineteen now."

"Eleanor!" repeated the man.

"Yes, Eleanor; my daughter and yours. Have you forgotten her? It is twelve years since you have seen her." The woman spoke slowly, his evident confusion keeping her calm. "Time does not stand still with children; and Eleanor has grown quite pretty. I think"—with a quick glance at him—"I think she resembles you."

The man gave himself a little shake, and came nearer the fire. He seemed to shake off his astonishment at the same time, for he said with a cynical smile which came so easily that it must have been habitual,

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"

The woman's cheek flushed painfully, but her voice was as hard as the expression in her eyes when she replied,

"I should not be here if it were not that I would do anything for Eleanor. She is your child too, you know; she has some claim on you still, even if you have given me up."

"Then why not send Eleanor, since you are so loath to come? To be sure, I should not know her." He spoke carelessly, indifferently.

"I think you would; as I said, Eleanor is very like you."

"Ah, she is!"

The woman wondered whether it was merely an exclamation or a question. Suppose it were the latter? Well, she would answer it.

"Like you, Eleanor is tall and dark, with beautiful gray eyes; they are softer in expression, though she has also your disposition—and temper."

"Ah, she has!"

This time it was only an exclamation, and as such she let it pass unanswered. At length he spoke again.

"How unpleasant for you that she did not inherit yours," he said ironically.

The woman moved her muff uneasily.

"I am glad she did not. Still, it has been hard. It was bad enough to have been——but to have a——"

She stopped abruptly, and walked over to the window. He noticed that she moved quietly, without the usual accompaniment of silken rustle. He liked that; the silken rustle had always jarred upon him. As he stood looking at her, silhouetted against the gray light of the window, it took no great stretch of his imagination to fancy her young again. The day he asked her to marry him she had worn some such little hat. How well he remembered it! They had been out walking, and the crisp autumn winds had brought the bright color to her cheeks, and the confession of his love to his lips, even before they had returned to the cozy little parlor of her home. What a fool he had made of himself! And the last time he had seen her—twelve years before—he had noticed the usual hat with its scarlet wing, though he saw it through a mist of heart broken anger. Now she turned her head a little, and he saw that her cheek was no longer rounded softly; it had grown thin. Yet she did not look faded to his eyes; he saw the reflection of her youth.

She walked back from the window, and stood leaning upon her muff on the table.

"Eleanor is going to be married," she said slowly.

"Yes?" he said absently. He seemed not to be interested; he was thinking not of the girl, but of the girl's mother.

"He is a very nice young man, and will, I think, make her a good husband—as husbands go."

"You were unfortunate in the choice of yours," he suggested.

"I like the young man," the woman continued, ignoring his remark. "We have seen a good deal of him; and he has fancied Eleanor from the first. She—she loves him."

"That last is, of course, necessary," said the girl's father with a light laugh.

"It is," said the woman firmly. "My daughter would not marry without it. And I hope she may never suffer as I have suffered." She spoke bitterly, and as if to herself. The man looked at her earnestly, and said more gently than before,

"Has your life been so hard, then?"

"A divorced woman does not lead a particularly pleasant life. You have been quite generous"—she looked at him gratefully—"but you could not make some things any better, you know. I don't wish to complain; I did not come for that. We agreed to it long ago, and it is better so; you have done your share, and I should not ask for more."

She paused. The man raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Does Eleanor complain?" he asked.

"Why should she? I try not to give her a chance. But for her sake——"

"Yes?"

"For her sake I have come here. I do not wish, if anything should happen to me—if I should die—you must know that Eleanor is married." She hesitated, and then went on hurriedly. "I wish you to know that Eleanor is married, and to know before, so that you can never blame me. I will give you the young man's name; and if there is anything you know or hear about him you do not approve—well, Eleanor is your child, too, you know."

"This is very generous, Anne," the man said gently. "And you are willing to abide by my decision even if it be contrary to your wishes—yours and the girl's?"

"It is nothing," said the woman, forcing herself to speak quietly. "There was no one I could come to but you—but her father. A man has so much more chance to find out things about other men, and a young man shows only the good side of his life to the girl he loves."

"Was this the only reason for your coming, Anne?" What did the note of pleading in his voice expect for an answer?

"Certainly," she said bruskly. "You, as Eleanor's father, had to be told; and I could not send her."

"No, I suppose not," he said, ironically again. "It would not be proper for a child to come to see her father; and in this case it would be especially embarrassing, as we might not recognize each other."

The woman did not reply, but she drew her cape up around her shoulders, as though she were cold.

"I suppose you have given the girl a pretty lively impression of my character," he continued.

The mother shivered slightly.

"I have not talked about you," she said coldly.

"No? Well, what else could I expect?"

He did not look at her, so she did not feel it necessary to answer him. They stood in silence for some minutes. When a piece of coal dropped with a slight noise in the

grate, they both started, and the man said abruptly,

"Have you had enough for your needs? I am richer now, you know."

"I have heard of it," she said. "We have had enough, but——" She hesitated, and turned slowly, painfully red. He looked at her inquiringly, but his masculine mind failed to grasp the situation.

"Eleanor is going to be married," she added lamely.

"Yes; you said so before."

Then, for the first time during their interview, she smiled.

"But," she said bravely, "a hundred dollars a month will not provide a very elaborate trousseau; and Eleanor is your only daughter."

The man smiled too.

"Ah! I see. A financial difficulty! Eleanor must have clothes."

"Yes. The girl is fond of pretty things, and has not had many of them in her life. I would like to have them for her now." She spoke impulsively, looking at him with frank, appealing eyes.

"Yes?" He looked slowly, thoughtfully, over the daintily clad figure before him. "Do you wish me to give her the wherewithal for them?" he asked.

The girl's mother drew back.

"I have no wish in the matter," she said, without a trace of her momentary impetuosity.

"Then why did you come to me?" he asked, almost angrily.

"Because I think it your duty to provide for your daughter. I believe I told you I would do anything for Eleanor—even coming to you."

There was a hint of petulance in her tones, and he looked at her intently for a moment before he asked,

"How would a thousand dollars do?"

"If you can spare it." She paused, then added, "It will please Eleanor."

By the soft light in the woman's eyes he saw that she was pleased too; but he asked in pretended surprise,

"Would she be pleased with anything coming from me, a hated father?"

"She does not hate you," the woman said gently. "I have not talked to her about you at all in the past twelve years. She probably has a natural fondness for you deep down in her heart."

"I hope so," said the girl's father huskily, as he turned away half regretfully. "Will you take a check for the thousand dollars?"

"Now?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Very well."

"May I trouble you to wait here for it?" He moved toward the door.

"It will not trouble me." The woman made her answer quietly, but she felt oddly oppressed, as if she had found something lacking in the interview, aside from its being painful. With his hand on the door knob, the man turned to say lightly,

"Of course I may expect an invitation to the wedding?"

The woman gave a little start, and dropped her muff. He came and handed it to her.

"You will come?" she asked.

"I should like to see her again; besides, a man generally likes to be present at his daughter's wedding. I am sorry——" he paused—"I am sorry she does not resemble you more."

The woman raised her head, looking at him with a strange earnestness. Something compelled her to say,

"She does not resemble me at all. She loves this young man."

The man came nearer her.

"Did you never love me, Anne?" he asked softly.

A shadow lingered across her face, and her voice trembled as she said,

"I never did. You know I married you for your position."

"I know it," he said bitterly. "And because you did not love me, you had no patience with my faults. I have overcome some of them, Anne."

"I was too ready to find fault, I am afraid," she said. "I have grown wiser, too, Albert."

"Anne," he said abruptly, fiercely—"Anne, despite it all, I love you—I have always loved you." She leaned heavily against the table. "I shall always love you, Anne," he continued more quietly, "though we have been separated twelve years, and may live so to the end."

"You love me still?" she asked, looking at him with wide open eyes. "After all these years?"

"Yes, Anne," he replied bitterly. He was not looking at her now. "You may think me a fool, but I do."

"After all I did?" she continued contritely. "Listen"—as he looked at her in surprise—"I knew—after our divorce—I knew then that I loved you; I must have loved you all the time. My wretched pride kept me from telling you then; besides, I had Eleanor to live for, while you—you had nothing." She stopped with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

"You loved me, Anne?" he asked, scarcely believing what he heard.

"I have loved you for twelve years, at least," she went on softly; "and shall, I think, forever."

He took her hand quickly, firmly.

"Do you mean it, or are you trifling with me?" he demanded, almost fiercely. She looked up into his troubled face, and he saw something new and very tender in her moist eyes. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Presently she drew herself gently away from her husband.

"It is growing late. Eleanor will be expecting me," she said.

"Had you not better have some tea before you go?" he asked.

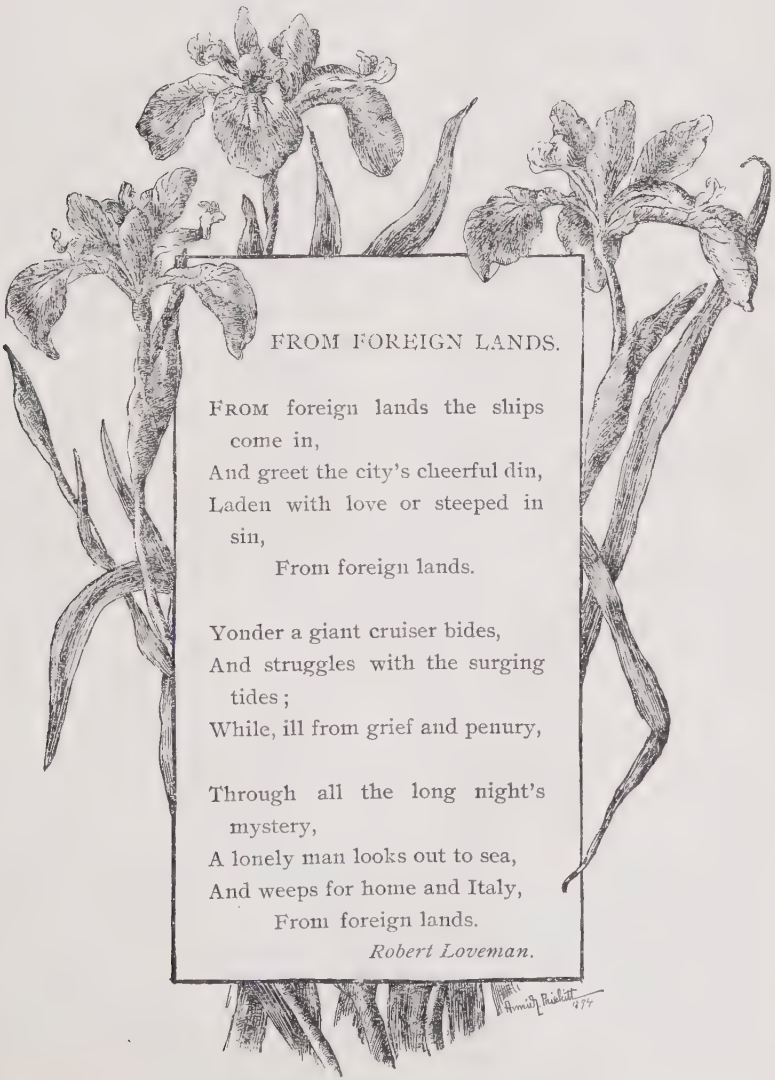
She looked around the dreary parlor.

"Wouldn't you rather," she asked with a tender smile—"wouldn't you rather come home?"

When he put on his greatcoat, and they stood equipped for the windy night, he said, looking down with a little laugh,

"I did not bring the check I promised you; I can pay Eleanor's bills so much better as they are sent in."

Louise Wellington.



FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

FROM foreign lands the ships come in,
And greet the city's cheerful din,
Laden with love or steeped in sin,
From foreign lands.

Yonder a giant cruiser bides,
And struggles with the surging tides;
While, ill from grief and penury,

Through all the long night's mystery,
A lonely man looks out to sea,
And weeps for home and Italy,
From foreign lands.

Robert Loveman.

A TALE OF SANTA MARIA DEL MAR.

BROTHER ADINO knelt at the foot of the cross which towered high above the rank growth of grass spread in front of the mission buildings of Santa Maria del Mar. Behind him were the gray stone walls, which looked so hard and cold now that the red evening light came down and rested on the mountains in the background. A few yards in front of where he knelt ran the clear water of the San Lorenzo River.

Brother Adino's head was bare and his face was buried in the loose sleeves of his robe. He knelt and prayed earnestly—prayed as he never had before, for he was sick and weary and troubled, and in despair he had thrown his arms about the great stone cross and clung to it, crying for relief. The vesper bell rang out from the tall adobe belfry, and a beautiful, sad looking Spanish senorita drifted down the river in a canoe. As she passed she sang a low, soft song in her own tongue and looked long at the mission buildings. The high grass hid the object by the cross from her view. The brothers were all filing into the chapel, and when the last one had disappeared she sighed, ceased her singing, and rested on the paddle that she might gaze longer at the picturesque walls of Santa Maria del Mar.

Brother Adino had been ill. His handsome face was pale and thin, and Father Benedicto had said that for one so young it was strange, and that he must rest and pray for renewed strength. There was a sad, sad look in the old father's eyes when he spoke of their young brother. But the others did not notice it, for often the good old priest would grow pensive and sigh, saying that worldly thoughts always brought the soul unrest. Then he would glance uneasily at Adino, bring his ebony crucifix to his thin lips, and hurry to the seclusion of the altar. He was there now, kneeling quietly; but out from beyond the tall grass, which hid the cross from the buildings, came a choking, sobbing sound, and then Adino's voice, weak from suffering, cried,

"Oh, my God, my God! Teach me the right way—deliver me from this sin. It is hard—*so* hard——" and his voice sank as he slowly lifted his white face toward the light. There was no answer from the sky and no echo from the earth, but the long grass was pushed aside in front of the cross, and Brother Adino, looking up, beheld what to him seemed a beautiful vision. He stretched out his arm to make sure, and his hand rested on the shoulder of Carmen, a Spanish maiden whose mother the fathers had rescued from the Indians.

She was pretty, as most of her type are. Her dark, liquid eyes were wide open, for she was startled to find that the cries she had heard while in her little canoe came from the mouth of Brother Adino. His hand rested on her delicate shoulder for but a moment. Quickly he arose from his knees and muttered something hurriedly.

"Oh, I didn't know it was you, or I wouldn't have—trespassed," she said.

Brother Adino looked up very much confused.

"Is it late? Have the bells for vespers rung, I wonder?"

"Yes, and Father Benedicto was looking from the window a while ago."

"Ah!" said Adino, "I must go in. He knows not where I am."

His face became sad for only one brief moment while he stood with his eyes fastened upon those of the girl in front of him. There was an awful conflict within himself. The muscles around his mouth and eyes twitched, and the expression on his face changed to mercilessly hard, bitter defiance. He stepped nearer, held out his trembling hand, and, almost hissing, said desperately,

"Carmen, do thou be near here tomorrow night when the bell rings for vespers."

* * * *

From the quiet bay a heavy fog came rolling inland. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the night was coming on with silent speed. The bell which hung over the chapel had struck for prayers, and the priests, young and old, filed out of the large building and entered the smaller one for worship. Their heads were all reverently bowed—all except that of him who came last in the line. His was turned with nervous anxiety toward the field of waving grass, and on to where the gray cross stood out indistinctly, through the fog. He was Brother Adino, and, being

the last in line to pass through the door, he took a seat back and a little apart from the others.

He neither glanced at his prayer book nor followed in the chanting. There was a strange, satisfied light in his blue eyes and the ghost of a sarcastic smile upon his lips as he looked around on the kneeling men, lost in their devotion. Old Father Benedicto was nearest him. Once he turned and saw that Adino's head was erect. The same hopelessly sad look came upon him again, and he clutched his beads more tightly. Adino moved his lips mechanically and watched for a chance to slip out. When they sang he crept to the aisle, then to the door, and made his way out through the darkness to the place where he had prayed long the night before. The fog was now dense, and stare as much as he would, the object he sought could not be seen. When he reached the little beaten down patch of grass by the cross he stopped and listened. There was no sound. He looked around once more and then softly called,

"Carmen—oh, Carmen!"

There was a little rustle of leaves and then the grass was parted, and a neat figure, clad in black, stepped quickly up to him.

"I tried so hard to get here on time," said Carmen. "Aunt Berta told me it was too late to go out in my boat, so I pretended I wanted to see a sick woman, and then ran over here as fast as I could. Oh, I'm a dreadful hypocrite! I must be back in a moment," and she ended with a nervous little laugh.

The faces of the two were just visible to each other. Carmen's was not as rosy and happy as usual. She looked wonderingly at Adino, and said anxiously, "You look so solemn, Brother Adino. You're not going to be romantic and run off—escape—are you?"

"Yes, I *am!*" he answered.

"What! Adino, Adino, not going away!" she cried. "Oh, you're only jesting! No, no, I see it in your face!"

"Hush, Carmen, some one will hear you. I told you that you must keep my secret," he said firmly.

The shoulders of the Spanish girl shook, and she stepped away from him, back into the darkness, that he might not see her cover her white face with her hands.

But he did see it, and followed after her, snatching her hands from her moist eyes. "Yes, Carmen," he began, "I'm going. It's useless for me to stay here longer. You *must* know why I tell you this. You *must* know why I go away. I love you so much."

She had not resisted when he took her hands, and he still held them tightly.

"Yes," she said slowly; "but if that's the reason, why do you go away? I'll never see you again then."

Her voice faltered.

"Why, Carmen, you innocent little angel, I'm going away so that I can take you; take you away—over the mountains and from the ocean, and off to my old home. You'll go, won't you, dear?"

She sprang back from him, her beautiful dark eyes flashing and her cheeks growing crimson.

"Do you think for one instant that I would stay here without you? No, when I love, I *love!*"

He drew her toward him with a happy little cry.

"Well, then, next week I ring the bell, and on the night when I strike three times, instead of two, you meet me here, ready to go. Eleven will be the best and safest time."

He stooped down to kiss her, and there was a cautious step dangerously near by. Some one was passing carefully through the grass. Carmen's hands grew cold within his, and she slipped quickly out by the way she had come.

Adino went back, reaching the chapel before the priests had left it. They were all there. No—Father Benedicto! Where was he? If he had heard them, everything was spoiled. There would be such a cruel watch put upon him that escape would be impossible.

In a few moments prayers were over and the fathers returned to their bare rooms for the night. They were weary from the work of the day and were soon fast asleep. No one but Adino, as he sat in the darkness at his open window, heard old Father Benedicto enter at the front door and draw the creaking bolt as he locked it behind him.

It seemed as if the bolt never made such a grating, rasping sound as it did that night. Surely the locking or unlocking of the door was enough to arouse the sleeping inhabitants of the house.

Adino glanced out of his window and looked down into the inky blackness below. There was no possibility of his getting out that way, for the small court below was surrounded by an immense adobe wall which it was impossible to climb. But all that was of the future. Now he could sit at the little window with the delicious, cool night air coming in upon his hot brow, and think

and dream exquisite things about his love. Before it had been a sin for him to think of it—now he was certain it was right, and a new life thrilled through his veins at thought of it. Why had it not come to him before, he wondered? Perhaps it was because he had always been used to the monastery and its influence since his boyhood. There had been no chance for him to choose the life he wished to lead.

When his parents died the fathers had taken him, bringing him with them out into the frontier, and only now, after dull years of study and work, did he realize that there was another life, and that he was his own master. Father Benedicto had indeed been a father to him, and now he was beginning to totter when he stepped, and Adino sorrowed at leaving him. His good old voice, which had comforted and cheered so many, was now feeble, and his hair was white—so white that it seemed a halo around his head. What would he do when he found that Adino had gone? Would he turn against him and denounce him as a sinner? Adino had never heard him speak an unjust word, and he did not believe he would.

The coyotes howled from the near mountains, and Adino came to himself with a start. The wind had turned colder and he was chilled through, so, with only the moonlight to see by, he disrobed, lay down upon his narrow couch, and slept.

He waited patiently until the second night of the next week, and then he walked out to the chapel and ascended the narrow stairs to the belfry. He grasped the rope and pulled so vigorously that the old bell rang out its three notes louder than it had for many a day. Then he descended the stairs and walked quickly over to the main building and up to his own room. He snatched up his worn prayer book and hurried out to join the others on their way to service.

This would be the last time he would kneel in the mission chapel. He gazed all around, taking farewell of all the old familiar objects, but in his heart he was impatient to get out into the air.

Father Benedicto was in his regular place, and upon his face there rested a happy, contented look. Surely there was nothing to fear from him.

The prayers were finally over, and Adino, with mechanical movements, went back to his room and sat, again looking out of his window, until the big, old fashioned clock down in the lower hallway struck eleven. He listened at his door. There was no sound except the heavy breathing of the priests who had left their doors open. He needed no light to gather up the few articles which belonged to him. He lingered for a moment at Father Benedicto's room, his head bowed, and then went on noiselessly down the stairs and to the heavy door. This was the only place where he was afraid of being heard. The bolt always creaked, and on this particular night it would be sure to awaken some light sleeper. He tried to push it back. It would not move. Then he grasped the door, thinking that if he pulled at this with one hand and pushed at the bolt with the other, it might move. And it did move. The great door swung noiselessly open, for it had not been locked.

He had no time to stop and wonder. His only thought was that perhaps some one had gone out before him, so he rushed to the edge of the high grass and pushed on through it to the opening around the cross. He hardly dared think Carmen would be waiting for him. It would be too good. But she was, and gave a low, happy little cry as she advanced to meet him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here," she said, drawing a long, relieved breath. "I've been so nervous that I'm faint."

Adino took her cold hands between his.

"Carmen dear, you're trembling," he said gently, pulling her wrap more closely around her. "We'll sit down here just a moment until you are rested."

"Yes," she answered, "we have plenty of time. I brought the boat, and we can row to the next town and catch the train which comes through there shortly after midnight. And oh, Adino, Aunt Berta told me something so strange this afternoon. I know you'll be surprised. She said that when my mother was very young she paddled on this creek just as I do, and one day—I don't exactly understand how it was—some Indians waylaid her, and Father Benedicto—he was a young priest then—rescued her—and, Adino, what do you think? He fell in love with her and told her so. I expect maybe they would have run off just as we are doing, but she was so proud that, although she knew she loved him, she would not listen, and after a while she married my father. He was the handsomest and richest man in the town then, but mother, poor mother—she died, and then my father left me with Aunt Berta——"

There was a sound, and they both sprang to their feet. Adino put his arm around Carmen, and was just going to push her into the shadows when a third figure stepped feebly out beside them.

Carmen gave a smothered scream. The

figure came closer, and then Father Benedicto—for it was he—put a hand upon the shoulder of each, and, looking first at one and then at the other, said,

"My children, may the peace and blessings of the Father rest upon your souls."

He turned as slowly and as quietly as he came, and disappeared in the darkness before any one could speak. He went back to the old, cheerless life which he had led from duty, and Adino and Carmen went forth, beyond the mountains and away from the seas, seeking a new life and taking his blessing with them.

Corinne Updegraff.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN all the world is young, my dear,
And all the world is gay,
Your praise will be on every tongue,
And swains will throng your way;
Each youth you meet will deem you sweet,
And all your charms be sung,
And life will seem a summer day
When all the world is young.

When all the world is old, my dear,
And your brown locks are gray,
No more your praises will be told,
Nor lovers round you stay;
God grant that then one true of men
Shall you as helpmate hold,
And love make sweet your winter day,
When all the world is old.

Vincent F. Howard

LATEST FADS

We are a mercurial, restless people—a progressive, aggressive people. New things appeal to us as to no other nation. Fads feed our fancy, lift us above the dead level, the prosaic, the threadbare. They give us something new to laugh over, something to satirize, then to follow reluctantly, then to adopt, and then to let drop into innocuous desuetude, to be superseded by other fads.

The fad is a part of our life. It is everywhere and in everything—in our language, our business, our religion, our manners, our dress, our wintering, our summering, our amusements, and our mourning. It is as fresh and exhilarating as the sunshine of a May morning. Such is the fad generalized; for the fad particularized follow this department from month to month, and your knowledge of the up to date will expand to the width of the world.

POSTERS AND POSTER ART.

The eye of the collector, in a fine frenzy rolling, is still set upon the book poster. Under his stimulating influence its evolution has been rapid and peculiar. In its earlier stages it was an advertisement pure and simple—a printed sheet with a well defined purpose, useful if somewhat humble, which it adequately filled. Today it is an end in itself, a full grown fad. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the collector, and to no one else. It is generally an eyesore to the public, and a useless expense to publishers—saving a few who have been thrifty enough to coin its popularity into dimes, quarters, and dollars.

Many firms have complained that it is impossible to keep their posters on exhibition in the retail stores. Book vendors are human, and can scarcely be expected to resist the temptation to sell them. Other publishers have gone into the business themselves. Two American periodicals, at least, offer their posters for sale at prices ranging from twenty five cents to two dollars. One of these papers sells for five cents and the other for ten, so that the poster costs from five to twenty times as much as the publication whose sale it ostensibly exists to promote. The man who would put a one dollar print into a twenty dollar frame, or buy gold pitchers as receptacles for lager beer, would probably be adjudged insane; but book bills are a fad, and liable to evoke any eccentricity.

A short time ago a New York publishing house advertised an *édition de luxe* of an important work. Only one thousand copies were printed, and but one thousand posters, one of which was sold with each copy of the book! This is perhaps the most startling instance yet recorded of the total disappearance of the original purpose of the poster.

While the poster collectors have become more and more rampant, the poster artists have become more and more delirious. A "school" has arisen that shows us turquoise cows set in magenta meadows against ebony skies, while girls—or rather damozels—destitute of features play upon pianos innocent of legs. When a critic dares to question the truth and beauty of these novel decorations, their creators smile with a cold, contemptuous smile, and reply, "You have no artistic eye, you poor Philistine!"

All this seems a little unreasonable. We have been brought up to believe that it is not etiquette for a woman's hair to conceal the carpet of a room, that the average tree is green and not plum colored, and that no one should be allowed at large unless possessed of at least one limb. To find these ideas of our youth so rudely overthrown is a shock, and we cannot but prefer to see things pictured as we believe them to be, and not as we should see them if an adverse destiny had made us poster artists.

It is hard to say to what lengths this fad may not go. All principles of anatomy, physical beauty, and sanity are ruthlessly set aside even now, and there is little left for these latter day iconoclasts to destroy. Already they have invented several new animals, and their human beings consist of a head, one hand, ten yards of ringlets, and a black velvet train. Why not dispense with these also, and paint only the portions of the atmosphere where they ought to be?

THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

An idea that seems to be increasingly popular with dinner givers may perhaps be dated back to the celebrated banquet in "Alice in Wonderland," where everybody changed places because the hilarious *Halter* wanted a clean cup—a move, it may be remembered, that was disastrous to *Alice*, who found herself obliged to eat off the plate into which the *March Hare* had upset the milk jug. No such contretemps, however, need be feared at the progressive dinner of latter day society, which is indeed a wonderful contrivance, and "blessings light on him that first invented" it. We have all experienced the martyrdom of having for a table neighbor the dear, kind soul who means well, has a good heart, and is such an insufferable bore! There is nothing more appalling in all the catalogue of minor ills. *Mais nous avons changé tout çela*—we have the progressive dinner at which, after the fashion of the euchre party, one course is the utmost limit of agony. Then the hostess touches a small bell, and we all "move up higher" and cast our lot in with another. The chances are that in the path of one's progress around the table one will chance upon at least two or three congenial partners. In 1896, naturally, it is

the women who move up and the men who patiently abide.

THE SILVERWARE CRAZE.

Everything is silver. Christmas deluged us with articles of the shining metal. You can buy something in silver at any price you wish to pay. Hundreds of gift pieces are made to sell at from fifty cents to five dollars, and above that there is no limit.

Beginning in the morning, our toilet articles are all silver, or silver mounted—all of them even to the tooth brush; and so on through the day everything is silver. Our tables are spread with it, our glassware and china are covered with designs wrought in it, our writing desks are entirely fitted out in it, and a leading jeweler has had in his window a standard make of bicycle mounted with silver.

The very latest and most absurd fad in silver, however, is the silver toy. Tiny tea sets, pigmy furniture, vases, and all sorts of things are fashioned and given to the child who already has the proverbial silver spoon between his lips. One favorable feature may be that when the chair legs are twisted out of shape, and the tea pots have been stepped on until they resemble a battle scarred canteen, they can be melted up and sold, or traded in on account of other purchases. And, by the way, dealers tell you now that silver is the best possible investment, as it is always worth its weight; and really—that is, according to them—all you pay for now, is the metal; the work upon it is thrown in. So they said about diamonds once; that you could always get your money back, less ten per cent. Did you ever get it?

THE ART PIANO.

There was a time, not long ago, when the possession of a highly polished rosewood piano was valued. Today nothing could be more "bourgeois," to quote the word which is taking the place of "Philistine" as an expression of contempt for those who dwell in mental outer darkness. There are only two excuses, just now, for having a piano at all. One is that you are a musician who can play so delightfully that the case is a matter of indifference, and the other that you can afford to keep one for your talented friends to use—in which case you can afford to give it the modish decoration.

One of the originators of the new fad was Mr. Marquand, of New York, who some time ago had a piano painted by one of the first artists of England. Mr. E. H. Blashfield, who is working upon the decorations of the new Congressional Library in Washington, has just finished another for Mrs. George Drexel, of Philadelphia, which is described as unique. The frame was covered with gold leaf, and on this the artist painted five exquisite panels in low but luminous tones on the lid and sides. The sides represent warlike, dramatic, pastoral, and religious music. The round plaque in the lid shows an allegory of classic music.

The craze for piano decoration has spread to such an extent that even the amateur artists, who have left off painting screens and china, have taken out their paints and begun on their pianos. Some remarkable results are likely to be reported.

A NEW OUTLET FOR BUSINESS ABILITY.

The auction fad is assuming alarming proportions. To be sure, we have always had auctions—and, by the way, there are auctions and auctions—but then, in times past, nobody went to them but boarding house keepers and the cheap bargain fiend, while now we all go. The reputable auction house has become the rival of the established shop, and the best of carriages roll up to its doors and deposit their burdens of fashionably dressed women—for the auction is a womanly dissipation; but few men have contracted the habit as yet. As a bit of advice, if you are tempted to where you may become infected, beware, for the habit, once formed, resolves itself into a mania almost impossible to shake off, and the habitual bidder is aroused to a pitch of excitement by the sight of a red flag, after the manner of a gentleman cow. And, speaking of those irritable bovines, the auction is distinctly a "bull market"—everything goes up. Hence, we suppose, the appropriateness of the anarchistic emblem.

The time may come when we shall buy everything at auction, if the fad continues to grow. We may drop in of a morning at the meat exchange and bid in a particularly choice cut of porterhouse; and perhaps the dealers in household necessities will borrow an idea from Wall Street, and send quotations to the residences of their customers. Imagine the housewife anxiously watching her ticker for the latest quotation on Cheapfoot sausage! The clever woman will perhaps watch her chance to buy her canvasback ducks when the Goldengilts are fasting, or perchance rush down to Bow's to purchase her husband's socks when the crowd is supporting head gear.

Still, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and we are as yet called upon to contend only with those who spend their time in the lines of camp chairs, frantically bidding in bric-à-brac, or other useless things that they do not want, at prices above what they would pay elsewhere for something which they do want.

Another and more serious resultant occupation is that of continuous shopping in stores to get the prices of such things as may be put up at auction somewhere, or taking some well paid clerk's time in hunting for particular things that you describe and say you want, but which you simply wish to match in your mind's eye with what you bought the day before, in order to learn the price, and ascertain to what extent you have been "stuck."

It is often very difficult to detect the auction fiend, for some of them look so respectable; still, you can usually spot them from their drawing rooms. A room filled with choice bits,

culled from every quarter of the globe by a woman whose travels have scarcely extended south of Fourteenth Street, indicates that the dweller therein may be at least classed as a suspect. Should you stroll to a cabinet filled with choice bits of enamel and bronze, and remark upon the rarity of some specimen, then if there comes to the face of the owner an expression of satisfaction, with an "I-bid-that-infor-a-dollar-'n-'af" look, you may be pretty sure that your surmise is correct. To prove it positively you would have but to wave a red flag to develop the wildest and most unmistakable mania. Still, that would not be good form, if you were simply calling on an acquaintance, while if she be a friend it is unnecessary, for she will immediately tell you in the strictest confidence, as she has all the others, how cheap she got it—and the rest of her treasures—at auction; for no one with the auction habit can refrain from boasting of her success when once the way is opened.

There is, as yet, no treatment for the habit—the gold cure would not answer, for that would simply aggravate the condition; even penury does not help matters, for once the auctioneer begins to know you, you can bid in anything you like, and have it held until you get your next allowance.

MY LADY'S COIFFURE.

Fads in hair dressing are the prerogatives of the weaker sex, and as such are not open, perhaps, to criticism. The latest development is the "beaucatcher" curl, called by the irreverent the "penny sausage." Beaucatcher curls travel in pairs, and depend with highly artistic effect from the back of the fair owner's head. They are of two kinds—the modest and inoffensive variety that occupies a secluded position at the base of the coiffure, and the aggressive and prominent type that wanders gracefully down the neck and over the shoulder, suggestive of lost hairpins. Certain cynical persons are deriving much satisfaction and amusement from the fact that three of these up to date appendages were found upon the floor at the close of the first Patriarchs' ball this season, and also from the discovery that they may be purchased for a trifling amount from an enterprising firm on Eighth Avenue. Far be it from us to disparage the innocent vanities of society; but is it not a startling innovation for our débutantes to be wearing false curls? And from Eighth Avenue at that!

Some of the "queens of the stage" are quick to seize upon becoming novelties of coiffure, and in certain cases society women are not too proud to follow their example. When Ellen Terry appeared in "King Arthur," in New York, she wore about her head a jeweled fillet, which has since been widely copied. In "The Home Secretary," Katherine Florence, acting the part of a young girl, let her golden tresses hang unconfined; and there are one or two indications of a possible revival of this pretty old fashioned style. Miss Florence combined it—as did many of the schoolgirls of twenty years ago—with a fillet, which she made of a twist of ribbon.

THE LATEST THINGS IN STATIONERY.

A transformation in wedding stationery was sprung upon us in the fall rush, and we do not know whether we like it or not. We have not been used to fads in this quarter; styles may come and styles may go, but the wedding card goes on forever—at least we thought it would. The conventional square envelope had become a fixture with us. One could pick the wedding cards at a glance from the most promiscuous assortment of mail matter, and could tell when he received the morning mail just how many bids for presents were there; but now all is changed. Now the oblong envelope is used, just the shape of a man's business correspondence, and the unwary have no preparatory warning until they stumble upon the announcement that the wrong man is going to be married to the wrong woman, as set forth in the center of the square note sheet. Such is the fad, and such we shall use until the latest fad is—something else.

As a sort of appendix to the fad for marrying British dukes is the custom of using the fine old crusted English spelling in wedding stationery, and requesting the "honour" of of your friends' presence and presents. The insertion of the extra letter adds nothing to the cost of the card, and therefore should be strictly insisted on by all self respecting brides and their parents. The point may seem a small one, but it is just such things that prove the sterling common sense of American society, and enable our "upper class" to assume a dignified position in the eyes of the world.

There is another innovation in visiting cards—the half mourning symbol. The cards of several leaders of New York swelldom bear, instead of the long accepted border, a black corner. We presume this denotes some particular form of grief, and we call it "half mourning" simply in default of an authoritative explanation from the social genius who originated the symbolic triangle. Why not have a chaste legend in sable ink at the top of the card which shall signify the relationship of the deceased? This would prevent misunderstandings, and be more in accordance with the practical spirit of a busy age.

Black bordered cards are relics of barbarism at best, and capable, like all forms of mourning, of being misused. We observed not long ago on Fifth Avenue a remarkably pretty and presumably sane woman heavily veiled in crape. A black poodle which she led bore a blanket of silk with a crape border. The dog's collar was of jet and the leash of black velvet. Verily this was crowding the mourners. But is it so much worse than putting crape on the hats of coachmen and footmen, and changing the lining of one's carriage to suit the melancholy circumstances? The pretty widow in question would no doubt dye her canary bird black in a spirit of true grief. But are we not permitted to doubt the sincerity of it all?

STORIETTES

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

It is the early morning of a beautiful day in the spring of the year 1815. The Octagon House, a pretentious, many windowed residence, stands on a slight eminence overlooking the broad Potomac, where the ships are lazily sailing, all their gleaming canvas spread to catch every breath of the gentle breeze. From the little balconies of the mansion may be seen, across the river, the wooded heights of Arlington, with the temple-like home of the Custises and Lees crowning the hill, its white pillars flashing in the bright sunlight. Nearer at hand stand the fire shattered walls of the White House, and through the morning air come the sounds of the masons' ringing trowels, and the songs of the negro laborers at work upon the repairs of the building.

The garden of the Octagon House is jealously inclosed by a high brick wall; noble trees and a wealth of fragrant shrubbery make it a most inviting spot. At one end of the grounds coachmen and servants are making ready the horses and carriages for the day's duties; and the life of the day is beginning in this the temporary home of the President and his family.

The outer door opens. A queenly lady comes into the garden, and walks lightly over the grass. She is tall and commanding, her face is of unusual beauty, and withal there is that about her that seems all grace, kindliness, courtesy. She wears a frock of her favorite mulberry color, with a soft kerchief folded closely over her bosom. On her head she bears the graceful turban that has become a historic attribute of Mrs. Madison—for it is the President's wife. It is her custom to sit here in the garden, on pleasant mornings, to read for an hour or so before the rest of the family are astir. As she seeks her favorite seat under an old locust, shaded by a clump of lilacs, she sees awaiting her one whom she recognizes immediately. At first she starts and trembles at sight of him, but she addresses him quietly, only the quaint Quaker form of her words betraying her excitement; for she had dropped the use of the Friends' speech and dress when she became the wife of James Madison.

"What dost thou here, Aaron—Aaron Burr?"

"To see you, madam."

"But the hour is early, the garden has high walls, and at ten thee might have come directly in and greeted the President and me at his levee."

"Perhaps, Dolly——"

"Nay, I am called Mistress Madison."

"Well, Dolly you once were, and the name was none too saucy for you. But would you have Aaron Burr come to one of your Presidential levees? The skeleton would be more welcome at the feast than I among the Madisons, Jeffersons, Washingtons, and Lees, that flock to your doors. But I well mind the day that I brought the grave James Madison to meet the pretty Mistress Todd, and that after we had spent many afternoons on the corners, watching to see the famous beauty go by."

"And now, Aaron Burr?"

"What brought me here? Perhaps a whimsical desire to see again the little Quaker girl who used sometimes to blush at the name of Aaron Burr, though now she speaks it coldly."

"I should have more cause to blush now at thy name. Thou hast not done well, Aaron Burr."

"Now do I hear the voice of the wife of Madison."

"I know of no other voice that I could use, Aaron Burr."

"No, you have not really changed much. The Quaker bonnet has become a stately turban, and the gray gown has taken a brighter color; but the same lace kerchief is round your throat—you are more than half a Quakeress yet, Dolly."

"I would not seem lacking courtesy toward a guest, but why dost thou come so early to me, and wilt thou not step within the house?"

"No, I do not care to go within your house. The romance of it all made me try the garden, where I fancied you might be this delightful morning; and, Dolly, do you know, I prize my ability to scale a garden wall like this, where you can just see the lilac tops above, more than I prize the highest honors of diplomacy or of politics. I would not give this half hour with you among the lilacs for success in any of them."

"In so speaking, thou dost betray that which has kept thee from success in all these things."

"Perhaps, Mistress Dolly. You are shrewder now than you were. You have more of a leaning toward knowledge of politics than you ever showed as a Philadelphia belle. You led us all a merry dance there, didn't you? I have been trying to think of you as the mistress of the President's home. I know all about your levees, and dinners, and balls, and of the time when you fled before the British cannon, with the portrait of George Washington, the Declaration of Independence, the state papers—and did you not save the velvet curtains along with the other national effects? It seems to me that I heard you saved the curtains too. But I can only think of the rosy little Quaker girl at the drives, and moonlight walks, and gay dances, in Philadelphia. That was twenty years ago—not by your face, Dolly, but by the calendar. I came to see you in your garden, rather than to pay my respects to the Executive lady."

"Those were pleasant days, when we were young, Aaron Burr; but it were better that thou

go now. This interview has been too long. The President breaks his fast early, and my households needs me."

"Farewell then, Mistress Dolly, since you command it, but in the heart of Aaron Burr will always blossom fond memories of the fair Dolly, and her lilacs. She will always be a sweet recollection for him."

"You will not go over the wall again, Aaron Burr?"

"Why not? I am not too old for a bit of climbing, and I would choose to end my romance thus."

"But there is no need. I will call a servant to show you the way out. It will be more comfortable for you."

"And meet James Madison in the hall, and greet him, and be asked to stay to breakfast, and plead other duties, and explain my early call! That would be too humdrum an ending for me. I prefer climbing the wall. So, lady, farewell, and do not forget your fond admirer."

With a light kiss upon the fingertips of the stately lady, he turned away quickly, and crossed the garden. An old darky came to the door to seek his mistress, and to remind her of her household stores. The keys at her side jangled as her accustomed fingers sought the one that locked the silver, and with a smile for the gallant, which was partly a sigh that he had so wasted his talents, she turned contentedly toward the open door, greeted old Arthur, and straightway began, with deft fingers, making the sunny breakfast room ready for the President's pleasure.

The lilacs in the garden of the old Octagon House may have heard Aaron Burr whisper compliments to Mistress Dolly, and the flowers, as they blossomed out again last spring, four score years later, may have told it. Lilacs are gossipy flowers.

Mary Van Auken Mills.

CHURNING STILL.

DURING the early part of the Valley campaign I was encamped with my regiment, the —th Ohio, upon Cedar Creek. It was early in May, and it would have been difficult to find a more picturesque spot. We had pitched our tents upon the banks of the rushing, tumbling creek, girt by wild looking hills, covered with moss encrusted rocks and tall, beautifully tinted grasses. Above the hills rose the blue of the mountains, melting into the softer, tenderer blue of a morning sky, or vividly outlined against a rich gold and crimson sunset. On a hill above us stood a picturesque old mill, from the great wheel of which the water fell in glittering cascades; higher still was the miller's pretty home. In the yard the bushes were weighted with roses and purple and white lilac, while the orchard at the back of the house was a mass of white and pink bloom. Nature seemed to rebuke the grim monster, war, trailing horror and suffering and devastation over all her fair beauty, until for very shame, in that sweet springtide, he seemed to hide his head for a time, and the songs of mating birds replaced the roar of cannon and musketry. The miller and his family, up in the pretty farm house, might have forgotten that there was bloody strife in their fair land, but for our white tents and blue coated men down on the banks of Cedar Creek.

Was there ever a lovelier springtime to me? It was a time of peace and rest, and, to me, of sweet, subtle happiness. Of all the week Monday was the red letter day, for, as the sun rose up from behind the mountains, I, with several companions, would make my way up the winding road to a little shed standing under the shadow of a giant oak. There we would wait, watching the gate of the farm house high on the hill above us. After a little while that gate would open, and the slender form of a girl, carrying a churn in one hand, and a pail of rich yellow cream in the other, would come tripping down the winding path towards us. Off would go all our caps, and simultaneously we would exclaim,

"Good morning, Miss Sallie; we've come to help you churn."

Ah, Miss Sallie, Miss Sallie! Long years have passed since then. I am gray headed now, a father—aye, a grandfather—but I can see you as plainly as I saw you then, with the smile on your red lips, the early sunlight on your golden hair, and the bloom on your cheeks as pink as the apple blossoms up in the old orchard. And I sometimes ask myself a little guiltily if any days in after life were ever as happy as those spring mornings, fragrant with the odors of roses, when the boys in blue helped the fair faced Southern girl to churn under the blossoming oak. How sweet, how gracious, you were to us, stanch little Southerner though you were! How merrily you laughed at our awkwardness in pouring in the cream and handling the dasher! And, ah, how pleased were your sweet blue eyes as you watched us drink, with such undisguised relish, the cool, delicious buttermilk!

Then one day came the order to break camp, and, with a dull, heavy pain at my heart, I marched up the winding road. It was Monday, just about sunrise, too, and as we went by the farm house, we saw Miss Sallie standing at the gate with her churn and cream pail.

"Three cheers for Miss Sallie!" cried one of the boys, and three loud cheers went up to the morning sky.

She smiled and blushed, and perhaps it was only my fancy that the blue eyes were sad and wistful. The blossoms from the oak had formed a soft, snowy carpet around the little shed. A lump rose in my throat as we tramped by, crushing and discoloring it, and, soldier though I was to the heart's core, I would have given five years of my life to have stayed behind and helped Miss Sallie churn just once more.

The war came to an end, and I went back to my Northern home. In time I wooed a Northern sweetheart and married a Northern

wife. The long years went by, children were born to us, grew up, and married, and grandchildren stood about my knee. And when they clamored for a story I would tell them how the boys in blue once helped Miss Sallie to churn down in old Virginia. My wife would always smile as she listened to the story, and one day she said to me,

"I should like very much to see Miss Sallie. Suppose we take a trip down South and look her up?"

Well, though I am a little ashamed to confess it, my elderly heart bounded like a boy's, and, as I eagerly assented, my wife smiled again and said,

"I shall always believe that Miss Sallie was your first love."

"But she would never have married a Yankee," I replied, laughing a little consciously.

"I don't know about that," my wife went on. "The Yankee was too much of a coward to ask her. I wonder if she's single still;" and I wondered also.

So one day my wife and I started for the South. We went to Strasburg, a little town at the foot of the Massanutten Mountain, about five miles from Cedar Creek. That night my wife informed me that she had been interviewing the wife of the proprietor in regard to Miss Sallie.

"She still lives at the old place," said my wife, "and she is Miss Sallie still."

The next morning the sun was hardly up when we started for Cedar Creek. I was very silent during that drive. The sun was rising above the mountains when we turned down the winding road leading to the mill.

"There! there is the shed!" I cried, as a turn in the road brought it in sight.

"And perhaps we shall find Miss Sallie churning still," said my wife, laughing.

The carriage now stood directly in front of the shed, and my heart gave a quick leap as I laid my hands on the reins and brought the horses to a standstill, for a woman stood within and turned her face in surprised inquiry towards us. The next moment I had leaped from the carriage, while her blue eyes looked in mild wonder at the impetuous elderly gentleman. Of course she did not know me after thirty years. But though her sunny hair had turned to gray, and the apple blossom pink had faded from her cheeks, I knew her. She was Miss Sallie, and she was churning still.

Emma Howard Wight.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"So you need never tell me again," said Alice Maitland emphatically, as she poured a cup of tea, "that men are not all blind—blind—blind!"

Jack Amory laughed a low, amused laugh.

"You have not altered my opinion, Alice," he said, "for I consider the case you speak of a very exceptional one, and the man an exceptionally—exceptionally——"

"Blind man?" asked the girl, smiling.

"No; stupid, exceptionally stupid."

"He is," said Alice, "stupid and blind."

"And yet," Amory went on, taking the tea she offered him, "do you know he may not be so stupid as we give him the credit of being?"

"You mean he may know that the girl is in love with him, and not reciprocate?"

"Yes."

"I know," she continued, "that he is very fond of her as an old friend, and I think it is simply laziness that keeps him from falling in love with her. If anything could give him the energy—for instance, if he could know that the girl is in love with him—I am quite sure that he would take the trouble of loving her."

"Then," said Jack Amory, "I think that the girl should wait till something does give him the energy."

"But she has waited—she has waited for years."

"And now she is going to marry another man simply because she can't get the one she wants?"

"And now she is going to marry another man, a man who has loved her faithfully for a long, long time, simply because she says that she does not see the use of ruining two lives."

Jack Amory did not reply. He stared thoughtfully at his teacup for a moment, and then, putting it down gently, diverted his gaze to the fire. And oh, what horoscopes fires are! How much of love and hope, of trial, sin, and sorrow, has been foreseen in their changing lights!

The clock in the hall struck five. It was one of the short winter afternoons, and darkness had already shut in. Without it was snowing heavily, and a cold wind was trying to cut through the frosty air. A sudden gust caught the falling flakes in a wild, mad whirl, and sent them driving against the window pane. Alice shuddered, and Jack remarked how cozy the fire was. She did not answer him; perhaps she, too, was seeing pictures in the fire, while Jack watched the fallen sparks die in the cold gray ashes.

"Suppose," said the man, suddenly breaking a long silence, "suppose that for once—just for this once, you know—I give in, and acknowledge that there *is* one man in the world absolutely and totally blind."

Alice breathed a quick little sigh of delight. The clock struck half past five.

"I must go," said Jack, rising; "it is very late. Good night; I suppose I shall see you on Friday night, at the Van Burens'; and please save me some dances."

"I will."

"Thanks—good night. And, oh, before I go I wanted to tell you, apropos of our recent conversation, that if you have any influence over that girl, you had better tell her to wait; for I am sure that in time even that man will see."

"Jack—really?" she said eagerly.

A log cracked and fell apart; a bright blaze sprang up, throwing a soft light on the girl's face. When Amory saw how flushed her

cheeks were, and what an eager light was in her eyes, he laughed to see how earnestly she had taken his words.

"What a goose you are!" he said good naturedly, turning, with his hand on the portière. "Do you know, I really believe that *you* believe that I possess some magic influence over human fate."

"Yes," she called after him, "I really thought you had suddenly become endowed with a love charm. Good night."

"Good night, at last!" he said, and as he closed the heavy street door behind him, and stepped into the bitter night, her laugh rang merrily in his ears.

* * * *

"My dear," said Mrs. Amory, one morning, as her son entered the breakfast room, "I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise?" asked Jack Amory, kissing her affectionately.

"Yes," she said with an important air. "Guess!"

"Is it the anniversary of your wedding day? Or of my birthday?" her son asked, lazily opening the morning paper.

"No," she answered, "it is neither. I read it in the paper you have there. It is an engagement."

"Ah!" he said. "Two more poor fools gone to perdition."

"My dear," Mrs. Amory remonstrated, rising, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Good by. I'm afraid I must leave you, after that, to read the news alone; and besides, I have an early appointment at the dressmaker's. *Au revoir.* Don't let it startle you too much."

Jack Amory glanced over the "Society Column," and read:

"The engagement is announced of Miss——"

* * * *

The paper fell to the floor.

"Good God!" he cried, "she was right. There is a blind man in the world! But I told her to wait."

TWO TALES FROM FAIRYLAND.

I—REX VIVAT.

The world still found no need to say, "The King is dead. Long live the King!"

A CHILD was playing happily, for her small feet had wandered into fairyland. She did not care to play with other children. In fairyland there was an imaginary playmate whom she loved much more.

One day two lovers passed and found her crying bitterly. The imaginary playmate whom she loved had disappeared, and she was all alone.

"How can she grieve," the girl said, "for some one who has never lived?"

Her lover looked at her. Her eyes were sweet with mingled happiness and trust. He drew her to him tenderly. "You little child," he said, "you, too, will grieve for some one who has never lived. You do not care for me. You love a thousand dreams that are more real to you than I myself. If you loved me I might become a little like your dream, for children can do anything with me. But when I marry you, you will awake, and find that what you loved has disappeared. You will be crying like this child. And I? What will there be to make me better than I am?"

"I love you," the girl said, and married him. But one day a sad woman woke and fell to crying bitterly.

The king was dead.

II—THE LETTERS ABOVE THE DOORWAY.

IN the world there is a luminous doorway through which all men pass. "Joy" is the great word written over it.

A man crossed the threshold once; and the whole earth spread out at his feet, and he could scarcely see his way on such a colorless gray earth. People saw him wandering about, unsatisfied.

"You have come from the door of Joy," they said, for they were wise.

"I was not sent away," he hastened to tell them. "I came of my own will. I did not know it was so barren here. Can any of you tell me the way back?"

"It is useless to go back," they said. "People seldom enter there a second time. It would be better to look for the saddest place. When you have been there, nothing will seem barren here."

But the man answered, "I could not bear that. I must go back. It would be kinder of you if you told me the way."

The people looked at one another. "He must seek that for himself," they said.

He met many people on the road. The road was long. "Is this the way to the door of Joy," he asked of every one, "or to the saddest place?"

And every one answered him, "You must seek that for yourself."

At last he saw the doorway shining from a long way off. The door was open, and he hurried in. He covered his eyes a moment lest it be too bright, but when he looked around he saw that it was a place of graves. He came out again into the fair world slowly, for he had grown old.

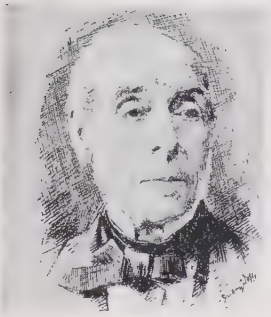
A boy and girl were going in as he came out, their faces radiant with bewildered light. They were startled at the sight of him. "Is not this the door of Joy?" they asked.

He looked on them. "I am a stranger here," he said. "I cannot tell you. You must seek that for yourself."

The door opened. The girl and boy saw beauty and passed in, but the old man lifted up his head and traced one by one the great letters that are carved above the doorway.

"What a kind word that is," he murmured, "'Sorrow.'"

Marguerite Tracy.



Gabriel Legouvé.

Pierre Loti.

Paul Bourget

THE FORTY IMMORTALS.

The French Academy, its historical prestige, its social and intellectual import, and its great names of the past and the present—With a complete series of portraits of its living members.

TO wear the coat with the palm leaves, and sit in the *fauteuil* of some famous sage or poet, is the secret hope of every scribbling Frenchman. However democratic and contemptuous of "fogies" he may be in his hilarious youth, middle age brings a desire for the rest of the armchair. Queer people have crept into the band of forty—sometimes by the intrigues that Alphonse Daudet has taken such delight in depicting in "L'Immortel," and sometimes for political reasons. On the other hand, men like Molière and Balzac and Zola have been kept out, but for all that the Academy of France has always been interesting as the one unchanging institution which yet changed with the tastes of the French nation.

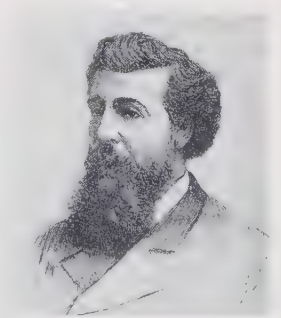
The Hôtel de Rambouillet, with its salon, was the beginning of the French Academy. Valentine Conrart and the Marquise de Rambouillet were tools in the hands of the iron Cardinal Richelieu when he wanted to create a uniform language for France, and do away with her dialects and divisions. When the forty learned men were brought together, their avowed task was to compile a dictionary. In the rush of later years, that undertaking has been almost forgotten.

It is hard for us to understand the rather affected literary life of that day in Paris. Conrart gathered about him in his home, as well as in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the poets of the hour. They were fine ladies and dandies, with powdered hair and lace ruffles, and the apparent object of their life was to outdo one another in Italian politeness. Molière, who was regarded as a low wit by these *élégants*, amused himself and the court by putting them up for laughter in "Les Précieuses Ridicules." For that and his other offenses against good taste he was left out of the circle of sacred armchairs.

When 1793 came, and tore away everything that was refined and elegant in France, the Academy disappeared. Napoleon did not revive it, except as a class in the newly formed

Henri Meilhac.

Ludovic Halévy.



Édouard Pailleron.

Vicomte de Bornier.

Émile Ollivier.

Jules François Lemaître.

Jules Claretie.

Institute, but when Louis XVIII came to the throne the older foundation was restored. It is still affiliated with the Institute, but has a separate name and dignity. The public meetings are held in the chapel of the Palais Mazarin, and when a newcomer is received the sight is an impressive one. The classes of the Institute are seated on a stage. In the center is a table, with chairs for the officers, and at one side is the reading desk of the newly elected member. He enters after every one else, with all the theatric effect possible. His sponsors walk beside him, and he is surrounded by a military escort. The members wear their official uniform, which was designed—and very badly, too—by the great painter David at the beginning of this century. It consists of trousers and a coat embroidered with palm leaves of a hideous shade of green. The new member makes an address which is supposed to show his fitness to be the

Victorien Sardou.

Victor Cherbuliez.

Léon Say.

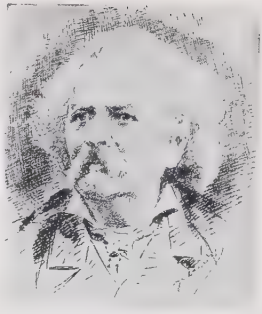
François Coppée.

Jules Simon.

Paul Challemel-Lacour.

Edouard Hervé.

José Maria de Hérédia.



Joseph François Bertrand.

successor of some great man whose chair has been made vacant by its tenant's death.

It is idle to say that men are selected for the Academy today because their intellect alone has proven them worthy. It is a good deal like any other club. The members incline toward candidates who think as they do, men of the world, who will be agreeable companions. As in the old days of Conrart, there are salons where women reign which are side doors into the Academy.

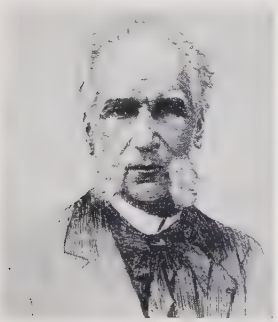
Before a candidate can be elected, it is an unwritten law that he must make a call of state upon every member in Paris. These calls mean more than appears on the surface. A clever man who knows the little peculiarities of his host has an opportunity of softly shaping his ways to them, if he is very anxious for the vacant *fauteuil*. It is said that Renan won the vote of Victor Hugo, when it was promised to another candidate, by listening with a rapt face while he talked. A friend of Madame Mohl, that eccentric Scotchwoman who was known as "Our Lady of the Academy," because she attended every meeting and entertained all the celebrities, tells of the stratagem she used to get a famous man into the circle. He would not allow himself to be mentioned, but she persuaded the academicians to propose and elect him. As for the visits, she took him in her carriage and insisted upon his going with her to the houses of their mutual friends, until, before he knew it, the round of the Forty had been made.

Paul Thureau-Dangin.

Ferdinand Brunetière.

But the way is seldom so easy today. Zola has presented himself as a candidate twelve times. Once—two years ago, when de Hérédia finally secured the prize—he received eleven votes, and came near an election. In 1891—Loti's year—he led on the first ballot, with eight; but usually his reception has been extremely chilling. Last June, as a candidate for one of the places left vacant by Duruy and de Lesseps, he secured a single vote; at the previous elections, when Sorel and Houssaye were chosen, he had not even one. Younger men who have come up and made a name in novel writing—Bourget and Loti, for instance—have been elected over his head. Alphonse Daudet would no doubt have been with them, but for his sarcastic novel.

Bourget and Loti are well known on this side of the Atlantic through translations. They are both delicate painters of real and sometimes vulgar things, idealized until they are beautiful. Bourget came to America a year or two ago, and wrote his impressions of us. They were valuable in that they pictured the social life of the New World in a manner which delighted Frenchmen, while they showed Americans how



Edmond Rousse.

Duc d' Audiffret-Pasquier.

they might look from a certain point of view. Bourget's "Cosmopolis" and Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème" are gems in their way. Loti is a traveler and a poet, and he translates his own impressions into beautiful French. Both men are masters of style.

The Academy has just lost one of its famous novelists in Dumas *fils*. The elder Dumas was never asked to join its ranks. In that classic day, the dignified Immortals held themselves far above mere writers of stories. Nowadays, when the novel is taking the very highest place in literature, several of its makers wear the palm leaves. Cherbuliez is one whose kindly face is seen at the public meetings; François Coppée is another; and not a few other academicians have set their names upon the title pages of *romans*.

Gaston Boissier

Coppée is perhaps still better known as a playwright. The strength of the dramatic contingent is a striking testimony to the modern spirit of the Academy which rejected Molière, as well as to the supremacy of the drama as a form of French art. Its acknowledged leader is Sardou, who was elected to the Academy nearly twenty years ago, and who stands today at the head of the play writers of the world. He has been a busy and prolific author, and has earned a great fortune with his long list of successful pieces. He has been fortunate in having one of the greatest actresses of any age to coöperate with him. Bernhardt was considered affected by Dumas *fils*, who had no patience with her mannerisms; but she is Sardou's delight. He has written some of his plays watching her that he might give her suggestions of a mood to his heroine.

Jules Claretie, well known as director of the Comédie Française, has been before the American public very prominently this winter as the author of the libretto of "La Navarraise," the opera which Calvé has made memorable as a dramatic episode. She says that that is exactly what the piece is—an episode. Neither Massenet, the composer, nor Claretie intended that it should stand alone as a complete opera.

Vicomte de Vogüé

Legouvé, the author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," is another whose works have thrilled us. He is eighty nine years old now, and has seen the vivid life of three Parisian generations flame before his eyes. He has lived with the greatest artists, and has linked his life with theirs. He was the lover of the incomparable Malibran and the close friend and the launcher of Ristori. He has witnessed the rise and fall of cults, and seen successive dynasties of academicians pass and become forgotten, but still looks on the world with cheerful eyes. He has always been one of the most popular members.

Pailleron has been a favorite at the Comédie Française, but few of his plays have made themselves known outside of Paris. Meilhac and Halévy, much of whose work has been done in collaboration, are more widely famous. Halévy was a friend of the Duc de Morny, the half brother of Napoleon III, who composed the music for one of his early operatic pieces. With Meilhac, he was Offenbach's librettist. "Froufrou," from the same collaborators, has often been taken as the typical French play. Jules Lemaître, the latest addition to the Academy, elected last June, and the Vicomte de Bornier, are also playwrights, who may be said to represent the old and the new schools respectively.

Comte d' Haussonville.

After Legouvé, Jules Simon (whose real name is Jules Simon Suisse) is the oldest member of the Academy. Apart from his career in politics, he is known for his

works on sociology and kindred topics, but most of all as a talker. He can lecture; but as a conversationalist, even his eighty years have left him unsurpassed when he finds his listener.

Émile Ollivier, ten years younger than Simon, is the only political academician who represents the régime of the second empire. All the others—the Duc de Broglie, the Duc d' Audiffret-Pasquier, Léon Say, de Freycinet, and Challemel-Lacour, are men of the third republic. It was Ollivier who paved the way for the republic when, as Napoleon's prime minister, he helped his imperial chief to embroil France with Prussia. He will be remembered in history for the flippant phrase with which he went, "with a light heart," into the disastrous conflict that cost France so dear. He was elected to the Academy during his brief premiership, and perhaps its members have regretted, since, that they cannot drop a discredited name from their roll. A dozen years ago he made an attempt to reënter politics, seeking an election in his old constituency; but in a poll of more than fifty thousand votes he received less than three hundred.

Duc d' Aumale.

Duc de Broglie.

No one has come to take the places of Guizot and Thiers, but a number of men have slipped into the Academy on the score of their historical work. One of these

Armand Sully-Prudhomme.

is the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe. Another is the Comte d'Haussonville, a champion of the waning cause of the royalists; others are Boissier, Lavisse, Thureau-Dangin, and Sorel—names practically unknown to American readers. Henri Houssaye, too, one of the latest accessions, is primarily a historian. The new school of writers in France, those who think in strange paths, is beginning to be recognized in the Academy. Sully-Prudhomme was the first of these. He has been eternally asking for the solution of the old questions. He is a poet who twists verse into problems. Another is the Vicomte de Vogüé, who has written a number of books upon sacred history. He was for a time an attaché in the diplomatic service, and traveled extensively. He has a singularly clear and sweet style.

Many of the men who have been elected to the Academy in late years have been favorite contributors to that famous journal, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It has been noticed so frequently that its columns have been called "the path to the Institute." Journalism is becoming every year a more and more recognized profession, and the famous *Revue*, which was started in a spirit of audacity by a man who was determined to make it the mouthpiece of French thought, is its best Parisian exponent. Sorel, de Hérédia—a poet of Cuban birth—and Brunetière, the director of the *Revue*, have all come in by way of that journal.

Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin, the dancer of that famous "Sarabande" of which a later member, M. Meilhac, has made a comedy, and Cardinal Rohan, of "Queen's Necklace" fame, belonged to the Academy. The priest of today is Monseigneur Perraud, Bishop of Autun. He was a classmate of Taine's and a good friend of the historian statesman. His thin face is the color of old ivory, and is lighted by a pair of burning eyes. His best known books are a life of Richelieu, and the story of a journey through Ireland taken many years ago.

Vicomte Henri Houssaye.

Four *fauteuils* are vacant at the present moment. That of Louis Pasteur will be the most difficult to fill. The Academy has not had many scientists, and Pasteur was the most famous of them all. In America he is known

Mgr. Perraud.

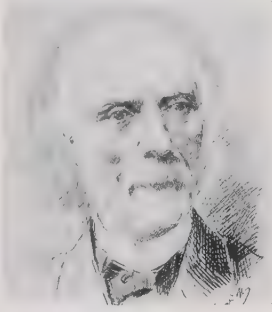
Albert Sorel.

Alfred Mézières.

almost entirely for his "vaccines," but in the scientific world of Europe he was almost equally celebrated as a geologist.

It is a rank in France to belong to the Academy. Its members can usually sell their books, or get themselves heard in their chosen fashion. It gives a social position. Academicians can place their sons and marry their daughters. There are a thousand advantages that cause its chairs to be coveted. And yet the man who is elected generally has all these things before. One of a candidate's chief requisites is congeniality with his confrères. Hence it is that Frenchmen anxious for the Academy's honor view with anxiety the prospect that the seats now vacant will fall to unknown mediocrities. Death has been busy among the great men of France in the last few years, and the gaps have been hard to fill.

Octave Gréard.



Charles Louis de Freycinet.

Ernest Lavisse.

More than half of the present Immortals are of less than ten years' standing, and the supply of good Academic timber is apparently exhausted. In this emergency, Daudet's friends are urging him to forget the old quarrel and become a candidate; and even Zola may have a chance of entering at last the portals that have so often been shut in his face.

The statutes of the Academy are very explicit in their prohibition of "lobbying" by candidates for admission. "As the reputation of the Academy," they say, "depends principally upon the discretion displayed in worthily filling vacant positions, no consideration shall be given to canvassing or to solicitations of any nature, and each academician shall preserve his vote until the moment of election, in order that he may cast it for the candidate he considers most entitled to it." But academicians are human, and personal preferences are sure to tell.

George Holme.

THE COMET.

THE flaming comet streams across the sky
And then is gone from sight—born but to die;
Yet would I barter dull, ignoble days,
For one brief hour to set the heavens ablaze!

Nellie Frances Milburn

MY JEANNE.

Has she need of monarch's wand?
Proudest peers in all the land
Bow to that wee, jeweled hand!
She's a queen—my Jeanne!

Has she lack of leal allies?
Every zealous minion flies
At the bidding of her eyes!
She's a queen—my Jeanne!

Royal maiden, yours alone
Is the sovereignty I own;
Take my poor heart for a throne!
Be my queen—my Jeanne!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE STAGE

MRS. LESLIE CARTER'S PLUCK.

Theatrical people are generally as superstitious as sailors, but David Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter appear to be shining exceptions to the rule. When this lady first came forward for histrionic recognition, it was Mr. Belasco who helped provide the vehicle—"The Ugly Duckling"—in which the venture was carried—to the shelf. It was Mr. Belasco again who prepared the English version of the second play—"Miss Helyett"—with which the undaunted artist once more sought to compel success, which again eluded her. After this, one could scarcely blame either the actress or the author for thinking there must be a Jonah in the company they kept, but with the advent of "The Heart of Maryland" one finds them together for a third time—and all going merry as the oft rung marriage bell.

Mrs. Leslie Carter.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Mrs. Carter's triumph on the night of the production of the play at the Herald Square Theater must have been particularly sweet to her because of its ring of genuineness. Her previous work on the boards had told against rather than for her. The public knew nothing of the months of hard study that had intervened. People had come to sit in cold judgment on a woman who had twice disappointed them.

But the success that has now crowned her work has not quenched with satiety the ambition of the worker. Mrs. Carter studies faithfully every day, knowing well that the highest niche in the temple of fame can be won only by persistent, toilsome climbing. And yet, after the physical exertion required by the rôle of *Maryland* every night, an actress might well be excused for thinking of nothing but relaxation during the day. To swing from the bell in the lofty church tower requires real pluck. A relaxation of the grasp would result in a drop to almost certain death on the stage below. Then, the performer's nerves have been wracked pretty thoroughly by the exciting scene immediately preceding. When Mrs. Carter is called before the curtain at the close of this act, the audience sees a woman who has for the moment masked with a smile the tremendous nervous strain she has undergone. Once in the wings again, she falls to sobbing hysterically.

"It is the feeling that I must be there in time to keep that bell from giving out a second peal," she says. "If I failed in that, the whole scene would fall to pieces. One does not quickly recover from such high wrought tension."

CYRIL SCOTT TELLS HOW HE GOT HIS START.

"How did I come to take up the stage? By playing in church theatricals." So said Cyril Scott, the handsome young *Lieutenant Telfair* in "The Heart of Maryland." "I was pretty young then," he went on, "and some of the fellows thought it would be fun to get up shows, so I went in with them. The father of one of my schoolmates was at that time dramatic critic on a New York paper. He saw

Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

"Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome."

me in a minstrel exhibition, and suggested that I should go on the stage professionally. I was ready enough, but my father would not hear of the idea. At last, however, he consented to let me try it for a stipulated time, and I set about finding my first engagement. The only thing I could get was a chance to play two rôles—one of them a negro—with a

Cyril Scott.

From a photograph by Robinson & Roe, Chicago.

one night stand company, at three dollars a week and my board. I remember how the manager used to come back every night and say, 'Scott, you make the worst nigger I ever saw.' And as invariably I used to shake him by the hand and say, 'Thank you, sir,' for I despised the part, and actually felt complimented to know I did not do it well.

"When we got as far as Chicago, the backer 'went broke' and we were stranded. My father sent money to bring me home, and I got another engagement with Minnie Maddern in "Caprice," at fifteen per week. The part was such an insignificant one that when a new deal in managers was made, and the play passed into the hands of the Frohman brothers —Charles, Dan, and Gustave—while the other members of the company were told they could go, I was overlooked because the new proprietors didn't know my name.

"Well, the fresh cast was called to a rehearsal at the Grand Opera House before being sent out to Indianapolis, and I went with them. There were the three managers sitting down in front to pass judgment on us, and I was shaking in my shoes. After the thing was over, Dan Frohman sent for me.

"'What is your name?' he asked.

"I told him, whereupon he announced that I was to be retained with the company at thirty a week, and all has been plain sailing for me from that day on."

Mr. Scott is one of the easiest actors on our stage. So natural is he that one always thinks of him as being exactly the sort of fellow he portrays.

IRVING'S TWIN STAR.

While the metropolitan press was disposed to view Irving's *Macbeth* askance, nothing but praise was showered on Ellen Terry as his *Lady*. Each visit of this charming English-

Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once!"

Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

"If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal."

woman endears her the more to Americans everywhere. Gifted rarely, she never permits her art to overshadow the enchantment of a winning personality; and yet so cleverly are the two elements blended, that while one is conscious of the complete sinking of the woman in whatever character she depicts, the depiction takes on a new grace because there is Ellen Terry behind it.

Eleanor Lane Bell.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

The dominant note in Miss Terry's stage presence is ease, and yet her memory is very treacherous. During the Boston engagement she forgot her lines in the middle of a speech. This ease of manner is as apparent in her conversation as in her acting, and as recognizable in her writing as in her speech. To this the record of what she calls her first dramatic failure, taken from her "Memories," will bear witness:

"The first play in which I acted was 'The Winter's Tale.' I was cast for the part of *Mamillius*, and how my young heart swelled with pride—I can recall the sensation now—when I was told what I had to do. There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her recollect how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in my little red and white coat—very short—very pink silk stockings, and a row of tight sausage curls—my mother was always very careful that they should be in perfect order and regularity—clustered around my head. A small go-cart, which it was my duty to drag about the stage, was also a keen source of pride and a great trouble to me. My first dramatic failure dates from that go-cart. I was told to run about with it on the stage, and, while carrying out my instructions with more vigor than discretion, I tripped over the handle, and down I came on my back. A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined forever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed—but I am not sure that the incident has materially altered the course of my life."

This was not the only time Ellen Terry wept over her stage experiences. While still very young she was rehearsing the part of *Prince Arthur*, and Mrs. Kean, who was coaching her, was quite disgusted at the want of feeling she displayed at the momentous crisis.

"Do you think you would go on this way," the elder actress exclaimed, "if your eyes were really going to be put out? Why, you would make more fuss if you had lost your doll."

Overcome with mortification, the child Ellen burst into tears.

Grace Rutter.
From a photograph by Wynn, Detroit.

"There, that's the very thing," commented Mrs. Kean approvingly.

THE VOGUE OF BURLESQUE.

Yvette Guilbert has conquered New York as she has conquered Paris and London—and in the same way. Nobody can tell exactly how she does it. She has neither good looks nor a good voice to commend her to favor. But she knows how to use her hands and her arms. She makes them speak a language which all can understand.

If Mr. Hammerstein finds the public so inconsolable at Guilbert's departure that it makes them mournful even to visit the hall where she held them spellbound, we respectfully suggest that he should induce Mr. Rice to revive his "Evangeline" for the music hall's benefit. There would be a novelty in having two burlesques on Longfellow's poems in opposite ends of the same building. "Excelsior, Jr.," is still doing well. There is just enough thread of plot to give an excuse for the handsome costuming and scenery without which, nowadays, Americans seem disinclined to accept the variety bills that formerly pleased them.

"Excelsior's" second act is particularly entertaining. Arthur Dunn's Paderewski imitation is so funny that it receives the compliment of laughter rather than applause. The dance of the Hengler sisters is a marvel of grace and agility, but their ability is hardly to be wondered at, their father—popularly known as Tommy Hengler—having enjoyed a long reputation as a terpsichorean artist in the '60's and '70's.

CHARITY AND BUSINESS.

We do not wish to impugn the unselfishness of the motives that lead members of the profession so cheerfully to give their services at benefit performances. But there is no denying the fact that reward frequently comes in more substantial shape than an approving conscience. These occasions afford an opportunity for managers to judge of the abilities of artists from various quarters at one sitting, and advantageous engagements are often the outcome of "charity" appearances.

It was at one such matinée that Richard Mansfield heard Grace Rutter recite. She is a Memphis girl, whose strong dramatic aspirations were intensified when Mr. Mansfield took her from a road company in which she had secured a small part, and gave her the rôle of *Dodo* in "Thrilby" at the Garrick. From here she went to the Casino, where her beauty and cleverness in "The Wizard of the Nile" caused one of the daily paper critics to prophesy that she will some day be a star. But Miss Rutter's ambitions are dramatic rather than musical, and we all know that the distance to stardom is much longer by the first path than by the second.

HIGH PRICED BARNSTORMERS.

Close observers may have noticed that while John B. Schoeffel's name appears in conjunc-

The Sisters Hengler.

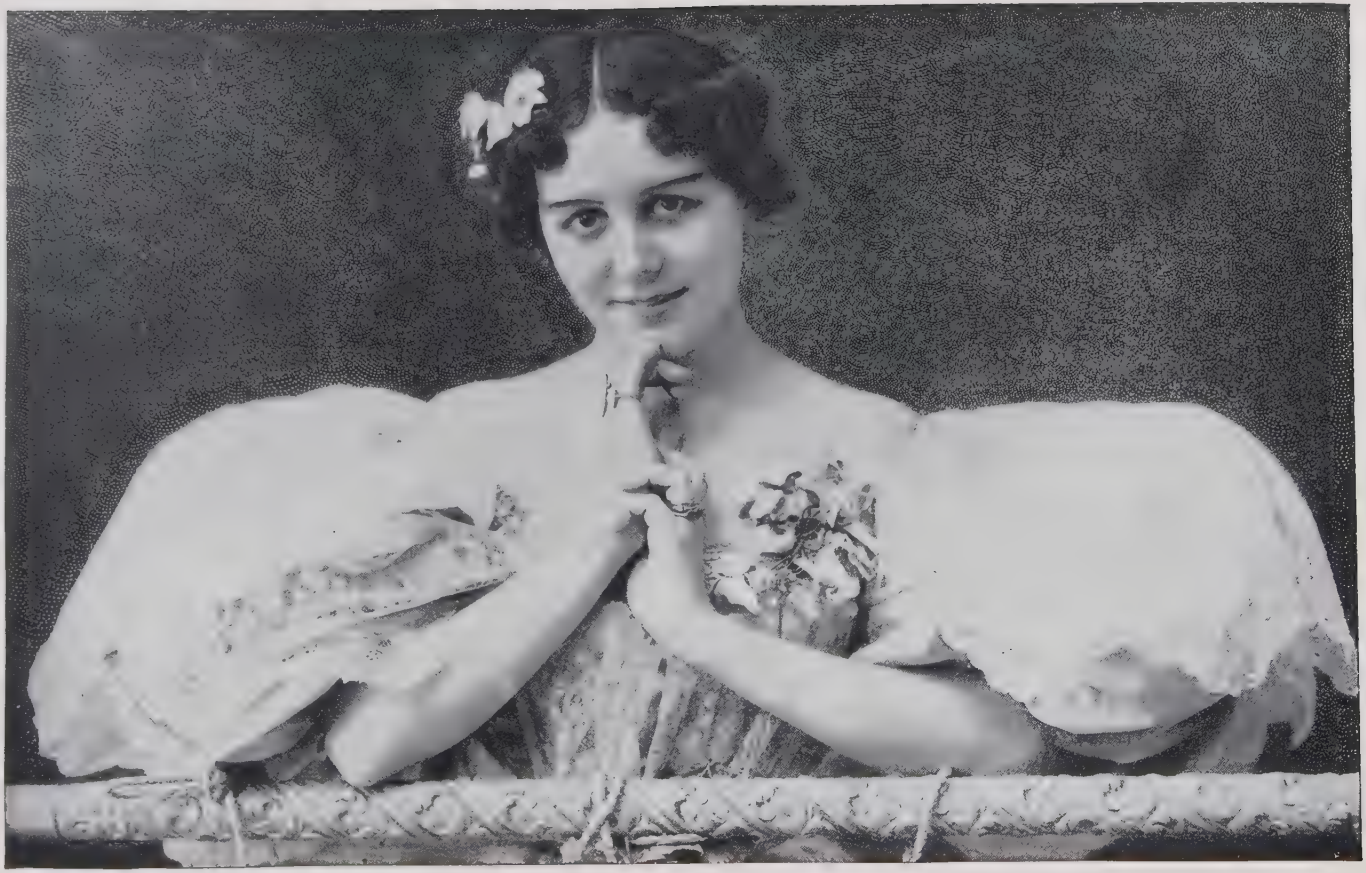
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

tion with those of Abbey and Grau in other ventures of the firm, it is left out in the grand opera announcements. He declares that he doesn't care to stake thousands of dollars on the chance of a singer not having sore throat. It is a fact that the indisposition of a popular favorite may cost the management anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars in one night. The expense of giving a single performance at the Metropolitan averages six thousand dollars. It often happens that less than this amount is taken in, but there are, on the other hand, occasions when the receipts foot as high as $18,000. Exciting business, this giving of grand opera; quite equal in its way to Wall Street.

We are promised, in May, an expensive venture of another sort. This will be nothing more nor less than a one night stand combination with a salary list of $25,000 per week. Light is thrown on the apparent anomaly when it is stated that Joseph Jefferson, John Drew, Francis Wilson, W. H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, Stuart Robson, De Wolf Hopper, Mrs. John Drew, and Viola Allen are to be among those making up the cast. The play will be "The Rivals," and the idea was suggested to Mr. Jefferson by the success of the Couldock benefit in New York last spring. Of course in the metropolis a longer stay will be made, but as the season must necessarily be brief there will be several of those fly by night stops associated with barnstormers. Seats will cost five dollars each.

DOWN WITH THE THEATER PRICES.

The charge of five dollars for such a star cast as that described above is not really exorbitant. The occasion is an extraordinary one, and the performance will be in every way worthy of standing out in one's memory. We still protest, however, against the high rates that the regular companies are charging for seats. Since our schedule was published in November, three of the houses that we rated at $1.50 have joined the two dollar ranks, but



Adelaide Cushman.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston

it is extremely likely they may have realized the damaging nature of the step before these lines are read, and gone back to the old tariff. Among the first class houses which have stood out against the upward drift this season, in spite of the fact that they have had sterling attractions to offer, are the Casino, the Fifth Avenue, the Garden, the Bijou, and the Herald Square.

Managers consult their own interests, as well as that of the public, by charging a reasonable rate. Already the houses that have not "raised" are making a feature of this fact in their announcements. The high rates and the high hats must both be put down.

HEREDITY IN STAGELAND.

Talent appears to come by inheritance more frequently on the stage than in any other line of artistic work. This may be due to the fact that a theatrical career carries its atmosphere into the daily life of its devotees, claiming the absorption of all their faculties, or it may be because stage folk marry among themselves more often than is the case with authors or artists. Whatever be the reason, we find everywhere actors who are related to one another.

Eleanor Lane Bell, of whom we give a portrait, is a sister of Belle Archer, and the wife of Charles J. Bell, who was in the original cast of "Too Much Johnson." Mrs. Bell has played with Cora Tanner, the Vokeses, and the Coghlans.

Then there is Adelaide Cushman, recently seen in New York at the American in "In Sight of St. Paul's." She is a descendant of Charlotte Cushman, and, fitting opportunity being given, may yet show us that what is in the blood will come out in the work. Her father was Judge Cushman, of Detroit, and it was not until the family removed to Australia that he would consent to his daughter going on the professional stage, her fitness for which had shown itself in amateur performances for charity.

Miss Cushman returned to this country three seasons ago, since which time she has been leading woman for James O'Neill, and the *Widow* in Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown." As her portrait shows, she is richly endowed with beauty, and possesses, moreover, an insight into character that gives her depictions distinct form and finish.

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF OUR STAGE.

A press agent's paragraph has been going the rounds and spreading broadcast the fact that one Saturday night Charles Frohman stood at the telephone in his Empire Theater and heard the gratifying intelligence that the receipts for that evening from his five "attractions" playing in New York were $9,451. This sounds like tremendous business, but although the five pieces were named, the sum each contributed to this magnificent total was discreetly left to the imagination. The publication of detailed statements of this character, however, might not be such a bad business step after all. It would certainly be calculated to induce second thought in those capitalists who, inspired by the magnitude of the figures just quoted, had promptly made up their minds to become competitors in the dramatic field. For while three of Mr. Frohman's five ventures showed handsome profits, the other two had turned out grievous disappointments. From another paragraph—not sent out by Mr. Frohman's press agent, it is needless to add—we gather that neither "His Excellency" nor "The Shop Girl" were to any extent profitable.

One of the chief causes of this season's epidemic of indifferent imported plays is the greed of this same Charles Frohman. He apparently considers that all the theater going public's dollars should trickle into his till. That this might be accomplished he secured well nigh half the first grade playhouses in town, and at once began to deluge the metropolis with English "attractions." With so many theaters on his hands he could do nothing else but resort to ready made misfits. No man is big enough to give personal attention, personal judgment and discipline, to the artistic development and realizing of half a dozen plays at the same time, and have all of them up to the standard that the public—especially in view of the inflated prices now charged for seats—has a right to demand.

New York ought to originate its own plays, instead of depending upon London as the barnstormed towns of America depend upon New York. One man like Augustin Daly, with serious purpose and high aims, is worth more to the metropolis than forty money getting managers who care not a whit for the artistic and dramatic side of their enterprises, or for the uplifting of the taste of the people. There is room in New York—abundant room—for another Daly.

"THE GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY."

William H. Crane is in luck. Not that this is a rare condition for the clever comedian, but this time it is pure luck—the result of coincidence rather than of talent. When his new play was named, he little thought that Kentucky's chief magistrate would attract especial attention to himself this winter by being the first Republican who has held the office in all the State's history. Nor is this all; Governor Bradley, having accomplished one remarkable feat, does not hesitate to undertake another, and has entered himself as a Presidential candidate. Whether he receives a nomination or not, he is certain to be more or less in the public eye during the coming months—a fact that constitutes a unique and gratuitous advertisement for Mr. Crane and the Fifth Avenue Theater.

MODEST JOHN HARE.

A star who walks quietly into the second act of the piece selected for his American début, and who has less to do in it than three of the other players—this was the Christmas surprise vouchsafed the New York public when John

Hare and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" were introduced to them at Abbey's. Of the play, the less said the better, but the actor is an artist. The quiet manner in which he scores his points reminds you of genial Joe Jefferson. There is that in his appearance that calls James Lewis to mind, but his grasp of the work in hand is Jefferson's. After this it need scarcely be added that his portrayal of character is convincing.

For thirty years John Hare has been a dignified figure on the London stage. An earnest student, he has always sought to keep in touch with the cleverest minds, to hold himself aloof from "box office" expedients. He has been associated with Irving, Toole, the Bancrofts, and the Kendals, and might have come to us with no small blaring of trumpets and beating of drums. That he has introduced himself quietly, and has been content to make his first appearance in a part of so little importance as the *Duke of St. Olpherts*, emphasizes his success most pleasantly. Minus mannerisms, and with a true knowledge of stagecraft shown in all he does, Mr. Hare is deserving of hearty support from our playgoers..

His company is a well balanced one. Fred Terry, on the whole, made a favorable impression. His open, frank hearted manner causes the audience to take kindly to him. He did not indicate that he has the genius of his talented sister, Ellen Terry, but is, we should judge, a good all round man. His wife, Julia Neilson, who plays the important title rôle in "Mrs. Ebbsmith," is a forceful actress. Her face is strong and yet pretty. Had she a more graceful figure and carriage, her personality would be decidedly attractive. She perhaps lacks fire, but is an artist of a good deal more than average ability.

OLGA NETHERSOLE'S "CARMEN."

The cleverest of all the younger generation of actresses that England has sent out to us, is Olga Nethersole. She captured the American public last year with her *Camille*, and in "Carmen" she has not only sustained but materially strengthened her firm hold on our admiration. Of her *Camille* we said that it moved blasé and cynical men as Bernhardt and Terry could not move them; of her *Carmen* we could say much more. Rarely indeed has passion been portrayed to such a pitch of intensity, and the beauty of it is that there is no overacting, no ranting. She plays the part for all there is in it. No one in the audience can feel that he is being defrauded of the most graphically realistic depiction of the fiery, heartless gipsy in her reckless and abandoned life, in her passionate love. Everybody has heard "Carmen" sung, but we had to wait for Nethersole to see it acted.

AN "ARTIST'S MODEL" THAT IS NOT A PARAGON.

After the "Shop Girl" and "His Excellency," "An Artist's Model" was placed before an American public, in the very height of the first fanfare of the excitement over the Venezuelan incident. By the way, it is worthy of remark that never before has the New York stage been so completely in the hands of the British as during the exchange of repartee between President Cleveland and Lord Salisbury. Had it come to war then and there, the theatrical side of the situation would have been interesting, to say the least. But Americans are proverbially long suffering, and not only meekly accepted the fresh invasion of blue eyed men and long limbed women, but even found a certain sort of merit in the vehicle that brought them. The only way in which we can account for this favor shown to "An Artist's Model," so distinctly inferior to "The Shop Girl" and "His Excellency," is to assume that the people have at last resigned themselves to the situation, and concluded that if they do not wish to sit at home they must accept the imported article, be it to their taste or not.

AMERICAN PLAYS.

While we are on the subject of the home made article in drama, it may be worth while to take a backward glance in the effort to discover what it is that has set our managers to scouring England for their wares. And, for the sake of these same gentlemen, we shall take the sordid view only. Let us call to mind, then, the signally profitable productions of the past three seasons, and we find confronting us: "Shore Acres," "His Wife's Father," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "A Trip to Chinatown," "Butterflies," "Too Much Johnson," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "In Old Kentucky," "Ambition," "The Heart of Maryland," "Northern Lights," "Rob Roy," "1492," "The Wizard of the Nile," and "Excelsior, Jr." All of these are of American manufacture, and, with the exception of the musical pieces, have their scene laid in this country. Not a record, surely, to discourage faith in native talent.

On the British side of the ledger we have "The Amazons," "Charley's Aunt," "Sowing the Wind," "The Bauble Shop," "The Masqueraders," "The Fatal Card," "The Sporting Duchess," "The Professor's Love Story," "The Gaiety Girl," and "Little Christopher." "Trilby" is of English origin, but it took an American playwright to put it so successfully into dramatic form, just as it required an American manager to see the stage value of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Apropos of American comic operas and burlesques, the recent failure of Potter and Nye's "Stag Party" draws fresh attention to a singular fact. While plays smacking of home soil in their local color have made such a good record, our musically inclined dramatists have always fared better when they worked in foreign fields. The Bostonians have had three sad experiences with experiments in the other direction, once with "The Knickerbockers," again with "The Ogallallas," and once more with "The Maid of Plymouth." "A Daughter of the Revolution" did not draw, neither did "Puritania."

A CHILD OF SILENCE.

AT the end of the street stood the little white house Jack Ward was pleased to call his own. Five years he had lived there, he and Dorothy. How happy they had been! But things seemed to have gone wrong some way, since—since the baby died in the spring. A sob came into Jack's throat, for the little face had haunted him all day.

Never a sound had the baby lips uttered, and the loudest noises had not disturbed his rest. It had seemed almost too much to bear, but they had loved him more, if that were possible, because he was not as other children were. Jack had never been reconciled, but Dorothy found a world of consolation in the closing paragraph of a magazine article on the subject:

And yet we cannot believe these Children of Silence to be unhappy. Mrs. Browning says that "closed eyes see more truly than ever open do," and may there not be another world of music for those to whom our own is soundless? In a certain sense they are utterly beyond the pain that life always brings, for never can they hear the cruel words beside which physical hurts sink into insignificance. So pity them not, but believe that He knoweth best, and that what seems wrong and bitter is often His truest kindness to His children.

Dorothy read it over and over until she knew it by heart. There was a certain comfort in the thought that he need not suffer—that he need never find what a wealth of bitterness lies in that one little word—life. And when the hard day came she tried to be thankful, for she knew that he was safer still; tried to see the kindness that had taken him back into the Unknown Silence of which he was the Child.

Jack went up the steps this mild winter evening, whistling softly to himself, and opened the door with his latch key. "Where are you, girlie?"

"Up stairs, dear; I'll be down in a minute," and even as she spoke Dorothy came into the room.

In spite of her black gown and the hollows under her eyes she was a very pretty woman. She knew it, and Jack did, too. That is, he had known, but he had forgotten.

"Here's the evening paper." He tossed it into her lap as she sat down by the window.

"Thank you." She wondered vaguely why Jack didn't kiss her as he used to, and then dismissed the thought. She was growing accustomed to that sort of thing.

"How nice of you to come by the early train! I didn't expect you till later."

"There wasn't much going on in town, so I left the office early. Any mail? No? Guess I'll take Jip out for a stroll." The fox terrier at his feet wagged his tail approvingly. "Want to go, Jip?"

Jip answered decidedly in the affirmative. "All right, come on," and Dorothy watched the two go down the street with an undefined feeling of pain.

She lit the prettily shaded lamp and tried to read the paper, but the political news, elopements, murders, and suicides lacked interest. She wondered what had come between her and Jack. Something had; there was no question of that, but—well, it would come straight some time. Perhaps she was morbid and unjust. She couldn't ask him what was the matter without making him angry, and she had tried so hard to make him happy.

Jip announced his arrival at the front door with a series of sharp barks and an unmistakable scratch. She opened it as Jack sauntered slowly up the walk, and passed her with the remark, "Dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Into the cozy dining room they went, Jip first, then Jack, and then Dorothy. The daintily served meal satisfied the inner man, and he did not notice that she ate but little. She honestly tried to be entertaining, and thought she succeeded fairly well. After dinner he retired into the depths of the evening paper, and Dorothy stitched away at her embroidery.

Suddenly Jack looked at his watch. "Well, it's half past seven, and I've got to go over to Mrs. Brown's to practise a duet with her for tomorrow."

Dorothy trembled, but only said, "Oh, yes, the duet. What is it this time?"

"'Calvary,' I guess. That seems to take the multitude better than anything we sing. No, Jip, not this time. Good by—I won't be gone long."

The door slammed, and Dorothy was alone.

She put away her embroidery and walked the floor restlessly. Mrs. Brown was a pretty widow, always well dressed, and she sang divinely. Dorothy could not sing a note, though she played fairly well, and Jack got into a habit of taking Mrs. Brown new music and going over to sing it with her. An obliging neighbor who had called that afternoon had remarked maliciously that Mr. Ward and Mrs. Brown seemed to be very good friends. Dorothy smiled with white lips, and tried to say pleasantly, "Yes, Mrs. Brown is charming, don't you think so? I am sure that if I were a man I should fall in love with her."

The neighbor rose to go, and by way of a parting shot replied, "That seems to be Mr. Ward's idea. Lovely day, isn't it? Come over when you can."

Dorothy was too stunned to reply. She thought seriously of telling Jack, but wisely decided not to. These suburban towns were always gossipy. Jack would think she didn't trust him. And now he was at Mrs. Brown's again!

The pain was almost blinding. She went to the window and looked out. The rising moon shone fitfully upon the white signs of sorrow in the little churchyard far to the left.

She threw a shawl over her head and went out. In feverish haste she walked over to the little "God's Acre," where the Child of Silence was buried.

She found the spot and sat down. A thought of Mrs. Browning's ran through her mind:

> Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
> More grief than ye can weep for——

then some way the tears came; a blessed rush of relief.

"Oh, baby dear," she sobbed, pressing her lips to the cold turf above him, "I wish I was down there beside you, as still and as dreamless as you. You don't know what it means—you never would have known. I'd rather be a stone than a woman with a heart. Do you think if I could buy death that I wouldn't take it and come down there beside you? It hurt me to lose you, but it wasn't the worst. You would have loved me. Oh, my Child of Silence! Come back, come back!"

How long she stayed there she never knew, but the heart pain grew easier after a while.

She pressed her lips to the turf again. "Good night, baby dear. Good night. I'll come again. You haven't lost your mother, even if she has lost you!"

Fred Bennett passed by the unfrequented spot, returning from an errand to that part of town, and he heard the last words. He drew back into the shadow. The slight black figure appeared on the sidewalk a few feet ahead of him, and puzzled him not a little. He followed cautiously and finally decided to overtake her. As she heard his step behind her she looked around timidly.

"Mrs. Ward!"

His tone betrayed surprise, and he saw that her eyes were wet and her white drawn face was tear stained. She shuddered. A new trouble faced her. How long had he been following her?

He saw her distress and told his lie bravely. "I just came around the corner here."

Her relieved look was worth the sacrifice of his conscientious scruples, he said to himself afterward.

"I may walk home with you, may I not?"

"Certainly."

She took his offered arm and tried to chat pleasantly with her old friend. Soon they reached the gate. She dropped his arm and said good night unsteadily. Bennett could bear it no longer, and he took both her hands in his own.

"Mrs. Ward, you are in trouble. Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

She was silent. "Dorothy, you will let me call you so, will you not? You know how much I cared for you, in a boy's impulsive fashion, in the old days when we were at school; you know that I am your friend now—as true a friend as a man can be to a woman. Tell me, Dorothy, and let me help you!"

There was a rustle of silk on the pavement, and her caller of the afternoon swept by without speaking. Already Dorothy knew the story which would be put in circulation on the morrow. Bennett's clasp tightened on her cold fingers. "Tell me, Dorothy, and let me help you!" he said again.

The impulse to tell him grew stronger, and she controlled it with difficulty. "It is nothing, Mr. Bennett, I—I have a headache."

"I see, and you came out for a breath of fresh air. Pardon me. I am sure you will be better in the morning. These cool nights are so bracing. Good night, and God bless you—Dorothy."

He walked away rapidly, and she lingered on the porch till she could no longer hear his footsteps. She left a lamp in the hall and went up to bed. "Jack won't be home till late," she said to herself, "and he will want the light."

So the tired head dropped on its pillow, and she stared sleeplessly at the ceiling.

Meanwhile Bennett was on his way to Mrs. Brown's cottage. His mind was made up, and he would speak to Jack. He had heard a great deal of idle gossip, and it would probably cost him Jack's friendship, but he would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he had tried to do something for Dorothy.

He rang the bell, and Mrs. Brown herself answered it. "Good evening, Mrs. Brown. No, thank you, I won't come in. Just ask Jack if I may see him on a matter of business."

Ward, hearing his friend's voice, was already at the door. "I'll be with you in a minute, Fred," he said. "Good night, Mrs. Brown; I am sure we shall get along famously with the duet," and the two men went slowly down the street.

They went on in silence till Jack said, "Well, Bennett, what is it? You don't call a fellow out like this unless it is something serious."

"It is serious, Jack; it's Dor—— Mrs. Ward."

"Dorothy? I confess I'm as much in the dark as ever."

"It's this way, Jack. She's in trouble."

Ward was silent.

"Jack, you know I'm a friend of yours; I have been ever since I've known you. If you don't take what I'm going to say as I mean it, you're not the man I think you are."

"Go on, Fred, I understand you. I was only thinking."

"Perhaps you don't know it, but the town is agog with what it is pleased to term your infatuation for Mrs. Brown." Jack smothered a profane exclamation, and Bennett continued. "Dorothy is eating her heart out over the baby. She was in the cemetery tonight sobbing over his grave, and talking to him like a mad

woman. I came up the back street, and after a little I overtook her and walked home with her. That's how I happen to know. And don't think for a moment that she hasn't heard the gossip. She has, only she's too proud to speak of it. And, Jack, old man, I don't believe you've neglected her intentionally, but begin again and show how much you care for her. Good night."

Bennett left him abruptly, for the old love of Dorothy was strong tonight; not the fitful, flaming passion of his boyhood, but the deeper, tenderer love of his whole life.

Jack was strangely affected. Dear little Dorothy! He had neglected her. "I don't deserve her," he said to himself, "but I will." He passed a florist's shop, and a tender thought struck him. He would buy Dorothy some roses. He went in and ordered a box of American Beauties. A stiff silk rustled beside him, and he lifted his hat courteously.

"Going home, Mr. Ward? It's early, isn't it? But," with scarcely a perceptible emphasis, "it's—none—too soon!" Then, as her eager eye caught a glimpse of the roses, "Ah, but you men are sly! For Mrs. Brown?"

Jack took his package and responded icily, "No. For Mrs. Ward."

"Cat!" he muttered under his breath as he went out. And that little word in the mouth of a man means a great deal.

He entered the house, and was not surprised to find that Dorothy had retired. She never waited for him now. He took the roses from the box and went up stairs.

"Hello, Dorothy!" as the pale face rose from the pillow in surprise. "I've brought you some roses!" Dorothy actually blushed. Jack hadn't brought her a rose for three years; not since the day the baby was born. He put them in water, and came and sat down beside her.

"Dear little girl, your head aches, doesn't it?" He drew her up beside him and put his cool fingers on the throbbing temples. Her heart beat quickly and happy tears filled her eyes as Jack bent down and kissed her tenderly. "My sweetheart! I'm so sorry for the pain!"

It was the old lover-like tone, and Dorothy looked up.

"Jack," she said, "you do love me, don't you?"

His arms tightened about her. "My darling, I love you better than anything in the world. You are the dearest little woman I ever saw. It isn't much of a heart, dear, but you've got it all. Crying? Why, what is it, sweetheart?"

"The baby," she answered brokenly, and his eyes overflowed, too.

"Dorothy dearest, you know that was best. He wasn't like——"

Jack could not say the hard words, but Dorothy understood and drew his face down to hers again.

Then she closed her eyes, and Jack held her till she slept. The dawn found his arms still around her, and when the early church bells awoke her from a happy dream she found the reality sweet and beautiful, and the heartache a thing of the past.

Myrtle Reed.

A SEA LYRIC.

RAIN—and a robin singing
In the gnarled old apple tree;
And a lazy south wind bringing
A bell's sad note to me.

Rain—and a song of gladness
When the grass grows green once more;
And a sea voice full of sadness
That sobs along the shore.

Rain—and a fisher maiden
Of her sailor sweetheart sings;
And the bell with sorrow laden
Far down the harbor rings.

Rain—in the leaves above her
'Tis the robin hears her song;
And the sea knell for her lover
Tolls—Oh, the years are long!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

LITERARY CHAT

THE "DETECTIVE STORY" QUESTION.

We have heard with considerable surprise that a paragraph published some months ago in MUNSEY'S has been taken in certain quarters as an insinuation of dishonorable dealing by the Bacheller Syndicate in its recent "detective story" competition. While it is undesirable as a rule to promote further discussion of an unfortunate topic, we feel called upon to disavow any such intention. The true facts of the case, as obtained by us from a reliable authority, are as follows:

From the manuscripts submitted to Mr. Bacheller's readers, fifty stories were selected, and intrusted to Mr. Arthur Stedman, who carried them personally to Mr. John H. Boner of the *Literary Digest*. Of this number Mr. Boner put aside all but twelve, and these Mr. Stedman took to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of the *Outlook*. We feel justified in saying that there was no opportunity for underhand dealing, even if it were possible to believe these gentlemen capable of it.

In criticising the decision of Mr. Mabie, which resulted in the final award, we spoke strongly of the comparatively inferior quality of the two successful stories, adding that if Mr. Howells had competed he would undoubtedly have won the prize; and to this remark we understand that Mr. Irving Bacheller has taken exception. But the meaning we intended to convey was far from that which Mr. Bacheller has detected. We simply desired to suggest that if his judges liked a detective story by Brander Matthews, they would have liked one by Mr. Howells still more. He of literary passions is the one man in America who would be sure to excel Mr. Matthews in the task of producing work of a character diametrically opposite to the ordinarily accepted ideal of a detective story; and that is what Mr. Mabie seems to have been looking for. Such comment we regard as the unquestioned right of the independent critic.

PRIZES AND PRIZE NOVELS.

A prize contest is a curious thing, any way, and one recently instituted by the New York *Herald* was by no means an exception to the rule. We are asked to suppose—and of course, being polite and prudent, we *do* suppose—that a novel written by a man whose work has been well known for twenty years comes into the hands of a literary critic, who is also the author's brother in law, and that the said critic hasn't the faintest idea who wrote it. There is no reason why he should not recognize the author, and honestly judge that his work deserves the prize, but that does not make all this parade of absolutely hidden identity any the less ridiculous.

If a fresh and vigorous novel by an old and well known writer were put into the hands of any critic, and he could not immediately, in nine cases out of ten, name the author, it would prove one of two things—that the critic did not know his business, or that the author had no style. If the critic does not know his business he does not deserve his position; if the novelist has no individuality of style, his book does not deserve a prize.

We are wondering if the ten thousand dollar novel written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne was the first one of his books that Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, his sister's husband, had ever read.

SOMETHING ABOUT "GYP."

It is very seldom that we find an American or English woman novelist who is personally interesting. There was a tendency at one time to "boom" Amélie Rives as a phenomenon worth running a block to see, and "John Oliver Hobbes" and "Julien Gordon" have had their little day of being talked about. But none of them has the magnetism that keeps a writer in the delighted eye of the public. They impress one as being in a perpetual state of expecting to hear the button pressed, and wishing to "smile now" when the negative is exposed. The spontaneity which makes "Gyp" the delight of Paris is entirely wanting, and so also is "Gyp's" genius.

The Comtesse de Martel generally knows what she is talking about, as she is a member of one of the oldest families in France and a woman of fashion. In writing the history of her social day, she is full of that prejudice without which it has been said no history of a country can be written. Her chief prejudices are against Jews and certain literary men. Her books are filled with caricatures of Hebrews well known in Paris, and her conversation with clever ridicule of the authors she dislikes. She has a screen which she has dedicated to Georges Ohnet, whose works are as popular in France as E. P. Roe's once were in this country. It is covered with quotations which Mme. de Martel considers monuments of his stupidity.

While the authors she holds up to scorn go their ways in peace and quietness, some other people have endangered her beauty and even her life. Upon one occasion vitriol was thrown at her face, and on another a pistol ball went through her hat. But all these have left her fearless. She has one peculiarity. Several years ago she was riding through a tunnel when an accident occurred which almost cost her her life. Ever since, when she is traveling, and there is a tunnel on the line, she leaves the train at the station before it and rides in a carriage to the one beyond it.

Mme. de Martel does all her work at night, beginning about eleven o'clock, and working

until three. Oddly enough, her publishers are Jews. They have made an arrangement with her that when her books are too vehemently anti Semitic, they may be sent to another house.

"STEPNIAK."

The death of "Stepniak," the writer of novels and reviews bearing upon Russia's oppression of her people, takes away another prop of the nihilists. Emotions, like everything else, go by fads. There was a time, a few years ago, when people talked of nothing but nihilism. England, with Ireland clamoring at her doors, and America, with her convict labor system of the Southern States, forgot everything in their eager and ardent sympathy for the workers in Siberian mines. Mr. George Kennan made a comfortable fortune by adding fuel to the flame after his visit to Russia, and "Stepniak" followed him in the lecture field. But for some reason the stories of the real Russian were not so effective as those of the American traveler. Perhaps the former kept closer to the actual facts of the case.

Nobody knew exactly who "Stepniak" was. He took the name to signify that he came from the Steppes. He was not a thorough going nihilist, but more of a socialist. He had had trouble with Tolstoy when that eccentric nobleman was an officer of the Russian government, and he had been obliged to live out of Russia for many years; but nothing more was known of his history. He was an eccentric looking man, with electrified hair, and a taste for ridiculous hats. His wife, on the contrary, was a brilliant woman, "smart," after the meaning which English people give to that word.

THE "MATERIAL GATHERING" OF A NOVELIST.

François Coppée is to be brought prominently before the people of New York this month by the production, at Palmer's Theater, of his play "For the Crown." A peculiar feature in this dramatic venture is the fact that the manager—Edward Vroom, an old member of Booth's company—is insured against loss, whatever be the reception accorded the piece. Several moneyed men of the metropolis, interested in art for art's sake, have subscribed to this end just as they would subscribe to a scheme for some public improvement.

Coppée's story, "The Rivals," by which America best knows him—the story of the two old actresses who had loved the same man in their youth—was an actual discovery. He saw the two old friends tottering along together, and heard the outlines of their story, making it into the idyl of unselfishness it is.

Coppée may constantly be seen in the omnibuses, the parks, and the little suburban theaters of Paris, looking about him with real enjoyment of his surroundings. He was born in the lower walks of life, and has never lost his sense of pleasure in associating with the people. In an omnibus he will seat himself by some wrinkled old crone or some pretty child, and weave together the stories of their lives from the indications in their faces and voices and clothing. One of his favorite resorts is the garden of the Luxembourg, where the sparrows know him so well that they will eat crumbs from his hand. He is a great favorite, too, with the Latin Quarter and its students, who know him as "*le cher maître.*"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' KINDNESS.

Dozens of stories are being told concerning the kind heart and generous nature of the younger Dumas. Upon one occasion he wrote a play which he sent to a publisher anonymously. Several months later he published the fact, stating that he had heard nothing of the play, and presumed it was lying in the manager's lumber room with hundreds of others, all unopened. He neglected to say whose lumber room he meant. A play by Dumas was something of an event in Paris, and every manager set about a careful overhauling and reading of manuscripts that had accumulated. This was exactly what Dumas wanted. Of course there was no doubt concerning his play when it was discovered, but incidentally many a young author received the hearing he had long sought in vain.

One day Dumas' publisher received a translation from him, with a request for fifteen hundred francs. The man of business, who knew that the work was not Dumas', said that three hundred would be an ample price for it.

"Then," said Dumas, "draw on my account for the remaining twelve hundred."

It was discovered that the translation had been done by the widow of an old friend who had died in poverty.

MR. BLACKMORE'S POEMS.

We are about to take up a curiosity in the literary way. The author of "Lorna Doone" has written a book of poems. One would naturally expect them to be tales of war and prowess, of giant men and beautiful women, full of the clash of swords or the gallop of hoofs, and radiant with country sunshine. Instead of that we find Mr. Blackmore writing of *Glycera* and *Pausias*. Still more surprising, the book is illustrated by Will H. Bradley. If there is anybody unacquainted with Will H. Bradley's drawings, he need not consider the acquaintance so great a boon as to rush for an introduction upon this recommendation. The black scrolls and lines of eccentricity which Mr. Bradley uses are neat imitations of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley; and like some of the pupils who used to exploit the merits of "Gaskell's Compendium" for teaching handwriting, in the backs of the magazines, sometimes the imitator can make bigger and blacker flourishes than the original.

"Fringilla and Other Poems" will be received with toleration. We are a long suffering people. We read Richard Watson Gilder's sonnets and Mr. Howells' novels, and we went to see a play which Mr. Bradley advertised by drawing a chrysanthemum supported by a pair of goat's legs.

They say that down in Devonshire, where Mr. Blackmore lives, he is known only as a market gardener. His bucolic neighbors will doubtless open their eyes when they see "Fringilla"—should that neat little volume of verse come into their hands.

A CALIFORNIAN ESTRAY.

We wonder what would happen to Bret Harte if he were to come back to America, ride in a Pullman sleeper over the Rocky Mountains, and take a look at the scenes he continues to describe. As it is, he is writing novels that are as historical as Stanley Weyman's, but without Stanley Weyman's excuse of pure romance. Mr. Harte appears to believe that he is narrating facts of the present day. There is an old legend of a painter who, for his sins, was compelled to paint the picture of a woman a thousand times. As soon as one portrait was finished, he lost his living model, and had to copy the next picture from the first one. He went on in the same way, taking each successive canvas as his model. The last portrait was a horrible caricature of the original. Mr. Harte appears to be repeating that story.

There is no doubt that Mr. Harte has, or at least had, genius, but, none the less, his pictures of the West strike a well informed American as ridiculous. He has lost the fine details, the sense of proportion, and—worst of all—the exquisite Western humor which keeps a character from making an utter ass of himself. His women were always questionable. He ought to have gone into the business of creating heroines for "problem plays" long ago. He has shown a decided sympathy for that sort of woman.

They send race horses back to Kentucky when they begin to "go off their feed," in order to breathe the air, drink the limestone water, and eat the blue grass. Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling need to go back to California and India, and get a fresh start. There is always the danger, however, that they may be like Mr. Haggard's *She*—unable to stand the second bath of fire.

Bret Harte is a native of New York State, who was driven to the West in 1853 to look for gold and adventures. In Calaveras County he lived and worked like an ordinary day laborer, just as Mark Twain lived and worked in Nevada. He was not successful as a miner, and became an express messenger—the man who sits beside the driver on a stage coach and guards "treasure." Over and over again he has told of his exciting runs from stage robbers. After this he taught school for a time, wandering from camp to camp. At last he found his place as editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and it was there that he rode to fame on "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont has been one of Mr. Harte's best friends. In the days of her prosperity and influence she was always ready to advance his fortunes. He said once that were he to be wrecked on a desert island, he would expect the next mail to bring him an appointment as its governor, secured by Mrs. Frémont. Today, he is a Londoner, polished and elegant, the last man to be suspected of having shot at stage robbers in his youth.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S HOME.

A man's home may be anything, but a woman's is necessarily the reflection of her individuality. Mrs. Ward's home is in Russell Square, that pompous, old fashioned part of London where Thackeray's *Osbornes* lived, and which, in our minds, is forever connected with the *Sedleys* and *Georgy*.

We should hardly expect to find frivolities in Mrs. Ward's home. "Marcella," "David Grieve," and "Bessie Costrell" were not nourished in an atmosphere of frills. The frames on the mirrors and the pictures are heavy, the curtains are dark, and there is an air of solemnity over everything. Matthew Arnold was a cousin of Mrs. Ward's, and during his lifetime was a constant visitor at her house. There he met all the heavier literary lights of London town. James Anthony Froude, Max Müller, Sir Edwin Arnold, and our own James Russell Lowell and Henry James, Jr., were all well known in that house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward lived for a long time at Oxford, where they were part of the scholarly life there. They are full of intensity, and take up every new mental fad which comes along—if it is heavy enough. Mrs. Ward is a small woman with a sweet face and—it must be confessed—rather dowdy gowns. But one cannot expect "Marcella" and "David Grieve" to give her time to be "smart."

THE LATE GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

The death of George Augustus Sala marked the end of a notable career. Mr. Sala was a journalist remarkable for his devotion to his profession, and a literary man of conspicuous ability. His reputation was won when, as correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, he came to America to observe and report the progress of the civil war. It will be remembered that his letters were strongly resented in this country, a natural outcome, perhaps, of the resolute, calm, and impartial tone which he adopted in dealing with a struggle which aroused the participants to fever heat. The lapse of time, and the cooling of former prejudices, have shown the true value of his work, and insured a wide reading to "My Diary in America in the Midst of War."

But it was not as a journalist alone that Sala was noted. In the more ambitious field of fiction his creations came to be known and appreciated at the moment when the popularity of Dickens, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins was at its height, and when in consequence new writers found it difficult to obtain a hearing. He was born in London in 1828, and during his life experienced every phase of fortune from poverty to prosperity, and almost every variety of occupation, from copying music to editing a magazine. Various stages of his career showed him as an engraver, an artist, a

lecturer, a partner in a balloon ascension enterprise, an advertising agent, and a manufacturer of patent pills. Finally steered by Charles Dickens into literature, he saw before him the congenial path which he steadily pursued to the day of his death. His position as war correspondent of the *Telegraph* naturally caused him to travel extensively. He covered the greater part of the United States, visited Algiers, Morocco, and Constantinople, and reported in person most of the important political happenings of Europe for the past thirty years.

Sala died at Brighton, England, on December 8, after an illness of several months.

"A THREE STRANDED YARN" AND ITS AUTHOR.

That "mariner of England," Mr. W. Clark Russell, has roused himself from the literary languor which has lately beset him, and written a rattling good story entitled "A Three Stranded Yarn; the Wreck of the Lady Emma."

Mr. Russell emphatically denies the charge that there is a sameness about his books, but of this he is, of course, the worst judge. There undoubtedly is a great similarity in all his novels, and the rule holds good when applied to "A Three Stranded Yarn." It is exceedingly like "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," but it would be hypercritical to raise this resemblance as an objection. The latter book was a most able piece of work, and to say that the former is like it is praise rather than disparagement.

"The sea," Mr. Russell has said, "is a jealous thing to touch. In order to write about it a man must have been a sailor, for the difficulty of the work does not lie in the mere description of clouds and waves and sunsets. It is a far greater difficulty to sail the ship." Of this feat Mr. Russell certainly is master. He sails the Lady Emma, summons hurricanes, and disables her as completely as he disabled the *Grosvenor*, finally bringing her up with a crash upon a friendly iceberg which preserves ship, hero, and heroine in cold storage until such time as their friends see fit to rescue them. It is a breezy and vigorous yarn, full of the author's old time fire and dash, and with the true smell of the brine on every page—a pleasant surprise for those who despondently read his "Phantom Death" and feared that Clark Russell's hand had lost its cunning.

It is more than thirty five years since, as a midshipman, Mr. Russell first made the acquaintance of the element which has given him fame. Since that time he has traveled over the greater part of the globe, and picked up the experience that enables him to navigate "a painted ship upon a painted ocean" from Gravesend to 60 south latitude, and have the "local color" correct all the way. His first incentive to a literary life was received off Cape Horn, on a voyage from Sydney to England. A quarrel with the captain resulted in young Russell's being put in irons, and while thus confined he read "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," and determined to become a poet. His first production was a drama, "Fra Angelo," whose lamentable failure turned his energies into a different channel. "John Houldsworth, Chief Mate," his earliest novel, appeared a short time later, and was followed by "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," and the dawn of his reputation.

MR. HARDY JUSTIFIES HIS DETRACTORS.

From the outset of his literary career Thomas Hardy has induced enthusiastic admiration and strong antagonism. He has scores of appreciative readers and scores of bitter critics, and both have seemed to a certain extent to be in the right. For our own part we have always commended his work, for while it is brutally frank in spots, there has been an evident purpose in the frankness; and we can pardon much in a writer who has a sincere and earnest aim in view. But what can even the most partial of Hardy's admirers say to justify "Jude the Obscure"?

We would respectfully direct Mr. Hardy's attention to a *dictum* of his astute fellow worker, Hall Caine:

> When you are tempted to describe a scene of more than usual delicacy, ask yourself first if it comes directly into the line of your story, and next if it is the end of your story or only the way to the end. If you suspect that in your secret heart it is an aim in itself, cut it out, whatever its merit, whatever its naturalness.

As usual, Mr. Caine knew what he was talking about. If Mr. Hardy had taken the same principle for his guiding star, "Jude the Obscure" might have proved his masterpiece. As it is, he has gone out of his way to paint the animal side of human nature, and at the same time he has wandered afield from the direct road of his narrative. The result is a "problem novel" which in unnecessary coarseness outruns all others. The strong human interest and the sympathetic appreciation of nature's moods which are so characteristic of Hardy's best work are buried beneath an upper dressing of indecency, like young spring grass weighed down by some rank fertilizer.

What is Mr. Hardy's excuse? No doubt the same which he proffered for the equivocal passages in "Tess," namely, that his characters get beyond his control, work out their own destiny, and are alone responsible for their downfall. If this be the case, we can only suggest that he should procure a strong check rein.

Max Gate, Thomas Hardy's home, near Dorchester, England, is a house of his own designing. The novelist began life as an architect, his first published work being an essay on "The Use of Colored Brick and Terra Cotta in Dwelling Houses." Here and there in his books, particularly in "Jude the Obscure," one finds abundant evidence that in the pursuit of literature he has not lost his familiarity with his original profession. At Max Gate, Hardy has his study, and his wife as

an amanuensis—when she can spare time from her painting, sketching, and the varied duties that come to her as the hostess of many guests. He is extremely intolerant of interruption, and if disturbed during his morning working hours is obliged to lay his manuscript aside until evening.

Unfortunately, we have little doubt that what we have said of Hardy's latest book will increase its sale. The author's reputation alone will insure it a wide reading, and there is no chance of its being what it deserves to be—"Jude the Obscure" in fact as well as name.

THE UNDUE EXALTATION OF PAUL BOURGET.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has an attractive way of "finding" people and then exploiting them in the New York *Herald*, which at first thought would seem highly advantageous to the recipients of such favors, but is in reality a mixed blessing. Paul Bourget may well count it as such. M. Bourget is a most estimable and comparatively young man who has been deemed worthy of a *fauteuil* in the French Academy, and whose work in the natural course of events might have become as popular in America as that of his fellow academicians Pierre Loti and François Coppée. But alas for his prospects, he was "found." Planted upon his own legs he was to be respected, but ambling gracefully upon stilts provided by Mr. Bennett he comes perilously near to being ridiculous. The *Herald* has systematically forced M. Bourget down our throats until we are sick unto death of his very name.

Take, for instance, the case of "A Tragic Idyl." For one solid week the opening chapter of this exalted composition appeared in the *Herald* every morning, and not once in each issue, but repeatedly. Foreign news, editorials, death notices, and financial articles all ended with the magic words, "'A Tragic Idyl,' by Paul Bourget." No doubt the new work is a very meritorious one, but if enough is as good as a feast, too much is worse than a famine, and by the time the first instalment appeared its title and initial paragraphs had become an abomination, and every self respecting citizen was praying devoutly that Mr. Bennett, who had found M. Bourget, would promptly lose him again.

Such a policy on the *Herald's* part is, to say the least, misguided. Left to itself, M. Bourget's repute will prosper. Unduly inflated it explodes like a deep sea fish brought to the surface. "By no endeavor," as Gilbert would say, can the *Herald* persuade us that its protégé is the only novelist on earth. In behalf of a long suffering community we protest against the forced exaltation of M. Bourget.

A NEW BOOK FROM GEORGE MEREDITH.

From his cottage at Box Hill, Surrey, Mr. George Meredith has put forth a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage." Mr. Meredith is the proud inspirer of a "cult"—an honor that rarely crowns a man's labors during his life, and which, therefore, would seem to demonstrate that the author of "The Amazing Marriage" is a genius of the first water. One has, however, to belong to the cult in order even dimly to understand Mr. Meredith; and as we cannot claim that privilege we are free to confess that we found "The Amazing Marriage" very dull reading.

For Mr. Meredith personally we have a sincere admiration, as we have for any man who has beaten down all obstacles, and built up a reputation which even his bitterest critics find unassailable. It has been the work of years to overcome opposition and make himself what he is today, one of the idols of the literary world. Such a man must be deserving of respect. It is our misfortune not to understand him—a misfortune, be it said, which a large majority of mankind have to share.

Mr. Meredith was long a reader for Chapman & Hall of London, and by his conscientious criticism and kindly encouragement earned the gratitude of more than one young writer who has since become famous. Thomas Hardy, in particular, looks back with gratification to the time when Mr. Meredith read the manuscript of his first book and shrewdly discerned in it a quality which he knew would make it a success, and which he did not hesitate to commend.

MR. STEDMAN'S "ANTHOLOGY."

When Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman undertook and successfully carried out his project of collecting in one volume the masterpieces of the Victorian poets, he did something for which lovers of verse will be for all time grateful. There is a satisfaction, too, in knowing that the compiler of "A Victorian Anthology" is the man of all men to execute so difficult a task in a thorough and scholarly fashion.

Mr. Stedman is a living contradiction of the doctrine that business ability and æstheticism are as incapable of peaceful association as the lion and the lamb. His days are spent in the strenuous atmosphere of the Stock Exchange, but he has found time to make himself one of the most important factors in the literary life of America, and to know and be known by almost every one whose name is significant in letters. His own marked poetical endowment makes him a nice judge of what is most worthy of preservation in the work of other men, and his exhaustive knowledge of modern literature is an assurance that no poet really deserving of the name has passed unrecognized in his collection.

Now that Mr. Stedman is in the prime of his critical and discriminative power, may we not look for a concise grouping of the American poets of the century? This would be even more appreciatively welcomed in the United States than "A Victorian Anthology."

MR. HUTTON'S REPARTEE.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, if we are to believe a story that we hear of him, is possessed of a power of retort hardly courteous, but sufficiently clever to make courtesy a secondary considera-

tion. Mr. Hutton has a large and valuable collection of death masks, and hearing that a cast had been made of Eugene Field he wrote to inquire the price of a replica. The maker of the mask replied somewhat uncivilly that no replica was for sale, but that he would forward the original cast for one thousand dollars. At this Mr. Hutton's ire rose, and he indited the following reply:

DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Mr. Eugene Field, but offer to sell me the original for a thousand dollars. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, as also any mask of yourself; for I feel certain that when the time comes for the making of the latter, there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek!

From which it appears that it does not do to trifle overmuch with Mr. Laurence Hutton.

MORE DIATRIBES FROM MR. FORD.

In a little book entitled "Bohemia Invaded," Mr. James L. Ford continues his chosen work of being humorous at the expense of his fellow creatures. When Mr. Ford wrote "The Literary Shop" he was very wroth, but his ire was directed against only two classes of society—the ultra fashionables and the editors of magazines. Goaded beyond control by the frivolity of the first and the supposed prejudice and partiality of the second, he developed a fine sarcasm, nimbly stabbed at sundry vulnerable spots, and applied the goad with no little dexterity. Apparently he discovered this pastime to be very diverting, and having utterly annihilated his first batch of victims, he passed by their moldering remains and went prowling like a lion after fresh prey.

In "Bohemia Invaded" are to be found the latest objects of Mr. Ford's satire, becomingly interred beneath great mounds of ridicule. Impartiality reigns supreme. On one page an entire family of earnest Congregationalists are rapped sharply over the knuckles, and ranged in a row for gods and men to scoff at; and presently the bewildered reader is transported to Harlem "flats" and Tenderloin "sharps," to the Stock Exchange, the homes of the Four Hundred, the mazes of Coney Island. Everywhere Mr. Ford's road is strewn with the shattered shapes of men and things which he has blasted with sovereign contempt.

Mr. Ford has hitherto been scathing, but good natured withal, and genuinely witty. "Bohemia Invaded" leaves rather a bitter taste in the mouth. Can it be that the author of "The Literary Shop" is losing his delicacy of touch?

WHO "MISS RUTH ASHMORE" IS.

A short paragraph, published in the November issue of MUNSEY'S, relative to "Miss Ruth Ashmore" and her "Side Talks with Girls" has brought upon us a shower of more or less amusing letters. We thought at the time that we were conferring a favor upon our readers by analyzing the work of this cheerful and accomplished writer, and it is uncommonly pleasant to find that our slight attention has been appreciated. We have received inquiries about "Miss Ashmore" which we are glad to be able to answer. For, carefully concealed as her identity has been from scores of those who thirst to know the world's great personalities, she has not been able wholly to hide the attractive triple existence which it is her pleasure to lead.

It is not generally known to *hoi polloi*, but it is a fact that this versatile genius is not only "Ruth Ashmore," expert on etiquette, and dispenser of matrimonial ethics to an adoring public, but also "Bab," writer of comforting letters, and Isabel A. Mallon, born in Baltimore, reared in luxury, and skilled in the composition of fashion articles. Mrs. Mallon was formerly a Miss Sloan, and under her three names has wooed and won the fickle goddess of literary and journalistic success until she is the acknowledged authority of the day on her several specialties. As "Bab" her light and airy style is surpassed only by that of Laura Jean Libbey, Nym Crinkle, and Nellie Bly; as Mrs. Mallon she fears no rivals but Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Jenness Miller, and Dr. Mary Walker; and as "Ruth Ashmore" none but herself can be her parallel. She never gets her *noms de guerre* mixed—an accident that might cause havoc and dismay in the literary world. She lives in New York, is a Democrat, and plays several musical instruments, the greatest of which is the hand organ.

A NOTABLE RELIGIOUS BOOK.

We talk of large circulations, and mention half a dozen editions, and one hundred thousand copies, as being phenomenal. When a book reaches so large a sale it is supposed to be known by every reader in the country, at least by title, and to have carried its author's name to fame. Yet we have before us a book whose circulation has reached over three millions, and which is for the first time in the hands of the reviewers. It is called "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," and is a simple and well told narrative, putting into an appropriate setting some of the miracles of Christ. The life of the book is astonishing as a proof of the large class that is never tired of anything bearing upon the old story of Christianity. It was written by Florence Morse Kingsley, who is a young woman and a graduate of Wellesley College. It was published by a Chicago house in a five cent edition, has been sold in every State in the Union, and has begun journeys abroad. After reaching the unheard of sale of three million copies, its publishers have given it a handsome dress of white and gold, and sent it out as a holiday book.

The story is the one we all know, told from an entirely new point of view. *Titus*, who is the repentant thief, is represented as being a son of Caiaphas, the high priest, who has been stolen in his infancy, and whose identity is discovered only when he hangs on the cross.

ETCHINGS

A VALENTINE FOR LORA.

Oh, a valentine for Lora
That shall sing with soaring glee!
Who, forsooth, would not adore a
Winsome witchling such as she?
All the little sparrows clamor
Their acclaim to see her go,
For she casts a vernal glamour
On the chillness of the snow.

Oh, a valentine for Lora
That shall tell in tuneful wise
How her lovers bow before a
Silent mandate from her eyes!
How to one poor mortal man it's
More than tongue of sage can say,
If he catch from those two planets
Just a single loving ray!

Oh, a valentine for Lora
That shall win one golden word,
Bidding doleful doubt no more a-
Bove sit brooding like a bird!
What a flinging off of fetters,
What a flood of happiness,
If she'd write but just three letters—
Y—E—S!

Clinton Scollard.

A LOST FRIEND.

I had a friend—would have him yet,
But lent him cash to some amount;
My ledger shows a canceled debt,
And his, I fear, a closed account.

He could have borrowed more, I guess,
For neither heart nor purse was dry;
Perhaps he estimated less
The value of his love than I.

But that he was so quick to go,
The friend whose love I now resign,
With heart still warm, must serve to show
How low he estimated mine!

Stupid, to think that with the loan
Went *all* my love—the full amount;
Or that at which he'd sold his own
With *me* could close the *whole* account.

Joseph Dana Miller.

MY BAROMETER.

My delicate barometer!
From warm to cold she ranges,
And I am duly warned by her
Of coming weather changes.

For when she blushes, hearing me
My vows in fervor paying,
I know the afternoon will be
A perfect one for Maying.

Or when a fragment of a tune
I hear her softly humming,
'Tis plain the weather will be June,
And sunset long in coming.

But if within those soft brown eyes
There lurks a tear appalling,
I know that clouds are sure to rise,
And rain will soon be falling.

And worst of all, if on her lip
There curls a hint of scorning,
I feel the presage of the nip
That marks a frosty morning.

But whether hope or fear of her
I have, I never doubt her;
And I am like the mariner—
I could not do without her.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

A *FIN DE SIÈCLE* VALENTINE.

Cupid, with his gauzy wings,
Threading hearts like senseless things
On his darts with poisoned stings,
Is no more.
Storm lashed waves, one winter night,
Flung fair Venus, foam born sprite,
Shrouded in her tresses bright,
On the shore.

Even good Saint Valentine
(Heaven bless his soul benign!)
Has few candles at his shrine
In these days;
And the Graces myth has bred,
Scattered are, like leaves of red,
Which an autumn wind has sped
Divers ways.

Transcendental love today
Hath a more Platonic way,
And their old imperious sway
Is forgot;
Two stars lighted at one sun,
Two streams that together run,
Two flames melting into one,
Need them not.

Frances A. Van Santford.

WHEN SHE SAID "NO."

When she said "No"—the saucy Bess!—
I thought of Mary, Kate, and Jess,
And all the other maids galore
Who now are merely friends—no more;
They too said "No," I must confess.

My pangs of grief I'd have you guess;
My love's sad fate, my loneliness.
My joy I thought forever o'er
When she said "No."

But spare your sympathy's distress;
My heart soon filled with happiness,
For woman's ways I'd kenned of yore.
Her eyes a different message bore;
I lived again, for she *meant* "Yes"
When she said "No"!

William R. A. Wilson.

HASSAN OF FERIDOUN.

"*Give to me the lute in tune!*"
Said Hassan of Feridoun.

Where the silvery poplars made
Arabesques of shine and shade,
And the peerless nenuphars
Swam upon the pool like stars,
Where the citron blossoms lent
To the quietude their scent,
Sat the poet, brooding long
O'er the meshes of his song,
Craving but one simple boon—
"*Give to me the lute in tune!*"

Sang he, "Let the praise of wine
Ring from gracious Omar's line,
Hafiz mellowly prolong
In his own the bulbul's song,
And let Saadi's verse disclose
All the glories of the rose!
Till my faltering lip be mute,
Loudly will I laud the lute—
Very voice of love and June;
Give to me the lute in tune!"

Singing brother of the dust,
Long ago the potent *must*
Called thee from thy sweet employ
In the garden close of Joy;
Yet thy spirit works its will—
June and love are with us still!

O Hassan of Feridoun,
Give to me the lute in tune!

Clinton Scollard.

HIS VALENTINE.

Elaine was young, Elaine was fair,
Wee, dainty, winsome, clever;
The sunbeams gilded all her hair,
But warmed her heart—ah—never!

Elaine had lovers, score on score,
Who sighed, spake low, departed.
A smile for each she had—no more—
With friendly thought imparted.

Elaine had valentines galore,
Lace, gilt, and satin painted;
And each gallant his love forswore,
With flattering speech acquainted.

Elaine had one I sent by night;
No tinseled beauty shone;
A bit of common paper white,
Three little words thereon.

Elaine glanced briefly at them all,
Then laughed—the flirt!—so sweetly;
The hardest heart she could enthrall
And captivate completely.

Elaine found mine; her laugh was hushed;
Did her dear heart mistrust it?
No, doubly no, for—well, she blushed,
Then in her bosom thrust it.

William R. A. Wilson.

IF.

If your red lips were mine,
And my poor heart were yours—
If my sad soul were thine,
And mine your maiden lures—

How different then our fate,
How changed our power and pelf!
You'd turn from love to hate,
And I'd—propose to myself.

Tom Hall.

THE ORGAN MAN.

When the night comes down on the weary town,
And hushes its din and its humming,
At my window I wait, though he may be late,
For as sure as fate he's coming.
His popular pæan may be plebeian,
But it's comforting, I'll be bound;
And I, for my part, grow glad at heart
When the organ man comes round.

Oh, you who have diamonds and silks galore,
Who coldly listen to Bach and Spohr,
Whose balls are danced on a waxen floor,
Whose laughter rings so false,
Far more than you in your puffs and pearls
I envy the poor little gutter girls
Who dance in the street with bobbing curls,
While the organ plays a waltz.

I'm free to confess that I think far less
Of those German opera things
Than I do of the strong and rollicking song
That the care free street boy sings.
You call it a waste of time, this taste
For popular tunes, and yet
Good by to care when you whistle the air
Of the song that you can't forget!

You have heard the de Reszkes and Calvé sing,
But it's little you know of the hearty swing
That lurks in the music the organs bring
And its charmingly jingly sound;
So on the whole I'm content that you're
Rich and unhappy while I am poor,
For I have one joy that is pure and sure
When an organ man comes round.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

TO DOLLY, ANGRY.

'Tis said when women angry grow
(To tell you is my duty)
That all the faults they have they show,
And that it spoils their beauty;
But you, I see, lose not a charm,
Although your temper's bad, miss;
For though you're pretty when you're calm,
You're also pretty mad, miss!

Vincent F. Howard.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE proposition to make the 12th of February a national holiday in honor of Abraham Lincoln, who was born on that day in 1809, has been taken up by the Legislature of the State of Maine and formally set before Congress in a memorial. It is urged as a fitting honor to the man who "was the savior of his country, as Washington was its defender," and whose "exalted leadership as President of the United States through the darkest hours of the nation's life has rendered his name immortal."

The greatness of Lincoln is unquestioned; whether his fame should be perpetuated as the Maine Legislature suggests is extremely questionable. Holidays instituted for particular purposes have tended to lose the character designed for them, and to descend to a common level as mere days of rest and recreation. Such has been the fate, to a greater or less degree, of Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, and even Christmas and New Year's Day. In each case the special observances of the day have gradually lost more or less of their distinctive individuality; and such would surely be the case with Lincoln's Birthday.

We are aware that the 12th of February is already a legal holiday in the State of Illinois, of which Lincoln was the favorite son—just as Lee's birthday is in Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, and that of Jefferson Davis in Florida. But the only hero who is, or is likely to be, so honored by the United States in general is the founder of the American republic. Another anniversary just ten days earlier would detract from the distinction accorded to George Washington. It would come at the season least suitable for holidays. It would be a needless and serious inconvenience to the world of business.

This last is by far the most important consideration of all. The multiplication of holidays has not quite kept pace with the growth of the pension list, but it has proceeded to a very considerable extent within the last few years. The almanacs now reckon twenty nine days which are legally constituted holidays in various States of the Union—for in the strict sense of the term we have no "national" holidays. Eight of these—New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas—are almost universally observed. This leaves 305 working days in the year, a number which in New York and some other States is reduced to 279 by the Saturday half holiday law—or would be, if the statute were generally enforced. Any further reduction, it is tolerably clear, would be an unfair tax upon the employers of labor—and therefore, by inference, an injury to their employees.

In ancient Rome there were so many *dies nefasti* that modern business methods would have been utterly impossible. It would not do to revive at the end of this nineteenth century the conditions that prevailed in the days of the Cæsars.

IF FRANCE HAD PURCHASED CUBA.

ONE of the most interesting "might have been's" of recent American history is the speculation as to the probable results of the intended purchase of the sovereignty of Cuba by France. It has only recently become known that Queen Christina of Spain came within an ace, a very hair's breadth, of selling the Queen of the Antilles to Louis Philippe, for thirty millions of reals (about $1,500,000), and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands for ten millions more. The bargain was made by the Spanish ambassador in Paris and Prince Talleyrand. The contract that transferred Cuba was actually signed, and the negotiations were upset only by the thrifty Louis Philippe's demand, at the last moment, for a reduction of three million reals in the price of the other colonies. The Spanish minister seized the opportunity of withdrawing a proposal that was distasteful to his patriotic feelings, and the subject was dropped, never to be taken up again.

The citizen king of France had urged, to beat down the Spaniard's price, that he could maintain his acquisitions only at the serious risk of war with England, whose foreign office was then in the hands of the redoubtable Palmerston. It is possible, but hardly likely, that British intervention would have prevented the consummation of the bargain, unless the United States joined in protesting against it—as they probably would, for our government has more than once placed on record its objection to the transference of Cuba from Spain to another European allegiance. To us it would, in a military and naval sense, have been distinctly disadvantageous to have a strong foreign power, instead of a weak one, established so close to our southern coast. What would have been the result to Cuba, had the transfer been effected, it is not easy to say. France has acquired a long list of colonies since Wolfe and Clive drove her flag from Canada and India; but none of them is comparable to the West Indian island. French ideas of government are far more liberal than those that prevail in Spain, but whether the change of masters would have been acceptable to the Cubans is

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another question. They might even now be in revolt against Gallic rule, as they are against the domination of Madrid.

Why does not Spain offer to sell her troublesome possession to the United States? She could get a good deal more than $1,500,000 for it, and would save a good many of her soldier boys from the machetes of the irrepressible rebels.

WHERE GUNS ARE NEEDED.

It has often been said that the true mission of heavy cannon is to prevent fighting. The oracular Wilhelm of Germany is constantly treating his delighted subjects to paradoxes of this sort. His theory is to maintain so tremendous an array of men and guns that his contemporaries will perceive that it is hopeless to attempt to interfere with him. This is the principle on which Cæsar established a world wide "Roman peace," after a prolonged series of campaigns which left him no adversaries in sight to conquer. It is one of doubtful application, however, to the present situation in Europe. It is scarcely probable, for instance, that France and Russia regard the matter from precisely the Hohenzollern standpoint.

But while huge rifles that thrust their ominous muzzles over a neighbor's frontier, or float around on war ships to menace his ports, are questionable peace makers, there is very little doubt that the title may rightfully be claimed by the defensive armament that is slowly being set up at the mouths of the chief American harbors. The exposed condition of our great seaboard cities has hitherto been simply a standing invitation to attack us. An almost incalculable disaster might have been precipitated by a quarrel with a comparatively insignificant power; and the danger is not a thing of the past, while the building of needed defenses is only beginning. On the other hand, it cannot be maintained that the ending of the danger will foster a desire for aggression on our part. At past crises, when there has been talk of war, the bellicose spirit has never been quelled by the prospect of material sacrifices; nor is it likely to be promoted by the diminution of that prospect. But it is unnecessary to rehearse the arguments that have been set forth again and again by the late Mr. Tilden and many other dead and living statesmen and military men. It will be almost a scandal if the present Congress does not take decided action toward carrying out the policy that has been so authoritatively outlined and is so imperatively needed.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

It seems probable that the United States—the most progressive of nations, as we term ourselves with much pride and some justice—will be the last to adopt the modern metric system of weights and measures. Only three considerable countries have failed to undertake the reform that has been found so valuable by the rest of the civilized world. Conservative England is one of them, but she has almost made up her mind to accept the new system, which is likely to be legalized during the present session of Parliament. Russia is another, but an imperial ukase may at any moment assimilate her commercial units to those of her neighbors. Only in America is there no apparent prospect of an early end to the complications of existing standards. And yet such a change would be a greater boon to the world of business than was the substitution of dollars and cents for pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is said that when England accepts the metric system, France will return the compliment by adopting Greenwich time, thereby establishing a single time standard for navigators all over the world. All such steps toward uniformity are advances of civilization, and should find favor with Americans. It is anomalous that we should cling to the confusions of pounds and tons, and of an acre whose side is no precise number of yards, when the Japanese and the Turks are using a decimal system that is simple, rational, and convenient.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

This year, for the first time in history, the population of Great Britain is larger than that of France. The statement is a deduction from some interesting statistics, which reveal a curious contrast between the Gallic republic and other civilized communities, in that she is the only one whose numbers are not increasing.

At the opening of this century, the French nation was undoubtedly more powerful, numerous, and wealthy than any of its neighbors. England fought her long wars with it against heavy odds, for in 1801 the British islands contained a total population of less than sixteen millions (to which Ireland contributed just one third), while France had more than twenty seven millions, or about seven men against four. But in spite of the fact that there has been a tremendous volume of emigration from Britain, and almost none from her neighbor across the Channel, the smaller country, in nine subsequent decades, has steadily advanced upon the larger. In 1891 France was still ahead, with 38,343,192 against 37,797,013; but today there is no doubt that the margin has been more than wiped out, and that the British total is above thirty nine millions, and the French below that figure.

Meanwhile France's continental neighbor and chief rival, Germany, adds to her population still more rapidly than England. Her people now number four against France's three. If the disparity continues to increase, the latter's dreams of *revanche* and reasserted military supremacy will have to be abandoned forever.

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The development of the United States has, of course, been still more remarkable. We need only quote our census figures of 5,308,483 for the year 1800, and 62,622,250 for 1890.

NOVELISTS OF TODAY AND OF YESTERDAY.

THE late Alexandre Dumas is said to have left a fortune of three million francs, or just about one million times as much as the net estate of his still more famous father and namesake. The disparity illustrates primarily, of course, the thrift of one individual and the unthrift of another; but beyond this it is typical of the evolution of the literary type during the two last generations. Grub Street is no longer the typical habitat of the knights of the quill. The representative novelist of the present day has emerged from Bohemia; his calling is recognized as a legitimate profession and a profitable business. He earns money—sometimes a considerable fortune—and knows how to keep it. He is conventionally well clad, and habitually sober—all of which is decidedly contrary to the traditions of the past. No do we believe that this advance in worldly standing has been accompanied by any decline in artistic power.

A BOON TO PLAYGOERS.

A VIENNA firm has discovered a method of making wearing apparel of glass. In our ignorance of the quality of the new fabric we are inclined to think it might resemble sackcloth, and be a potent and prickly factor in the mortification of the flesh; but we are told that it rivals silk in softness, the rainbow in hue, and the pyramids in durability.

In this attractive invention there would seem to be much virtue. Of course the material is expensive, but when one grows tired of a gown, how convenient to be able to melt it up and have another made! For the envious leader of fashion it will be an godsend. She can have a skirt made of crystal, with looking glass trimmings, which will enable her to cast reflections upon her rivals' costumes to her heart's content. And above all there will be the new theater hat. It may be ten feet high if necessary, with mammoth bows, and no one will complain, for it will be transparent!

A FIELD FOR REFORM.

WHILE the self appointed benefactors of the human race are crying aloud for "reform" in almost everything from politics to pavements, it is strange that no one has arisen to denounce the conventional attire of the male sex, and to demand its immediate amelioration.

Reliable statisticians have calculated that Julius Cæsar—who was the best dressed man of his day in Rome—required but forty seconds to don the tunic, toga, and sandals which formed the complete costume of the period. It was not only a simple, graceful, and convenient garb, but also a comfortable and healthful one. It could be adjusted according to weather and circumstances, and was constructed of light or heavy material to suit the season. It had no studs, buttons, or pins, and no straps save a girdle around the waist.

On the other hand, the modern masculine costume consists of nearly two dozen separate articles, requiring something like half an hour for proper adjustment—a serious tax in this busy age. It leaves the throat—save of those who in self defense wear a beard—unduly exposed, while it gathers a multiplicity of folds at points where they are only a burden. It is so uncomely that it is the horror and despair of the painter and the sculptor. It is so inconvenient that when a man needs the free use of his limbs, to run, climb, or row, he must doff it and don a less constricting suit. And yet no one attempts a reform—the chief reason being, probably, that no one dares to face the ridicule that waits on a departure from conventionality.

BATHS AND DEGENERACY.

THE Romans were the great bath builders of the ancient world. Their empire fell through the luxury of which their elaborate lavatories were part; but it does not follow that personal cleanliness is the precursor of political ruin. On the contrary, modern wisdom ranks it in close proximity to the essential virtue of godliness. Hence we see no cause for disquietude over the attention paid to the bath room in the economy of the modern dwelling.

As with most other devices for increased domestic comfort, Americans have taken the lead in transforming the homely "tub" into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In New York, for instance, even the cheaper houses of recent construction have a bath room that would have been a rare luxury a generation ago, with its neat tiles, its porcelain bath, and its nickeled plumbing. The newer apartment houses have such an appurtenance to every suite; and the homes of the wealthy possess ornate temples of hydropathy that would have astonished Cleopatra or Augustus. Costly marbles, delicate pottery, silver fittings, fine painting and carving—no art is too lofty, apparently, to minister to the bather's gratification.

Yet in the increasing elegance and comfort of the modern house we do not find any proof that we are developing the effeminate degeneracy that has wrecked earlier civilizations. We do not agree with Dr. Nordau's dyspeptic and pessimistic theories. The latter day American may not live as "close to nature" as the prehistoric savage garbed in skins and domiciled in a cave, but to our mind he represents a finer and stronger type.

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at a price proportionate to that of* MUNSEY'S, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, the 96 page magazine but seven and one half cents.*

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'A Daughter of the East'

From the painting by Miss. Achilli-Fould.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

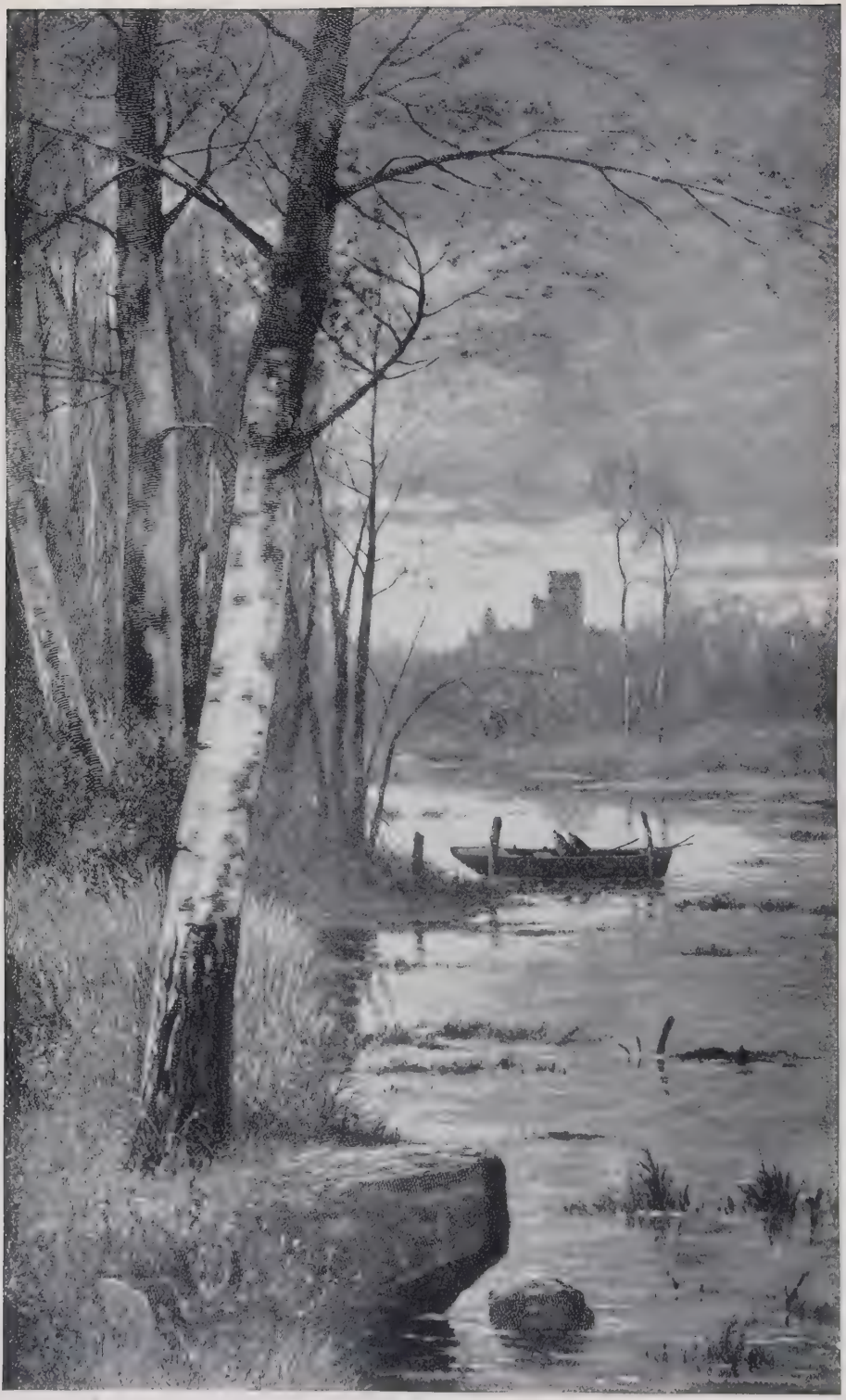
Contemporary notes upon the movement of the world of art in America and Europe, with a series of engravings of representative canvases.

A CRISIS IN THE ACADEMY'S HISTORY.

When the National Academy's committee on site reported in favor of an amalgamation—or at least a close alliance—with the Fine Arts Society, and a joint tenancy of the latter's headquarters on Fifty Seventh Street, the suggestion, though unexpected, seemed at first glance an attractive one. The united resources of the Academy and of the bodies already established on the proposed site would, no doubt, have given New York a splendid home of art; but it was scarcely reasonable to request the Academicians to consent to a plan that involved the ending of their independent existence. With so long and distinguished a history, with its present prestige, and with more than half a million dollars in bank, it is not strange that the Academy should regard such a step as an uncalled for confession of weakness, and should vote so emphatically to maintain its autonomy.

"When Lydia Smiles."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors after the painting by Joseph Coomans.



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"Solitude."

From a painting by William F. Hulk—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 17 East 23d St., New York.

"The Victors' Return."
From the painting by Simm.

We hope to see an alternative presented that will establish it in quarters worthy of its mission and its prospects, without submitting it to the loss of its identity. It is a crisis at which boldness is the truest prudence, and ill advised economy would prove the sure forerunner of decadence.

WHY VERESTCHAGIN LIVES IN PARIS.

It is well known that Paris is as great a

"Enchantment."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by Brouillet.

center of Russian art as St. Petersburg or Moscow. Muscovite painters seem to find the atmosphere of the city on the Seine more congenial than the keener airs of their native land. There are other reasons for their expatriation, in some cases. Verestchagin, for instance, has been practically an exile from Russia since his daring brush ventured upon subjects that offended the authorities. In one of his grimly realistic renderings of an execution scene—a theme that may be termed peculiarly Verestcha-

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"Talking Over Their Wedding Journey."

From the painting by P. Bedini.—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

"A Roman Singer."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by E. Forti.

ginesque—he introduced the figures of Roussakoff, Michailoff, Jeliaboff, and Sofia Perofskaia, the four nihilists who were hanged in St. Petersburg as accomplices in the murder of Alexander II. At about the same time he painted a characteristic "Apotheosis of War"—a bitter satire on the glories of Russia's triumph over the Turks. It portrayed a huge and ghastly pile of corpses, whose uniforms showed them to have been soldiers of the Czar and the Sultan, heaped together in death and decay, while above the gruesome heap of victims to the ambition of monarchs a great vulture flapped its wings.

To satirize the heaven sent institution of military despotism, and to immortalize the features of the unspeakable nihilist, are dangerous proceedings in the land of the Romanoffs. It would hardly do to send to the Siberian mines a man whose genius is the pride of contemporary Russian art; but his offense was made so plain to the daring artist that he found it advisable to remove

"Morning."

From an engraving by Ad. Huot after the painting by J. Lefevre—Copyrighted by William Schaus, New York.

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"A Winter Blossom."

From the painting by J. Ballavoine.

to Paris, which has been his home ever since.

Verestchagin has seen many adventures in many lands, and of some of them he bears the marks in person. His right hand was injured by a bullet during the Turkish war, and again, on one of his hunting expeditions, by a leopard's bite. At another time, while sketching on the Steppes, he broke his right arm, and was obliged to trust to peasant surgery for its setting.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S GROWTH.

New York is to have the most magnificent art galleries in the world, according to the plans now definitely formulated for the Metropolitan Museum. The institution's growth has been rapid, and its present pro-

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"Baby Visits Its Foster Mother."

From the painting by A. Corelli—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

L berty"

From the painting by Gabriel Max.

portions are remarkable as the result of one generation's labor; but the existing building will be completely overshadowed by the additions now contemplated. It will ultimately stand in the center of a vast series of galleries, which are to surround it on all sides, fronting upon Fifth Avenue, and inclosing a total space of about eighteen acres.

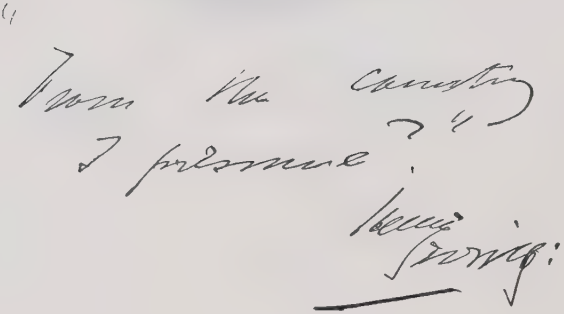
With a million dollar appropriation, and plans that were drawn by the late Richard M. Hunt just before his death, the Fifth Avenue front is to be commenced at once. The façade is to be of marble and classical in style; and the trustees promise that it will be a new ornament to the city, as it certainly should be.

ANALOGY.

'Twas summer by the bough in bloom,
And summer by the bee a-boom,
And summer by the smiles of her,
  And by her sweet eyes, harebell hued;
Alas! for summer days that were!—
  'Twas icy winter when I wooed.

'Tis winter by the shrouded hill,
And winter by the voiceless rill,
And winter by the creaking bough,
  And not a bird flight through the blue;
Yet hope sings in my heart that now
  It will be summer if I woo.

Clinton Scollard.



HOW IRVING ROSE TO FAME.

The secret of the English actor's popularity, and the story of his earliest successes—Illustrated with portraits of him in his famous character of "Jingle."

"HERE'S to our enterprise!" Henry Irving spoke these, his first words as a salaried professional actor, on the stage of the new Lyceum Theater, Sunderland, England, on the 29th of September, 1856. Augurous indeed, bearing in mind what Irving and his Lyceum are today—nearer a national institution than any private theatrical enterprise has ever yet been.

It was as *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*, in Lytton's "Richelieu"—which opens with the line quoted—that Irving started his stage career. I have heard it said that E. D. Davis, his first manager, one of the good "old timers," liked his recruit for three reasons: Irving always knew his words—he probably had not confidence enough to do without them; he remembered his business—everything that is done on the stage, save speaking, is, technically, "business" of the scene; and he made up well. As an actor, neither Davis nor the Sunderland playgoers thought much of him; nevertheless the "quisby" *Gaston* of 1856 is in 1896 the leading English speaking actor of the

world! It would surely be interesting to know the secret of this marvelous promotion. As a matter of fact even a tracing of the steps of his progress only partially solves the problem. It is easy to record a man's success: the dynamic cause thereof constantly baffles the most careful observation. In Irving's case it is possible to establish the fact that it was not luck; nor was it hard work and merit solely.

After five months of Sunderland, the future star joined Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, proprietors of the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, who may be described as the original kindergarten managers, for they always had a number of promising beginners in their company at remarkably low salaries, a guinea (a trifle over five dollars) being a favorite weekly payment. There, in two years and a half, the actor knight played four hundred and twenty eight characters, including five different parts in "The Flowers of the Forest." Reaching London under engagement at the Princess', his metropolitan début consisted of six lines in the first act of an adaptation of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by John Oxenford, then the *Times'* critic. A London engagement, in those days, was to every actor the one thing worth living for.

"A friend of our friend's here."

"Well?"

Nevertheless Irving felt so much discouraged by his failure to secure attention that he promptly arranged for the cancellation of his contract, in spite of the fact that its duration was three years and the salary, for those days, said to be a good one.

His next engagement of importance was in the stock with Knowles, of the Manchester Royal. Manchester people disliked him cordially at first, and the local press often personally jeered him, asking such questions as, "Why are we to be inflicted with this lengthy, ungainly, hatchet faced young man?" But Knowles was obstinate, forced his protégé, and ultimately, in this very town, Irving made his first professional hit as *Rawdon Scudamore* in Dion Boucicault's "Two Lives of Mary Leigh."

Here let me pause to explain that there is a wide distinction between a professional and a popular hit. There are various obscure individuals who are, or have been, considered by the guild of actors as remarkable artists, yet whose names never become familiar to the public at large, either because they have lacked the opportunity of a striking original part, or on account of some inherent modesty, or lack of business capacity. Such a one, until lately, was Mr.

"Who the devil are you?"

James A. Herne; Mr. C. P. Flockton is also a case in point; the late Charlotte Sanders, creator of the fat jockey boy in Boucicault's "Flying Scud," the first of the popular racing dramas, was another Long before the public heard of Irving he was to us what he now is to the world—a most remarkable character actor.

Irving repeated his Manchester success in "Hunted Down"—as the "Two Lives of Mary Leigh" was renamed—at the St. James' Theater, London. Next he was in Paris with the elder Sothern. *Petruchio* was his Shaksperian début to the *Katharine* of Kate, the famous sister of Ellen Terry. For his benefit at the old Queen's Theater, London, he made the mistake of trying *Charles Surface*. It was heavy and stagy, while his *Joseph* was admirable. At another benefit he tried *Henri de Neuville* in Tom Taylor's "Plot and Passion," with Mr. J. L. Toole as *Desmarets*. Neither was convincing. He was the original *Compton Kerr* in Boucicault's "Formosa" at Drury Lane, in August, 1869. Then came another actors' hit—*Digby Grand* in James Albery's "Two Roses" at the Vaudeville, then under the management of H. J. Montague, David James, and Thomas Thorne—a triumvirate whom H. J. Byron christened "the gent, the Jew, and the gentile."

In 1871 Colonel Bateman, the father of the well remembered Bateman children—famous also for his expletive vehemence—became lessee of the Lyceum, and Irving was engaged as leading man. A version of "Fanchette" was put up for Isabelle Bateman; and Irving, being necessarily cast for that very bad "juvenile lead," *Landry*, was so indifferent that the colonel's drastic language is said to have deleteriously affected the vegetables in the neighboring Covent Garden Market; but then the piece, a favorite of Colonel Bateman's, was a failure, his daughter was not a success as *Fanchette*, and those who remember the colonel need not be reminded that he required an objective point for his verbal explosives. Soon after this James Albery put together some scenes from Pickwick, and Irving was once again the talk of the newspaper offices, the Junior Garrick and Savage Clubs "where mummers most did congregate," for his delineation of *Jingle*. Some pictures of him in

"More than that—loves another.'

this famous part adorn the present article. Charles Dickens, who was very rarely satisfied with any actor's attempt to stage his characters, is said to have accepted Irving's *Jingle*. The London *Daily Telegraph* criticised it thus:

> The full excellence of his acting was more than usually distinguishable. His grotesque shabby-genteel appearance, the dignified serenity with which he pursued his ulterior aims, his imperturbable impudence and unblushing confidence, thoroughly deserved the applause he received. The little touch of sentiment in which *Jingle* acknowledges the merits of *Mr. Pickwick* deserves special mention.

Coming now to Irving's first public hit, it is pleasant to chronicle that it was due to American money and American enterprise. Augustin Daly wrote "Leah" for Colonel Bateman. It was an enormous hit at the Adelphi, London, yielding a profit of thousands of pounds. It was this money that enabled the colonel to take the Lyceum. Thus Daly, who has graced the stage with more good artists than any living manager, has, in a roundabout way, everything to do with the *Matthias* advent. Daly's brain made "Leah"; "Leah" made Bateman's money; Bateman's money produced "The Bells"; "The Bells" made Irving. It will be seen how impossible is war between England and America, for, in such an event, America would have grounds to claim Sir Henry Irving! My recollection of the circumstances surrounding that first hit is that Lewis, the author, excited Irving's interest in the piece to a high pitch. The colonel, up to this time, had not had a genuine success in his theater, and was desperately hard up for a play. It would be nice to be able to say positively that he produced "The Bells" because he had a firm belief in it in conjuncture with his leading man. This could hardly have been. It was not a Bateman play. There was nothing for Isabelle in it, and presumption points to my belief, which is that it was allowed to go on *faute de mieux*, and that nobody in London was more surprised at its extraordinary triumph than the Lyceum's manager.

At the same time, Colonel Bateman was far too astute a manager, and too just a man, to fail to give credit where credit was due, or to permit parental sentiment to interfere with a "big boom." Thenceforward Isabelle Bateman supported Irving instead of Irving supporting Isabelle. This order of procedure remained unchanged until the colonel's death, before which event, I think, all the earlier series of Irving productions—"Eugene Aram," "Hamlet," "Philip," "Charles I," and "Richelieu" were placed on the stage. The expression "Irving productions," is not a misnomer, for though Colonel Bateman was lessee, from the advent of "The Bells" he is believed to have handed over to Irving the entire control of the stage work, confining himself to the business direction.

The next landmark in Irving's progress was his entrance on the managerial arena. It is impossible to deal with this step without alluding to—and, I hope, disposing of—an unpleasant rumor of that time. The colonel having died, Irving received an offer of the financial support necessary to enable him to acquire control of the Lyceum, accepted the offer, became lessee, and ultimately engaged Ellen Terry as his leading woman. Malignant busybodies muttered that Irving "got rid" of the Batemans as soon as he could. The apparent facts are that the transfer of the lease was a business transaction on business lines, and that Mrs. Bateman, who took the Sadler's Wells Theater at Islington, needed her daughter. Irving, for his part, wisely elected to obtain the best available leading actress, and she materialized in the person of Ellen Terry and not Isabelle Bateman. Once again, it is an open secret that Irving's backer was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—a lady who would not have assisted an enterprise involving ingratitude and double dealing.

So far from being guilty of such an offense, Irving's sense of obligation to friendship was so strong that he long retained on his salary list a man whose characteristics made him a positive burden to his manager, simply because the great actor had known him in early days, and had been kindly welcomed at his home at a time when such welcomes were rare. This detail I can substantiate from personal knowledge of the disagreeable beneficiary of the manager's kindliness. Throughout his life, Irving has been steadily true to early associates and associations.

The foregoing historiette of the actor's rise to his present position does not wholly explain his unrivaled eminence or his strong hold on the affections of press and public. Quite recently Irving committed a serious professional blunder, but the press dealt with it in an unusual spirit of gentleness, and the public amiably seemed to enjoy his blunder as much as his brilliance. This has a personal reason; and as for the secret of his magnetism, the cause of his

universal popularity, I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere—that Irving is almost invariably liked and widely loved for his affectional tact. He seems to take pleasure in finding out just exactly how people like to be treated, and so treating them. All who meet him seem to feel that Irving knows and understands them better than most acquaintances; and therefrom he becomes to them something more than a casual celebrity—he is an individual to be watched and helped, the embodiment of a fine, a useful institution.

How different is the tact that cheats from the tact that cheers! Irving's is always the tact that cheers. A talk with the actor knight leaves a man on better terms with himself, and with a sense of a new duty—the obligation to defend the reputation of his friend, and to be, to however small an extent, a factor in connection with that friend's material success.

In conclusion, it is safe to say that the claim Irving's judicious admirers make for him, that he is the finest living character actor, is emphasized beyond the possibility of question with his latest creation of *Corporal Brewster* in "A Story of Waterloo."

Harry Saint Maur.

ON THE PROW.

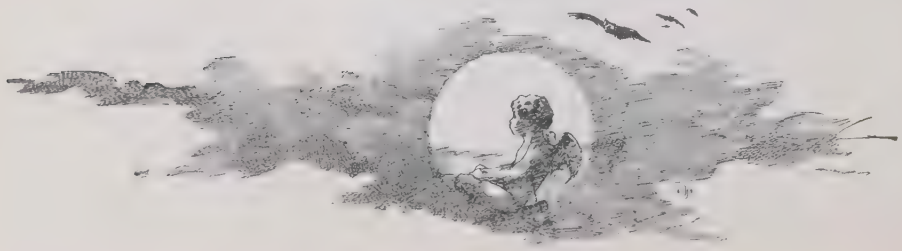
STRANGE, silent East, across the solemn calm
The slender ship outward and onward strives,
Bearing to odorous shores of date and palm
The burden of a hundred little lives.

On a like course drift I toward the verge
Beyond which lies what now I may not know;
Yet my heart whispers these gray wastes of surge
Stretch whither it is good for me to go.

Youth, like the speeding sun, left far behind,
Unanswered questions mutely sent before,
Oh, great, dim East, what welcome shall I find
When thy wide arms unveil the distant shore?

The prow knows not the harbor that it nears,
Nor I if thou shalt bring the seeker rest;
* * * * * *
Yet the strong hand the fragile ship that steers
Will guide her to the haven that is best!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



TWO HOURS.

IT was late in the short November afternoon, and the sun was very low as Alan Lindsley rode into Pinto, the shadow of his pony and its rider prancing beside him like a giant mounted escort. He rode by the handful of one storied wooden buildings, their shadowy duplications stretching before him to imposing dimensions; and dismounting and hitching his mustang, he sauntered up to the little station. On the rails stood the West bound mail train, delayed by a washout ahead. Looking in at the telegraph operator with a careless inquiry, Lindsley turned with languid interest to the line of cars beside him. He was a tall, slightly built man of some thirty two or three years, and carried himself with a stoop. His skin was sun browned, his eyes were blue, and a delicate, sensitive mouth was his only other noticeable feature.

Some of the passengers had stepped out and were walking up and down the platform with the usual impatience of the delayed traveler. The coach windows were all open, and at one, a little beyond where Lindsley stood, a woman's head attracted his attention. He could barely see the profile, which was partly hidden by the hand upon which it rested. It was only a glimpse of golden brown hair fringing a broad brow, and a gleam of gray eyes; but something in the fall of the eyebrow, the turn of the head, recalled a face which for ten years he had seen only in dreams.

As he looked, the woman turned more fully, and spoke to some fellow passenger outside.

"Two more hours of Pinto—is that all? I had quite made up my mind to spend the night here."

At the first sound of those low, vibrating tones, Lindsley stood erect, and they had hardly ceased when he turned with a rapid step and entered the car. A moment more and he stood beside the woman. She was leaning back in an attitude of careless grace; turning her head as he paused, she met his eyes with haughty coldness. His first thought, after a thrill that quickened his pulses, was that this was a more beautiful woman than the one she had recalled from his memory.

For full half a minute he stood, looking at her with a faint smile, waiting for her recognition. Suddenly her whole face softened and warmed, and she extended her hand.

"Alan Lindsley!" she exclaimed, "and to think I should not have known you at once!"

"I am glad to be remembered at all," replied the young man, bowing low over her hand. "I think it is Mrs. Charlton now, is it not?"

"Yes, but how strangely that name sounds from your lips!" She motioned to the seat opposite her. "Do sit down and let me look at you. You have no idea how glad I am to see you."

"Can you continue to be glad for two hours?" he asked. "I believe that is the term of your imprisonment here."

"Indeed I can. Come, do not let us waste any time. Tell me, how in the world did you recognize me? I am sure I feel utterly unrecognizable. How many years has it been?"

"Ten years," he replied slowly, looking intently at her. "They have treated you kindly."

"Have they?" she replied lightly. "Yes, I think they have. As to looks, of course I have improved immensely. Was I not a gawky, big eyed creature in those old days?"

He did not reply, and his companion went on.

"Pray do not hesitate. Our time together is so short that we can surely afford to be truthful for that space, can't we?"

"We could hardly afford to be otherwise, it seems to me."

"Let us agree, then," she said, "to speak nothing but truth for two hours. What say you?"

"I think I can risk it," he answered. "At any rate, I agree."

"Remember, not even a little fib. You know my age, or of course I should except that. Our talk will be so much more interesting, and then we shall feel so virtuous for once."

"That last would be an item, wouldn't it?" he said, smiling lightly.

"And it shall be Alan and Constance as in prehistoric times. What a chrysalis existence that was, to be sure!"

It seemed to Lindsley as if he were under a spell, and that the flesh and blood woman before him was hardly more real to his vision than the image of the girl of ten years ago. Sometimes they seemed to be the same, to speak with the same voice, to smile with the same eyes; and again they were distinct, and seemed each to challenge his preference.

"Do you remember Santa Marta?" he asked suddenly. "Do you ever think of those old days?"

"Oh, yes," she replied quickly, "I remember Santa Marta perfectly, but I seldom think of the days I spent there. When I do, they seem so long ago, so remote from real life, that I have almost wondered if they ever existed at all. That hideous schoolhouse, those glaring pasteboard boxes of dwellings—the whole of that raw little California town—it comes back to me like a ridiculous dream. You seem to be tolerably real, however"—with an abrupt change of tone—"and you belong to that time."

Lindsley did not reply immediately, but continued to look at her steadily.

"You have never been back there?" he said at last.

"No. Have you?"

"No. I left the year after you did. Are you going there now?"

"Making a pilgrimage to the scenes of my youth?" She laughed. "Not I. I stop in Colorado."

A little silence followed, during which she looked at him critically. "You are not changed at all."

"Am I to take your words as complimentary?" he asked, his thin, brown cheek flushing a little under her frank gaze.

"Not at all," she answered promptly. "A man ought to have changed greatly in that time. You are older, browner—yes, and I think sadder—that is all."

"Let us hope, wiser," he replied, a little stiffly.

"I am not sure," said she. "You are not married?" she asked abruptly.

"No."

"I thought not. Tell me about yourself."

"There is not much to tell. I am an engineer, and just now I have a job up in those mountains," pointing to the jagged line of the western horizon. "I am making surveys for a new road to the mine up there. I rode in this afternoon for my mail."

"Well? And the rest?" she queried.

"There is really nothing else. Change the scene and that will tell my story for many years back. I am fairly prosperous, I may say."

She continued to look at him, as if about to ask another question, then seemed to change her mind, and a tiny dimple appeared on the side of her chin.

"I think I shall tell you something amusing. It will be a good example of frankness for you to follow, too. Do you know I used to be desperately in love with you?"

She smiled at him so openly and frankly that Lindsley forced himself to meet her eyes without flinching. He caught his breath before he replied.

"It is not permitted to doubt in this conference, I suppose?"

"Not in the least. And I am not joking, I assure you. It was very serious."

Lindsley's tone seemed a little constrained as he replied, "Then I fear your memory is playing you false."

"Indeed, it is not. You remember the chapel exercises we had every morning at the Academy—old Dr. Williams droning out his prayers, the boys shuffling and stamping on one side, the girls whispering and giggling on the other. I used to watch you come in, my heart actually throbbing, and I was absolutely sure you were the handsomest and noblest of created beings."

He listened in silence, a strange expression flitting across his face as she finished. Then he spoke, somewhat awkwardly.

"Your avowal leaves but one thing to be desired—it should have come sooner."

"How extremely civil you are! My passion, however, was hopeless. It was really a *grande passion*, too—so long as it lasted."

"May I ask—in the interests of truth—just how long that was?" That odd expression was in his blue eyes again as he waited for her reply.

"Why, to speak with absolute correctness, I continued to fancy I adored you till I found what love really was."

The last words were uttered very softly, but with perfect composure. Lindsley winced.

"Are you traveling alone?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes. Mr. Charlton could not get off. I am to meet some friends in Denver."

Her eyes were far away on the darkening west, and her bosom heaved in a long, soft sigh. The porter was lighting the lamps, and Lindsley, watching her, saw the waving hair turn to gold. The rare color flamed in her cheek, and as she turned to him again, the gray of her eyes caught

the light and broke up into a thousand diamond points.

"I, too, have a confession to make," he said abruptly, leaning toward her, "and no doubt you will find it amusing also."

"Go on," she replied, as he hesitated.

"You were saying just now," he said, "how unreal that time at Santa Marta seemed to you. It is just the opposite with me. That is the only real part of my life—the rest is the dream. I will tell you why. In those days I—I loved you, Constance. I have always loved you. I love you now."

There was nothing impassioned in his tone, but there was no mistaking its sincerity. For once, Mrs. Charlton had nothing to say. He went on in the same low, even voice.

"There is absolutely no reason why I should not tell you this. It can make no difference to you, and cannot hurt me. I wanted you to know it."

There was another pause, and then Mrs. Charlton spoke very softly.

"I never dreamed of such a thing, Alan. How strange it seems!"

Lindsley looked at her a moment, then drew from his pocket a small leather case, and took from it what seemed a card wrapped in tissue paper. He handed it to his companion, and watched her unfold the wrapping. It was a school girl photograph of herself, an earnest face with thoughtful eyes, and a broad brow from which the hair was combed away. Mrs. Charlton looked at it for some moments in silence. The serious, innocent face before her seemed to touch her curiously.

"You remember that last year at the Academy when we exchanged pictures?" she heard Lindsley saying.

"Oh, yes, of course. I treasured yours for some time." He smiled somewhat grimly. "This is a veritable antique," she went on. "To think of its surviving the wreck of the last decade!"

He made no reply to this, but nervously fingered the little case a few minutes. At last he spoke, rather timidly.

"At the risk of boring you, I should like to tell you a little more."

"On the contrary, I shall be very much interested. Tell me all about it."

She sat, perfectly at her ease, looking at him with an expression of friendly interest. Several people had come in and were sitting near them, and he arose and took the seat by her side.

"Till that last year at the Academy," he began, "I had not thought especially of you. I don't even know whether I thought you handsome or not. The boys were all half afraid of you. You were awfully clever, and seemed so shy and indifferent. But that last year we were in several of the same classes, and I began to think of nothing but you. I learned to read your face so well that I could tell what its slightest change expressed. I used to watch for a funny little dimple on the side of your chin that came just before your laugh. Yes, I see it now. At first you hardly spoke to me, but we gradually became friends. You seemed so innocent and unconscious, I felt so sure you had no thought of love in your heart, that I dared not tell you I loved you."

"'Shy she was, and I thought her cold,'" Mrs. Charlton softly quoted, a half smile of amusement playing about her lips.

"Don't," he exclaimed in a pained tone. "And yet—may I ask you a question?"

"A hundred if you like."

"If I had spoken then, would you have married me?"

"If my memory serves me aright," she replied composedly, "I should have been delighted."

"You should congratulate yourself on your escape." His tone was slightly bitter. "It was quite a narrow one on several occasions. Do you remember one rainy afternoon when Dr. Williams kept us till late to help him look over some papers?"

"I am afraid I do not," she answered doubtfully.

"It was nearly dark when he dismissed us," he went on. "You had no umbrella, and I took you home under mine."

"Oh, it all comes back now!" she said. "I remember it well—the soft, black mud, and the yards full of roses and peach blooms."

"I was so happy," continued Lindsley, "that I hardly knew what I was doing. You had a white rose in your hair—it brushed my shoulder once or twice. I had never been so close to you before, and I could hardly refrain from telling you how I loved you. But I knew nothing of women, and told myself that I must wait. And you"—he paused a second—"cared—then? Pardon the folly of the question."

"I distinctly remember that my heart beat so hard with excitement that I was afraid you would hear it—also that my voice was trembling so that I could hardly speak at all."

A low ripple of laughter broke from her lips. He gave a short sigh and an unwilling laugh.

"You went East quite suddenly soon after that," he said, "and while I—poor fool!—

was waiting for your return, the news came of your marriage. I have never ceased to love you."

"Have you never loved another woman?" she asked curiously.

"Never," he replied. "My life has not given me much time to fall in love promiscuously, and I have never seen any woman like the one I knew the girl I loved would be."

She looked at him steadily for some moments, and an expression of determination came into her face.

"You have made a great mistake," she said, leaning toward him and speaking with decision. "I am going to prove it to you. Surely it needs no words of mine to tell you that *that*"—pointing almost disdainfully to the picture in her hand—"is not myself."

He hesitated, and his eyes fell before hers.

"May I speak frankly?"

"Certainly," a little impatiently.

"You are more beautiful, more fascinating. And correspondingly, my love is—not less."

His tone was hard, and his eyes seemed to take in with a strange reluctance the charms of the beautiful woman before him, the deep curves of the perfect mouth, the soft swell of the bosom, the magnificent lines beneath the clinging drapery of her gown. He began to think there was danger in the situation. He felt an impulse to take her in his arms, kiss her once, and go away. Her voice fell on his ear, clear and cold.

"That is not all," she said. "There is the width of a world between the Constance Sherman you used to know, and the Constance Charlton of today; or perhaps I should say, between that girl"—pointing again to the picture—"as you thought her, and as she really was. Heaven knows—I do not—what she was."

She sat silent a moment, not looking at him, but apparently absorbed in thought. Then she turned toward him and spoke determinedly.

"You thought me pure and true, did you not? You have loved a woman pure and true all these years? Listen. I am going to finish the story you began just now."

His face was very pale, but he made no reply, and she went on. Her wonderful eyes held his with neither shrinking nor defiance in their steely depths, and she spoke very clearly, without the faintest quiver of excitement in her voice, as she leaned easily back in her seat, her white, bejeweled hands lying lightly in her lap.

"Your story ended, I believe, with my trip East. You remember how my father was called to Washington, and how he took me to New York to pay a visit to an aunt while he should be gone. Well, my aunt was very fond of society and had no daughters of her own, so she did her best for me. I was horribly shy and awkward at first, but took quite kindly to going out and entertaining, and despite some sentimental regrets for you, I managed to enjoy my new life very well. You know my father died suddenly in Washington, so there was nothing to take me back to California; and when Henry Charlton proposed, I accepted him. I was perfectly sure your regard for me was purely friendly, I liked Henry very much, and he was devoted to me. He was rich enough, too, to give me any kind of life I wanted. I did not love him, however, and at that time loved you as I thought I could never love another man."

She paused here, as if to give her words their full effect. A half smothered exclamation broke from Lindsley's lips, and his eyes had a strange expression, stern yet pitiful.

"The next few years," she went on, "count for nothing. I became much attached to my husband, but cherished my feeling for you till I met—I will not call his name—the man who taught me what love was. Perhaps you would like to know what sort of man he was. At any rate, it is my whim to tell you. The fact is, I have never had an opportunity to speak of him freely, and I am inclined to make the most of it. He was not so intellectual as you, nor so handsome as my husband. Like Mother Goose's son Jack, he was not very good, nor yet very bad. He was lazy, fastidious, indifferent—one of those unusual persons who can hold attention without saying anything. Really, I believe that is about all I can say for him. I knew that I loved him, and that he loved me, long before he spoke to me of love. But—he told me at last, and I listened. We spoke of parting, never to meet again; we talked of duty, honor, sacrifice. But we did not part, and we sacrificed duty and honor. We have loved and met in secret ever since."

Alan thought he had never heard anything so sad as her last words, uttered in those low, thrillingly sweet tones.

"No one knows my secret but you. Have I said enough?"

"Why have you told me this?" His voice was harsh and broken.

"Out of kindness," she replied promptly. "We shall never meet again, and I should like to do you a good turn before we part.

You have been wasting your life on a delusion which I can now assure myself I have dispelled. It seems to hurt you, but it is the best thing for you, believe me. You need not even thank me, for I have really enjoyed this opportunity for being perfectly truthful about myself. No one in the world prefers to speak the truth more than I do, and I can so seldom indulge my taste."

She sighed and leaned her head on the cushion behind her, closing her eyes as if wearied by her recital. Lindsley looked at her a moment, and his eye fell on the faded picture in her lap.

"Let me have it," he said almost roughly, putting out his hand.

"I really think you had better not," she said languidly. "In fact, I particularly want it myself." She held her head on one side and looked critically at the little card as she spoke. "I want to show it to some one." Lindsley's brow contracted. "The fact is," she went on, "that one of the party I expect to meet at Denver is the man I have just told you about, and I should like to show him this. Do not be afraid—I shall not tell him about you."

She spoke in a perfectly matter of fact tone, and Lindsley experienced a quick revulsion of feeling, nearly akin to physical sickness.

"Keep it by all means," he said, rising. A desire to get away took possession of him, and he hardly looked at Mrs. Charlton.

"Our time is up, I believe," she replied. "I am very glad I met you. So will you be some day. Good by."

Lindsley found himself taking her outstretched hand, and in a moment he was outside, standing in the dark, watching the long train glide away.

Allen G. West.

THE WINTER DREAMERS.

STREAM who madest in the field
  Melody the summer long,
Winter now thy lips hath sealed;
  Thou art dumb of song.
    "In my heart doth music dream;
      It shall waken," saith the stream.

Tree who in the summer wood
  Gavest shelter to a throng
Of the feathered minstrel brood,
  Thou art reft of song.
    "Dreameth now their melody;
      It shall waken," saith the tree.

Sun who smilest over all,
  Thou canst right this wintry wrong;
Thou hast April at thy call;
  Bid her come with song.
    "Patience, patience," saith the sun;
    "Wait till her white dream is done!"

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE FATE OF PETER.

PETER had never underrated his own importance, but he would have been more puffed up than ever if he had seen the commotion his disappearance caused.

"My best bronze turkey! Isn't it a shame, Beatrice? Isn't it mean?" exclaimed Aunt Mary, with tragic eyes and her cap over one ear. "I'd be ashamed to tell you what I paid for him. There wasn't one like him in the county."

"Who could have taken him?" asked Beatrice indignantly.

"The same rascally boys that took my cherries last summer, I suppose," said her aunt, looking sadly through the wire fence at her variegated flock—peevish hen turkeys, vacant eyed geese, and complacent little ducks that would have had dimples if nature had provided a place for them. "Well, my dear, I'll try not to think any more about it. I don't want to spoil your visit. Shall we get our hats and take a little walk? You haven't been down towards the water yet;" and Aunt Mary turned resolutely away.

"Why, look here," exclaimed Beatrice a few minutes later, as they followed random squirrel tracks through the fields. "Isn't this a turkey feather?"

Aunt Mary solemnly examined it.

"That's Peter," she said at last, in the tone of one identifying her dead.

"And here's another," added the girl, hurrying forward. "They must have gone this way. Perhaps we can track them by the feathers. Wouldn't it be fun to walk in on them and demand our turkey? Here's still another."

Peter had evidently read "Hop-o'-My-Thumb" when he was little, for every few feet he had dropped a downy, bronze tipped breast feather or a long, shining quill. The two followed excitedly, often losing the trail, but patiently going back and starting over again till they had recovered it. Before long they came to a little whirl of feathers in the middle of a path which skirted a small brook, and there the trail ceased. Not another one could be found.

"I'm afraid he hadn't any left that would come off," said Beatrice regretfully. Aunt Mary stood considering. Her skirt was turned up around her waist, showing a short alpaca petticoat and a pair of enormous shoes, guiltless of blacking. Her morning cap, which she had forgotten to take off, bulged out from beneath a rakish sombrero, yet she looked every inch a general. No one who had seen the fine old face with its strong lines and steel blue eyes would have given another thought to its outward setting.

"I'll tell you," she said at last. "They put him in a sack here—they probably were afraid to stop before—and they crossed the brook. Don't you see those tracks in the mud on the other side?"

"And then they climbed this fence," added Beatrice eagerly. "See, they scraped the mud off their shoes as they did it. Then they probably took that path. Do let's go on. Shall we look for a gate?" Beatrice had only had a town acquaintance with her aunt before this.

"What do you want of a gate, child?" she asked, planting one squared toed shoe on the third rail, and placing the other firmly on the same rail the other side of the fence before she swung the first over and let herself down. There was a businesslike directness about her movements that gave them a certain dignity. Beatrice climbed over with more regard for appearances, but she did not see anything to laugh at.

"What is that little house we're coming to?" she asked when they had gone some distance.

"Why, that must be the Pacific Gun Club," answered her aunt. "Of course. I never came on it this way before, and I didn't realize we were so near the water. It belongs to some young men who come up from the city for the duck shooting down here in the marshes."

"The Pacific Gun Club? Why, I didn't suppose that was so near you. I know several of the members," said Beatrice, involuntarily putting up her hand to her hair.

"We will walk past and look at it if you like. If any of the members are staying there, they are probably out with their guns at this hour. See what a pleasant porch they have." As they turned the corner of the house, a young dog started up with a shrill bark.

"Down, sir. Be still," called a masculine voice from the porch.

"Stop it, you ki yi," added another, not so deep; then exclaimed, "Why, Miss Ogden, where did you fall from?"

Beatrice, who had turned away, looked back in surprise as a young man in a muddy shooting suit came running down the steps. Aunt Mary lowered her skirt a few inches, and the puppy, concluding it was all right, went back to something he was worrying.

"Why, how do you do?" she said. "Aunt Mary, this is Mr. Byrnes—Mrs. Ogden. Are you staying up here?"

"Yes; I came up a couple of days ago with my cousin, Ernest Hammond. Hello, Ernest! Come down here."

"I'm really not presentable," answered a reluctant voice as its owner dragged himself out of a deep lounging chair.

"Oh, Miss Ogden won't expect a dress suit before six," answered the other cheerfully, as the figure in splashed, draggled corduroys came slowly towards them. Beatrice bowed very coolly over the introductions, realizing that it was not the state of his clothes that had kept this indifferent young man so quiet in the shelter of his chair. Byrnes, who was always delighted to meet anything feminine anywhere, was talking volubly to Aunt Mary.

"You must come down and dine with us some night, Mrs. Ogden. We have a bang up cook," he was saying, ignoring the impatient movement of his friend's eyebrows. "Can't you come tomorrow night? It's moonlight, and we'll take you home afterwards." Beatrice would have refused, but her aunt, thinking the girl would like it, accepted so cordially that there was nothing to do but turn her back more decidedly on the other young man.

"We must be going now," she said.

"I'm sorry you found us so seedy," said Byrnes, "but we were up before dawn."

"After ducks?"

He glanced at his companion with a suppressed laugh.

"Well, we bagged some other game this morning," he began, but the other broke in with an impatient,

"Say, Rod, that's enough." Aunt Mary, who had been watching the dog intently for the last few minutes, glanced keenly at them both and shut her lips tightly together. "Are you staying far from here, Miss Ogden?" Hammond went on, evidently for the sake of saying something.

"I really don't know," she answered indifferently. "We were following a trail. We have lost one of our——"

"Yes, we rather lost our way," interposed her aunt abruptly. "Come, Beatrice, we must hurry back."

"May we send you some ducks?" asked Byrnes.

"Thank you, but neither my niece nor I eat them," was the stiff reply. "Good morning." And Aunt Mary trailed off with her skirt on the ground, followed by her astonished niece.

"The old lady seemed in a hurry," remarked Byrnes, stooping to roll the dog over. "There was Tabasco in her eye."

"What did you want to ask them here for? We'll have to shave," said the other, going back to his chair.

"You don't know Beatrice," was all the answer he received.

"Aunt Mary," Beatrice suddenly exclaimed, after they had walked on in silence for some time, "what do you suppose he meant about bagging some other game this morning?" Her aunt turned and faced her.

"And what do you suppose that dog meant with Peter's right wing in his mouth?" she demanded.

"Not really!" Beatrice gasped as the natural inference forced itself upon her.

"There isn't another big bronze wing like that in this county, except Peter's left," was the severe reply.

"It is simply outrageous," Beatrice broke out after a pause. "Rodney Byrnes is always doing things like that, too. When he goes back to town, he'll tell every girl he knows about it, and from that distance," with reluctant honesty, "it will probably sound very funny. Are you going to speak to him about it?"

"Indeed I am not," said Mrs. Ogden decidedly; "and you needn't either, Beatrice, not one word on the subject. If he chooses to steal, it is his own affair."

"I wish we hadn't promised to go there to dinner."

"Peter was worth a great deal more than one dinner. I shall not feel under any obligations. If I see anything I particularly like in the house, I shall probably take it home with me. I need a new porch chair." When Aunt Mary descended to sarcasm, things were very bad indeed.

They found two very immaculate young men waiting for them on the club steps the next night. Byrnes was boyishly glad to welcome them, and Hammond, who seemed to have made up his mind to go through it like a man, met them with a quiet cordiality which it was hard not to respond to. Even the Chinese cook gave them a beaming "How do?" as he brought in the soup.

Aunt Mary was a trifle majestic, but that might easily have been the effect of going out to dinner and having her cap on straight, and Beatrice kept forgetting all about her righteous wrath. They were all laughing at some absurd adventure of Byrnes' when Bing appeared in the doorway, bearing proudly on a platter a huge brown object. Beatrice felt herself grow pale. Yes, it was —a turkey! There was an electric silence.

"You don't appreciate ducks, so you see we had to give you something else," began Byrnes cheerfully. "Will you have dark or light meat, Mrs. Ogden?" Beatrice held her breath.

"It is immaterial," was the stately answer, but Brutus condemning his sons did not exercise more self control than Aunt Mary Ogden in that moment of trial.

"And which are you for, Miss Ogden, blond or brunette?" Byrnes went on, smoothing his straw colored locks with a meaning glance at the dark head opposite. "I don't think I'll let you say. You shall have some of both for the present."

Conversation languished for the next few minutes. Aunt Mary kept sternly to her vegetables, but Beatrice, after a struggle, gave in.

"Poor Peter, it does seem cannibalistic, but there's no use wasting him now," she thought. "What a mean trick it was!"

There was a blazing fire in the living room, for the late October evenings were cold, and after dinner they gathered around it. Hammond seated himself next to Beatrice, quite untroubled by his friend's muttered remonstrance, and deliberately set to work to make himself agreeable. He was much the cleverer of the two, and far more stimulating to a girl like Beatrice, and soon they were deep in a discussion that left the fate of Peter forgotten. They piled eucalyptus leaves on the logs, and to this day their odor is associated for Beatrice with the dark glow of firelight on redwood walls. At last one of the sticks fell apart, sending a shower of coals across the hearth.

"Look out for your gown, Miss Ogden," Byrnes exclaimed, bringing her back to the present with a start. "Let me brush those out of the way." He knelt down and swept them carefully back. His brush was the left wing of a huge bronze turkey.

"Beatrice, it is time we went," said Aunt Mary, rising abruptly, and her niece meekly followed.

A tranquil moon lighted the inharmonious little party as they followed a path that did not involve fence climbing.

"Oh, I wonder," exclaimed Byrnes, when they were nearly there. "Is your house made of logs with the bark on, and has it a row of chicken houses or something like that?"

"Very much like that," said Aunt Mary shortly. Rod gave an irrepressible laugh, which was checked by a glare from Ernest. Beatrice was not sure but that a kick went with it.

"We are coming to call soon," Mr. Byrnes added, as they said good night.

"Not before morning, I trust," muttered Aunt Mary, shutting the hall door with emphasis.

When you cherish a private grudge against a man who has an attractive personality, and a way of getting you so interested that you forget all about it every few minutes, your conduct is not very even. Hammond must have found Beatrice the most cordial girl that ever snubbed a man in the brief hour of his call the next day. He watched her with a new interest, and went away pondering.

"I call that rather a dead cold frost," said Byrnes crossly. He had fallen to Aunt Mary, whose temperature had shown no tendency to fluctuate. "Miss Ogden seemed rather snippy, too, though I heard her laughing once or twice. Do you suppose they have found out about the other morning and don't approve of us?"

"Not unless you've blabbed," answered Hammond.

A few days later a strange little procession filed out of Aunt Mary Ogden's back door towards midnight, and took its way in the direction of the chicken houses. Aunt Mary, wrapped up with more regard for comfort than grace, led the way, carrying a small lantern, a huge tea cozy, and a pistol. Beatrice came next with another pistol and a couple of chairs, and Anton, the Portuguese boy, followed nervously with a clothes line and a pitchfork. It was a terrible moment for him, with lurking thieves behind in the darkness and armed women in front. He had looked out of his stable window a little while before, roused by subdued sounds below, and had seen a dark figure working at the new padlock that fastened the big chicken house. A slight noise had been enough to send the intruder scuttling away into the darkness, and then he had crept fearfully across to the house and given the alarm, partly with a view to saving the poultry, and partly because he would not have stayed alone another hour for three times his wages. The two women settled themselves in a small granary that opened out of the chicken house, and com-

manded a view of the roosts, and Aunt Mary, after lighting the lantern, covered it with the tea cozy, so that not a ray escaped. Anton was stationed in a dark corner near the door, which he was to close after the thief was well inside, and the signal had been given.

"He can shut himself on the other side of it if he likes," Aunt Mary whispered. "He'd be as useful there as anywhere. He is almost in hysterics now."

"Well, it is sort of nervous work," murmured Beatrice, with a little shiver.

"You needn't stay a minute if you are frightened," said her aunt. "I'll take you back if you want."

"Oh, no;" shamed into a semblance of courage. "I'm not really afraid. It's just—perhaps holding a pistol makes me a little shivery."

"There is nothing in it, you know, so it can't do—what's that?" They listened intently, but heard only the muttered prayers of Anton.

"Aunt Mary," whispered Beatrice with an excited little laugh, "what shall we do if it should be Mr. Byrnes?"

"Treat him as we would any other thief," was the stern reply.

"It couldn't be, though," added Beatrice. "He might do it once as a joke, but twice would be quite another matter. It must be some boy."

"You heard what Anton said he wore—a light sombrero and a mackintosh with a cape. The boys around here don't wear such garments."

"And Mr. Byrnes does," said Beatrice thoughtfully. "Well, I'm glad it isn't Mr. Hammond, any way. It doesn't seem a bit like him."

"He is probably waiting outside, or exploring the goose house," was all the encouragement she got.

A stealthy sound froze them into silence. After a few seconds the padlock was heard to click, and the door swung slowly open. They could see the dim outlines of a familiar sombrero and mackintosh against the opening, and waited breathlessly as the figure crept along the roosts towards a certain corner.

"He's going for my best Plymouth Rocks," thought Aunt Mary, with a little snort of rage, and touched her companion. Beatrice jerked off the tea cozy, sending a stream of light on the intruder, and at the same instant Anton swung the door shut, with himself safely on the other side. Two shining revolvers were leveled by two excited women.

"It is no use, Mr. Byrnes," said Aunt Mary, with deadly politeness. "We are armed, and you can't get out. I'll trouble you to replace those chickens." The man started violently, then, realizing his helplessness, dropped the astonished fowls and stood motionless. "Hold up your hands, if you please," was the next order, which was promptly obeyed. "It was a nice thing to do, coming here to rob defenseless women; something to be proud of when you go back to town. I shall prosecute——" Aunt Mary stopped with a gasp. As she lifted the lantern, its light fell on two beady black eyes and a vast yellow face that even fear could not blanch.

"It's a Chinaman!" she cried.

"Aunt Mary, it's their cook!" Beatrice almost shouted. "It's Bing."

"Anton," called his mistress to the trembling boy, who had opened the door a crack to see if any one was killed yet, "come here at once. Take your line and tie this heathen, hand and foot, and then we will lock him up in the granary till morning. I suppose your master was too tired to come himself, and sent you?" But the Celestial would not say a word.

The next morning the two sportsmen, having decided to take a day off, did not appear till towards nine. Byrnes gave a shout of "Bing," to show that they were ready for breakfast, then flung himself down on the divan.

"Say, Ernest," he began presently, "I am sure Miss Ogden is down on us for something in particular."

"I rather judged so myself," answered the other indifferently.

"Of course you don't care; but I do," Byrnes went on. "We've always been such good friends before, and I like her as well as any girl in town. I think they must be on to our shooting those quail on their place the morning we met them."

"How could they have seen us at that hour of the day?" demanded Hammond irritably. "Besides, what would she know about the game laws?"

"She might have found out that it is a closed year for quail," Byrnes persisted; "though I don't see that it's such a crime to have killed half a dozen, when you didn't set out to."

"You were foolish to do it, all the same. Besides, it's a good measure. The quail are being killed off altogether too fast."

"They had no business to drum up right in front of me. And, by the way, didn't your gun go off about then, too?"

"I wonder what keeps Bing so long," said

Hammond, with sudden energy. "Let's go and hurry him up." They were surprised to find an empty kitchen and a fireless stove.

"The lazy duffer," exclaimed Byrnes, pounding on the Chinaman's door. "Why, he isn't here. His bed hasn't been slept in. Has he skipped?"

They were wondering helplessly what to do when a Portuguese boy appeared with a frosty little note from Mrs. Ogden, asking them to be kind enough to call at their earliest convenience. "I must apologize for detaining your cook, and so, I fear, making you miss your breakfast, but I really cannot afford to lose any more of my poultry," it concluded.

"What the deuce can it all——" began Byrnes.

"Come along," said Hammond, with unusual animation. "Take your cap if you can't find your sombrero."

Not an hour later, Aunt Mary herself was pouring out big cups of coffee for them, while Beatrice made fresh toast over the coals of the open fire.

"To think that I gave the fellow three dollars and twenty cents to pay for that blessed turkey, which hadn't cost him a cent," Byrnes said mournfully.

"Well, you owe the government five hundred for breaking the game law, so you can call it even," rejoined Aunt Mary. "In fact, I think you came off pretty well. If my niece did not have to go back to town today, I would invite you up to try some more of my poultry. You seem to be quite fond of it."

"Here's a beautiful piece of toast for you, Mr. Hammond," said Beatrice from the hearthrug. "Oh, you must, just this one," holding it up to him on the toasting fork as he stood over her. "I am so glad the mystery was all cleared up before I had to leave," she added with frank friendliness. "I was dreadfully tired of being injured and disapproving."

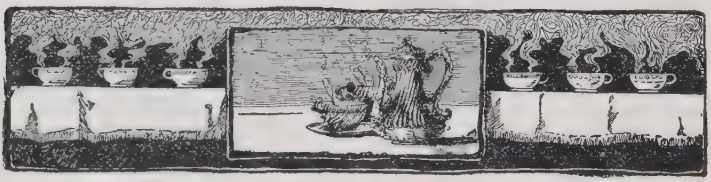
"May I come and see you next week when I go back to town?" he asked.

"I'm coming, too," chimed in Byrnes.

"I wish you would," said Beatrice. "Only of course you understand—we don't keep chickens?"

Miss Ogden's milliner could not comprehend why that young lady insisted on having her hat trimmed with bronze quills when everybody knew black ostrich tips were so much more fashionable. Mademoiselle would see for herself later, and be sorry. But mademoiselle wasn't.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



OLD SONGS ARE BEST.

OLD songs are best—how sweet to hear
The strains to home and memory dear!

Old books are best—how tale and rhyme
Float with us down the stream of time!

Old friends are best—what wealth untold
Affection's golden caskets hold!

Old times are best—what sunbeams play
Amid the flowers of yesterday!

Clarence Urmy.

THE BEWILDERMENT OF LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

LOVE is like lightning; not so much in the speed of its motion—although it is pretty rapid sometimes—but in the way in which it is stored up in the human generator, made up bit by bit from nervous energy, good health, or perhaps some morbid condition, until the full charge is accumulated, and then it expends itself generally upon the most prominent object in the surrounding country. I have seen lightning strike a clump of Spanish bayonet two feet high on an Arizona desert. If a man had "gone off" like that, it would have been called a "case of infatuation."

When Lieutenant O'Connor resigned his enviable position as the one cavalryman at Fortress Monroe, and went back to his regiment at Highlo, he was suffering from what may be called the recoil. Three months before he had met Miss Costello, daughter of the great Peter Costello, the copper king, in the big glass ball room at the Hygeia, and had fallen head over heels in love with her. She was a pretty little thing, whom an astute manager would have cast as a "singing chambermaid" in private theatricals, and who would probably have played the rôle in real life if her father, the great Peter, had remained upon the old sod. As it was, her sprightliness, her French education, and her French clothes set her upon a pinnacle where the youth of the country came to worship.

Up to the time of that artillery ball she had shown herself such an excellent conductor, that all the shafts launched at her had gone straight through her head and heart and landed at her feet, without doing the slightest damage. But it was a strong headed girl who could pass through a siege of O'Connor's adoration without some thrills. It gave Miss Costello a great many. There were lingering walks on the breakwater, with the Ripraps in the moonlight before them; there were breezy mornings on the casemates, and then one day O'Connor spent a couple of laborious hours composing a letter asking the great Peter, in a businesslike fashion, for the hand of his only daughter, and incidentally for the prospect of something like ten millions in the future; and he very properly felt like a presuming upstart while he did it.

Mr. Costello entirely agreed with him. He wrote Mr. O'Connor a letter in which he reminded him that the last descendant of the Irish kings was not lightly to be mated to a tu'penny ha'penny leftenant, and made allusions to "lazy brass buttons" in the delicate persiflage of the mining camps. When the letter reached O'Connor, Miss Costello had already departed with her guardians, summoned by a peremptory telegram from her sire. She had flung herself into her soldier's arms and told him that she never would love anybody else, that she would "arrange everything," and O'Connor had buoyed himself with hope until that letter came. Then, humiliated, disgusted, after weeks of complete silence from Miss Costello, he had resigned the gaieties of life and gone back to his regiment.

But nature abhors a vacuum. After he had expended his youthful passion upon Miss Costello and had received nothing in return, nature began storing up a new charge. There was nothing at Highlo to interest a man, and O'Connor made himself just as miserable as he knew how. But with a beautiful country about him, a horse to ride, and a sky overhead, a man must be ill to remain unhappy.

There was nobody in the fort to interest him; only two or three captains' wives with their babies, and a maiden sister or two with faces tanned by the winds of all the Territories, and with a pleasure in the rare society of the handsome young lieutenant which did much to restore O'Connor's self respect. By the time the wind was blowing the yellow poppies of June, there was new life in the upcurve of O'Connor's mustache, and brightening fancy in his eyebeam. The charge was almost ready to break forth again.

Captain Lacy's wife, sitting on her piazza, saw him going down Officers' Row one day with the least leathery of the feminine camp followers, holding her parasol at an interesting angle. Mrs. Lacy laughed behind her book; then she put it down, and gave serious consideration to the question.

It may have been chance that Kitty Basil, the daughter of the colonel at Riley, should have been invited to visit Mrs. Lacy at just this time. Perhaps it was her entire dis-

similarity to Miss Costello that attracted O'Connor's notice, and it may have been chance which made Mrs. Lacy call him in and keep him until Kitty came back from her ride on the morning after her arrival. Tall, willowy, dark, as she dashed up to the door on the captain's black thoroughbred, O'Connor's eyes took her in eagerly, and it seemed as though she and her horse had been made for each other. It was a pity to spoil the symmetry of the picture by separating them. But when she sprang down before he or the captain could reach her, and lifted the edge of her short, close skirt, giving a tantalizing glimpse of the toe of a polished riding boot of the most delightful dimensions; when she walked up the piazza steps with a free, high headed movement, and O'Connor rose to be introduced to her, he felt as though the gates of paradise had been flung open in his face.

The open parade ground, the commonplace walks, became an enchanted scene now that he could stroll there with this young goddess. Did you ever fall in love with a real army girl, daughter and granddaughter and cousin and niece of a dozen army belles who have the traditions of the way to slay? If not, there is no use in trying to tell you. If you have, you know all about it. She can fence and coquette until you are on the brink of despair and wild with anger, and then, with one flutter of the eyelash or one killing curl of the corner of her lip, she can bring you back to your original state of adoring helplessness.

Kitty Basil led O'Connor the full chase. June and July went by, and his world had narrowed to the radius of a pair of black eyes. Early in the year he had applied for leave for August, and the permission had come, but he paid no attention to it. It might be useful if Kitty went back to Riley. He had heard that Riley was a pleasant place to spend the hot months.

As the weeks wore on, other lieutenants had shown themselves at Highlo, the sisters of all the young married women had come out, and there were festivities which drove O'Connor out of his head. Kitty eluded him like a will o' the wisp. She never let him see her alone for a moment. One evening a dozen of them started for a moonlight gallop across the country, and O'Connor, as he tightened his girth, made up his mind that he would say the words that night, come what would. He had been made a fool of long enough. His nerves were getting worn down to the quick. He galloped up to Mrs. Lacy's house, and found her elfish young daughter, whose impishness made O'Connor hate the sight of her, standing on the piazza in a state of gleeful excitement.

"They've gone! They've gone! Kitty's ridin' with Mr. Parker!" she screamed.

O'Connor, with an ejaculation which sounded ugly, gave his horse a dig with the spur, and spun around and out on the road. There they were, and the only unattached female was a pasty faced Miss Biddle who wanted to talk horse.

For nine or ten miles O'Connor rode along in gloom. Parker clung to Miss Basil's side. The road was open most of the way, but O'Connor knew of a ravine just beyond where big cottonwoods made the road as black as pitch, and not a ray of moonlight filtered through. As they came near the place, he left Miss Biddle in the middle of a learned discourse on docking, and forged ahead. Somehow his horse became unmanageable, and broke in between Miss Basil's spirited mare and the big cavalry horse Parker rode. It was easy enough in the semi darkness to give the mare a dig which made her rear and jump, and in a moment the two horses, O'Connor's and Miss Basil's, flew along neck and neck in a seeming bolt.

"How dared you?" she gasped.

It was dark, but the other horses were close behind them. He held his half mad horse with five strong fingers, and put his other hand on hers—and then he choked. The speech he had prepared was too long. He only had a second; the others were at their horses' heels. All that he could get out was, "I want to see your father." His voice was stiff with emotion.

"You mean me?" She could not resist it. The ruse had delighted her.

O'Connor's voice cleared. "No. I am going to see your father before I see you again. If I will bring you a message from him—will you——"

"Give papa my love," she said, as the rest of the party surrounded them.

The situation was getting interesting. Colonel Basil had left Fort Riley for New York two weeks before. But O'Connor went back home with delight in his heart. He felt that he had made the right move, and that he commanded the situation. It was with the martial tread of a conquering hero that he tramped into his quarters and ducked his six feet two under his doorway.

The last mail lay on his table by the side of his pipes. It was two o'clock in the morning, but he was not sleepy. He hummed a little song as he tore off the end

of a long business envelope. He hadn't read two lines when he gave a hasty glance at the signature, and a despairing "Oh, Lord!"

SAVOY HOTEL, July 9.

ALLEN O'CONNOR, LIEUTENANT U.S.A.

DEAR SIR:

Finding that your attentions to my daughter have seriously injured her health, and the physicians saying that she must have her own way, I retract my refusal to your proposals of last March. Come at once.

Yours respectfully,
PETER COSTELLO.

"The old ass!"

Alas and alack, O'Connor! Had this letter come to you two months earlier, you wouldn't be sitting there with your eyes staring blankly at the wall. It would be against your lips as a harbinger of joy!

There are heroes who might know the obvious thing in such a crisis. O'Connor was just an every day young man. He walked the floor and sighed:

"Poor girl! Poor child!"

It is a terrible thing to have a girl dying for you. Of course he loved her, like a weak little sister—but Kitty! Glorious Kitty! He was to start to see the colonel that day. He knew the jolly colonel. What would they think of him? He was a cad. No, he couldn't shirk his responsibilities. If that poor little Costello girl loved him enough to die for him, he ought to despise himself that he did not return the feeling. His word was first pledged to her. She must not be allowed to suffer.

Limp, miserable, O'Connor sat down to write to Kitty. As he finished the pages in which he had tried to make some sort of an explanation, he addressed the letter to "Miss Basil" and called his striker. He threw some things into a bag, and started at daylight towards the railroad, leaving a note to the commandant, who had expected him to use his overdue leave.

If he had seen the destination of that letter to Kitty! The soldier whose duty it was to care for Mr. O'Connor had long looked forward to this leave as a period of relaxation, and he stopped on his way to Captain Lacy's to visit the canteen. Two hours later, he was weeping on the neck of the lieutenant's horse, and shortly afterward was reposing in the guard house to sober up at his leisure. The stableman picked up a very soiled and trodden letter, and spelled out its address, "Miss Basil."

"Sure, an' it must have dropped out o' the pocket o' the young lady's saddle," he said, and going into the harness room, he put it back.

Meanwhile O'Connor was flying East. Perhaps his greatest suffering came from the instability of his own emotions. As he thought of Kitty, he felt as though his heart would break. She was the core of his soul; and then, when the poor child who was dying for him came up before his eyes, he longed to take the poor little thing in his arms and tell her that her troubles were over.

It was ten o'clock of an August night when he crossed the ferry from Jersey City to New York. The dulcet tones of "After the Ball" were floating out from a Coney Island boat, and O'Connor felt that he knew why the tune was popular. Next morning he took a hansom, drove up to the Savoy, and sent up his card to Mr. Costello. In the course of fifteen minutes, Miss Costello's maid came down and said that Mr. Costello was not in, but that the young lady would see him.

O'Connor felt light headed. He walked out of the elevator and into a dream of a boudoir. There was no explanation why Miss Costello was in town, but she evidently knew how to make herself comfortable. She was half lying in a wicker chair piled with cushions, and she greeted O'Connor with gentle languor.

As soon as the maid had disappeared O'Connor fell on his knees beside her, and put his arm across her shoulder. He did love her. What a pretty girl she was! But instead of the reception he expected, Miss Costello sat up and gave him a little push.

"Mr. O'Connor," she said icily, "what is the meaning of this conduct? Will you be good enough to sit in a chair?"

"Hasn't your father told you?"

"Told me what? That you have lost your mind?"

"That in consideration—of your health, he has at last consented to our engagement."

"Whew!" whistled Miss Costello. "Did dad tell you that?" The fragile invalid was on her feet.

"Here is his letter," O'Connor said with stiffness.

Miss Costello looked at it, and then at him, and then she burst into peals of laughter, and spun around the room.

"Poor old Allen!" she said at last. "Now confess! You had forgotten all about me when you got papa's letter. Eh?" Her head was on one side. O'Connor's face was scarlet. "I knew it! I knew it! You'd have sent me flowers and books and poetry and things, if you hadn't. And I—had given you up long ago. It's—somebody else. You must go away. I can

manage papa with *this!*" and she waved the letter, her invalidism all gone, the daughter of her sire prepared for conflict.

As O'Connor boarded the ferry boat that night he saw a large military figure ahead of him. His nerves gave a start as he saw that it was Colonel Basil, and as that old war dog recognized him.

"Hello, O'Connor, what are you doing here?"

Inspiration came to O'Connor, and he followed it. He would get out of that beastly letter somehow.

"I came to ask you to let me marry your daughter."

"Well, upon my soul! This sort of thing sounds like old times. I didn't know we were turning out men who would follow a girl's father half over the world to plead their cause. We will talk the matter over on the way West."

As they drew nearer and nearer to Riley—the colonel told O'Connor that Kitty had gone back there—the lover's heart went lower and lower. Dozens of times he tried to take the colonel into his confidence, but could not. Of course she wouldn't marry a man who had been ready a day or two ago to marry another; but he made up his mind he would ask her. She should hear him, anyhow.

As the train drew up at the station, O'Connor saw a group from the fort. An orderly held two saddled horses, and beside them sat Kitty on a big raking gray, gayer, prettier, than ever. The colonel had telegraphed and one of the horses was for him to ride.

She knew it all, O'Connor thought, and yet she had come to meet him! There was something deeper, sweeter, in her eyes, and a meaning in her hand clasp. O'Connor was humble. As he mounted, the colonel, saying something about "business," trotted off in another direction, and left them alone together.

"This is the first time I have been on horseback since that night—that night we—rode," she said.

O'Connor rode close to her again, and put out his hand.

"What did you think when you got that letter?" His voice was full of anxiety. He must get it all over. He must know.

"What letter?" she asked.

Blessed woman! Was this her way out? Would she pretend that she had never received it now that she knew that everything was right? At that instant O'Connor's horse stumbled and drew back a step, and he saw something sticking in the seldom used pocket under the back of her saddle, which she had had at Highlo. It was a letter. With an intuition he pulled it out, and felt like a counter on a board moved by fate. It was unopened. She had not seen it. He thrust it into his coat while Kitty looked serenely ahead, and then he rode close to her again.

"Kitty," he said, "I have seen your father. He says that I may ask you to marry me. Will you?"

A. S. Duane.

THE SOUL AND DEATH.

"Come hither, Death—I, lord, thine aid command;
Thou art my bondslave, fetter'd to my will;
When so I please thou shalt my word fulfil,
Shalt lead me to the gates of Hades, and
Strike them ajar with thine undaunted hand.
I weary of this age's tangled ill,
Seeking the flawless wisdom, hidden still
From earth bound hearts and brains; I crave to stand
In light, and *know*."

"Aye, if thou wilt, I press,
I, Death, thy slave, to do thy fierce desire;
But what if unveil'd light should strike thee blind,
And One, a Monarch, bid His servants bind
And cast thee forth, if so thou mayst acquire
In outer dark a kingly humbleness?"

Bessie Gray.

A GENIUS OF THE CHISEL.

The young Scottish American sculptor, J. Massey Rhind, and his brilliant series of decorative and monumental works.

WHEN Mr. William Waldorf Astor decided to add a memorial of his father to the treasures of Trinity Church, he hesitated over the form it should take. Mr. Astor had seen the bronze doors of the famous old octagonal Baptistery in Florence, those marvels of sculpture made by Lorenzo Ghiberti nearly five hundred years ago, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. He resolved to open a competition for a design for bronze doors for Trinity. Every competing sculptor was instructed to fill a panel with a design in high relief, showing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The accepted panel introduced to the American world of art critics a young sculptor who had lately landed in this country, and who had only one work here to show his possibilities. Every artist in New York asked for the owner of so certain and powerful a hand. They found a young Scotchman named J. Massey Rhind, with a long inheritance of talent in his own family, and the blood of the Celt in his veins.

Mr. Rhind was by no means unknown in Europe. His grandfather and his father were sculptors, and all of his brothers except one, who is a successful London architect. In Edinburgh, where Mr. Rhind was born, two of the best local monuments are the work of his father. The reclining figure of the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles' is a remarkable piece of classic art, and the colossal statue of William Chambers, the publisher, is one of the landmarks of the Scottish capital. The elder Rhind's style shows the influence of Thorwaldsen, who was his pattern. The son, in his earlier work, fell far away from the classic, and became ruggedly realistic; but as he grows older, he is gradually coming back to the ways of his predecessors. A photograph of the elder sculptor at work on his statue of Chambers suggests the picture of Mr. Rhind and his Calhoun, although the former is an old man and the subjects are widely different. The two together make an interesting study of heredity.

From his earliest childhood Mr. Rhind has modeled in clay. He learned familiarity in handling his tools before he was

Figure of "Peace" on the Façade of the American Surety Building.

old enough to consider them other than playthings. The talk of his home was of art, of great works. His mother was a woman of a highly artistic nature, and the personality of both father and mother drew the best that came to Edinburgh about their home. While Mr. Rhind was still very young, his father sent him to an art school in Lambeth, where he became a pupil of Delau. Delau was a clever sculptor, who had been one of the leaders of the Commune, and had been forced to flee from France. He had much to do with forming the brilliant style which has come to be so well known a characteristic of Rhind's work. Then a competition for a fountain was opened in Paris. One design led all the rest. It was found to be Delau's, and with truly Gallic impetuosity the government immediately pardoned the exile, and recalled him to his loved Paris. Rhind went to the Royal Academy.

Every student at the Royal Academy receives, at his entrance, a little ivory disk which bears his name. This disk is his "open sesame" to all that is artistic in the British metropolis. It admits him to the receptions where artistic London meets, and where he has an opportunity to come in direct contact with the great craftsmen. As he wins honors—if he wins them—these are engraved upon his disk, until it becomes his history. Mr. Rhind took three gold medals in one year at South Kensington, being the first student who ever scored such a success.

Portico of the American Surety Building, New York.

One day Sir Frederick Leighton, who had become his friend, came and stood before a piece of young Rhind's work. Sir Frederick, as the president of the Royal Academy, took a particular interest in its most promising student.

"Where did you learn that style?" he asked. "You had it when you came here."

"From Delau," Rhind replied.

"Then," said Sir Frederick, "you had better pack up and go over to Paris and let him teach you the rest he knows."

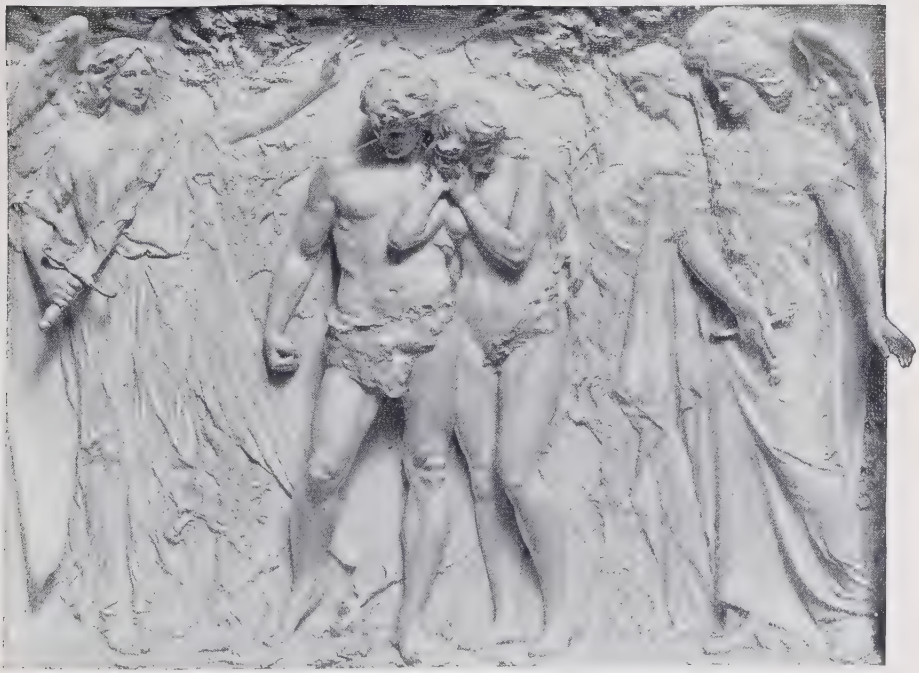
Two years Mr. Rhind spent in Paris, and then went back to England, where orders came fast. He was called to model the figures for a great building in Glasgow, and

was entertained in the house of the architect. As a result he married the architect's daughter, in 1889, and came to America on his wedding journey. At no time since then has he found time to stop his work here long enough to take up his life in Europe again.

He had come to America at exactly the right moment. Sculpture is a new art to us. Only the other day, comparatively speaking, there was no demand for it except in the shape of monuments. Our rich men had not learned to decorate their homes in marble and bronze. Architects, upon whom the sculptor must depend, made no provision for his work. But inevitably, as more and more Americans went abroad, they were impressed by the richness of the old world decorations, and came back conscious of our undignified and unadorned architecture. When the American awakens to the necessity of a luxury, he insists upon having it at its best, and draws upon the world for its

J. Massey Rhind.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.



"The Expulsion of Adam and Eve"—Design for the Doors of Trinity Church, New York.

workmen. Mr. Rhind came just as the call was sounded. Even a year earlier he would have found a different state of things.

Mr. Rhind's first work here was given him by Dean Hoffman, in the decoration of the chapel of the Episcopal Seminary, at Twenty First Street and Ninth Avenue. The design was so beautiful and original that it showed the young Scotchman's talent to the little band of acquaintances he had made in this country; but it was not until the design for the bronze doors of Trinity was submitted that the world in general recognized him as a powerful sculptor. Mr. Astor had desired that the contract for the doors should require their completion in one year. By dint of great labor—and he is a rapid worker—Mr. Rhind finished his in two years. Ghiberti was forty years in completing those that made his fame.

It was about this time that the city of Albany was trying to find a design for a fountain in Washing-

Decoration for the Commencement Hall at Princeton.

ton Park, to be erected as a memorial to Senator Rufus King. Four times sculptors from all over the field had sent in designs, but not one was found worthy of the place. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, who was consulting sculptor, asked to be allowed to select four young men to compete again. Rhind was one of these, and his design was the successful one. For originality and dramatic effect, there is nothing in America to surpass it.

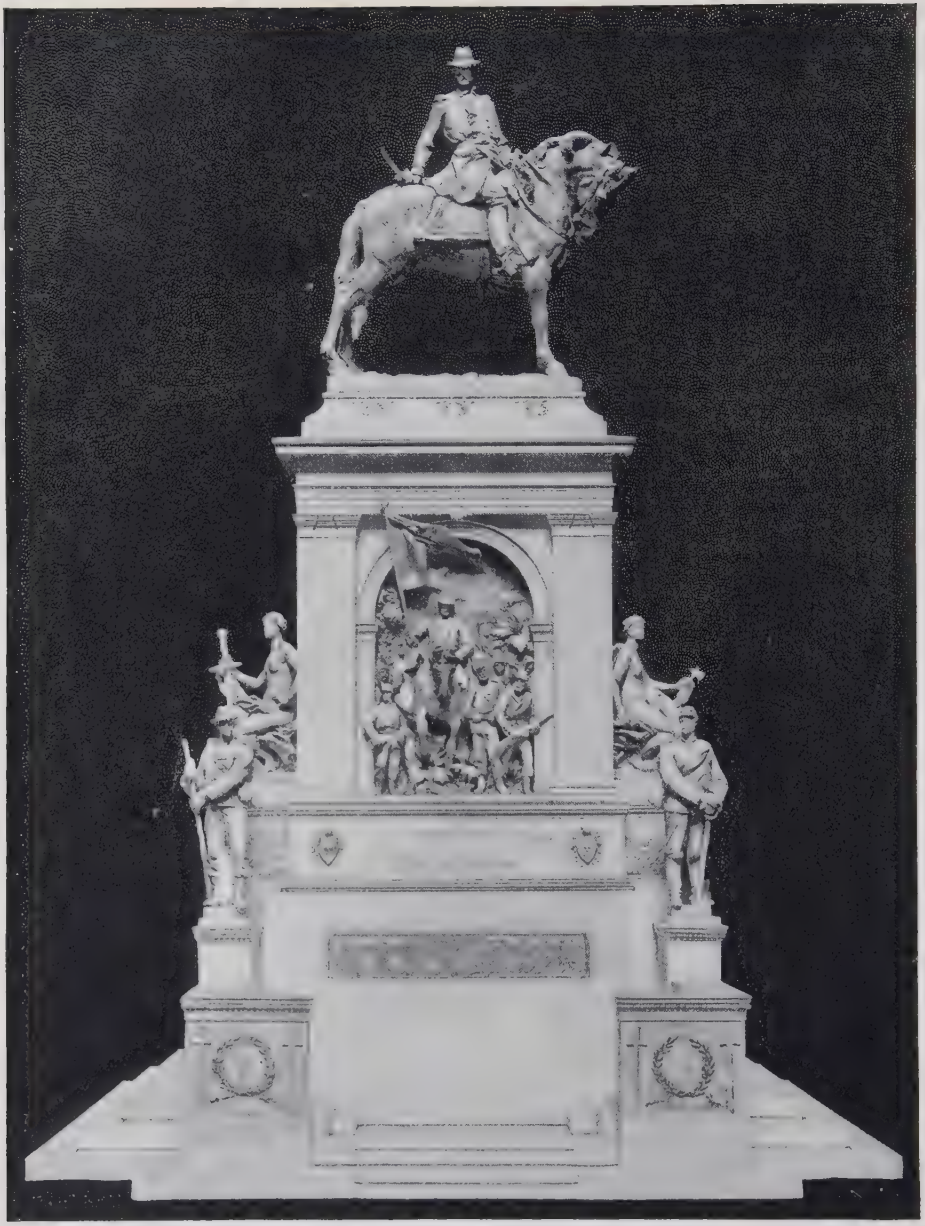
In several of the great business buildings erected within the past five years in New York, Mr. Rhind's work is to be seen. He is a favorite sculptor with the architects because he knows how to make his sculpture an integral part of the whole design, realizing that his work gains by the harmony. The American Surety Company's building, at the corner of Broadway and Pine Street, is a fine example of this. Bruce Price, the architect, had evolved an imposing scheme of allegorical figures for the portico, and Mr. Rhind was called in to carry it out. The general idea of the figures was taken from the little old temple behind the Parthenon, and they are severely architectural. The drapery is so even that it has the effect of fluted columns. The six sisters represent the qualities of peace, truth, honesty, fortitude, self denial, and fidelity.

The new Clearing House and the Postal Telegraph building are also ornamented with Mr. Rhind's work. The well known ritualistic church of St. Mary the Virgin, in West Forty Sixth Street, is to have on its façade several of his statues. The central figure of the Virgin and Child, shown on page 678, is a thirteenth century idea modernized. The rich drapery of the old French school, the nimbus, the heavy lidded, dreamy eyed face of the saint, make a remarkably characteristic statue, and one which is the high note of the whole design.

For two years Mr. Rhind has been engaged in carrying out William A. Potter's beautiful scheme of decorative figures on the front of the new Alexander Commencement Hall at Princeton, of which Mr. Potter is the architect. Mr. Rhind will be at least a year longer in completing his portion of the work. The figures are to be life size, symbolizing the arts and sciences taught in the college. Learning sits in the center, a closed volume in his hand; on the cover of the book is the head of the Sphinx. Language, Theology, Law, History, Philosophy, and Ethics are on one side; Architecture, Painting, Poetry, Music, and Geography on the other. The lettering that appears in the engraving on page 674 is merely an arbitrary grouping of characters, inserted in Mr. Rhind's model to fill up the allotted space. It will be replaced by a Latin inscription.

One of Mr. Rhind's latest works is the be-

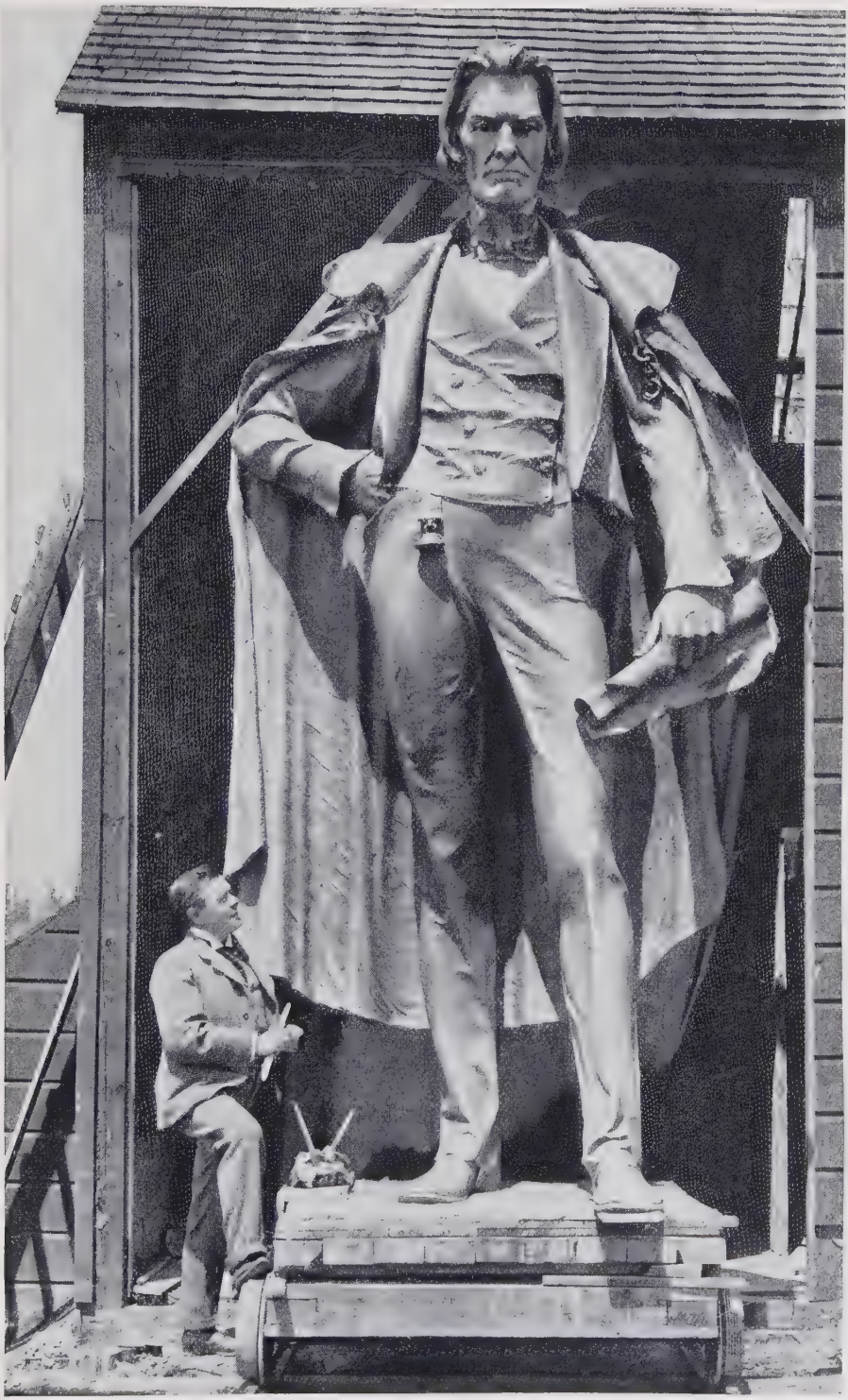
Frieze in the Yerkes House, New York.



Competitive Design for the Sherman Statue in Washington.

lated Calhoun statue. It was about 1860 that the people of South Carolina determined to erect a worthy monument of their great statesman, and gathered a fund of about sixty thousand dollars. A romantic touch was given to the project by Calhoun's early sweetheart taking the matter in hand. Then the war came. The money was in charge of this lady, who regarded her task as a sacred one. When Sherman invaded the Palmetto State, she feared for her treasure. She finally sewed it into a part of her clothing, and wore it day and night until danger was past. She is now ninety six, is still president of the Ladies' Monument Fund, and expects to see her hero raised aloft within a few weeks.

The entire monument will be about seventy



Mr. Rhind at Work upon the Calhoun Statue, in His Studio at Alpine, New Jersey.

From a photograph by C. Bilordeaux, New York.

Statue of the Virgin and Child for the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York.

From a photograph by Bilordeaux, New York.

five feet high, the statue alone being fifteen. The pedestal is the design of Renwick, Aspinwall & Renwick, and is typical and handsome. It contains two bronze panels, ten by six feet, which represent Calhoun reorganizing the war department, and addressing the Senate in one of his famous debates with Webster.

Mr. Rhind perfectly understands the use of drapery. The cloak of Calhoun has been managed with wonderful effect. The flag in the pedestal of his competitive model for the Sherman monument makes a line which is like a chord in music. This model is one of the four which the committee have selected to be enlarged upon a scale of two inches to the foot, for further consideration. It received one of the five prizes of a thousand dollars each. The conception of the character of Sherman leaves something to be desired, or doubtless this beautiful work of art, full of spirit and enthusiasm, would have been chosen at once. Mr. Rhind has given us a conqueror, a strong man, a soldier; but it could hardly have been expected that a Scotchman who has lived in America but a few years, and who never saw General Sherman, should grasp in its entirety that rugged and peculiarly American personality.

Besides the Sherman design, which is for the proposed statue in Washington, Mr. Rhind has had another important model before a committee within the past few weeks—one for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Syracuse.

One of his finest examples of interior decorative work is in the mantel designed by R. H. Robertson in the great hall of the new house Mr. Yerkes is building in New York. It represents the welcoming of the guest.

Mr. Rhind's present home is near Alpine, New Jersey, on the edge of the Palisades. He has a large studio there, to which his New York studio is merely a supplement. Both of them are filled with models, and with photographs of completed work, showing the remarkable achievements of a young sculptor. *N. MacDonald.*

Mr. Rhind's Design for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Syracuse, New York.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE RUSSIAN PREMIER.

It is impossible to predict the changes that the acquisition of power may make in a man's character. It is difficult to forecast the horoscope of kings and princes. The Prussian Frederick, the shy poetaster of Potsdam, who divided his time between writing mediocre French verse and laying out flower beds, became as if by magic the foremost captain of his age and the most imperious autocrat in Europe.

Prince Lobanoff, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Prince Lobanoff is not the man whom the casual observer would select as an embodiment of energy and will power. He is of medium height, stout, with white hair; his eyes, upon the few occasions when he lifts their heavy lids to flash them upon some presumptuous visitor, are seen to be black. His usual manner is one of extreme indolence; yet under it, *bon vivant* and man of the world that he is, he veils an iron will and boundless diplomatic resources. Since he grasped the helm of Russian statecraft a year ago, on the death of M. de Giers, he has brought to a successful conclusion a series of political coups that might well be an ordinary minister's life work. When Lord Rosebery discountenanced China, and threw England's influence on the side of Japan, Lobanoff stepped in as the friend of the Celestials, loaned them a war indemnity—lending it at five per cent and borrowing it at four—stopped the Japanese march upon Pekin, and compelled the Mikado to relinquish the choicest fruits of his victory; thereby securing a hold upon China that is sure to be turned to full account at the proper time. In Abyssinia, again, Muscovite diplomacy has been at work to thwart, without the cost of active intervention, King Humbert's laborious efforts to establish an Italian empire in Africa. Nor has it been difficult to trace the fine Russian hand of the wire puller of St. Petersburg in the destruction of his arch enemy in Bulgaria, and in the recent ebullition of hatred and distrust between the two Scandinavian kingdoms.

Greatest of all will be the Russian triumph to which events in Constantinople seem to be surely and steadily tending. Amid all the uncertainties of the situation, Lobanoff's hand in that obscure game of politics is gradually demonstrating that it is the strongest at the board, and the ancient prophecy that Russia shall one day rule on the Dardanelles appears to be nearing its fulfilment.

The successor of de Giers and of Gortchakoff is about fifty five, and a bachelor. The story is told that years ago, in Constantinople, he fell in love with a beautiful Turkish lady whom he was powerless to make his own, and that he has always remained faithful to his first romantic passion. If, amid the two great occupations of his life—diplomacy and pleasure—he finds time to hate any one or anything, the

Antoinette Sterling.
From a photograph by Walery, London.

foremost object of his animosity is probably the British lion. He dislikes everything British, with one peculiar exception—the memory of Mary Queen of Scots. During his two years' service in London—he has represented his country at nearly every court in Europe—he used to spend his leisure in the British Museum, collecting literary memorials of his favorite heroine.

AN AMERICAN SINGER.

Two decades ago, when Henry Ward Beecher was at the zenith of his fame, Antoinette Sterling stood in the choir of the great preacher's church, and swayed crowding audiences to tears or roused them to enthusiasm with the wonderful magnetism of her voice. She was then a young American singer fresh from the training of Marchesi and Garcia, and from a successful début in London. This winter, after an absence of twenty years, she is again in her native country, where she has been warmly welcomed.

Antoinette Sterling is a singer for the people rather than for the musical expert. She is essentially a ballad singer. Her rich contralto voice has a marvelous power of

carrying the simple pathos of the old Scottish and English melodies to the hearer's heart. "I have long since passed through the intellectual and classical phases of my art," she says of herself; "now I care only for the spiritual."

Edwin Arnold, and many others. In spite of her long career of success, she does not possess the wealth with which rumor has credited her. A very large share of her work has been done in the cause of charity, without thought of reward; and her gener-

Archduchess Stephanie of Austria.

From a photograph by Von Türk, Vienna.

In private life Mme. Sterling is Mrs. John MacKinlay. She was married many years ago in England, where most of her life has been spent, and where her popularity is universal. Among those who have given her their friendship are Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson, Sir

osity to all whom she could help has been unfailing.

Physically, she is tall and strongly built, with the shoulders of an Amazon. She has always scorned the limitations of steel which modern femininity usually imposes upon itself, with the result that she is as natu-

rally developed, and as innocent of "waist line," as were the women of ancient Greece.

HAPSBURGS AND HOHENZOLLERNS.

What will become of the Austrian Empire when Francis Joseph—who is sixty six next August—shall be laid with his forefathers? That is one of the most interesting of the political problems of Europe, where history is being made rapidly nowadays. The old emperor's recognized heir is his nephew, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but it is becoming clear that his accession will render probable the disruption of the dominions now united under the Hapsburg crown. Francis Joseph is said to be anxious to change the succession in favor of his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valérie, whose personal popularity might avail to avert the disaster he fears.

No one seems to have asserted the claim of little Archduchess Elizabeth, who, if feminine succession is to be recognized, has a prior right to the throne as the only child of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. Elizabeth and her mother, the Archduchess Stephanie, are not popular in Vienna; and Stephanie has no great liking for a capital that is associated, for her, with the shocking tragedy that left her a widow. She is a restless traveler, like her mother in law, the Empress Elizabeth. Over both of these two women the shadow of Hapsburg ill luck seems to have fallen. Stephanie belongs to that historic house by birth as well as by marriage, her mother having been the Archduchess Maria Henrietta of Austria before her marriage to the King of the Belgians. Disappointed in her hopes of wearing a crown, at thirty two she is a soured and faded

Prince Henry of Prussia.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

woman, and a living instance of the familiar maxim that the highest stations are often the least happy.

A better starred match between cousins was that of Henry of Prussia and Irene of Hesse, whose portraits are given herewith.

Princess Henry of Prussia.
From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

Both of these two are grandchildren of Queen Victoria. Henry, the Kaiser's brother, is the second son of her eldest daughter, who married the late Emperor Frederick. Irene is a daughter of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, whose wife was Princess Alice of England. Their married life has been uneventful and happy, and they have one son. It has been the custom of British royalty that each second son should enter the navy ; and the same rule was followed with the Emperor Frederick's two boys. William has always identified himself with the German army, as whose leader and "war lord" he so delights to pose. Henry was trained as a sailor, and has seen service in many seas. He now holds the rank of admiral, and commands one of the Kaiser's finest war ships. Personally he is described as being, in marked contrast to his imperious brother, a man of unassuming manners and quiet and simple tastes. He is one of the numerous European royalties who have become devotees of the bicycle.

THE HEROINE OF THE RED CROSS.

After bearding the Turk in Armenia, bearding the lion in his den would probably be a mere recreation. Yet no dangers of that distressful land, no peril of fire and sword, no threat of a fanatical officialdom, could deter Miss Barton from starting, a few weeks ago, upon her self imposed mission

of mercy to the victims of the murderous Mahometan.

Dr. Talmage recently announced that he had been offered fifty thousand dollars for this same purpose, but on learning that he could not secure the Sultan's sanction he declared that "a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with fifty thousand dollars, and no governmental protection, would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness." It remained for a woman deliberately to set her hand to the task from which the worthy doctor shrank, and at this writing Miss Barton is upon the ocean, speeding eastward as fast as an Atlantic liner can carry her. She may fail or she may succeed; she will simply "do what she can." Always that has been her motto; always she has been a woman of deeds, not words. Her work during the civil war is a matter of history. She brought the Red Cross Society into America, and as its president she has constantly extended its power for good. Forest fires in the Northwest, floods along the Mississippi and Ohio, yellow fever in Florida, the earthquake at Charleston, the Johnstown horror of 1889 — every great national disaster has brought her to the scene as fast as she could reach it, ready to give her strength and even her life to aid the sufferers. For her work on the battlefields of France in 1870 and 1871 she received the famous iron cross of Germany, and missed the decoration of the Legion of Honor only because she refused to make an application for it.

Miss Barton's personality is an engaging one. Her face is plain, yet attractive. In every line of it there is kindliness and moral energy. From her eyes there looks forth a magnetic force under whose spell those who meet her become ready disciples of her cause. She inherits pluck and determination from her New England ancestry. She has the heroism that sent Damien to perish among the lepers at Molokai, the spirit that recalls, at this prosaic end of the nineteenth century, the stories of the crusaders and the martyrs. That she should lead such a forlorn hope as her Armenian expedition is a fact that least surprises those who know her best.

Miss Clara Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross Society

From a photograph by Smith, Evanston, Ill.

A VERSATILE CONGRESSMAN.

Henry Clay Miner is a living reminder of the familiar saying that it is to the busy man you must turn when you want anything done. Mr. Miner modestly recites in the "Congressional Directory" that he is the proprietor of five theaters—or "popular Thespian resorts," as he prefers to term them—besides a drug store, a photographic material house, and other more prosaic business ventures; that he "takes a hand in directing the destinies of several great enterprises in which a portion of his capital is invested," in the shape of Western mines and railways, and Southern phosphate deposits; that he publishes a dramatic directory and manages a newspaper syndicate; that he has done wonders in connection with that excellent institution, the Actors' Fund. And yet despite all this, and despite his labors and responsibilities as a member of the august body that frames our laws, Mr. Miner may frequently be seen standing in the doorway of his Fifth Avenue Theater, surveying the "passing show" on Broad-

Henry C. Miner, Congressman and Theatrical Manager.

From a photograph by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.

way with the easy nonchalance, the calm and peaceful visage of an army officer retired on half pay.

Mr. Miner is one of that small class of the well known men of New York who were born and brought up there. When he grew old enough to think of a career, he picked out the drug business, but he was scarcely more than twenty when the footlight fever attacked him, and he entered the profession as advance agent for a certain Signor Blitz, a magician and bird trainer. He went with a circus next, then started a variety theater on the Bowery, duplicating this until he became a rich man. Wealth won by vaudeville, ambition clamored for fame acquired in the legitimate. He made a bold stroke to obtain it by becoming Mrs. James Brown Potter's manager. Then came his purchase of the Fifth Avenue Theater—and the rest is current history in the theatrical world.

Among Mr. Miner's recent noteworthy achievements are the management of Duse's second American tour, and a leading share in the formation of the American Theatrical Syndicate. The wheels of the latter are to be set in motion this spring, under the immediate direction of Joseph Brooks, long associated with Crane, and it is promised that the American eagle shall have the opportunity to scream lustily thereafter because of the recognition he will receive.

A PRIVATE CHIVALRY.*

By Francis Lynde.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO XIV.

BRANT, a repentant sinner, loves Dorothy Langford, whose sister Isabel has refused Brant's friend Harry Antrim. Brant has evidence which will hang James Harding, a desperado of the mining camps, who has sought to lead Dorothy's brother William astray, and who afterward joins forces with Ike Gasset, Brant's enemy. Brant's past finds him out. Forbidden to visit Dorothy, he falls into evil again. Antrim goes wrong, also, and Isabel repents and confides in Dorothy, but in such terms as to make Dorothy think it is Brant whom her sister loves. At this time Forsyth, editor of the Denver *Plainsman*, sends for Brant.

XV.

IT was yet early in the evening when Brant climbed the stairs of the *Plainsman* building to keep his appointment with the editor. The presses were roaring in the basement, but on the top floor the reporters' rooms were untenanted, and the telegraph editor, writing furiously under the sheen of the drop light in his noisy den, was the only member of the staff on duty. When Brant's form darkened his doorway, the man of specials snapped his key and looked up.

"Forsyth's gone down to supper," he said. "Told me to tell you to make yourself at home till he came back."

Brant nodded, and went on through the deserted offices to the night editor's room. The windows were open, but the chill of the September night was in the air, and a bit of fire smoldered in the grate. Brant stirred it into a blaze, and was drawing up a chair when Forsyth entered.

"Good man!" he exclaimed cheerily. "Sit down and have a fresh cigar while I unfold you a tale. Did my note stir up your curiosity? Or do you disown any such womanish weakness?"

Brant laughed. "I disown nothing in the way of weaknesses, and we'll admit the curiosity. What is the mystery?"

Forsyth took a paper from a pile of exchanges, and ran a blue pencil around an advertisement in the "Personal" column. "That's the text," he said; "read that, and then I'll go on and preach my sermon."

Brant read: "If Mr. George Brant, formerly of Taggett's Gulch, Pitkin County, will communicate with J. B., care the *Herald*, Leadville, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"I suppose that is pointed at my namesake," he said nonchalantly, handing the paper back. "I hope he'll come in for a good thing."

"So do I," rejoined the editor, with an inscrutable smile; "but wait till you hear the story. Last night, one of our reporters, Jarvis—you know him—was hobnobbing with a lot of variety people in one of the private rooms in Hedrigg's restaurant. He swears he was sober, but you can draw your own conclusions when I tell you that the company withdrew and left him alone without his knowing it."

"Sleepy, perhaps," suggested Brant.

"That's what he says. When he woke up, he was alone, but the box beyond him was occupied by two men who were talking in whispers. Now Jarvis is a good fellow, but he's a reporter first and everything else afterward, so of course he listened. The men were arguing about an 'ad' in the Leadville *Herald*, and Jarvis gathered that it boded ill for one of them, he couldn't tell which. In the course of the talk your name was mentioned—oh, yes, it was you because they spoke of your boarding place out on Champa Street," insisted Forsyth, in rebuttal of Brant's incredulous negative, "and Jarvis heard enough to make him think they meant to do you a mischief."

"One moment," Brant interrupted; "what time of night was this?"

"I don't know exactly, but it was between twelve and two."

"All right; go on."

"Well, as I say, Jarvis thinks they mean mischief, though he caught only a few words pointing to the necessity for haste in what they had to do. They seemed to be much afraid that you would see the 'ad.'"

Brant leaned forward to flick the ash from his cigar. "I presume Jarvis saw them when they went out; what did they look like?"

"That is just where the otherwise irre-

* *Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.—This story began in the December, 1895, number of* MUNSEY'S.

proachable Jarvis fell down," said the editor. "He posted himself conveniently behind the curtains of his room when they stirred, but unfortunately there is a back door to Hedrigg's place, and they used it."

"Leaving the *Herald* behind them?" queried Brant.

"Not much; but Jarvis went through the file and found the 'ad' after he came back here."

Brant smoked reflectively for a few minutes, and then rose to go.

"I'm much obliged to you, Forsyth; it was good of you to give me a pointer."

The editor made an effort to detain him. "Don't be in a hurry; the night's young."

"Yes; but I think I'd better be going."

Forsyth tilted his chair and made a monocle of one side of his *pince nez* through which to stare up at his visitor. "Brant, you're most provokingly cold blooded, don't you know it? Here I've been at the trouble to put you in the way of opening up a perfect mine of first class sensation, and you're going away without so much as giving me a squint down the shaft thereof. Do you call that a fair shake?"

Brant sat down again. "What do you want me to say?" he asked.

"Say? Why, everything. Do you know these men; or is it a case of mistaken identity? Are they after your scalp, or do you yearn for theirs? Can't you open up the blinds and let in a little daylight?"

Brant shook his head. "Not for publication," he said. "You don't know what you ask, Forsyth."

"Publication be hanged! Who said anything about a scoop? Don't you suppose a newspaper man has bowels as well as other people? I didn't get you up here to work you for the *Plainsman*."

"Then that's different," said Brant. "I'll tell you what I can—which isn't much. I've seen these men—they followed me home last night at midnight—but if I ever knew them, I've forgotten who they are. As to the advertisement, I can only guess its purpose. If the guess is right, there is only one man in Colorado who need be disturbed about it, and he isn't in Denver."

The editor turned to his desk and ran through a pile of telegrams, pausing at one dating from Leadville.

"Does that help your guess?" he asked, handing the message to Brant.

"Advertiser's name is John Brinton," was what the typewritten line said, and Brant nodded.

"Yes, and no; I can't understand—Forsyth, I'm going out to hunt those fellows."

Forsyth looked at his watch. "Will you take a partner? My rush won't be on for a couple of hours yet."

"I'll be glad to have you along, if you don't mind going into the dog kennels. I can't promise you a pleasure trip."

"I'd like to go," said the editor. "I suppose you share the opinion of the public that all newspaper men are seasoned rounders, but it's entirely a fiction in my own case—and in that of some of the others, too, I think."

They went down together, and in the street Forsyth asked if it would not be better to take a policeman along.

Brant laughed. "You forget my errand, don't you? We might as well look for these fellows with a file of soldiers at our backs as with a 'Bobby' for an escort. We'll get around all right by ourselves, and if we should happen to run up against anything, you just stand from under while I cover the retreat."

"Are you armed?" asked Forsyth.

"Sure."

"Well, I'm not; and I suppose it's just as well. I can't see four feet in front of me, with or without glasses."

"Can't you? Then let me take your arm," said Brant thoughtfully; and together they turned down Sixteenth Street to plunge presently into the depths of the under world.

For reasons best known to himself, Brant made the search for the unknown conspirators a very thorough one. If, as he more than half suspected, one of the men should turn out to be Harding in disguise, the solution of the mystery would be reached at once; and in that case, he knew his enemy well enough to be sure that nothing short of vigorous measures would serve to beat him off.

As a last resort, he could always give the murderer of Henry Brinton up to justice; but he shrank from the thought of this as a brave man would scorn to ask aid in a personal quarrel. The outlaw deserved hanging, doubtless, but Brant was not inclined to play the part of the hangman. The alternative was to find Harding and to warn him once again that his safety lay not in reprisals, but in putting distance and oblivion between himself and his accuser. Therefore Brant dragged his companion from dive to den, leaving no place unvisited where he thought there was a chance of finding the plotters.

The search was fruitless, as it was sure to be, since Harding and Gasset were closeted in the former's room in the West Denver

lodging house; but Brant did not give up until Forsyth intimated that it was time for him to go back to his desk. Even then, Brant begged five minutes in which to ransack yet one more kennel, and the editor yielded and accompanied him.

It was the place in which Harding had met the man from Taggett's Gulch; a foul pandemonium half underground, with a bar fronting the entrance, and a gambling room and an opium joint in the rear. The editor gasped for breath at the threshold, and, left to himself, would have retreated precipitately. As it was, he went in with Brant, and stood at the bar while his companion pushed his search into the rooms beyond. A little later, Forsyth wished he had gone on with his friend. First, the bartender scowled at him and asked what he would take; and when he refused to drink, having a just fear that any liquor sold in such a place would be little short of deadly, there was a stir in a knot of ruffians clustered at the other end of the bar.

"Wot's that?" demanded one of them, sidling up to Forsyth, "wot in 'ell ye here fer ef ye don't buy? Here, barkeep', pass the likker; this yere duck's goin' to set 'em up."

Forsyth was short sighted almost to blindness, and he was unarmed, as he had said; but he was no coward. Therefore he pushed the bottle back resolutely and shook his head.

"The gentleman is mistaken," he said, addressing the barkeeper. "I haven't asked any one to drink at my expense."

"Th'ell ye say!" The editor turned and found himself looking into the barrel of a huge revolver. "Jes' you fork over yer wad in a holy minnit 'r I'll——"

What the bully would have done is not to be here set down, inasmuch as his threat was cut in twain by the sharp crack of a pistol, and at the same moment his weapon clattered harmless on the floor at his feet. Forsyth felt himself gently thrust aside, and then he saw Brant standing in front of him.

"That's my bluff, gentlemen," said the newcomer quietly; "would any of you like to call it?"

"Holy smut, it's Plucky George!" said one in the rear; and in the turning of a leaf the small space in front of the bar was empty—nay, more; the scowling barkeeper himself disappeared as if by magic.

Brant linked his arm in Forsyth's, and led him out into the clean night air. Neither spoke until they were nearing the *Plainsman* building, and then it was the editor who broke the silence.

"You heard what that fellow said, Brant; are you the Silverette man?"

"Yes; don't be alarmed—I'll quit you when I've seen you safe back to the office."

Forsyth stopped, swung around, and put his hands on Brant's shoulders. "You're a blessed idiot, and I'm minded to beat you," he protested. "Why, confound it all, man, haven't you just saved my life?"

"That's nothing; you wouldn't have been there if I hadn't taken you."

"No more would I, but what of that? Say, Brant, don't be a fool; I've known this thing, or suspected it, from the first; and I'll leave it to you if it's made any difference with me. I'm quite willing to take you for what you are, and I don't care a little curse what you have been. That's no affair of mine—or of anybody's else."

'Do you think so? The world doesn t agree with you."

"The world's an impudent busybody," said the editor, catching step again. "Come up to my pigeonhole and tell me all about it; I'll stand the rush off while you do it."

"No, I wouldn't let you do that, Forsyth; but I will come up later on, if you'll let me. I'll own up frankly; I'm in trouble up to my neck, and barring yourself, there isn't another soul in Denver that I can talk to."

"All right; you come up and unload on me. I'll look for you about the time the forms go down."

It was the word fitly spoken, and Brant turned away with a warm spot in his heart. High ideals and puissant resolves are well enough in their way, but a grain of human sympathy strikes deeper root and bears better fruit. For the moment, Brant felt at peace with all men; and instead of going back to renew the search for Harding, as he had intended, he went in the opposite direction, being minded to go to his office and work while he waited for the time of the interview with the editor. So ran the intention; but on the corner he met Jarvis and was turned aside to do a better thing.

XVI.

"HELLO, Brant," said the reporter; "been to see Forsyth?"

"Yes."

"Then you're posted, of course. What do you think of it?"

"I hardly know what to think of it yet," replied Brant, unwilling to go into details with Jarvis. "You are sure those fellows were talking about me and not somebody else?"

"I am sure they were talking about a man named Brant who boards at a Mrs. Seeley's. That coppers the king, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does; in that case we'll probably know more about it later on. Going up stairs?"

"Not just yet; let's go and liquidate."

"I don't drink," objected Brant.

"The dickens you don't! Since when?"

"Never mind the date; since I quit."

"I'll bet money that was no longer ago than yesterday. Come and take a cigar, then."

"I don't mind that, if you're thirsty enough to drink alone."

"I'm thirsty enough to envy the fellow who got himself drowned in a butt of Malmsey," rejoined Jarvis, linking arms with Brant, and pointing like a trained retriever for the nearest bar room.

"That thirst will be the death of you, Jarvis, if you're not careful," ventured Brant, catching step with the reporter.

"Don't you lose any sleep about that; I know when to take a drink and when to let it alone."

"Yes, I've met you before," said Brant; "you're one of a fair sized crowd. The first 'when' is whenever you happen to think of it; the second is when the thing itself is temporarily out of reach."

Jarvis whistled derisively. "You missed your calling, old man," he said flippantly; "your layout is the prohibition platform. Why don't you join the Salvation Army?"

"For good and sufficient reasons; but that has nothing to do with your bad habits."

"You're a one horse lay preacher, that's what you are," retorted Jarvis. "Your theory is all right, but the wheels won't go round in practice. Man can't be a reporter and not drink."

"Without knowing anything about your job, I'll venture to dispute that," asserted Brant. "According to my notion, a man can't be the best of anything as long as he hobnobs with the devil of appetite."

"Oh, let up—you make me limp! I'll bet a gold mine against a skinny little Indian pony that you've got wickedness enough in your makeup to cover my one little weakness and tuck in all around the edges. Come now, own up."

But for obvious reasons Brant could not own up, and since the random thrust found the joint in his harness he went dumb. A little later, however, when they were standing together at the bar, he was moved to speak again at the sight of Jarvis pouring absinthe into his whiskey.

"The red liquor is bad enough by itself, my boy," he remarked, leisurely lighting his cigar, "but the other's worse; it'll make an idiot of you before your time."

"That's right; share a man's hospitality and jump on his personal preferences in the same breath. If you've got to reform somebody, why don't you tackle that railroad friend of yours over there in the corner? He's sliding down stairs on the baluster. Go over and preach to him while I see if I can't rustle up an eleventh hour suicide."

Brant turned quickly, and saw that which suddenly buried his own trouble deep under the débris of a shattered ideal. At one of the small tables in the corner of the room two men sat playing cards. One of them was a man whom Brant tersely summarized as a "rook"; the other was Harry Antrim—Antrim, the immaculate, the self contained, the type of the well behaved! The chief clerk had evidently been drinking heavily; his face was flushed and his hands trembled when he dealt the cards; but he was sober enough to recognize Brant when the latter came up and accosted him.

"It's about time you were going home, Harry," he said. "Get your overcoat and I'll walk up with you."

The man about town scented trouble, and sought to make his peace with the newcomer.

"We're just having a little game for pleasure, you understand—low man pays for the drinks," he explained.

Brant ignored the peaceful overture, and asked Antrim what he had done with his coat.

"That's all right about the coat," replied the chief clerk, making a pitiful effort to keep the consonants in their proper places. "Don't need any overcoat in summer time. Le's go home."

Brant saw that the man across the table wore an overcoat, and that he was sitting upon another.

"I'll trouble you to let me have my friend's coat," he said, fixing the shifting eyes of the gambler with a look that made the request a demand.

"Oh, certainly, if he's a friend of yours"—the man had never seen Brant before—"but it wasn't no brace game; I won it fair enough."

Brant helped Antrim to his feet and into his coat; after which he walked him home with no word of inquiry or reproach. Truly, the chief clerk was far enough beyond the reach of admonition, but he was also sane enough to appreciate the value of the silence which is golden, and he made some

effort to say as much when Brant led him into his room and lighted the gas.

"Much obliged, George, ol' man, for what you haven't said"—he steadied himself with his hands on the table and tried to catch Brant's eye—"'nother fellow would 've preached, and a sermon isn't what I need."

"I know that—good night," said Brant, and he left his friend to the company of an accuser which is not to be silenced save by many applications of the searing iron, and made his way back to the *Plainsman* office.

The editor was in the midst of the last batch of copy when Brant entered, and he motioned to a chair.

"Sit down; I'll be with you in a minute," he said; and when the desk was cleared he wheeled the pivot chair to face his visitor and drew up another for a foot rest.

"Thanks be, that's the last of it for one more day. It's a 'demnition grind,' but I guess that is true of every occupation under the sun. Don't you find it so?"

"Honestly, no. I think I'm in love with my profession. If I didn't have other things to trouble me, I believe I could go on making maps to the end of the chapter."

"You think that now, because the drudgery is preferable to the other things, maybe. Tell me about them."

"I will, and I'll cut it short. You know what the public knows about George Brant of Silverette, so we won't go into that; though perhaps you'll let me say that I was no worse than other men of my class. I mean by that that I never dealt a brace game, and I never picked a quarrel of my own motion."

"That says itself; go on."

"Well, one day I came to the end of things. You may imagine that the life would nauseate any man who has ever known anything better, and that's what it did to me. So I turned short, pasted down the old leaf, and began all over again."

"So far, so good. And then?"

"Then I began to hunger and thirst after respectability and a wife and a home and all the commonplace blessings of the well behaved. And because I can't have them, I'm minded to do a lot of foolish things."

The editor removed his glasses and polished them absently. "Perhaps you're not willing to pay the price," he suggested.

"Yes, I am—if I know my own mind."

"Then you have found the—what shall we call it?—the affinity?"

"I have—found her and lost her again."

"Very few things are lost in this world—beyond the hope of finding them again, I mean. What happened?"

"The thing that was bound to happen, sooner or later. Her mother found me out and sent me adrift with a Scotch blessing."

"H'm, that was hard. Does the young woman know?"

"That's what I can't find out, though I'm afraid she does. I met her on the street yesterday, and she passed me without a word."

"Which proves nothing more than that she may be near sighted. I shouldn't lose any sleep over that."

"But I did; I went mad and spent half the night in a gambling den."

"You did? That was unworthy of you."

"Don't I know it? Haven't I been eating the bread of bitterness all day?"

"I suppose you have; but you'll have to eat a good bit of it, before you get through. You say you are willing to pay the price, but I don't think you are."

Brant got upon his feet, and began to pace the floor. "Forsyth, you don't know what you are talking about," he burst out passionately. "I'd sell my soul to win that girl's love!"

"Exactly; but you're not required to sell it—you are expected to redeem it."

"Redeem it? What can I do, more than I have done?"

"A great deal. Let me use the knife a little, and then I'll try to sew the wound up. You went your own way—which you admit was not the way of decency—till you got tired of it. Then you faced about and said to yourself that all these things should be as if they never were. That's all right, as far as you are concerned, but society demands a reasonable guaranty of good faith, as it has a perfect right to do."

"Hang society! I suppose that's what the mother meant when she said I hadn't repented."

"She was quite right; you haven't—in the sense that you are sorry for what you've done. You were merely tired of one thing, and so took up another, forgetting that in this game of life he who plays must pay."

"I'm paying now, at any rate."

"No, you're not; you are only suffering the consequences of not having paid."

"Then what should I do?"

"Settle down in humdrum good behavior and wait."

"For how long?"

The editor spread his hands. "*Quien sabe?* Till the price is paid. Society will let you know when it thinks you're to be trusted."

Brant sat down again and clasped his hands behind his head. "That is the one thing I can't do, Forsyth. Set me any task, however desperate, that I can do, and have done with it, and I'm your man; but the waiting game will kill me."

"No, it won't; other men have done it."

"But I shall lose my one chance of happiness."

"Not necessarily—certainly not if the young woman loves you."

"You mean that she would wait? Possibly, if she knew—but she doesn't, you know."

Forsyth shrugged his shoulders. "I presume I'm a traitor to my kind for suggesting it, but you are not under bonds not to tell her."

"No; I might have been, if the mother had seen fit to put it that way—but she didn't; she declared open war, and she needn't complain if I borrow her weapons."

"No; there's no doubt about your being able to hold your own in a stand up fight. By the way, speaking of fights, did you shoot that fellow in the bar room?"

"No; I shot his pistol out of his hand."

"You did? I didn't suppose it could be done."

"It's easy enough, if you shoot straight and carry heavy enough metal. This thing"—taking Harding's revolver out of his pocket—"throws a forty five, and it would punch boiler plate at that distance."

"Let me see it," said Forsyth, and he took the weapon and examined it curiously. "It's a young cannon, isn't it? What is this name on the handle?"

"'J. Harding' is what it is meant for. He owned it till one night when I held him up and took it away from him."

"Another battle royal, I imagine," said Forsyth, shaking his head in deprecation. "You'll have to stop all that, my boy, if you are going to join the great army of the well behaved. And that reminds me; what kind of a coil are you in with these fellows that Jarvis overheard?"

Brant thought twice before he spoke once. Here was a matter about which the least said would be the soonest mended. If he told the facts in the case, Forsyth would insist that he was no better than an accessory after the fact if he refused to give Harding up to justice; and this he could not bring himself to do. Therefore he answered lightly,

"It's an old quarrel, and one that I don't mean to take up. One of the fellows owes me a grudge, but he's in no condition to go to war with me—or with any one."

"And yet you wanted to find him?"

"Yes; I was going to invite him to go away, but it's hardly worth while," said Brant, getting up to take his leave before he should be drawn into details.

"Well, keep out of it—keep out of everything that isn't as plain as print, and you'll come out all right. Don't get down hearted, or if you do, come up here and I'll abuse you some more. Good night."

Brant went out into the street and so on up to Mrs. Seeley's, with his head down, and two ideas dominating all others in his thoughts. One was that without Dorothy's love to sustain him, he would be unequal to the task of maintaining the long probationary struggle outlined by Forsyth. And the other was an intense longing, born of the militant soul of him, to be set to some desperate penance—to be tried by the fire of some crucial test, which, should it leave him but a single day to glory in the victory, would prove him once for all a man and a gentleman, worthy to have lived and loved.

This he thought, little knowing that he had within the hour reached and passed the parting of the ways, or that his feet were already in the path leading straight to the end he most desired.

XVII.

On the morrow's morning Brant went to his work with a choir of new resolves making melody in his heart. He would get speech with Dorothy and make a frank avowal of his love, telling her what she should know of his past, and pleading only for time wherein to make good his promise of amendment. Then he would settle down to his work, walking straitly and shunning even the appearance of evil through the weeks or months or years of his probation. And in the end he would win her and wear her in the face of all the world, and none should say him nay.

Thus he planned as he bent over the drawing board, etching in the scheme of the future while he traced the intricate lines of the map. From generalities he presently came down to particulars, and then he remembered that he still held the money won at Draco's. Then and there he determined to return it, whether the chief gambler would or no; and on the heels of this resolve came a nobler. He would draw out of his bank balance every dollar that had not come to him hallowed by honest labor; and since it was manifestly impossible to make individual restitution, he would give the money to some worthy charity.

Being a man of action, he did not suffer the good resolution to cool by delay; and within the hour he had made a deposit in his bank, purchased New York exchange for the amount won at Draco's, and cashed his check for six hundred and eight dollars and fifteen cents, the exact sum with which he had reached Denver three months before. Then he begged a sheet of paper and an envelope from the cashier, and scribbled a note to Draco.

"Here is the money that you refused to take back the other night," he wrote. "It's not yours, but it's still less mine, and I don't want it. I have put it into New York exchange, so you'll know it's out of my hands. Keep it, or throw it away, as you please."

That done, he began to wonder what he should do with the six hundred odd dollars. There were worthy charities a plenty, but he shrank equally from giving without explanations, and from telling any part of his history to a stranger, however charitable or devout. Since it had to be done, he finally chose Dorothy's clergyman as his beneficiary, and having so decided, sought out the address in the directory and boarded a street car for the minister's house. A servant answered the bell, and in reply to Brant's inquiry, sent him across the street to the church.

"You'll find the study at the back," she said; "if Mr. Crosswell ain't there, you can go in and wait. He'll not be long."

Brant did as he was directed, and as no one answered his tap at the half open door, he went in. A young woman was sitting in the corner, reading, and when Brant saw that it was Dorothy he stood abashed like any school boy. Only for a moment, however, for Dorothy rose quickly and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Why, Mr. Brant, you fairly startled me! I heard you at the door and thought it was Mr. Crosswell. How do you do? And where have you been all these weeks?"

Brant went dizzy with joy. Then he had been mistaken, and Mrs. Langford had kept her own counsel after all. It was almost beyond belief, and he stammered helplessly in his acknowledgments.

"I—I haven't been anywhere—that is, I've been here—no, not just here, either—"

Dorothy's laugh rang clear and joyous, and it outran her words in restoring his self possession. "It's the atmosphere of the place, you know," she said; "people come here to confess their sins, and polite excuses are not allowed. Have you come to confession, Mr. Brant?"

Her jesting question went near enough to the truth to make him wince. "Ye—yes; something of that sort. I came to have a little talk with Mr.—Mr.——"

"Crosswell," she interpolated. "So did I. Won't you sit down and wait for him? He'll be back pretty soon."

Brant did as he was bidden; and having the opportunity for free speech which he would have been willing to buy at a price, went dumb and could do no more than tie knots in his watch chain. Dorothy read the questions in his eyes, but she mistook their pointing, and wondered how she could help matters without betraying Isabel. Much to her relief, he opened the way by breaking ground in the direction of things serious.

"The last time we met you were in trouble," he said. "I hope the cause has been removed."

"It has," she assented; "and—and I've wanted so much to thank you, Mr. Brant. It was very, very good of you to help us."

"Please don't mention it; any one would have done as much, under the circumstances," he protested, adding, "and that without the hope of reward."

Dorothy knew what he meant, or thought she did, and she steeled herself to lead him on.

"I think we all expect rewards of some kind for our good deeds, and we usually get them, don't we?"

"Rather oftener than we deserve, I presume; but I missed mine."

Dorothy had prayed for this opportunity, and for strength to improve it, but she had to turn away from him before she could go on again.

"Sometimes we think we have lost things when we have only overlooked them," she ventured; then, brushing aside the figure of speech, she went straight to the heart of the matter. "Mr. Brant, why don't you come to see us any more?"

From her point of view it was a cruel question, but she was determined to secure her own safety and Isabel's happiness by forcing his confidence, and she knew no better way to do it. Nevertheless, she was wholly unprepared for his reply.

"For the best of reasons, Miss Langford; I have been forbidden the house."

It seemed incredible that he should put such a harsh construction upon Isabel's refusal, and Dorothy was bewildered. "But I don't understand," she began. "Surely——"

"One moment, please; do you believe in repentance, Miss Langford?"

"In its efficacy, you mean? Why, certainly; otherwise we should all be beyond hope."

"Then let me suppose a case—call it a parable, if you will. There was once a certain man who was thoroughly bad—quite given over to the service of the Evil One. One day this man saw the error of his ways and resolved to live thenceforth a clean life. Then he met and loved a woman——" he paused and got up to pace slowly back and forth behind her chair—"loved her with a love that recked nothing of the great gulf separating him from her—forgetting it, indeed, until the specter of his evil past was called up to remind him of his unworthiness. Do you follow me?"

Her "yes" was whispered, but he heard it and went on.

"Judge then between that man and the well behaved world. Is there any hope for such a one? Would patient perseverance in well doing some time earn him the right to contend for such a prize? Might he venture to look forward to a time when the great gulf would be bridged—when a pure woman, knowing the worst of him, would not turn from him in horror?"

Dorothy rose and faced him with the light of self sacrifice shining in her eyes. "Who am I, that I should judge any one?" she asked softly.

"You are yourself, Dorothy; and you know the man—and the woman."

It was a moment of supreme trial. How could she give him the word of encouragement from Isabel without betraying Isabel's secret? And how could she ever forgive herself if she wasted the opportunity and sent him away empty handed? In her embarrassment she again took counsel of frankness.

"It is only the faint hearted who despair," she said steadily. "Difficulties are made to be overcome, and for one who presses forward steadfastly there is always hope"—she stopped with the feeling that these were but generalities, and he broke in eagerly.

"That is enough; you have heard the parable—this is the interpretation. I am the man, Dorothy, and——"

She held up a warning finger, and he heard a footstep on the graveled walk. It was the clergyman; and before Brant could say the word to which all the other words had been but the preface, his opportunity was gone. The next moment Dorothy was introducing him to a tall, elderly gentleman with a kindly face and a hand clasp that told of warm friendships and a broad personality.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Brant—always glad to know any friend of Miss Dorothy's. Sit down—sit down, both of you, and let us be comfortable."

Brant obeyed, but Dorothy hesitated. "I wanted to see you a moment about the Crowleys," she said; "they are in trouble again, and this time it's beyond me. Mr. Brant wishes to see you about another matter; and if you can give me a minute——"

"Certainly, certainly; Mr. Brant will excuse us;" and they went aside together and discussed the case of the unfortunate Crowleys, while Brant took up a book and pretended to read. Presently Dorothy took her leave, giving her hand to Brant at parting, and inviting him to call in Altamont Terrace.

He said he should be glad to, which was the simple truth, and tried to say with his eyes what had been denied other utterance. Dorothy flushed faintly under his ardent gaze, and her hand trembled in his; whereupon he made bold to revert to the object of their common solicitude in another offer of assistance.

"Be sure to command me if I can ever help you again," said he. "I hope the occasion won't arise; but if it does, you must manage to let me know."

"Indeed I shall," she rejoined gratefully; "but you must come to see us. Good by."

When she was gone the clergyman drew up his chair opposite Brant's. "A most devoted young woman," he said, with kindly emphasis. "I don't know how we should get along in the parish without her. Have you known the Langfords long?"

"Some three months or more?"

"Charming family—that is, all of them excepting the boy. He is a little wild, I'm afraid."

"Yes," Brant assented. He was finding his introduction by Dorothy a very considerable hindrance to his errand.

"The judge knows it, and tries to do what he can," Mr. Crosswell continued, following out his own line of thought; "but Mrs. Langford puts the lad on a pedestal, and so spoils him. But pardon me—you came on an errand of your own, didn't you?"

"Yes." Brant braced himself, and took the simplest way out of the embarrassment. "You probably have many ways in which you can use money for charitable purposes, haven't you, Mr. Crosswell?"

"Yes, indeed; you are always safe to assume that in the case of a working clergyman," was the reply.

"I suppose so. I have some money here"

—taking the roll of bills from his pocket—"which is, in a certain sense, what you might call conscience money. Would you object to adding it to your charity fund?"

"Not at all, if it is truly conscience money. But you must give me some assurance that it is—that there is no possibility of restitution to the proper parties."

"There is none whatever; it is money that was won across the gaming table—not recently," he added hastily, in deference to the look of surprise on the clergyman's face, "but some time ago. I don't know what else to do with it, and it will be truly an act of charity if you will take it."

"Under those circumstances, I shall be very glad to disburse it for you, Mr. Brant. It is very commendable in you to take such an honorable view of the matter; a thing as commendable as it is rare, I assure you."

"It's a simple matter of justice, Mr. Crosswell, and I'm afraid the motive is purely selfish. The stuff burns my fingers."

"A most hopeful sign, my dear sir," said the clergyman, laying his hand on Brant's knee. "It is not often that we are given to see such practical proofs of repentance."

Being an honest man in the better sense of the word, Brant hastened to remove the false impression. "Don't misunderstand me; I'm not at all sure that I am repentant in your definition of the word. In fact, I'm quite sure I'm not. I drank the cup of evil living to the dregs, and they nauseated me—that is all."

"But that is a very good beginning—very good, indeed," asserted the clergyman benignly. "Go on as you have begun, and we shall see better things, I'm quite sure of that."

Brant remembered his reckless plunge of less than forty eight hours before, and smiled. "It's very evident that you haven't sounded the depths of wickedness in the human heart, Mr. Crosswell, and perhaps it's just as well for us sinners that you haven't. We're a sorrier lot than you've any idea of."

"We are all 'vile earth' when it comes to that, Mr. Brant, but I shall continue to consider your case a most hopeful one." Then, as Brant found his hat, "Must you go? Come and see me again; I want to know more of you."

Brant bowed himself out, and went his way musing. As he approached the side gate giving upon the street, a carriage drew up to the curb and a lady descended therefrom. He had opened the gate for her and lifted his hat before he saw that it was Mrs. Langford; but in any case, he could have done no otherwise. None the less, her chilling stare hurt him immeasurably, and he went back to his office with the comfortable feeling of elation, engendered by the meeting with Dorothy and the act of restitution, somewhat dashed by the chance encounter.

Meanwhile Mrs. Langford had entered Mr. Crosswell's study and made known her errand, which was to call for Dorothy.

"She said she wouldn't wait," explained the clergyman. "Mr. Brant was here, waiting to see me about a matter which was—ah—er—a matter which I presume Miss Dorothy knew to be private, and so she kindly made room for him."

"Mr. Brant!" Mrs. Langford's frown was quite portentous. "Do you mean to say they were here together, Mr. Crosswell?"

"Why, yes; that is, I—er—I found them both here when I came in." Then, as the lines of displeasure deepened in the lady's brow, he tried to set himself right by adding, "A most excellent young man, Mrs. Langford; I am glad to know that he is a friend of your family."

"He is not," she replied, with aggressive emphasis; "he was never more than a calling acquaintance, and he is not even that at present. I have forbidden him the house."

"Forbidden him the house?" echoed the clergyman, in unfeigned astonishment. "May I ask your reason?"

"You may, and I will tell you if you will tell me what he was doing here."

"He came on a very worthy errand, Mrs. Langford," replied the good man, feeling bound in honor to say an exculpatory word for the penitent; "he came to devote a certain sum of money to charitable objects—money acquired in a manner which is all too common in this our day and generation, but which he felt that he could not conscientiously keep."

"Humph! Some of the proceeds of his gambling, I suppose. It was a mere trick, Mr. Crosswell, and I hope you won't let him impose upon you. I know his whole history, and it is thoroughly bad and disgustingly disreputable."

"But, my dear madam, are we not commanded——"

"I know what you would say," she replied, with her hand on the door, "but you know my views, Mr. Crosswell. If a woman had done a tithe of the evil things this man has, you would be the first to recommend sackcloth and ashes and a sisterhood, if not a solitary cell."

The indignant lady swept down the walk

and stepped into her carriage. "Conscience money, indeed!" she said to herself. "It's much more likely he made the whole thing an excuse to get a chance to talk to Dorothy. Well, I'll put a stop to that!"

And, as Mrs. Langford's carriage turned and rolled away, the good clergyman stood for a moment in the doorway and gazed abstractedly after it.

"Strange—passing strange that she can be so uncharitable when her own son is so sadly in need of the broadest charity," he mused. "I hope there is no dreadful day of retribution in store for her, but it is certainly tempting Providence to be so pitiless to others."

XVIII.

THE rounds in the descending ladder of dissipation are many or few, according to the temperament of the man who makes use of them. As in a galloping consumption it is not infrequently the strongest who succumb first, so in a moral relapse it is often the self contained who set the pace. Antrim's sudden plunge into the stream of excess was fairly illustrative of this. Beginning with the mild debauch in the company of Grotter, the division engineer, he went from bad to worse with such painstaking thoroughness that the end of the week found him shattered and nerveless, and already dependent upon stimulants for the inspiration needful to keep him up to his work.

It was in such plight that the chief clerk began the day following his rescue by Brant. To be sure, there were, early in the morning, some feeble and shame prompted motions toward amendment; but these were soon swept away by the avid demands of an appetite new born but fierce; and since he went fasting to his work, he began the earlier to borrow efficiency from the bottle. As it is prone to do in time of need, the stimulant played him false at first, though he gauged the doses with careful accuracy and repeated them frequently. All through the forenoon he found himself struggling with a vague sense of uncertainty, a mental obscuration that made perplexing puzzles out of the simplest details of his office work. The mail was heavy that day, and, in the absence of the superintendent, the chief clerk's tasks were multiplied. There was an unusual influx of callers, each with a grievance real or fancied; and a dribbling stream of telegrams trickled insistently through the relay on his desk. Moreover, his telegraph operator was sick, and such wire business as came to the office he had to handle himself.

It was some time during this hazy interval that a message came from the division office at Lone Pine Junction, repeated from a station on the Eastern Division. It was from the general manager, who, with the president and his party in the private car Aberystwyth, was on the line, moving westward. Some member of the party was sick, and in consequence the car was running as a special, with orders giving it right of way over all other trains. Like orders were required for the Western Division, and Antrim turned to the stenographer.

"Take a message to the general manager, care car Aberystwyth, running as special train on Eastern Division," he said; and when Bertram's pencil stopped, he dictated,

"Your message today. Car Aberystwyth will be run as special train on Western Division, Lone Pine Junction to Denver, with right of way over all trains.

"Get that off as quick as you can," he added, "and when you come back I'll give you the letter to the despatcher;" and a few minutes later, Bertram took the message to the telegraph office.

When he came back, Antrim had something else for him to do; and in the rush of the forenoon's work the stenographer forgot about the all important letter to the train despatcher. So did the chief clerk, but the omission hung over him like a vague threat which he tried vainly to define. At noon the threat had become a part of the general obscurity through which he seemed to be groping his way; and by that time he was so far behind with the business of the day that he went without dinner to save the noon hour, substituting yet other potations for the midday meal.

Such reckless disregard of the physical necessities speedily brought its own reward. By half past one o'clock he was little better than an automaton, doing whatever came to hand mechanically and by force of long habit. By three he had reached the drunkard's paradise—that exalted frame of mind in which the most abstruse problems seem to solve themselves of their own motion. After that, all things were easy of accomplishment, and the chief clerk shut and locked his office at six o'clock with the comforting conviction that he was quite himself again; that, notwithstanding the perplexities of the morning, he had acquitted himself with his old time vigor and perspicacity.

Then he went to supper, and when he found that he had overshot the mark and could eat nothing, he began dimly to realize

that he was in a bad way, and forced himself to drink a double allowance of strong coffee.

The slight stimulant presently began to counteract the effect of the greater, and with the first gleams of returning sobriety the threat of the forenoon renewed itself with added insistence. He went up to his room and sat down on the edge of the bed to reason it out. For an hour or more he wrestled with the thing, trying to define the curious feeling of depression, and coming no nearer the truth than the confirmation of a vague impression that he had left some matter of critical importance unattended to. The impression grew until it became a horrible nightmare, resisting all his efforts to shake it off. When the thing was quite past endurance, he went out with the thought that he would borrow yet again of the usurer, and then go back to his office to search for the missing hint.

Fortunately, the brisk walk in the cool evening air sobered him sufficiently to send him straight to the office without the preliminary. Letting himself in, and leaving the door ajar, he turned the key of the incandescent lamp over his desk and sat down to rummage among the letters and telegrams of the day. It was slow work; his fingers were clumsy, and there was a curious haze before his eyes which seemed to befog the mental as well as the physical vision. Under such conditions it was not wonderful that he overlooked the message relating to the movement of the president's special. When he had gone through the entire pile of correspondence without discovering anything amiss, he was dismayed afresh to find that the premonition of impending disaster was increased rather than diminished.

He sat back in his chair, and tortured his brain once again in the effort to solve the mystery until the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. Try as he might, the suggestion would not come, and yet each fresh endeavor served to deepen the conviction that a blunder had been made, a blunder which in some way involved black ruin and loss of human life. While he sat staring blankly at the opposite wall, the interior of the room seemed to join in the gyrating procession, and he caught at the arms of his chair to save himself from being drawn into the vortex of the spinning whirlpool. At the same instant he heard a faint click, as if something had snapped in his brain, the twirling maelstrom disappeared in a puff of darkness that could be felt, and a silence as profound as that in which the deaf live seemed to kill the sense of hearing.

How long he sat thus in the clinging darkness he knew not; it might have been minutes or hours for aught he could tell before he was brought back to a realizing sense of the things that are by the tapping of the relay on his desk. It was his first assurance that he had not been stricken both deaf and blind, and he listened with the keen joy of one who hears the babble of running water in a thirsty desert. At first he was so glad to hear the clicking spatter of sound that he gave no heed to the combinations of dots and dashes, but presently he began to put them together; and then he knew that the tiny sounder was repeating the wire business of the day. One after another he heard the messages received hours before ticked off again into the silence, and it did not occur to him at the time to wonder at it. At length there came a pause, and then the sounder began again, tapping out his office call with the signature of Lone Pine Junction. Almost mechanically he swung around in the pivot chair, snapped the key, and answered. Without a break the message began:

Owing to the sudden illness of a member of the president's party, we are running private car Aberystwyth, as special train with right of way against all other trains. Make same arrangements for Western Division. Must reach Denver at earliest possible moment. On present schedule, will reach Lone Pine Junction between nine and ten this P. M.

R. F. ANGUS, G. M.

Antrim heard it through, opened his key, and sent the reply:

Your message today. Car Aberystwyth will be run as special train on Western Division, Lone Pine Junction to Denver, with right of way over all trains.

Then he felt in the darkness for the pad of letter heads, and began the requisite letter of instructions to the train despatcher.

President Carothers, with his party in private car Aberystwyth, is en route to Denver. A member of his party is sick, and car is running special to Denver with regardless orders. This special will reach——

At this point the chief clerk stopped with suspended pen, and tried in vain to recall the name of Lone Pine Junction. Poised as he was upon the sharp edge of collapse, the single effort proved too much for the tottering balance of his mental powers. The pen dropped from his fingers, his head sank upon his arm, and the swirling rush of the whirlpool began again, laying hold of him, and thrusting him down to oblivion in the black throat of its vortex.

(*To be continued.*)

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A SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS.

THERE would have been no story to tell if Penelope had not been so heedless —which only goes to show, Penelope says, that in spite of Aunt Martha, there are advantages in heedlessness.

Penelope had thrown open the window and stuck her head out into the frosty air to hear a street band playing a few squares away, and in thrusting out her head had forgotten all about her arms—for Penelope never could remember more than one thing at a time. It was unfortunate in this case, for Alice had put the beer out on the sill to refrigerate for the Welsh rabbit, and now it dripped in pretty little rivulets down the front of the house and upon the window sill of the flat below. Crash! Bang! Whizz! And the author of the mischief emitted a long whistle and a smothered "Jingo!"—for Penelope had friends at college, and was addicted to slang.

"Penelope Ainsley, what are you doing now?" cried Aunt Martha from the three by four retreat she called her room, while Alice suddenly appeared from somewhere, with a broom in one hand and a pan in the other.

"Oh, Pen, what are you trying to do?" she cried, aghast at the havoc. "Where's our rabbit?"

"The rabbit's hopping around outside, I suppose. The cheese is at present on the window below," said Penelope complacently. "I'm sure that band was playing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

"No, Pen, not on the minister's window!" Alice dropped her broom and stuck out her head. "It is! Oh, it is, and the beer is all dripping on his sill. We've only been here three weeks, and what will they think of us?"

"I don't care about two young fellows like that, and you said you didn't—before you saw one of them the other day. Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star!" and Penelope brought the window down with a bang.

"Well, this is different," said Alice weakly. "You know I hate young ministers, any way, and now this one will be trying to wean us away from our rabbit because it's got beer in it—like Uncle George," she added wickedly.

"You are not very respectful to the memory of your uncle," said Aunt Martha, ignoring the double significance of her niece's remark. "He was a good man, if he did object to beer in rabbits. You should have more consideration for my family."

"The ministers of the present generation, aunty," said Penelope, smothering a laugh, "are Leviticus in the extreme, and never will remember that it is their bounden duty to walk in the narrow path themselves before rebuking the froward generation; and therefore we laugh them to scorn. See? Oh, there's the bell! I'll go, because I've got my new cuff pins on."

Assuming an unnatural dignity, Penelope strode to the door at the top of the stairs which connected them with the world at large. As she swung it open, she started back and frowned severely on a tall, broad young man with remarkably red hair.

He bowed and began in a stereotyped fashion, "I have here——"

"No," said Penelope sharply, "I don't want any World's Fair views or souvenirs today, thank you."

He laughed and began again. "I've got something here, which I think belongs to you—unless it dropped from the moon;" and he handed her a dilapidated little package which she recognized at once as the damaged cheese. The hot color flew to her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," she said nervously. "You were so polite I thought you were a book agent. I'm ever so much obliged."

"Not at all," he said politely. "May I ask how the accident occurred?"

"I did it on purpose," said Penelope sharply. "I wanted some money, and thought a good way to get it was to start a beer garden on the front grass plot. That's all, thank you."

Penelope was afraid she had been rude after she'd slammed the door, so she opened it again to do a still more scandalous thing. She called after him as he went down the long stairway again, "We'll have our rabbit this evening just the same, so you'd better come up and have some;" and scarcely waiting for his cheery "Thanks, I will," she closed the door again.

"Whom have you been visiting with all

this time?" asked Alice, as her sister joined her in the kitchen. "I thought it must be a caller, and skipped back to my work."

Penelope tossed the cheese on the table. "Man from down stairs brought that," she said shortly, "and I invited him to come up and have some this evening, though he wasn't much impressed by my new cuff pins."

"You didn't?" cried Alice, astonished. "What on earth will you do next? Just think of inviting a perfect stranger to a rabbit party, Aunt Martha! If he's the minister I'll have a previous engagement or a headache, certainly, for I'd never dare look him in the face again, after that beer episode."

"You needn't be scared; I've met him before—over at the mission social. Though to be sure I didn't remember him. He's got red hair—did you ever see a minister with red hair? He wasn't spoken of as the minister at the church, either."

"All right, then," said Alice cheerfully. "He can come if you'll take the blame. What's his name?"

"The landlord said it was Babcock," volunteered Aunt Martha, thus saving Penelope from a rather embarrassing confession of ignorance.

"I'll make the cake if you'll go out and get another bottle of beer for the rabbit, Penny," Alice suggested.

Trudging homeward through the gathering dusk, with a bottle of beer under her arm, Penelope came face to face with her friend of an hour past. He turned about as a matter of course, and, relieving her of her burden, said genially,

"I trust the cheese is all right for this evening, Miss Ainsley."

"Yes, indeed," she answered cordially. "You are coming up to sample it, I trust? I shocked my worthy aunt by inviting you before you'd called, but when you know Aunt Martha you rather enjoy shocking her."

"I think it very kind of you, I'm sure," he said; "and I'm grateful to you for remembering that it's pretty lonely for a fellow when he's settled a thousand miles from home, as I am. My room mate is going to be out, and I'll be glad to come. Perhaps your aunt would feel easier if she were in possession of my card;" and he fished out the little square of cardboard for her to see.

She looked at it in astonishment.

"Why, you're the minister after all, then?" she cried. "You'd better not let Alice know it, for she'd think I was fibbing; and you'd never get in her good graces at all, for she hates ministers."

"Are there only two of you?" he asked, much interested.

"I guess Aunt Martha thinks two are enough," she answered with a funny little shake of her head. "Alice is a Smith graduate, but I never finished. No need to tell you so, I guess, for everybody says it shows plainly enough. Alice is an illustrator, and I'm supposed to be literary. I find it very interesting to be literary, for every one excuses my crankiness on the ground that genius is eccentric. Then, too, it's an interesting study in rhetoric to note how cleverly all the magazine editors say the same thing in such varied ways and styles. Alice, however, is a success, and so pretty! She's an *édition de luxe* of me."

There was an amused smile on the young man's face as he handed her the beer at the door. He wore it still when he put his latch key in the lock of the lower flat. In the dim light of the dying day he saw his chum standing meditatively by the window, gazing out at the first flakes of snow falling gently in the still air, and seemingly buried in thought.

"Hello, Jack, wake up, old fellow!" he cried in a cheery voice, bringing a breath of crisp air into their little bachelor apartments.

"Hello, Charlie; where did you find that girl?" replied his friend in a strained voice, without turning his head.

"Lives up stairs—most unconventional little piece I ever saw. She's got a certain dignity, however, that is admirable. I must have met her somewhere, for I remembered her name." Charlie Babcock put out his hands to receive the warmth of the bright grate fire with the same amused smile.

"Every one that knows her is accustomed to her unconventionality, I guess," said the quiet young man in his queerly strained tones. "She never got into any trouble by it, however," he continued meditatively, "so no one seems to object. That odd little dignity is her safeguard, I suppose, for Penelope Ainsley has a pride that is actually dangerous to her."

Charlie Babcock looked at him in surprise. "You know her, then?" he queried at last. "Tell me about them. Where did you meet her?"

"I used to know her," said his chum moodily, "when I was at Amherst, before I took my course in the Sem. She was in her sophomore year at Smith when her father died and left them as poor as Job's turkey and as proud as—as Lucifer. That

was a year ago, and I lost track of them until, as it seems, they followed me here."

"You knew they were up there all this time, and never said anything?" cried Babcock, astonished. "Why on earth didn't you go up and call?"

His chum, thankful for the dusk, didn't reply for a minute, and when he did his voice was strangely husky. "I couldn't, Charlie," and his deep tones trembled ever so slightly.

Babcock looked into the fire, and said irrelevantly, "What shall we order for dinner tonight?"

That evening, when he, with the other guests of the small company, was saying good night, he asked Alice if he might bring his room mate, Dr. Hardy, to call some evening. Alice cordially assented, and Aunt Martha gave him a general invitation to "come up any time with his friend the minister." Charlie Babcock did not undeceive her, as Alice was standing by. He left, wondering how Penelope could keep so calmly on with her chatter when she must have heard him speak of Jack Hardy as he passed out.

It was a long time before the young doctor could be persuaded to call with him, and when he was at last prevailed upon to do so, it happened to be a night on which Pen had gone to the theater. Alice, prettier than ever in her capacity as hostess, entertained Charlie in a way that he seemed to find very interesting. Poor Jack, however, was left to the tender mercies of Aunt Martha. She informed him first that she admired ministers greatly, her only brother having been one for years. "Why in the dickens didn't she talk to Charlie, then?" he wondered.

"What is your charge?" was her next astonishing sally, and she picked up a dropped stitch in her knitting.

Jack thought this a little impertinent, but with his usual courtesy he answered her kindly. "It depends somewhat on the circumstances," he said; "usually three dollars for the first time."

Aunt Martha reasoned that he must be thinking of marriage fees, and thought Tennyson ought to have written, "In the fall a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." She decided, however, not to embarrass him by telling him of his mistake. "I suppose that is the legal fee," she said calmly, "though I was not aware that there was any discount for the second or third time. You are a rather young man to have the title of doctor, are you not?"

Jack glanced at her uneasily. "Oh, no," he said. "All the boys have it, you know, after they have passed certain examinations. It is no credit to me, I assure you." He turned the conversation to other matters, and later, in the seclusion of their own rooms, confided to Charlie that he thought the aunt was a little "off in her upper regions."

His visit was not repeated, though Charlie became a familiar figure in the Ainsleys' little parlor. Jack devoted all his spare time to music, and took to taking long walks no one knew where. So it was Charlie who put up the stove pipe for them when it fell, and it was Charlie who mended the ice box when it leaked, and it was Charlie who did the thousand and one things a woman always looks to a man for, especially when he is a new friend, tall and good looking and strong. It was surprising how many things Alice had to have done at times, and it was equally surprising how willing he was to do them.

The winter had now settled down in earnest, and the young minister was hard at work in the little mission church, where they needed just such a man as he, rich enough to be able to labor for a pittance, and strong and helpful. Jack Hardy had long given up all idea of a regular practice, and had never even hung out his shingle, so interested was he in their work among the poor and destitute. It was odd to think of these two young men spending their lives and their money in this way; but if it was odd, it was also beautiful.

Before winter had gone it was told with many a smile and blush that Alice had forgiven the little deceit practised upon her, and that she and Charlie Babcock had joined the happy procession of lovers that help to make this world lovely. It was Penelope who found it out, and she was glad. Yes, she was sure she was glad, but nevertheless she could not get rid of that aching pain which she had hidden for so long, and which now throbbed harder than ever.

"Don't look so solemn over it, Pen," said Alice, with a happy little laugh. "You look tired, dear; put on your things and go out for a brisk walk in the park—it'll do you good."

Obedient for once, Penelope put on her little "tam" cap and shabby jacket, and started bravely out. It was Sunday. She noted that no one was alone save herself, and she felt a little pang of jealousy at the sight of the very serving maids happy in the company of a lover. She felt lonely for some reason, since Alice had attained what

to her was impossible. She felt ashamed of herself, and stifled the thought with a little smothered exclamation and an uncertain, "It's because I *want* to be alone!" Then memory took her back to her college days, with their parties, "proms," and senior dramatics, when she was alone as now, until at last she came to one night—"that night," she termed it to herself—when she had thoughtlessly thrown away what Alice so happily held, because of her foolish pride, and had taken instead this heavy, dull ache that was so much a part of her now.

She strode fiercely along, smothering a sigh, and trying not to let the lump in her throat get the better of her, until she reached the bleak, deserted park, where in a secluded spot she sank on a snowy bench and gave way. In a little while she heard a creaking footstep on the snow, and knew that a man had seated himself on the other end of the bench. She did not dare to look at him at first, but after a time she peeped from a corner of her handkerchief and saw —Jack Hardy. She raised her head, flushed and angry.

"Nobody asked you to come here," she said hotly. "I wish you'd go away."

"Indeed?" he said calmly. "Well, I'm not going. If your handkerchief is very wet you can take mine."

He unfolded his clean handkerchief, and, laying it on her lap, disclosed a large hole in the middle of it.

"Nobody mends my things since I left college," he said in a melancholy voice, but with twinkling eyes.

"I never mended anything but your tennis blazer," she said with an uncertain smile; "but take it away, I don't want it." She remembered how she had planned to treat him if they should meet, and thought it about time to begin, though the meeting was in the park and not in a parlor, as she had expected.

"Don't you think it is rather chilly here?" asked the young man, turning up his collar with a shiver. "Feels as if the steam heat wasn't turned on."

"I think it's lovely," said Penelope, gazing off over the snow at a gray coated policeman in the distance.

"Yes, you seemed to be enjoying it when I happened along," replied Jack.

"Well, I wasn't, then," acknowledged Penelope. "I'm human, and get the blues myself, at times."

"I'm glad I cheered you up," said Jack, thinking this a master stroke. "Say, Pen, do you remember the night you drove away my blues when Nell Arkwright cut me? That was great!"

Penelope drew herself up, conscious that she was making all the concessions.

"You needn't flatter yourself that you cheered me up in the least," she answered. "And I assure you I've long ago forgotten all the incidents of your numerous love affairs."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Jack. "This cold is freezing you up. Let's walk."

"You can go if you want to," she said severely. "I'm going to stay here and freeze or take pneumonia and die of it—I don't care which;" and there was a suspicion of a sob in her voice.

"Don't you think you'd better give in now, Pen?" Jack asked gently. "You've made us both miserable for a year. I can't help it if I've got money when you haven't, although I can't see what difference it makes, anyhow. I'm tired of waiting, and you ought to give in. I'd do anything to make you—even stand that aunt of yours if you would."

"Aunt Martha is a darling, and I've nothing to give in about," said Penelope, turning on him sharply. "I haven't been miserable, and if you have it's good for you, I assure you. I wish you'd go away."

She didn't think he would, so when he rose she was frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Pen," he said in the dear, choked voice she had remembered so long. "I ought to have thought it was too good to be true when I found you here, though I couldn't believe you would play with me. I stayed away all winter for Charlie's sake, but when I found it was your sister, and that you were not happy, I dared, like a fool, to hope. That's all. Good by."

She saw him raise his hat and walk off down the path, and from the past there seemed to come to her the breath of a summer night, when her pride had sent him off down the lawn and left her with the memory of that same white, drawn face to haunt her. She could not stand it, and running after him she laid a trembling hand on his arm. When he turned around she forgot what she had intended to say, and stammered instead,

"I—I guess you'd better come back and —and sit down again for a minute. You look tired."

And the fat gray coated policeman laughed at what he saw through the frozen branches of the dead trees.

Emma Lee Walton.

PROMINENT AMERICAN FAMILIES.

II.—THE ADAMSES.

The historic prestige of a house that has given to the United States two Presidents and three great foreign ministers—Its almost unparalleled inheritance of intellectual power and public leadership.

AS George Washington died without posterity, the lineage of his successor in the Presidency must be considered the most historic of American families. Ever since Charles I granted forty acres of land in the Massachusetts colony to Thomas Adams, in 1629, its annals have been coextensive with those of the nation. Its members were among the foremost of those who laid the foundations of the republic, and have served their country at every stage of its development. The soil on which their feet were planted two and a half centuries ago is—with considerable additions—theirs still. Though they are not ranked with the great money kings or the popular political leaders of the day, they stand among our "best citizens," in the fullest sense of the term. Their name is in no apparent danger of falling into oblivion, either in their own community or in the country at large.

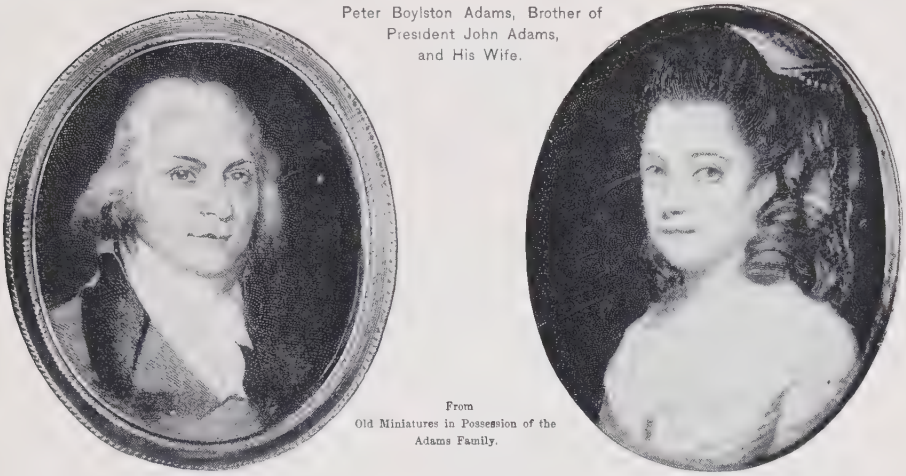
The Adams family is descended from the sturdiest stock of English yeomanry. It has exhibited such a succession of high moral and intellectual qualities as history can scarcely parallel. Its heritage of physique, too, has been remarkable. Generation after generation the Adamses have been what the disciple of muscular Christianity would term "fine fellows." They have been workers and thinkers, they have endured heavy responsibilities, and they have lived to a good old age.

If there is one quality which more than another has been the inheritance of the house, it is that of honesty. With all the high offices that they have held, with the political influence that has been theirs for more than a century, the most censorious opponent has never charged them with considering private profit as a possible adjunct to public duty. They have been equally free from selfish ambition, from the desire for personal aggrandizement, from the thirst for power for its own sake. With them, office has sought the man, or he has remained in private life. It was a characteristic reply that John Quincy Adams made to Edward Everett, who had asked what he proposed to do to secure his election to the Presidency in 1824.

"I propose to do absolutely nothing," said the son of the second President.

The traditions of the Adamses and the arts of the demagogue are wide as the poles asunder. The two phrases represent diametrically opposite types in American public life. The reader may choose which is the nobler. In the bitter controversies of our early politics, the enemies of John and John Quincy Adams found the readiest means of attacking men whose standing and record were unassailable, in their open scorn for methods that were the average politician's stock in trade. Because they refused to curry popular favor at the expense of deviating a hair's breadth from their principles, they were dubbed "aristocrats"—a charge which, naturally enough, was almost as odious in America at that day as was an accusation of "popery" in the England of Titus Oates.

John Adams was a scholar and statesman—the foremost scholar and statesman of the Revolution. As sincere and earnest a patriot as Washington or Henry, he was a conservative thinker, a learned and traveled student of affairs. He antagonized the political extremists of the day. He opposed the school led by Jefferson, whose principles were almost those that let loose red handed anarchy in France. He was liberal enough to praise British institutions—as other good Americans had done before the rupture of 1776. He advocated a strong, centralized executive—a theory that was unpopular then, but which has gradually been forced upon us by subsequent events. In one of his many discussions of the governmental system to be established by the newly founded States, he suggested "a liberal use of titles and ceremonials for those in office."



Peter Boylston Adams, Brother of President John Adams, and His Wife.

From Old Miniatures in Possession of the Adams Family.

In all these things it is probable that Adams' ideas went no farther than those of Washington himself. The Father of his Country desired a more high sounding mode of address than that of "President," which was the only handle the House of Representatives would allow him. He had an elaborately decorated Presidential box at

John Adams, Second President of the United States.

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart.

Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England 1861-1868.
Drawn by V. Gribayidoff from a photograph.

the theater; he maintained a courtly etiquette at his residence; he never forgot that he belonged to the wealthiest class of Southern land owners, and was descended from a good English family. Adams deserved the name of "aristocrat" no more than Washington; in any offensive sense of the word, neither of them deserved it at all. Yet this did not prevent the Republicans from scoffing at "the Duke of Braintree," as they nicknamed Washington's Vice President.

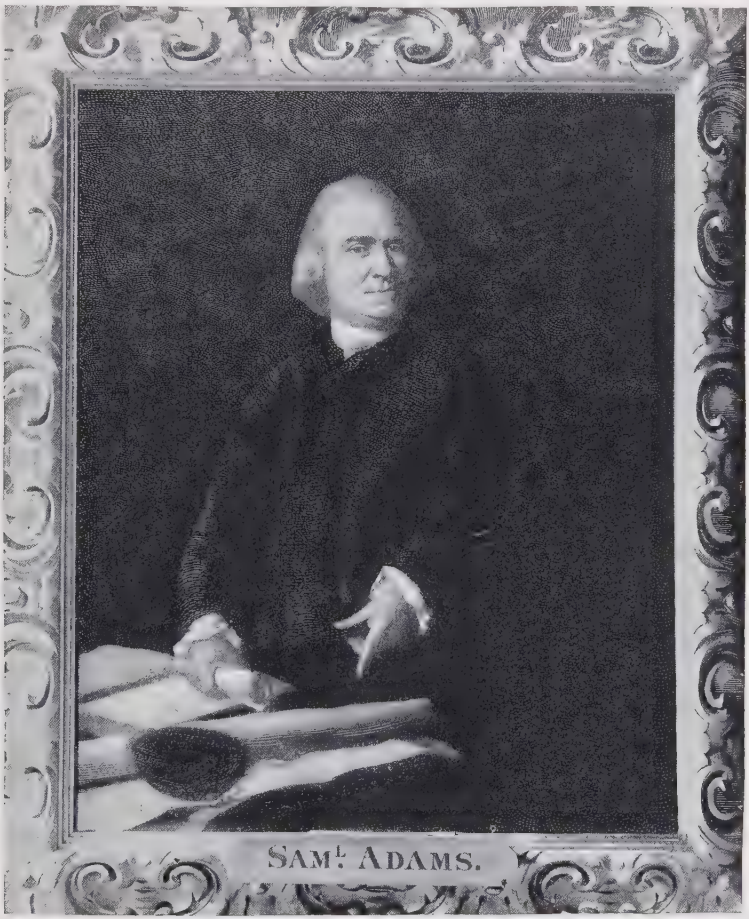
Similar compliments were paid to his son, whose rise to the highest political office was achieved by sheer merit and force of character, in spite of the widespread prejudice against the recognition of anything like a Presidential dynasty. "John II," John Randolph of Roanoke called him. Randolph's dislike of the Adamses was due not only to sectional and partisan feeling, but to a personal grievance. He declared that on the day of Washington's

Abigail, Wife of John Adams, and First Mistress of the White House.

inauguration his brother had been struck by John Adams' coachman, "for coming too near the viceregal carriage."

The White House was refurnished for the second Adams—as it has been for every President without exception—and there was an outcry at his luxury. The outcry grew louder when the increased pressure of official business made it necessary to refit the East Room—in which his excellent mother, the White House's first mistress, had hung her clothes to dry—as a state apartment. It became loudest of all, when the President brought to Washington a billiard table—an article not now regarded as subversive of republican institutions.

When he was renominated, in 1828, it is quite true, as James Parton says in his biography of Andrew Jackson, that Adams was supported by "nearly all the talent, nearly all the learning, nearly all the ancient wealth, nearly all the business activity, nearly all the book nourished intelligence, nearly all the silver forked civilization of the country." This may have constituted a remarkable feature of Jackson's triumph at the polls; but it is a no less remarkable testimony to the character of Adams that the nation's learning, culture, wealth, and commercial interests should have been almost a unit in his favor.



Samuel Adams, Signer of the Declaration, and Governor of Massachusetts.

To refute the insinuation that John Adams and his son lived in the demoralizing luxury of the Roman noble of the empire, or in the feudal state of the medieval English baron, it is enough to glance at the drawing on page 706, made from a photograph of the houses in which they were born. These plain, modest, substantial, old fashioned dwellings—which have been

The Old Adams Houses at Quincy.

John Adams was born in the house on the right, John Quincy Adams in the nearer one on the left. The drawing was made from a photograph taken in 1876.

slightly modernized since the photograph was taken—are still standing in what was then Braintree, and is now Quincy, Massachusetts, as witnesses of the atmosphere of simplicity in which the founders of the republic lived. Their owners were inheritors of the traditions of a Puritan ancestry, members of a family that had for generations been one of the typical elements of the life and development of the Massachusetts colony.

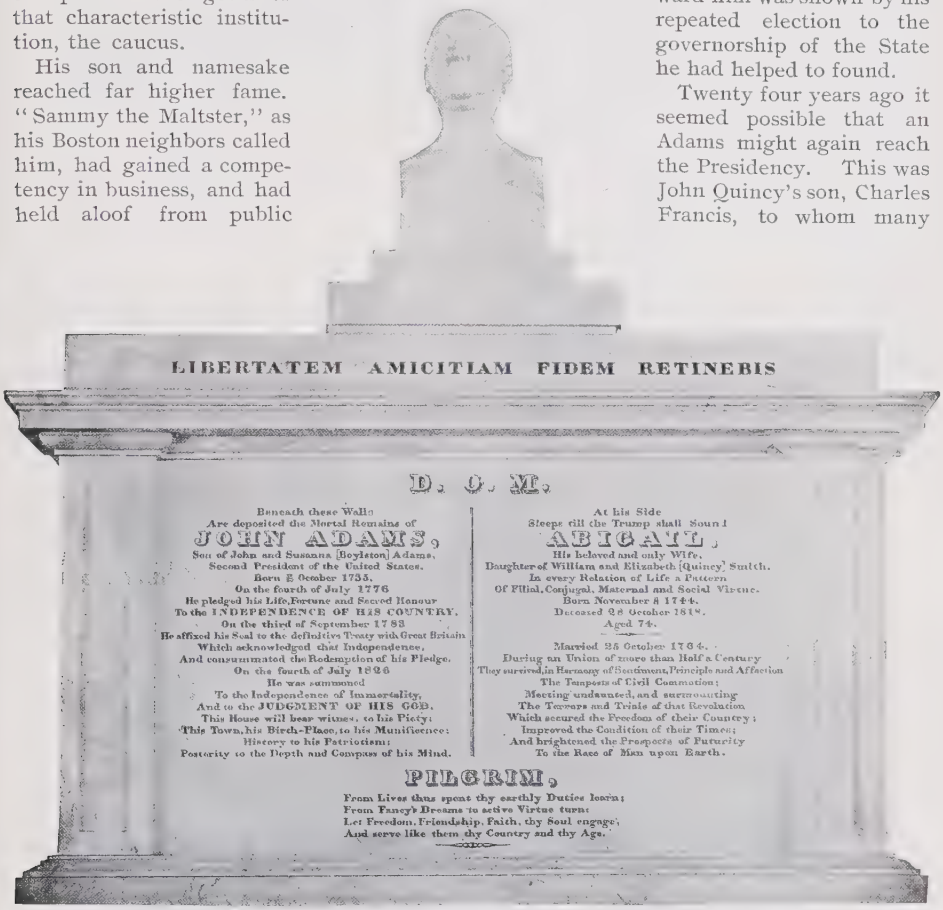
The Adamses had been public characters ever since Thomas Adams' original grant was taken up by his brother Henry. The names of Henry's grandsons, Joseph Adams of Braintree, and Captain John Adams of Boston, were recorded in local annals; so too were those of a second John Adams, a

John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States.

thrifty farmer upon the old homestead, and of his cousin Samuel Adams, a Boston trader. As founder of the Caulkers Club, designed "to lay plans for introducing certain persons into power," the latter gave to American politics the germ of that characteristic institution, the caucus.

His son and namesake reached far higher fame. "Sammy the Maltster," as his Boston neighbors called him, had gained a competency in business, and had held aloof from public affairs, when the liberty of the colonies was challenged by governmental oppression. He threw all his energies into the struggle, and the "times that tried men's souls" proved his to be of the rare metal of a Franklin or a Hancock. To Samuel Adams more than to any other man was due Boston's leadership in the first open resistance to tyranny. The oft repeated protest against "taxation without representation" originated with him. He stood with John Adams as a signer of the Declaration, and was one of the most influential members of the Continental Congress. If his cousin afterwards passed him in the race for public honors, it was due mainly to Samuel's marked inheritance of the family trait—his absolute honesty and fearlessness, his perfect candor toward friend and foe, his utter scorn of political diplomacy. Yet that his fellow citizens did not lack in gratitude toward him was shown by his repeated election to the governorship of the State he had helped to found.

Twenty four years ago it seemed possible that an Adams might again reach the Presidency. This was John Quincy's son, Charles Francis, to whom many Democrats and independent Republicans wished to give the nomination that fell to Horace Greeley. Charles Francis Adams had repeated the record of his father and grandfather in serving with distinction as minister to England. It is perhaps not too much to say that these three men were the best representatives America has ever sent to foreign courts. Each went to London at a historical crisis. It was the task of John Adams to open relations with the mother country after the Revolution; of his son, to renew them after the war of 1812; of his grandson, to maintain them during the civil war. Both John and John Quincy Adams had served as negotiators of peace


LIBERTATEM AMICITIAM FIDEM RETINEBIS
D. O. M.
Beneath these Walls
Are deposited the Mortal Remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susanna [Boylston] Adams,
Second President of the United States.
Born 8 October 1735.
On the fourth of July 1776
He pledged his Life, Fortune and Sacred Honour
To the INDEPENDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.
On the third of September 1783
He affixed his Seal to the definitive Treaty with Great Britain
Which acknowledged that Independence,
And consummated the Redemption of his Pledge.
On the fourth of July 1826
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality,
And to the JUDGMENT OF HIS GOD.
This House will bear witness, to his Piety;
This Town, his Birth-Place, to his Munificence;
History to his Patriotism;
Posterity to the Depth and Compass of his Mind.
At his Side
Sleeps till the Trump shall Sound
ABIGAIL,
His beloved and only Wife.
Daughter of William and Elizabeth [Quincy] Smith.
In every Relation of Life a Pattern
Of Filial, Conjugal, Maternal and Social Virtue.
Born November 8 1744.
Deceased 28 October 1818.
Aged 74.
Married 25 October 1764.
During an Union of more than Half a Century
They survived, in Harmony of Sentiment, Principle and Affection
The Tempests of Civil Commotion;
Meeting undaunted, and surmounting
The Terrors and Trials of that Revolution
Which secured the Freedom of their Country;
Improved the Condition of their Times;
And brightened the Prospects of Futurity
To the Race of Man upon Earth.
PILGRIM,
From Lives thus spent thy earthly Duties learn;
From Fancy's Dreams to active Virtue turn:
Let Freedom, Friendship, Faith, thy Soul engage;
And serve like them thy Country and thy Age.

Monument of John Adams and His Wife in the Old Church at Quincy.

with England; it may be said that Charles Francis escaped that duty by preventing the outbreak of hostilities. Without the skill and tact that were constantly called into play during his seven years' service in London, it is at least doubtful whether the Trent and the Alabama affairs could have been peaceably settled, and Napoleon's efforts to drag England into a recognition of the Confederacy successfully parried.

The Old Church at Quincy in Which John and John Quincy Adams Are Buried

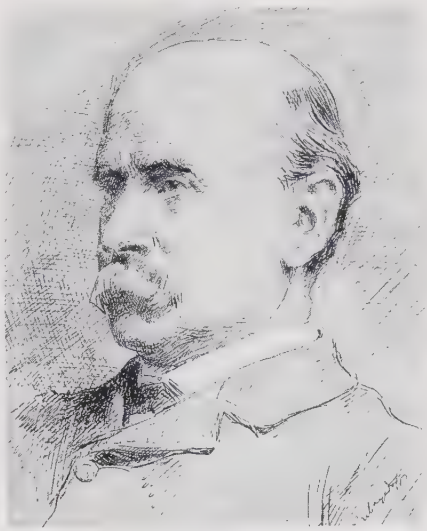
Of Charles Francis Adams' four sons, the two elder—John Quincy and Charles Francis, Jr.—were trained for the law, but both volunteered for duty in the civil war, and both afterward reached some political prominence. John Quincy served in the Massachusetts Legislature, and twice received a complimentary nomination for the governorship. Charles Francis, who earned a brevet as brigadier general, became a State railroad commissioner, and is best known as president of the Union Pacific from 1884 to 1891. The two younger brothers, Henry and Brooks, devoted themselves to literature. The former is recognized as an authority

Louisa Catherine, Wife of John Quincy Adams.

upon early American history, his most important work being a voluminous study of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison.

For a hundred and fifty years the Adams family has been closely connected with the annals of Harvard. The two sons of the second John Quincy, George and Charles Francis, who stand at the head of the younger generation of their house, made a reputation at the Cambridge university both in and out of the class rooms. George, who graduated in 1886, was a prominent football player; Charles Francis, two years younger, distinguished himself as an oarsman. Both are now practising lawyers in Boston, and are well known as yachtsmen in New England waters.

It is interesting to note that President John Adams' old homestead in Quincy, of which mention has already been made, has just been presented, by his descendants, to the local historical society, to be occupied as a museum. "The house," says one of the Boston newspapers, in commenting upon the gift, "is situated at the corner of Independence Avenue and Franklin Street, and is in a good state of preservation. With a little alteration it can be converted into a fine example of a mansion of the colonial style. This will be done, and the furnishings made to correspond with those of the Revolutionary period. The Adams family



Charles Francis Adams, Formerly President of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph.

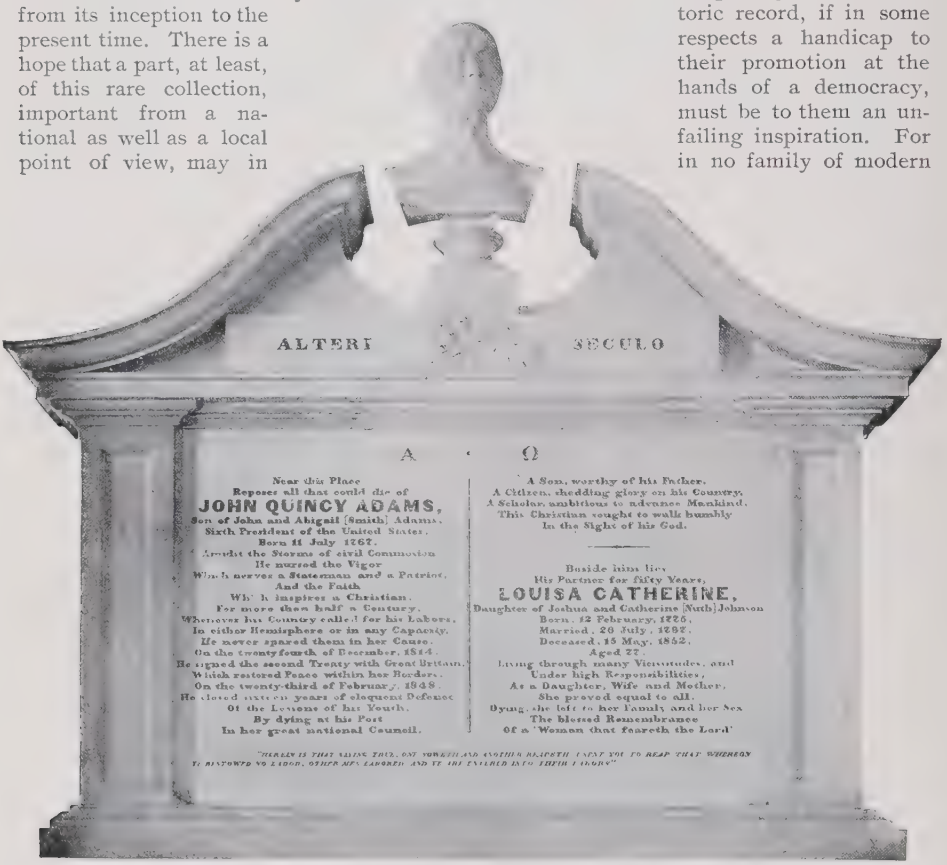
Charles Francis Adams, Mayor of Quincy—Son of the Second John Quincy Adams.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

is, by inheritance, the possessor of much that is of great historic value, connecting its members by the closest of ties and associations with the history of the nation from its inception to the present time. There is a hope that a part, at least, of this rare collection, important from a national as well as a local point of view, may in time find a permanent resting place in what was once the home of two of the early Presidents of the United States, and the birthplace of one of them."

At present, it seems as if the Adamses have dropped out of public life; yet it may be that destiny has further political honors in store for them. The prestige of their historic record, if in some respects a handicap to their promotion at the hands of a democracy, must be to them an unfailing inspiration. For in no family of modern times, probably, has there been so unbroken a succession of men who have risen not only above the level of mediocrity but to the rank of greatness.

John Alden Torrington.


ALTERI SECULO
A Ω
Near this Place
Reposes all that could die of
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Son of John and Abigail [Smith] Adams,
Sixth President of the United States,
Born 11 July 1767,
Amidst the Storms of civil Commotion
He nurred the Vigor
Which nerved a Statesman and a Patriot,
And the Faith
Which inspires a Christian.
For more than half a Century,
Wherever his Country called for his Labors,
In either Hemisphere or in any Capacity,
He never spared them in her Cause.
On the twenty-fourth of December, 1814,
He signed the second Treaty with Great Britain,
Which restored Peace within her Borders.
On the twenty-third of February, 1848,
He closed sixteen years of eloquent Defence
Of the Lawsuit of his Youth,
By dying at his Post
In her great national Council.
A Son, worthy of his Father,
A Citizen, shedding glory on his Country,
A Scholar ambitious to advance Mankind,
This Christian sought to walk humbly
In the Sight of his God.
Beside him lies
His Partner for fifty Years,
LOUISA CATHERINE,
Daughter of Joshua and Catherine [Nuth] Johnson
Born, 12 February, 1775,
Married, 26 July, 1797,
Deceased, 15 May, 1852,
Aged 77.
Living through many Vicissitudes, and
Under high Responsibilities,
As a Daughter, Wife and Mother,
She proved equal to all.
Dying, she left to her Family and her Sex
The blessed Remembrance
Of a Woman that feareth the Lord"

Monument of John Quincy Adams and His Wife in the Old Church at Quincy.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

THE frost of years
May blanch the gold from out thine hair;
Life's griefs and fears
May rob thy cheeks of roses fair;
The violets' blue
May fade from out thine eyes, dear one;
The morning dew
May cease to sparkle in the sun;
Roads meet and part,
And golden clouds soon turn to gray,
But, love, thine heart
Will keep its loveliness for aye!

William H. Gardner

Sabine Hall, Built by Landon Carter in 1730.

OLD VIRGINIA HOMES.

Some of the picturesque and historic houses of the Old Dominion—The homes of four Presidents, and the seats of the Carters, the Custises, the Lees, the Byrds, and other "F. F. V's."

IN the biographies of Thomas Jefferson it is recorded that one of the happiest periods of the great Virginian's life was that of his residence in Paris as the representative of the new born American republic. Yet Jefferson wrote to a friend at home: "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France."

Monticello crowns the "little mountain" from which it takes its name, and overlooks the University of Virginia and the town of Charlottesville. Broad wings spread out on either side of the portico, and an old fashioned balustrade runs round the sloping roof. From the windows, with their tiny panes of glass, one looks out on a superb view of the distant Blue Ridge Mountains. The building of the fine old house was one of the chief tasks of Jefferson's life, and for years he devoted to it all the time and thought he could spare from his stirring and eventful public career. He was less than thirty years old, and was winning his first successes at the bar and in politics, when his hand drew the plans for its construction. His birthplace at Shadwell, a few miles away, had been burned to the ground. "Were none of my books saved?" Jefferson asked of the slave who was sent to inform him of the disaster. "No, master," was the answer, "but"—with a look of pride—"we saved your fiddle." Mr. Jefferson always kept this fiddle in the library at Monticello.

After the fire he moved into a little brick

Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson.

cottage of one room, at that time the only building on the mountain, where he lived until Monticello was ready to receive him.

Some houses reflect with peculiar emphasis the life and character of their owners, and of none is this more true than of the home of Jefferson. Here his inventive genius had full scope, and the house abounds with specimens of his ingenuity. Over the principal entrance is a clock with two dials, one facing outward and the other within the house, and fitted with a device of Jefferson's for recording the day of the week as well as the hour. He also invented many farm implements for use on his estate.

The chief architectural feature of Monticello is the octagonal hall in the center of the building, thirty feet square, and extending up to the roof. Around it on the second and third floors are galleries upon which the bed rooms open, and on the ceiling is painted an eagle surrounded by eighteen stars—the number of States in 1812, the year when the decoration was completed. The floor in the saloon parlor is inlaid with satinwood and rosewood, and was put down at a cost of two thousand dollars, in that day considered very great. Simple as were Jefferson's personal tastes, Monticello was an abode of abundant hospitality. Its master, unbending from the cares of state, loved to gather about him the genius, wit, and distinction of the Old Dominion, and it was through his

Montpelier, the Home of James Madison

Castle Hill, the Home of the Riveses, Built in 1764.

lavish generosity that, though he inherited one fortune and received another as his wife's dowry, he died a poor man.

About a score of miles from Monticello is Montpelier, the home of Jefferson's intimate friend and close political associate, James Madison. The house is a somewhat imposing structure of stuccoed brick. Leading up to the stately portico is a fine avenue of spruce pines planted by Madison's own hands. Near by is a little Doric temple erected over an ice house, which is hollowed out in the ground after the Virginia fashion. Tradition says that this was the first ice house ever dug or even heard of in this section, and that the negroes on the place were greatly astonished when directed to fill it with ice, early in winter. Madison heard of their criticism from his foreman, who was especially skeptical. To overcome his doubts, the master playfully bartered an iced mint julep on the 4th of the following July against a fine turkey at Christmas. The story adds that on Independence Day the ice house was apparently empty, but a diligent search revealed just enough ice to make one julep.

The Stairway in Sabine Hall.

Kenmore—Mary Washington's Clock.

A sketch of the little structure appears beside the initial letter of the present article.

The glory of Montpelier is in its magnificent trees. One of them, a giant oak, is of such immense diameter that if a horse be placed beside it neither ears nor tail can be seen from the other side of the tree. This fact was tested by President Hayes in 1878, when he and his cabinet made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Madison.

Another object of interest is the quaint garden, filled with damask roses, gillyflowers, and other sweet old fashioned blossoms, where Mistress Dolly Madison was wont to take her evening stroll. The neighborhood teems with traditions of her vivacity and beauty, and of the sparkling wit with which, her friends said, she could enliven the dullest company. One story, however, tells of an occasion when her power of repartee failed her. Black Hawk, the celebrated Indian chief, whose portrait now hangs in the State Library in Richmond, was on a visit to the "Great Father." He took out his pipe and filled it; but before lighting it, he turned to Mrs. Madison, and asked her if she objected to smoke. She admitted that it was disagreeable to her. "Then you can go into another room," replied Black Hawk, as he gravely proceeded to light his pipe

Not far from the house rises a granite

Shirley, the Seat of the Carters, Built in 1642.

Lower Brandon, Built by Governor Benjamin Harrison.

shaft, on which is cut this simple inscription :

MADISON.
Born March 16, 1751.
Died June 28, 1836.

By the side of the fourth President sleeps the wife he loved so well. His old homestead has had a checkered career since his death. Englishmen, Americans, and Irishmen have been its owners at different times, but the place has been remarkably well preserved in these strange hands.

Castle Hill, in the county of Albemarle, was built in 1764. It was the old residence of the Walker family, but early in the present century passed into the hands of William Cabell Rives, who enlarged and beautified it. Mr. Rives was minister to France during the reign of Louis Philippe, and gave to his daughter, Mrs. Sigourney,

Westover, the Home of William Byrd.
From a photograph by Cook, Richmond.

Lower Brandon—the Hall

he name of the French queen, her godmother. From this aunt the gifted writer, Amélie Rives Chanler, who now lives at Castle Hill, received her name.

On the 4th of June, 1781, Tarleton and his British troopers appeared at Castle Hill to demand breakfast, and surprised several "rebels" seated at table. Among these were Francis Kinloch and two brothers of Governor Nelson. The former, in attempting to escape, was pursued through the vineyard by a British soldier, who shouted, "Stop, Frank, you know I could always beat you running!" He turned out to be an old acquaintance and relative.

In the historic town of Fredericksburg we are still reminded of colonial days by the high sounding titles of many of the streets, which bear such names as "King George," and "Princess Anne." On one of them stands Kenmore, the home of Betty, George Washington's only sister. She married Colonel Fielding Lewis, who,

Mount Vernon, the Home of George Washington.

to gratify her ambition to be "mistress of a fine house," had Kenmore constructed. It is a handsome mansion, with an ornate interior. Over the mantel in the drawing room is a representation of one of Æsop's Fables, depicted in raised plaster, which is said to have been designed by George Washington. Similar ornamentation adorns the ceilings in all the rooms. It was the work of an English soldier captured during the Revolutionary war and held as a prisoner at Fredericksburg. Just as he completed his task he fell from the scaffold and was instantly killed.

Mary Washington, mother of George and Betty, lived in a small house near Kenmore. During a lingering illness she was brought through the fields to her daughter's more luxurious home, where she died.

Further down the Rappahannock River is Sabine Hall, a lordly old manor house, once a scene of lavish colonial hospitality. The house was built in 1730 by Landon Carter, a son of old "King" Carter—so called from the immense grants of land which he received from the crown. The rooms are large and built with an especial view to entertaining. Many of them are wainscoted to the ceiling with mahogany, now black with age. The approach to the grand stairway, richly embellished with carving, is under a graceful arch. The house contains much antique furniture and silver, and many historic portraits hang on the walls.

A Mantel at Westover.

Sherwood Forest, the home of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, is on the James River, some distance below Richmond. The house is eight rooms in length and only one in depth. To the right of the entrance is a dancing hall; to the left, a dining room, from which a spiral staircase winds to the floor above. Each room opens upon the lawn, as do also the

Sherwood Forest, the Home of John Tyler.

Arlington, the Home of the Custises and the Lees.

narrow corridors which connect the two end rooms.

A local tradition of Tyler records, as an instance of his popularity among his own people, that on one occasion, when there were seven candidates for the Legislature from his district, he received all but five of the votes polled. Today his old home is occupied by his son, D. Gardiner Tyler, a member of the last and of the present Congress.

Along the green banks of the James, just above Sherwood Forest, are scattered a number of houses, around each of which historic memories linger. Shirley, the country seat of the Carters, was built in 1642, and since then has sheltered many illustrious guests. La Fayette was a visitor there, and at a later period it has sheltered Thackeray and the Marquis of Lorne.

Its unpretending neighbor, Berkeley, was the home of Governor Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was the birthplace of President William Henry Harrison, and was in the possession of the family for two hundred years.

Westover, another of these old dwellings, was the home of William Byrd, author of the "Westover Manuscripts," and president of the colonial council of Virginia early in the last century. A contemporary annalist described him as "a Virginian of Virginians, and the perfect flower of his day." His plantation was a veritable principality, and on it he lived in great state. The place abounds in legends of his daughter Evelyn, a famous colonial beauty, and at Brandon, across the river, are preserved some of her gowns. There also is the fan that she used when presented at the court of George I, and magnificent portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely, brought by William Byrd from England, where he thrice served as colonial agent.

Passing from the James to the Potomac, we come to Arlington, which was erected by George Washington Parke Custis in 1802, on land that had been George Washington's, its façade being modeled after the Temple of Theseus in Athens. It is of brick, a hundred and forty feet in width, with an immense portico upheld by eight massive Doric columns. The house is surrounded by patriarchal trees of oak and chestnut on all sides except in front, where the ground slopes away toward the Potomac River, revealing a picturesque panorama of the American capital.

In 1831, Mary, the daughter of Washington Parke Custis, married Robert Edward Lee, a young lieutenant in the United States army. The ceremony, which took place at Arlington, was performed by the Rev. William Meade, afterwards a distinguished bishop of the diocese of Virginia. On his way to the wedding he was caught in a heavy thunder storm, which played such havoc with his clerical garb that he was forced to borrow raiment from the bride's father. He being tall and thin, and Mr. Custis short and stout, the effect of the change was very ludicrous, save when the clergyman was covered by the ample folds of his surplice, which he could scarcely be induced to remove during the remainder of the evening.

In those days wedding trips were unheard of, and the guests remained at Arlington for a week of festivity. Every night, at the hour for retiring, the servants brought in a brimming punch bowl, which had been presented to George Washington by Colonel Fitzhugh, a former aide-de-camp. Inside was painted a ship, its hull resting in the bottom and its masts projecting to the brim. It was a law of the house, and one that was always strictly enforced, to drink down to the hull. The festivities were concluded by a ball at Gunston Hall, the neighboring home of the Mason family, after which the guests departed and the young couple settled down to housekeeping.

The later memories of Arlington are less happy ones. It was the first headquarters and camping ground of the Federal forces on their entry upon the "sacred soil" of old Virginia in the civil war. Now the property is owned by the government, and the lovely grounds have been converted into a national cemetery.

No list of Virginia homes would be complete without mention of Mount Vernon, the most beloved of them all. Today, owing to the noble efforts of the women of America, this famous house stands just as when its great master left it. Every object in it is fraught with associations and crowned with memories of the sacred past. Nothing better has ever been written of Mount Vernon than the following in an old letter:

> There is something pervading this particular spot which cannot be described; something in the surroundings that seems to exact a tribute of veneration to the memory of him whose residence here rendered these grounds hallowed in the hearts of his countrymen; something at once simple and sublime, calm and majestic, even as was Washington himself.

Virginia Cousins.

AT THE STYX'S MARGE.

SHE stood leaning upon the rickety gate, looking outward. Overhead the tilted half moon, moving through a field of fleece, seemed a plow of silver turning a furrow of light. In the blue openings along the zenith, the gray Milky Way shone like a snow storm. The hour was that one which falls close upon the morning, that soft half swoon when all life seems dreaming toward wakefulness. Below her on the hillside a white cow lay in the moonlight, like a creature carved in marble; near the animal, upon the ridge pole of a shed, a row of roosting chickens was outlined in black against the stars, while behind the young woman the flare of a candle made a little halo about an open window.

She was listening, her head turned sidewise and stretched outward a little, as if to lay her ear against the very heart of silence. At length, far and faint, a whisper of wagon wheels came up from the wide sweep of misty landscape which lay below her. She stood erect at that, her face, pallid and crepuscular in the gloom, seemed to whiten as from internal light, and her large eyes glowed. Suddenly she appeared to lift herself from the earth with sheer excess of feeling, her fingers knotted together above her head, her face turned to the sky. "God!" she whispered. The sibilant word seemed half oath and half prayer. Then as suddenly she dropped her arms upon the gate and laid her face down upon them and wept. "Why does 'e bring her here?" she moaned—"why does 'e bring her here?"

Far out upon the plain, day slowly opened like a flower. In the great wash of inflowing light the dew drenched landscape twinkled frostily. The marshlands to the southward lay under a milky coverlet of fog, but a little lake, lying half in shadow among the hills to the northward, seemed to tremble like a disturbed globule of quicksilver, while southwest and westward the Ozark range, rising in retrocession, rolled back against the sky, purpling at the base and shading upward into summits tipped with filmiest rose. As the world returned to life a golden oriole shot out above the woman like a torch, bells began to tinkle far off among the hills, and here and there blue plumes of smoke wavered upward from the scattered cabins in the bottoms and out upon the plain.

As the light came strong upon the young woman it revealed an unusual form and face; a statuesque figure, rising above the common height, and giving out a curious sense of force and power; a visage faintly sallow and haunting in its expression of loneliness. The hair that framed this face was a lusterless black, the eyes which lighted it, set widely under a strong brow, were grayish brown shading to a keen speck of amber at the center, and opening now upon the light with the wide, hard boldness of the eagle's. Masterful and out of the common as was the girl's personality, the eyes dominated all with their splendor and savagery of expression.

As she waited, the wagon, the whisper of whose wheels had come through the silence, suddenly entered the lane, jolting across a bit of corduroy bridge down at the edge of the marsh. There were three figures in the vehicle, two male and one female, and for a moment the young woman's lips contracted and her strong fingers tightened on the gate. At the same moment an older woman appeared in the door of the big log house. Clearly she was the girl's mother, a tall, gaunt, leathery creature, with the quiet, passive air common to hot natures long walled about with inexorable isolation. She was tying the strings of a gingham apron about her flat waist, half blind from the fiery glory of the dawn beating into her face.

"Why, Thessalonica! y'r up a'ready, air yeh?" she drawled, as her eyes fell upon the straight, motionless figure by the gate. There was a caressing note in the nasal drawl, mixed with obvious deference and something like fear. "Hev ye got breakfus' started, Thessy?"

The young woman turned about and lifted her fierce eyes. "I expect I hev," she said harshly, and, erect and cold as an angry Indian, walked into the house.

"Hev yeh been up long, Thessy?" went on the mother.

"I hain't been t' bed!" said the girl unsparingly and without looking around, as with bitter hauteur she passed on into the "lean to" kitchen at the rear.

The mother looked after her a moment, a perplexed questioning in her eyes, but she said nothing. Stepping into the door again with her hand shading her eyes from the yellow glory beating up from the plain, she looked down the road. "Why, here they come now!" she exclaimed, thrown out of her common air of indolent passivity. "That's Mister Sumpter shore, an' I s'pose that's his bride! Wal, now, but hain't she purty! Looks some like Thessy, on'y she's rosy as a June apple!" She went out to the gate with a transfiguring light of interest and welcome suffusing her sallow face.

The wagon, a creaking, ancient affair, drawn by a mule and a clay colored horse, jolted across the chips and blocks of the woodyard and stopped at the gate. A wholesome looking young man, in dress and manner savoring of art's Bohemianism, sprang smiling to earth and shook the woman's hand heartily. Helping his wife down he presented her. The young woman greeted the abashed but pleased Mrs. Teaks with frank courtesy.

"An' y'r Mister Sumpter's bride? Wal, I'm pizen proud t' see yeh. We think a sight of y'r man, Mis' Sumpter, about these parts. I've heerd folks of'en talkin' 'bout him since he wuz here paintin' them picters two year ago. My man thinks there's nobudy like him. That's right, come right in; I'm bound y'r tired riding them eight miles from th' railroad. Jotham, you bring the satchels in, an' then put th' team up. That's right, Mister Sumpter, take y'r wife right into th' settin' room an' git y'r things off! Thessy's gittin' breakfus' on th' table. Jus' make y'rselves at home." She went away towards the kitchen.

Sumpter looked at his wife and smiled. "That's why I like them: they're odd," he said, with sudden irrelevance; "queer, rough exteriors, but at heart as sound and sweet as a nut." He was a strapping fellow physically, with a brown beard, finely chiseled features, kindly gray blue eyes, and broad white forehead. As he spoke he threw himself into an old fashioned rocking chair and turned his pleased eyes about him. "Same old place; not changed in the 'estimation of a hair,'" he added with a laugh.

The young wife stood in the center of the room, looking about her. She was a rarely beautiful creature, the outline of her head being almost pure Greek, the hair that crowned it blue black and lustrous with the oils of health; the exposed flesh a creamy olive, filming with pink; the eyes large and of limpid brown; the mouth a bow of scarlet, and the whole figure a many flexured sheaf of willowy curves. Surely nature, with its auxiliaries, ease and plenty, here in this beautiful body had done its best. A smile dimpled her cheeks as she looked up at the pine ceiling, seal brown from smoke, and down at the big stone fireplace, filled with fresh leaved poplar boughs in lieu of burning logs, and around at the old fashioned chairs, bureau, clock, and seamy oaken floor. She walked to the window and looked out, with the smile still drawing back the tips of the scarlet bow of her mouth as if it were about to launch a silvery arrow of laughter. Below her the great landscape swept outward to the eastern horizon, an ocean of undulating green hung in a purple ring of sky.

"Yes, it *is* beautiful," she said. "Secretly I had wished that it would not look so well. I even blamed you just a little for wanting to bring me here, but," and she turned laughingly and pushed back the hair from his forehead and kissed him, "now I forgive you."

She sank down upon his knee and he clasped her to him, and returned the kiss with interest. "I knew that you would like it," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "It was here I painted my Persephone, you know; it was that which brought me recognition and—you; why should I not like the place? The daughter of the house here posed for it; you will see her presently and judge for yourself."

"I remember the picture, dear. The look of doom that was in the woman's eyes and face still haunts me."

"Of course that was in part the work of fancy, but certainly the hell of isolation and harsh surroundings had stamped itself upon her. She was not as the others, the coarse, lank bodied, weather beaten people of this region. I have often caught myself thinking of her. I cannot put my impression into words, but in some way she was surely extraordinary."

His wife's exquisite hand was lying loosely in his broad palm, and he looked at it musingly. Clearly strong memories were upon him. Suddenly the white fingers closed upon his hand warningly, and his wife sprang up and drew back toward the window. A form swept across the threshold, and instantly he was upon his feet with extended hands.

"Why—Miss Teaks! Why—why, you are not looking so well as when last I saw you!" he blurted in sheer astonishment.

"Oh, I'm just as well as ever," she said

quietly, as she took his hand. A faint flush of color came into the sallow hollows of her cheeks, and the tiny gold specks in her eyes seemed to spring forward into points of light as she looked into his handsome face. It was as if her heart had overflowed with ineffable joy, but it was only for a moment; then the warm sparkle of her eyes died into a cold glitter as she turned toward the woman by the window.

"Miss Teaks, let me present my wife. Therese, this is Miss Teaks, of whom I have told you so often," said Sumpter.

The young wife unconsciously shrank a little before the gaunt, powerful figure, the coarse hand extended, and the glittering eyes of this daughter of toil and isolation. With a timid look and mounting color she placed the tips of her taper fingers in the outstretched hand, and when they fell away from the meeting the fingers of both women were trembling.

"I—am—glad—to—see — you," faltered Mrs. Sumpter.

"Thank yeh; I'm pleased thet ye've come to see us. Will yeh step out t' breakfus' now?"

"Thank you."

Neither woman had spoken the thing which was in her heart: in one a sudden shock of repulsion and fear, in the other a scorching flame of envy, and wonder at the clothing and bodily loveliness of the other. To the hill girl it was as if a great mirror had flashed before her, in which by contrast she saw for the first time her own appalling lack of beauty. Her blood gave a cold bound, and her heart contracted with pain. As in a revelation she saw why her consuming heart hunger for this man beside her had gone unrecognized. As she turned and led them from the room her eyes had a heated look, and the unhealthy, yellow pallor of her flesh seemed darkened as with congested blood.

In the kitchen they found Mrs. Teaks bustling about, her husband entering fresh from his ablutions at the wash bench on the porch, with Jotham, callow, new washed and combed, but redolent of the stables, leaning his back against the wall with hands behind him, and looking hungrily at the smoking food upon the table. In a moment the husband, a tall, stoop shouldered, awkward man, had Sumpter's white fingers in his grasp.

"Wal, Mister Sumpter, how d' do? I'm 'mazin' glad t' see yeh ergin!" he cried in a high nasal tone. "Y'r lookin' peart es er two year ole! Younger 'n' Jotham I do believe, an' he's scurcely sixteen! An'—an'—shore 'nuf—shore 'nuf—Mis'—an'—an' what mout y'r name be? Oh, pshaw, yaas! Mis' Sumpter! acourse! acourse! Guess I hain't fairly awake yit! Acourse, Mis' Sumpter, acourse," and he wrung the young wife's fingers, bowing his head and scraping his feet in elaborate but awkward ceremony.

"Aaron!" came Mrs. Teaks' voice in warning tone. "Wal, set right up now, folks, an' lay holt while things air hot. Thessy! Thessalonica!"

But the daughter had gone. She was hurrying down the orchard path to the spring at the foot of the hill. She came panting to the shallow pool of crystal and gazed down. Her face looked up to her from the polished surface, behind its somber reflection a background of fleecy clouds lazily drifting in the high ashen sky above her head. For a moment she gazed at her mirrored lineaments, then, with a sudden cry of despair and disgust, dashed her foot into the reflected face, and turned away. At the end of the path stood a rude milk house, built of stone and logs. She stepped down to this, and taking a tin pail from a nail by the door, passed across the orchard toward the pasture bars. The low sun sent long rays of rose through the leaves and mercilessly lit up her lusterless hair and mean apparel; here and there the dew snapped and sparkled its liquid eyes as with fiendish glee, a nesting cat bird flew at her head with snarling cry; the gnarled and twisted apple trees seemed to writhe with ugly laughter and mock at her. The world was hateful. She threw down the bars with noisy clatter and stepped through into the pasture. As the cows came toward her a softer look grew in her face, and as they clustered around her, thrusting out their wet muzzles and licking at her with their rough repulsive tongues, she broke into sudden mellow laughter.

"Thar, Suky, thar! ye'll git onter my feet yit! Jet! Why, yeh little black fool, y'r a-mussin' me all up! Spot! *Spot!* thar, y've knocked th' pail outer my han's! Why, yeh ain't got a lick of manners!" and she laughed aloud as she pushed the clustered heads away and caught up the pail.

"Thar! Sh-s-s-s!" she exclaimed, with odd, dramatic half whisper, with lifted forefinger and sudden gripping together of the pale lips and stretching upward of the strong body. The cattle fell back as if met by a sudden electric wave, drew in their tongues and gazed at her with a glimmer of wonder in their wide, mild eyes. "*Pah!*"

she exclaimed after a moment, and threw out both her hands with a gesture of disgust. "Y'r th' on'y kind of things that ever keered fer me! *And I'm a woman!* Great God!" She stood brooding a little, then suddenly sat down beside one of the elder cows and began swiftly pressing the white fluid from the beast's overburdened udder. The animal fell into a soothed and grateful pose, slowly turning the cud in her great jaws with slightly outstretched neck and half closed, dreamy eyes. The others began nibbling at the grass again. The young woman milked with angry energy, her wrinkled forehead resting against the cow's warm flank, her somber eyes upon the foam that leaped and swirled in the vessel between her knees. A thorny, irritating sense of the blind workings of fortune was sharp at her heart. She could not have put the feeling into speech, but none the less the monstrous enigma of birth and environment was plain to her: for one the silken nest, love, beauty, and ease; for the other a life of coarse toil, ignorance, and a starving heart.

A half hour later Sumpter sprang to the ground from the back porch of the house and looked about him. His eyes shone with pleasure. Everywhere they met with old acquaintances. There was the same big ash hopper back of the garden fence, the same beehives under the scrubby apple trees, with apparently the same bees plying their honeyed traffic; hens nestled their breasts into the ashes as of old, cleansing their feathers in its powder like birds washing in water. He looked up to the sky; it was hung surely with the same long, wimpling curtains of lace. He had a boyish inclination to leap and shout and commit some ridiculous prank of gladness. Was not the smoky city and its unnatural, feverish existence left behind? Had he not reached the chosen ground where he should again paint a great picture? And did he not love? And was he not loved? Surely the world was a fragrant rose and he was at the heart of it! And here was Therese, beautiful vision! tilting forward from the porch edge like a bird making ready to leap out upon sustaining wings, her hands extended, a ripple of laughter on her scarlet lips. He caught her in his arms and swung her to the ground and kissed her. The hill girl, pausing down at the milk house door, looked up and saw it all. To her the very air seemed black.

"And now, sweetheart, for our summer home!" cried Sumpter, leading his young wife back through the garden into a little coronal of oaks that crowned the hill. A log house stood here, erected and once occupied by Mrs. Teaks' eldest son, who, his wife being dead for three years now, had been dulling the edge of his bereavement and appetite against the "licker" of Grigg's Station, while ostensibly conducting a dray at that point.

The spot occupied by the cabin was airy ground, the outlook wide reaching and beautiful. On the east the great map of the plain; to the south seemingly unending marshlands; down the hillside to the west a little river, checked by a rude dam and little sawmill; beyond that wooded ridges swelling into mountains; and all to the northward a tipped and tumbled country of glimmering, half seen lakes and forests banked against the sky. Therese clapped her hands and broke into a laughing song, and Sumpter's face ran over with light.

As eagerly as two children they entered the cabin. It was simply a large room with a fireplace at one end, at the other an old fashioned bed with a cane rod canopy covered with mosquito netting. On the north side were three windows, two of them cut in the wall by Sumpter two summers before; a table, some splint bottom chairs, whitewashed walls, a brown pine ceiling, and all as dry and sweet as mop and broom could make it. Again Therese clapped her hands with delight. Sumpter caught her to him and spun round, crying out with the joyous abandon of a boy let loose from school. When he paused for breath he looked at the bed where he had slept that other summer. It shone as white and inviting as a New England snow bank on a sunny day. There even arose in him the same old inclination to fling himself down upon it and "wallow" as in those early days. Here in this room Thess had posed for his Persephone, and here—it seemed a pity he could not know—more than once in after time she had knelt by the bed and wet its pillows with her tears, begging God to send again to her the man she loved. How often at night she had sat upon the door sill here and looked up to the swarming stars and wondered where he was; how lonely the voices of frogs and insects had made the hours, how infinitely sorrowful the winds breathing through the trees! Now he had come, a sword dividing her heart in bitterness!

After a time the two young people went back to the house, and, assisted by the callow Jotham, brought their luggage to the cabin. By noon the place had a very comfortable air. Skin rugs from Sumpter's St.

Louis studio were spread upon the floor, old tapestries hung upon the walls, here and there an oil or sepia, a couple of screens painted by Therese, a guitar in the corner, books, palettes, brushes, and pigments on the table, while at the door the sunshine, falling through a trembling sieve of leaves, showered gold drops on the threshold.

They spent a delightful afternoon sketching under the trees, and that evening, accompanied by Thess, they went down the hillside to the slothful little river, and, seating themselves in Jotham's fishing boat, pulled slowly up the stream. Sumpter was at the oars, his young wife in the stern with her guitar upon her lap, and the daughter of their host in the prow. For a little way they passed forward almost in silence, listening to the myriad humming voices of the night. The waters of the dam slipped like a glistening body of black oil beneath them, until turning a point they came into a long moonlit stretch, ending in shadowy marshland.

"Sing with me, will you not, Therese?" said Sumpter.

Almost immediately their blended voices rose in tender harmony. Obviously they had sung together many times. Thess sat in the prow, quiet and dark, but ere long with unseen tear drops slipping down her cheeks. To her starved soul it was the breaking of ambrosial bread; yet in the sweetness what a pain!

"Did you like it?" asked Sumpter, with boyish frankness.

"Yes," said Thess. The word came faintly; her throat seemed to close upon it achingly.

"Ah, the indorsement was scarcely strong enough. We shall have to try again. Will you not join us with the alto, Miss Thess? We will sing 'Annie Laurie'; that is easy."

He only saw her shake her head in response. After the plaintive old song had died away he let the boat drift. They were amid the pools of the marsh now, and a slow wind was blowing across the open spaces, striking a faint music from the wide harp of the rushes, and moving the steely waters in among the wild rice and spatterdock to sounds like the lapping of a hound. From the distant thickets came the lonely call of whippoorwills, and from near and far the pulsing minstrelsy of the frogs.

"Oh, here is the little island where Kane and I built our fire when fishing two years ago!" cried the artist, catching up the oars and driving the clumsy craft forward. "I shall never forget the reds and blues of the flames reflected in the water. I should like to see it again, and I know you would think it beautiful."

After a moment they landed. For the most part the young women were silent, only putting forward a perfunctory remark now and then, with Therese calling out once in a while some exclamation of appreciation. Near the water's edge, on that side of the tiny island brushed by the river, they found a pile of driftwood thrown up like a great heap of dry bones. With ejaculations of pleasure Sumpter fell to work and soon had it ignited. For a little time they gazed at the beautiful chemistry of fire, stilled by that restful, trance-like spell which it engenders when one stands before it at night. Soon the flames were leaping a dozen feet high, and they turned to watch the marvelous pictures painted upon the mirror of the river and the pools.

"Persephone fleeing from Hades! Ah, here is the picture!" exclaimed Sumpter. "Thess—Miss Teaks, you stand here, your eyes turned back in terror over your shoulder, your hair streaming, your body leaning forward as in flight; behind you the leaping flames, before you the impassable Styx gleaming red and blue with the reflected fires, and everywhere blotches of darkness and flames curling and writhing in the pools! Gods, what a picture!" He was beside himself with the fantasy. "Please stand so, Miss Thess!" He seized her almost roughly by the shoulders to place her in the pose.

"Look!" suddenly gasped Therese, pointing at the fire, her whole face flashing ghastly with horror. "*Look! Look!*"

Thess turned her head, and with a smothered exclamation, sprang aside. A big rattlesnake seemed to shoot out of the very flames, glistening, hideous, its coffin shaped head uplifted, its red eyes aglitter with rage and fear. For an instant Sumpter seemed to see it only as a part of the awful picture in his mind, then with a cry of horror he leaped back, his hands uplifted, his eyes wide with fear. Almost as the cry left his lips the serpent flashed into a coil before Therese; another step backward and she would be in the river. She seemed transfixed for the moment with the extremity of her peril. For an instant the snake drew its curved neck back upon the quivering rings of its body, then, with open jaws, shot forward. In the same breath Thess sprang upon it. She seemed to sweep over and envelop it. When she turned she held the awful thing up to view, her long fingers gripped about its neck. With an indescribable cry of repulsion, she whirled

around and flung the writhing serpent into the fire. Sumpter stood gasping and clutching at his throat like one half drowned, and stared at the frightful vision of the snake turning and lashing in the flames, while Thess leaned forward with eyes gleaming like an infuriate tiger's, her face blue white with horror.

When Sumpter turned to his bride she lay in an unconscious heap upon the ground. With a low cry he sprang to her side and took her up in his arms, straining his eyes upon her pallid face as one might upon the lineaments of a dying child. He then placed her gently down, and hastily scooping up water in his trembling hands, began bathing her temples, calling her many endearing names. Thess stood by the fire, her right hand clutching the wrist of the left, and looked at the couple as if somehow the scene were part of a dream. She did not speak or come near them, and when Sumpter, half crazed with apprehension, caught his wife up and all but ran to the boat with her, the girl stood looking toward them, in her eyes a dumb, painful stare.

When Sumpter had laid his unconscious burden in the stern, and taken up the oars, he called to Thess, and she came like one in a trance and sat down in the prow, her left wrist still held hard in the grip of her right hand. Sumpter quickly turned the boat about and sent it down the river with nervous, powerful strokes. In ten minutes the little craft shot in against the shore near the ruined mill. He lifted the swooning woman out and looked up the wooded hill; it was a quarter of a mile to the house; he was laboring for breath; could he carry her so far?

"We need liquor of some kind," he gasped hoarsely. "My God, if she should die!"

"I'll fetch some," said Thess thickly. She pitched forward out of the boat and fell upon her knees, groping before with her hands as if she were blind.

Sumpter looked at her an instant oddly. "Hurry then, Miss Teaks!" he panted. "Send your father with the spirits! Tell him in God's name to come quickly!"

He sank down and drew the head of his unconscious wife against his breast. Into the opening by the water the moonlight fell and dwelt upon the white face; it was like a lily. He kissed it again and again, calling his fear and tenderness into unheeding ears. The hill girl got to her feet, and pressing her hands against her temples, looked down upon them a moment, then went wavering up the hill through the gloom of the basswoods and oaks. She was like one drunk; all her senses seemed steeped in a kind of numbing torpor. Twice she fell, the last time across the kitchen threshold. Her mother sat in the light of a candle, knitting, and smoking a pipe; the father was in a chair tipped back against the wall, lazily scraping a tune from a fiddle.

"Thessy!" cried the mother, in consternation.

The girl struggled up and stood erect. "I—jus'—stumbled," she said slowly. "I—was—runnin'; that's all. Pap—take—the whisky an' go down to—the—dam; his wife's fainted; he's feared she's goin' t' die. Yeh—best—yeh best t' hurry!"

The man threw down the fiddle, caught a bottle from the cupboard, and ran out at the door. The girl staggered to a chair and dropped upon it, her great eyes burning, her fingers twisted together across her heart, a sweat of agony trickling down her face. "I—got—bit; it was a rattlesnake, mother," she labored out. "I'm dizzy, an' —an'—I'm chokin'."

The mother screamed and sprang toward the door, but Thess leaped up and caught her by the arm. "Yeh let pap go!" she said fiercely, then suddenly reeled and sank against the older woman. "Help—me—t' th' front room, mother. I—I—want t' lay down on th' bed," she muttered. Her head drooped to her mother's shoulder, and they passed with swaying, uncertain steps through the door.

The daughter sank upon the white bed, shivered, and began rolling her head from side to side. The mother flew out to the root house cellar, and, finding a jug of spirits there, turned some of the fiery stuff into a cup, quaking as with an ague. In burning haste she brought it in to Thess.

"No, mother," said the girl, "I'd ruther not take it. I don't want t' go drunk into —into th' nex' worl'."

"My God, Thessalonica, ain't yeh goin' t' drink it?" cried the mother, staring at her in horror.

"No, it's no use; th' pizen's gone t' my heart, mother, with—with somethin' else that's worse. I don't—keer—now. I'm done; on'y—on'y don't mind nothin' hard that I've ever said or done. Bring me a drink of water from th' spring, mother, an' don't—don't let them see me die."

She lay through the night, her teeth set, her hands knotted together, slowly burning up in flames of poison, but with scarcely a moan or visible struggle. Jotham had gone to Grigg's Station for a physician. Near

midnight Sumpter left Therese sleeping in the little cabin and came down to the house. He was only then aware of the whole truth. When he stood by the bed the girl looked at his handsome face for a little time, a strange light mingling with the agony in her eyes. "Please don't—don't stay," she whispered, and he passed out and came under the stars and looked up to the shining constellations with swimming eyes, and a new and lasting wonder in his heart.

Until the yellow glory of morning came again upon the hills, he walked to and fro in the night, marveling at woman's love and the saving greatness of it. When he came again reverently to the threshold, they told him that the strong, bitter soul had gone forth, and he bowed his head, knowing that, however enviable to human eyes his lot might seem, it was girt in with toil and the narrow bounds of one dim sphere, while hers was the sunshine and freedom of all worlds.

Alvah Milton Kerr.

LOVE'S TRANSLATOR.

When the white moon divides the mist
My longing eyes believe
'T is the white arm my lips have kissed
Flashing from thy sleeve.

And when the tall, white lily sways
Upon her queenly stalk,
Thy white form fills my dreaming gaze
Down the garden walk.

When, rich with rose, a wandering air
Breathes up the leafy place,
It seems to me thy perfumed hair
Blown across my face.

And when the thrush's golden note
Across the gloom is heard,
I think 't is thy impassioned throat
Uttering one sweet word.

And when the scarlet poppy bud
Breaks, breathing of the south,
A sudden warmth awakes my blood,
Thinking of thy mouth.

And when the dove's wing dips in flight
Above the dreaming land,
I see some dear, remembered, white
Gesture of thy hand.

Wonder and love upon me wait
In service fair, when I
Into thy sweetness thus translate
Earth and air and sky.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

STORIETTES

A REVERIE.

HASTINGS—DE VERE —Dec. 28, by the Rev. Henry Abbot, Charles Langdon Hastings to Ethel De Vere, daughter of the late Morgan De Vere.

As I read the above in the *Post*, I could hardly suppress an involuntary start. So it was all over, then! Ethel De Vere was married at last.

I had seen a good deal of her since we met at the Junior Prom., way back in '88. She was only seventeen then, and barely out, but she somehow made a decided impression upon me, which proved to be more lasting than most of the impressions which college youths receive during the course of their education. I immediately proceeded to cultivate her brother, a good little fellow in the sophomore class, who, you may be sure, responded gratefully to the advances of a junior. Well, through him I soon grew to know her well, and for the next three years I was never really happy out of her sight. Almost from the first, I think, it was tacitly understood between us that we should some day marry, although no word of love had as yet passed my lips.

Well, to cut a long story short, in the course of time we became formally engaged, and, having waited so long, we set an early date for the event. That time seems years ago, and why the reading of that marriage notice should have set me to musing on the past I do not know. I cannot help thinking of what might have been. I conjure up a vision of handsome bachelor apartments, a horse and road wagon, good dinners at the club—all of which could be had more readily than even a moderate home with a wife; no one to say, "Come home early," freedom to admire any woman one pleased, and the general independence that is the ofttimes unappreciated joy of unmarried men——

But stop! All this is gone forever now, and even to think about it seems more or less criminal in a man who has been but two days wed, and who is reading his own marriage notice in the morning paper.

George Thorne Hill, Jr.

THREE LETTERS.

THERE are three of them, and for months I have been wondering which I should take—wondering and trying to decide. Now their three letters have come together.

The first is a man rich in the world's goods, smiled upon by society; but he is old, and nature has not been kind to him. He is pleasant, entertaining, witty, yet always repulsive to me; why, I cannot tell, but the repulsion is there. His letter is short and businesslike. Can I choose him? Would it be right, just to myself or to him? Oh, to go through the long, strong life before me with this man whose presence I can scarcely endure! He can give me riches, everything of which I now so keenly feel the need. Yet, can I? Can I perjure my soul and sell myself for a few years of luxury? Mine must be a poor heart to feel the temptation for a moment! I put the letter aside with something like indignation.

The next? I feel my heart warm as I take it up. The writer is a boy, little older than myself, but such a dear, pleasant boy! I do love him in a motherly, pitying sort of way; for while he has wealth and everything that money can buy, he is already in the early stages of consumption, and has but a few years to live. His letter is little more than a despairing note. He does not want my pity but my love. Ah, Frank, I'm sorry, so sorry, dear—but how can I give you that when it was long ago given to some one else? The tears will come to my eyes as I take up the last of my letters with a glad heart throb.

Harry—oh, my life! Alas! It is only a short, friendly note, telling me of his engagement to a girl away there in the West, and asking for my good wishes. I have always been his truest, best friend, he says; have always helped him by my confidence. Alice, too, appreciates my kindness, and wants me to be the very first to know of their new and great happiness.

Good wishes? Ah, yes—my best. It is hard—but only one more sorrow—one more regret! Alas, that so much love should be given in vain! I look at my three letters—each one of which might have brought joy to some other woman; then I put them carefully aside and with a sigh I turn away to take up my lonely, plodding life again.

Mabel Margaret Thompson.

THE HIGH BACKED CHAIR AND THE BLUE WOOL DOG.

SUCH a foolish tale!

Just about a high backed revolving chair in a bookkeeper's office.

The bookkeeper lived in an exclusive little den, separated from the main office by a grating, painted silver, with a window in it, at which the men used to stop and talk, for the bookkeeper was popular. He had his desk and his chair in there, and was very happy and comfortable indeed, for his back was to the window in the grating, and if he did not want to talk, he pretended to himself that he had some fearful, knotty account to wrestle with, and kept very quiet, and the back of his chair was so high that no one would imagine he was

there, for he could not be seen at all from the outside.

The bookkeeper always went away on Thursday afternoon, so the chair and the den were vacant, and then She used to come out of her office, leaving the noisy typewriter to have a rest, and slip into the big chair to do some reviewing She always had on Thursday afternoon.

And it was just because She sat there one particular Thursday afternoon last month that this exceedingly veracious narrative comes to be written.

It was raining, and She was feeling lazy, so She hurried through her reviews, and sat there, doing nothing but just gazing at the blue wool dog with dark red eyes on which the bookkeeper wiped his pen, and which he regarded as being quite the happiest artistic product of the nineteenth century.

So She was sitting there, her thoughts converging towards a very interesting objective point, when the outside door opened and closed with a bang, and He came in. She could always tell when He came in; He jumped the last two steps and gave the door a swing which made it close after him with a hair raising bang—but He didn't care.

There was that fearful bang now. All at once, She thought of something which made her give the blue wool dog such a squeeze that some cotton wool blood dripped appealingly from his left paw; then She put one of the bookkeeper's cough drops in her mouth, tucked in her sleeves, touched her knot of hair to make sure that it did not show over the top of the chair, and then She sat extremely still, and waited.

Very soon, He came along to the window in the grating, and vouchsafed, "Are you there, Scott?" for you remember that, when the chair was turned around to the desk, no one could see who was in it.

"Yes, I'm here," came a hoarse and muffled voice from within.

"Well, turn around, won't you? I want to talk to you."

"I don't want to turn around," said the Voice crossly; "I've got a cold, and a sore throat, and the light hurts my eyes, and I have a cough drop in my mouth; if you want to talk, go ahead, and I'll listen."

There was a little pause, and the owner of the Voice squeezed the blue wool dog until he really should have howled, but he was a long suffering dog, and then He said listlessly,

"Rotten weather!"

"Y—yes."

"Many of the men in today?"

"Quite a few."

"Well"—a brief sigh—"I guess I'll have to finish that confounded report." The sound of retreating footsteps, a short and undecided shuffle, and then—

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"Did—did she wear those violets I left for her this morning?"

"Yes."

"She didn't say anything about them, did she?"

"No," snapped the Voice; "what'd you expect her to say?"

"Oh, nothing"—dejectedly; a pause. "Is she in her office?"

The chair creaked a little, and then the Voice said "No," as the prelude to a hacking cough.

"Oh, does she go home early now on Thursday? She told me——"

No reply but the rattling of the cough drop box.

"Scott!"

"Well?"

"You said she didn't say anything about the violets?"

"Yes."

"Didn't say she liked them, or—or—anything?"

"No."

Another pause.

"I say, Scott"—a short but agonized scuffle—"do you—I mean—yes, do you—hang it all, do you think she cares for me at all?"

The chair creaked again, as though the occupant thereof had started violently, and then the Voice muttered unsteadily, "How should I know?"

"Well," He said humbly, "she talks to you more than to any one else, and I thought maybe——"

"And you thought maybe she discussed her feelings with the office staff!" interrupted the Voice, full of hoarse, indignant scorn.

"Oh, no! Not that!" He exclaimed, noting, in the midst of his perplexity, what a peculiar ring there was to Scott's voice, even with a cold. "You know I don't mean that—Scott!"

"Well?"

"Will you turn around so that I can talk to you?"

"No."

"Well, if you won't, you won't. But I'll talk all the same—I can't stand it any longer. I tell you, it's awful; you've been through the mill, Scott—you ought to know what it is to think of a girl all day, and dream of her all night"—here the chair creaked outrageously—"to put away every dollar with the hope that she'll share it with you some day, and then go blow in almost all you have when it strikes you what a jay you are to think of it at all. Perhaps you know what it is to eat your dinner in the confounded restaurant, thinking all the time that if you only had the courage to speak, she might be smiling at you across a table of your own, with a soft light, and flowers, and all that, you know"—if he had not known Scott abhorred perfumes, he could have sworn to a whiff of wood violet, as a handkerchief was raised to stifle the very troublesome cough at this juncture—"and to loaf around your room or some silly show at night, trying not to remember that, if you were only the kind of a fellow she could like a little, you could be sitting by a cozy hearth, with the firelight shining

on her hair—I can just imagine how it would shine on her hair, Scott!" Here the handkerchief was raised again, and remained raised, but the cough was not apparent, so He continued, "I don't know why I'm letting out on you like this, Scott, but I've got to talk to some one, and you're the only one I know who won't laugh at me for being a crazy fool; it's driving me wild, and half the time I think that perhaps she cares for Myers! Scott!"

"Well?"

"Do you think that she could care for me a little?"

"Yes," said the Voice tremulously, but judiciously; "I do!"

"Jove! You do! Say! Don't fool with me, Scott; what makes you think so?"

The December dusk had fallen long since, and the great office was very still, save for the splashing of the rain against the windows, and quite deserted except for the office boy away down at the other end.

"Scott, for Heaven's sake tell me what makes you think so?" He asked, even more eagerly than before.

And then the office chair swung slowly around, disclosing the bookkeeper's blue wool dog, with white cotton wounds all over his portly person, held in front of a very crimson and tear stained face.

"Well—because——" faltered the Voice, very low and sweet now.

And then He understood, and, after a delirious half second to himself, He leaned—well, He leaned a shocking distance through the grating, but the office boy was cross eyed, and you couldn't tell which way he might be looking at any given moment.

The bookkeeper's new dog is lavender, with a green embroidered tail.

Schuyler King.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

SIDE by side up the mountain called Life walked Youth and Old Age. Agile limbs, restless power, and bright eyes, through which shone Ambition, marked Youth. Old Age had bended shoulders, snow white hair, and love laden eyes, beneath which lay the gentle spirit of Content.

"Nay," cried Youth, pushing eagerly forward, careless of torn garments or bleeding flesh, "I have no need of Love."

"Not now, perhaps," returned Old Age softly, "but when the way grows drear, and the cold blasts sweep down the mountain side, then pray that Love will come."

"Nay," Youth repeated, brushing aside the closely growing branches, "I need not Love. See, I am strong. I am sufficient unto myself. I wish no aid."

On that mountain called Life leaves speak with each other, and as Youth and Old Age journeyed beneath, they said:

"Love laughs at power; for Love is power. Love smiles with youth; for Love is youth eternal."

The eyes of Old Age glistened at the murmured message, and new energy came into the bowed form. But eager Youth pressed on unheeding. At each step the road grew more and more steep, and the thicket of underbrush through which they must needs pass—for the mountain called Life has strange pathways—more dense. Old Age never faltered; but with head erect and eyes gazing onward he followed Love's behest, for Love ever guided him on. And thus the milestones, made of the years, were passed.

Sometimes Youth stumbled; the sharp stones cut his feet; the briars tore his fair flesh; and the cold wind chilled his blood. But Ambition, that selfish, fair faced, exacting, soulless one, looking through Youth's eyes, said:

"Never fear; the pathway will soon grow smooth and straight."

So Youth pressed on, only to stumble more often, and each time to rise with less strength than before. Maddened by the delay, he hastened blindly on where the stones were more sharp, the briars more dense, and the wind more piercing. His eyes, through which Ambition gazed, were strained and hard, and saw not the easy ascent of Old Age, with whom walked Love, smoothing the pathway up the mountain called Life.

Again and again Youth fell, worn and weary. Again and again Youth rose, torn and bleeding and sick at heart. At last, his eyes moist with discouraged, half shed tears, while the warm blood oozed from hands and feet upon the pathway, he halted, and gazed beyond. There shone the goal of Youth's desire, to which Ambition had ever spurred him on; but the luster had faded, and there it stood, shorn of all its glory. Then, while he caught a glimpse of the half way mile post of the years of the journey up the mountain called Life, there was born a mighty longing, greater than all words, for the possession of that which so blessed Old Age, but which Youth had never found.

Within the heart of Youth the longing grew so that the sharp rocks as they cut the bruised flesh were forgotten; the thorns that tore the upturned face were unheeded, and the chilling cold of the mountain wind unfelt. And then, pausing a moment in the very weariness of his long and toilsome quest, Youth questioned Old Age:

"What is that which I so desire, yet know not?"

And Old Age answered but one word:

"Love."

Ambition at the sound quivered and slunk affrighted from Youth's eyes; for with Youth there is no place for Love and Ambition; they two do not agree.

And Youth answered, "Nay," but the word was softly whispered, for Hope had but then touched the heart of Youth.

But at that moment Love came. Gone was the pain, the weariness, the longing, for Love had come, and walked with Youth.

And behind the soft eyes of Youth lay Content.

Laisdell Mitchell.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

PADEREWSKI'S SUCCESS.

It has been said that Paderewski refused to come to America last season because there had been such enthusiasm over his work in the two previous seasons that he feared to return to us until he could surpass himself. This difficult task he has achieved. There is no instrument that is less kindly received in a concert than a piano. Audiences that thoroughly understand a singing voice will weary of classical music on the ivory keys. In spite of this, Paderewski has surpassed every other musician who ever came here, both as a financial and as an artistic success.

There seems to be something in the nature of the Pole which can mold music. Chopin was a Pole; Tausig was a Pole. Paderewski plays more and more Chopin, and there appears to be an affinity between the composer and his interpreter.

Paderewski's father was a Polish patriot, and in 1863 he was banished to Siberia. After many years he was allowed to return, and his broken spirit is another of the burdens the young musician has had to carry.

Like most of his countrymen, Paderewski is said to be very superstitious, and to consider that if an undertaking is talked of before it is completed, it is doomed. He will allow no one to speak of his new opera in his hearing. Those of his friends who have heard it declare that it will be so great that his fame as a pianist will be overshadowed.

THE SEIDL SOCIETY NO MORE.

A great many people who have known nothing about the Seidl Society in Brooklyn have looked forward to summer and the Seidl concerts at Brighton Beach. This year they will look in vain, so far as Seidl is concerned.

The society is six years old, and it has done more to make good music popular than any other organization in this country. It is called the Symphony Society now, and for the present Mr. Theodore Thomas is its leader, Mr. Seidl having found that his work at the Metropolitan takes all his time. It is to be hoped that when Theodore Thomas comes back to New York he will make up his mind to remain. He is a musician who continually keeps ahead of the world, who grows stronger year by year. He knew and appreciated Wagner when to admire him was to brave the scorn of the orthodox school. He returns to a city which remembers only that he was its favorite conductor, and which is ready to welcome him back.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

There are a great many superstitions concerning musicians and their ways. People are constantly expecting them to be different from other people, and some imaginative biographers have given food for romantic ideas. Paderewski has so often been described as pale and sorrowful of aspect, that he is supposed by those who have never seen him to be a glorified *Bunthorne* with a halo of misty golden hair. If he could be seen tensely playing billiards—he is one of the best amateurs of the cue—the impression of melancholy would vanish away. He is quick, alert, and vivacious. His "long, delicate hands" are short and square, full of muscle, as they are required to be to get through the hard work he gives them. He walks four hours a day, and practises four more.

Theodore Thomas is another well known man who is the essence of practicality. He drills his orchestra as though it were an army, and subordinates everything to his sense of proportion. When he gives a concert it is entirely a thing of science, an illustration of some school of music. He looks like a prosperous banker or business man, and he goes about his work in the same way.

THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

The New York Manuscript Society, comprising both men and women, is one of the most interesting clubs in the metropolis. It was organized in 1889 by four young men who came together to play their compositions to one another and ask for mutual criticisms. It has grown and prospered, and this year has opened handsome club rooms in the center of the city. It holds six private meetings and four public concerts a year.

The society not only gathers the manuscripts of its own members, but is rapidly collecting a library made up of the originals of the work of the most famous musicians. It is the one club of the kind in which women stand on precisely the same footing as men, and they take full advantage of it. There is scarcely a meeting without something on the program from a woman member.

An orchestra led by some such man as Anton Seidl or Walter Damrosch plays the music, or it is sung by well known voices. There is a dining room in the club house, and it said to be no unusual thing to see some artist hurriedly rise from the table, in the midst of a heated discussion, and illustrate his point on the piano which always stands at the end of the room. Mr. Gerrit Smith is president. The membership, which numbers a thousand, is entirely filled.

BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE."

The tour of Mr. Abbey's opera company will carry at least one novelty into the Western cities in Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele," of the revival of which we spoke in the January number. Not since the days of Campanini had the opera been heard in New York until this season,

when Calvé, Cremonini, and Édouard de Reszke sang it to a thoroughly appreciative house.

Campanini was an old friend of Boito's, and thoroughly understood his ideas, his conception of the opera. It was he who first made it known in Italy and England. But for all that, the opera has been more appreciated in the year '96 than it was in '81. It is essentially "of the future"—intellectual, philosophical. We seem to be a trifle nearer "the future" than we were fifteen years ago. The story of *Faust* had already been told by Gounod, and when Boito took up the tale he had only *Mephistopheles* left. He made a succession of pictures which are not very clear, or would not be clear if the story were less understood.

We have grown accustomed to successes from Calvé. She is a great artist, not only as a singer, but as an actress. She delicately indicates the finest phases of the heroine's character. She is repressed, sensitive in her emotion. Édouard de Reszke was, as usual, magnificent in the title rôle.

A JAVANESE PIANIST.

We have an Australian prima donna at the opera, and a Javanese pianist delighting us at recitals. Mlle. Marie Geselchap, who has played here with the Boston Symphony and with Seidl's orchestra, after a remarkable London début, was born in Java. Her father, a Hollander of great wealth and studious tastes, spent several years in the east studying oriental languages. When Marie was ten he returned to Europe, where his daughters were educated. Reverses came, investments in Java failed, and the young girls, who had been brought up in luxury, were thrown on the world. Their mother fully realized her daughter's musical talent, but would not consent to her taking up a public career. She preferred to have her study for the government examinations. Xaver Scharwenka heard her play, and gave her instruction, but with no hope that the brilliant pupil would ever be allowed to make a public appearance. But one day an offer came to go to Copenhagen to play, and Marie went secretly. It was a secret which her success made it impossible to keep. She played in Berlin, and then her relations set about hiding her light under the bushel again. She literally ran away, and sought refuge with friends in America. Her success here has been all that she could desire.

MATERNA HERE AGAIN.

Materna, who was Wagner's ideal heroine as *Isolde*, *Elizabeth*, and *Ortrud*, is again in America, making a concert tour.

In some respects, no other prima donna has had Materna's advantages. She sat under the great master in his creative period; he taught her not only how to sing his music, but why it was to be sung in a certain fashion; he took her into the secrets of his mind, and added much to the certainty, the force, the dramatic quality, that make her the great singer she is. Naturally, most of her music is Wagnerian. She will sing in the Western cities, as far as San Francisco, and will be in New York again late in the spring for only one performance. When she was here in opera, she created the Wagnerian heroines for us, and she will find many of her old friends to welcome her.

THE FAD IN MUSIC.

The works of the Russian Tschaikowsky, who died in St. Petersburg in November, 1893, are the musical fad of the moment. His songs are heard from all the fashionable music rooms, and his wild airs are rippling from every piano. His music is moody, full of brilliancy, of minor chords, of startling and poetic effects. His vogue in Europe, which was transplanted over here, is in great measure owing to the devotion and loyalty of his friend Leopold Auer. Auer is a famous violinist, who considers Tschaikowsky the finest composer of this generation. In his concerts he plays nothing but the music of his friend.

STILL ANOTHER VIOLINIST.

Nowadays, since America is too busy to go to the mountain peaks of the European world of art, the mountain peaks most obligingly migrate en masse to America. The Old World has been almost left bare of its musical and dramatic lights this winter. To catalogue the Metropolitan opera troupe, the Damrosch German company, and to add Paderewski, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, John Hare, Julia Neilson, Olga Nethersole, Bernhardt, Duse, Yvette Guilbert, Albert Chevalier, and the violinists, Thomson, Rivarde, Marsick, Ondricek, and finally Sauret, is to understand what a vast part these United States really play in other affairs than commercial.

And yet isn't there something of the commercial in the transaction? Not on our part, indeed; we are actuated by the purest desire to hear and see the best masters of every art; but on the part of these very foreigners who have made Yankee greed for money a proverb to hide their own sordid traits. They talk mightily, while they are on our mercies, of our excellently critical and intelligent audiences—or at least their press agents do; but they go back to their own homes to empty their shekel baskets. When safely beyond the Atlantic, not a few of them have habitually declared that the Americans have eyes for nothing but the almighty dollar, and that they swallow without question every European art opinion.

Such an allegation is utterly obsolete. We have abundantly proved that if we know how to make the dollar, we also know how to spend it; and numerous financial wrecks of hopeful foreign troupes are testimony to the fact that we have a mind of our own.

The last candidate for the favor of the amiable American eagle is Émile Sauret, a Frenchman from London. He has been here before, a good many years ago. He made his first tour in 1872, and it was successful enough to draw three encores, the voyages of

1874, '75, and '77. The last time he was a member of the troupe containing Adelina Patti's unfortunate sister, Carlotta, the tenor Mario, and Ronconi.

Sauret's first school was the conservatory at Strasburg, which he entered at the precocious age of six. At nine he was a concert performer, winning royal compliments. He has been a pupil of two of the first violinists of the century—Vieuxtemps and de Bériot. He owns a magnificent Stradivarius, and since he last visited America he has played with success in almost all the important cities of Europe. For the past five years he has been a professor at the Royal College of Music in London.

It is noteworthy that he is so courageous—or shall we say so foolhardy?—as to imperil his popularity with American femininity by wearing hair of no more than the ordinary masculine length.

THE NEW JOSEF HOFMANN.

A year or two ago people who are continually carping at the Gerry Society told astonishing stories of the ruin of the talent of Josef Hofmann. It will be remembered that the boy musician was taken from the stage by the instrumentality of Mr. Gerry, who believed that the child would be ruined in health and talent if he were allowed to keep up his work. As the society's jurisdiction does not extend outside of New York, he paid Josef's father a large sum to retire him from the stage until he was grown. A year or two ago the story was brought over that this had been the boy's ruin. He was described as having lost all his brilliance, and become stupid, sulky, ambitionless, and mediocre. It was said that the incentive to art was removed when he was taken from his loved public.

These stories have all been proven false. As a young man, Hofmann does all that the boy promised to do. He has recently had a tremendous success in Russia. At his second performance in St. Petersburg over four thousand roubles' worth of tickets was sold in four hours.

THE BICENTENARY OF PURCELL.

In England they are glorifying the name of Purcell as one who has never been fully appreciated until our own day, although he has been dead two hundred years. Handel's biographers have shown how great was his debt to Purcell, the tone poet, the great organist of his day, and the founder of dramatic music in England.

Purcell was a Londoner, and was born in 1658, of a musical family. He was twelve years old, and a chorister in the Chapel Royal, when he composed an ode for Charles II's birthday. He was still a boy when he was appointed "composer in ordinary to the king," and began to write the music for Dryden's and Shadwell's operas, and for the tragedies of Mrs. Aphra Behn. On the death of Queen Mary, in 1694, he composed his famous anthems, "Blessed Is the Man That Feareth the Lord," and "Thou Knowest, Lord, the Secrets of Our Hearts." This was Purcell's own death song, for he died, at the height of his reputation, in the following year. Dryden, who was then poet laureate, wrote a lament for his friend:

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky;
They handed him along.
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot.

Purcell antedated Wagner with the idea of setting dramas to music, instead of writing librettos for a series of catchy melodies. While his operas are never produced now, some of the songs in them are still popular, ringing with the fullness of perpetual modernity. The latter day revival of his fame has been brought about by the Purcell Club, which some enthusiastic admirers founded in London, about twenty years ago, their purpose being to publish and popularize the work of their favorite composer.

A NEW VIOLINIST.

A young Russian named Alexander Petschnikoff is arousing all musical Berlin. It was supposed that the German capital was sated with the violin, but Petschnikoff, who is a mere boy, is said to do for that instrument what Paderewski has done for the piano. Crowds flock to hear him, he is invited to great houses, is applauded by the most cynical critics, and is making a fortune. He was born a beggar, and his story reads like some hackneyed romance. In his childhood he was befriended by a wealthy Russian family, and educated at the Moscow Conservatory. All of his work was done away from the great art centers. He had the isolation that fosters real genius. In personal appearance he is said to be commonplace, stupid, vulgar looking, without any characteristic to make him interesting. But he is fashionable, and must have personality beside an ability to play the violin. Ferdinand Laub's old Cremona, one of the famous instruments of the world, has been presented to him by an admirer.

THE WIDOW OF CARL TAUSIG.

Musicians appear to attract romance. Carl Tausig's widow still lives, and tells her adventures, in Berlin. For years she accompanied her husband's concert tours, but finally was divorced from him. She never speaks of him as her husband, but always as the great musician whose fame could not be touched by small things. She ignored the frenzy which sometimes amounted almost to insanity in his later years. One day, when he was walking the floor, composing, the family cat arose and arched its back before him. It was an interruption he could not stand. Something must have given way in his brain, for he picked the animal up and threw it into the fire. He wept over its ashes afterward, and lamented his cru-

elty, but his wife found it safer to live out of his vicinity.

Mme. Tausig was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman, and was betrothed to a count. Rubinstein played before some of her family, and she heard him. She broke her engagement, and resolved to devote her life to music. Today, concert pianists who wish for suggestions, consult Mme. Tausig. Her taste is considered infallible.

WAGNER IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

Signor Mancinelli, whose loss we should have felt much more keenly if Anton Seidl had not taken his baton to the Metropolitan Opera House this season, has been spending the winter in teaching his countrymen that Wagner was a great artist. The first performance of the "Walküre," at the San Carlo was the most disgraceful and dismal of fiascos. Men rose and hissed the music, disturbing the entire performance. But since then the Neapolitans have learned new ideas. On the second occasion, some disturbers began their former tumult. The pit and the boxes arose and applauded with all their might, expressing their entire approval and appreciation of the opera, and asking that the disturbers be turned out. At the end of every act Mancinelli was called before the curtain. The same story has been told in Paris, where Wagner, from being a dead failure, has come to be the success of the Parisian opera season, dividing laurels with but one composer—the Italian Verdi.

It is a mistake that is generally made to suppose that the common people of Italy appreciate music more than the people of any other country. Italy has just seventeen opera houses, while Germany has more than seventy. In the latter country, the best music may be heard in every garden where the people gather together. They have nothing which corresponds to our popular music. German opera houses keep open for ten months in the year, while in Italy there is an opera season shorter than that in the United States, merely a part of the festival of carnival time. This year, five of the Italian opera houses opened with Wagnerian music.

Mascagni, who was only accepted the other day as the leading spirit in "new Italy" from a musical point of view, is said to have almost dropped out of the operatic field. He has become instructor at one of the conservatories.

A MAKER OF PRIMA DONNAS.

Mme. Marchesi, the singer who has trained so many of our countrywomen for the operatic stage, says that one of the most difficult things she has to contend with is the American girl's lack of general culture. The pupil who has a musical talent and a voice realizes her gift, and if she is ambitious to make the most of it devotes all her time to the study of music and to practice, slurring everything else. Consequently, when she goes to be prepared for the stage, to learn operas, she shows an appalling ignorance. Often she goes to Paris without knowing one word of French. She has years of work before her. The performance of an opera depends upon many things beside a knowledge of music and a voice to sing with. The score must be understood and interpreted intelligently, and this can only be done by a cultivated, appreciative woman.

Mme. Marchesi has long been the best known and most successful teacher of singing in Paris. She conducts classes for about six hours every day, besides giving private lessons. Her house is in the Rue Jouffroy, near the studios of some of the great artists, and the homes of some of the great singers. Frances Saville who has made such a brilliant appearance in America this winter, lives near her teacher.

It has been said that if a pupil can sing successfully before Marchesi, she can sing anywhere unabashed. The teacher's drawing room is fitted up with a platform on which the singer stands. She is assisted by one of the accompanists from the Grand Opéra. The classes are divided into five, devoted to the formation of the voice, two stages of concert singing, French and Italian opera.

"THE WIZARD OF THE NILE."

The opera by Herbert and Smith, which has been so popular in New York during the present season, is going abroad. Pol Plançon heard it, and was so much delighted with it, and believed so substantially in its success, that he has purchased the right to produce it in Paris. He is hardly likely to take Mr. Daniels' place as the *Wizard*, but he will produce it under his personal supervision. The opera is also to be translated into German.

ALBANI IN AMERICA.

Mme. Albani's appearance in an opera box at the Metropolitan Opera House, a few weeks ago, was the signal for a reunion of old friends who flocked about her, glad to welcome her back. She had arrived in America only that morning, but already the management of the opera had gone to her and entreated her to sing her famous old part of *Margherita* in "Mefistofele" that night, as Calvé had sent word that she was indisposed. It was with extreme reluctance that Mme. Albani refused, on account of fatigue and lack of costumes. She looked longingly at the stage, upon which she has never sung.

Her present concert tour is a very short one. She must be back in London early in April to sing *Isolde* with Jean de Reszke as *Tristan*. She made a tour of Germany not long ago, singing German music with great success. Most of her time will be spent in Canada, but she will give more than one night, she hopes, to her old home, Albany, the city where her early battles were fought, and from whose name she took hers. Her company is a very good one, containing Mme. Vanderveer-Green, Norman Salmond, and Rucquoy, the flutist.

"CHIMMIE FADDEN" DOWNS THE BRITISHERS.

In alluding to "Northern Lights," the New York *Sun* declares that it "is worth a shipload of the English plays of the same class that are brought over here every season. And its merit ought to go further and prove that, other things being equal, a play on an American subject and with American characters is more interesting to American audiences than any other."

Managers are having object lessons of the truth of this statement furnished to them plentifully this season. It may be their own fault that there are not still more. Charles Frohman turned down the new play Bronson Howard had prepared for the Empire stock company, and then gave us "Michael and His Lost Angel." If his judgment was wrong in accepting Mr. Jones' work—which few will dispute—is it not as likely to have been at fault in declining the American drama? The same manager sent "Secret Service" back to Mr. Gillette—and produced "The City of Pleasure." It may be, of course, that neither of the rejected plays was a loss to the public; but the fact remains that two English pieces were tested and found wanting, while two American plays did not have an equal opportunity of proving their quality.

But to continue with the object lesson. Minnie Palmer comes over here with a British farrago of out of date absurdities, "The School Girl," and gets as cool a reception as "Gentleman Joe," another "sure winner" with the English brand. Meantime "Chimmie Fadden" walks straight into the hearts of the people and crowds the Garden Theater nightly. As the Bowery boy, Charles H. Hopper has put his name on the lips of many people, but the great hit of the piece was made by Marie Bates, in the rôle of the Irish lady with a weakness for beer—*Mrs. Murphy*. This character is not in the book, but it created three fourths of the fun in the play. *Mrs. Murphy* had but to appear on the scene to start a laugh that rippled all around the house.

Mrs. Bates has not hitherto been identified with Irish parts. For five years she was the *Abigail Prue*—Burgess' rôle—in the road company presenting "The County Fair." She has also done a good deal in the black face line, having played *Topsy* in all the prominent countries of Europe.

DOROTHY MORTON'S START.

We are not accustomed to find an actress looking prettier off the stage than on it. Dorothy Morton is one of the exceptions. But she is a very sensible little woman, whose looks appear to occupy an infinitesimal portion of her thoughts. She loves her art for itself, and takes honest delight in giving her best efforts to attaining a high standard in it.

"I am a St. Louis girl," she said, on being asked to tell the story of her brief four years' career. "My father was bitterly opposed to my taking up the stage when I went on with Henderson's extravaganza company while visiting friends in Chicago. I bowed to the family wishes and gave the thing up. But the burning desire still smoldered within me, and when the Whitney Opera Company came to Cleveland while I was staying there, it sprang into flame again. I had long wanted to be with Mr. Whitney's forces; here is the opportunity, I said to myself. I went to his office, and sent in my name. The answer came back that he did not know Miss Morton. 'Tell him,' I said to the boy, 'that I am determined to see him,' which brought the permission to enter. Well, he said he had nothing for me, but after he had heard me sing, added that he would bear me in mind—that discouraging phrase which has sounded the death knell to so many hopes.

"I concluded that this door was closed to me, but meantime another opened unexpectedly, through a quarrel between the star in 'The Wicklow Postman,' and his leading woman. Somebody told him that there was a girl in the hotel with footlight aspirations and a brief experience of the glare. He sent for me, and I went off with the company. Then, when I had almost forgotten the incident of my call on him, Mr. Whitney telegraphed me to go to New Orleans to play second to Adele Ritchie in 'The Algerian.'

"That was my real start. I took Miss Ritchie's place when she was ill, and next season Mr. Whitney sent me out to star in 'The Fencing Master.' This season I am an Egyptian in 'The Wizard of the Nile'; next I may get a chance to wear my own hair in a Chinese opera."

THE TERRISSES, FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Which shall it be? Heads—medicine; tails—the stage. Up went the coin, and down it came again—on its face, thus giving William Terriss to the dramatic profession. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man that he should decide on a career in this haphazard fashion. As a boy he broke the rules of schools of all kinds, including the famous Blue Coat institution, and at fourteen could boast of the distinction of having run through his patrimony. He then entered the navy as a midshipman, was wrecked on the voyage to India and left to go down with the ship. But this young Terriss—or Lewin, as he was then called—had no intention of doing. He jumped into the sea, and swam ashore, a distance of two miles.

This experience failed to frighten him off the ocean, although he found that for his next venture he preferred the merchant marine.

Dorothy Morton.

From a photograph by Wynn, Detroit.

But his mind changed again before the shores of Albion were out of sight, for while the ship lay at anchor in Plymouth harbor, he slid down the anchor chains at dead of night, took to water again, and once more turned up at home.

After testing, in quick succession, clerking in the Bank of England and the profession of mechanical engineer, and finding neither to his taste, this prince of rolling stones had recourse to the coin tossing expedient already recorded. But three dollars a week on the provincial stage did not long content the aspiring Thespian, who, indeed, was never known to be contented for long with anything. He must have a London opening, and kept up a persistent calling at the Bancrofts' home till he got it by sheer will power.

William Terriss.

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

But it was not to be expected that a profession come by in such an unceremonious manner would long engage his serious attention, and sure enough, in a couple of years he quitted London playhouses for a sheep run in the Falkland Islands, where his daughter Ellaline was born. Six months were sufficient to weary him of wool gathering, and he broke all his former records by resuming an occupation he had already abandoned, and we find him at the Drury Lane, now playing more important parts. And yet nobody was surprised when once more he broke away and came over to America to try horse breeding with his cousin, one of the Tattersalls, at Lexington, Kentucky. The venture failed, and with another swift turn of fortune's wheel, Terriss was back on the boards again. Irving now took note of him and brought him to the United States on his first tour as leading support. Later he played *Romeo* for two hundred nights at the London Lyceum to the *Juliet* of Mary Anderson.

There is a strange coincidence connected with his long association—seven years—with the Irving company, as it was his intense admiration for Ellen Terry that led him to adopt a variation of her name for his *nom de théâtre*. William Terriss has ranked for several years now among the leading stage lights in the English capital, where during the past winter he has won fresh laurels in a melodrama, "One of the Best," at the Adelphi.

His daughter Ellaline at once established herself as a favorite in America when she came over to play in "Cinderella" two years ago. Dainty as a waxen shepherdess, she bewitches her audience into an admiration that soothes rather than electrifies.

Personally she is very quiet—one might almost say timid—of disposition. Speaking of the introduced air, "Umpty-ay," she sang here this winter in "His Excellency," she said, "I should have sunk through the stage with mortification had I known that first night in New York that the music was the same as your 'Whistling Coon.' My husband, Seymour Hicks, wrote the words, and a German we came across in London fitted the melody to them. We supposed, of course, it was original. After we found it made a hit, Mr. Frohman said I might as well keep on singing it. Your audiences here, I think, are very considerate. While they are not as enthusiastic about applauding the good things as ours are, they don't hiss down acts that displease them."

Miss Terriss has returned to London, where she and her husband—who is a clever actor and author—have taken the management of the Vaudeville Theater. Here they propose

Ellaline Terriss.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

to bring out light comedies, such as "The Pantomime Rehearsal."

"DOUBTS" AND "LOST ANGELS" AT A DISCOUNT.

There is hope ahead, and it did not take the Venezuelan war cloud to bring it into evidence, either. Thick and fast as the leaves of autumn have British plays, during the present season, fallen lifeless on the American stage. A self respecting public has refused to indorse the prurient imaginings of morbid English playwrights whose work has not even the romantic spirit and liveliness of the French realists to commend it. Filth for filth's sake appears to be the standard Pinero and Jones have now set for themselves, if we are to judge them by their latest work. To be sure, "The Benefit of the Doubt" does not go to the extreme length reached in "Michael and His Lost Angel," but the very title carries with it the suggestive possibility on which the piece was built.

It is an affront to public taste to offer such wretched stuff to an audience. That vile innuendos are sugar coated with deftly turned aphorisms and a flaunting display of Bibles only makes a bad matter worse. Poison is no safer to drink because it comes in bottles labeled "Benedictine."

The eagerness with which our people are ready to support native wares in the theatrical market is evidenced by the success of "Northern Lights." This is a melodrama of life in the Northwest, with an Indian uprising for a background. It is crude in construction, without sparkle, the lines allotted to the characters are conventional and commonplace, but there is action and intrigue, and the piece is a great go. Its leading character, *John Swiftwind*, supposed to be a full blooded Sioux Indian

William Courtleigh.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

who has graduated at Yale, is ably portrayed by William Courtleigh. Mr. Courtleigh is a native of Guelph, Ontario, but was brought up in St. Louis, where he entered a law office, which he decided to abandon for the stage after scoring a success in amateur theatricals. He was *Sam Warren* in the original production of "Shore Acres," by the McVickar stock company in Chicago in the summer of 1892.

Like almost everybody else on the American boards, Mr. Courtleigh was for a while at Daly's. Here he did *Robin Hood* in "The Foresters" and the *Lord* in the "Shrew." He resigned because he had been told he was to have Drew's place—and didn't get it when the time came.

"Northern Lights," after a very profitable run at the American Theater, has been followed by "Burmah," which was a Boston hit, and in which we find another graduate from the amateur stage, Grace Lamken. Miss Lamken is a Dorchester girl, and set about preparing herself for her career in a businesslike fashion by taking a course at a college of oratory. As our portrait shows, she is good to look upon—an attribute which, whether rightly or wrongly, goes a long way in procuring an opening for ambitious maidens with the footlight bee in their bonnets.

Miss Katrine Heath is another aspiring American girl with an endowment of good looks. She was quite content to begin at the foot of the ladder as an understudy in Frohman's Empire stock company. She is a native of Brooklyn, and was seen last season in "The Masqueraders," a play which afforded a rare opportunity for neophytes to accustom themselves to the gaze of the public. Her portrait appears on page 742.

THE NEW "RASSENDYLL."

Before this issue of MUNSEY'S is in the hands of the reader, the verdict will have been passed upon the new production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Lyceum. Naturally, the greatest interest will center on James K. Hackett, not only because he essays the rôle in which Sothern has been so successful, but because it has fallen to his lot in such an unexpected manner. He has been with the Lyceum forces only since the latter part of November, and is one of the youngest members. But his hit in "The Home Secretary" was so decided that Mr. Frohman felt justified in casting him thus prominently in "Zenda."

Young Hackett, moreover, is accustomed to these rapid flights. His first venture on the professional stage, made with A. M. Palmer's company just four years ago, carried one of them along with it. He was awarded a six line part in "The Broken Seal," but the very next week played J. H. Stoddart's rôle, when that veteran actor was called away by the sudden death of his wife. These several rounds on the ladder to fame were covered so successfully in that single bound, that the next season Hackett became leading man for Lotta. Later he was with Daly, and the year before his *De Neipperg* became a marked feature of "Madame Sans Gêne," he starred on the road. He is only twenty six, but in his brief experience has played over one hundred different parts.

Although their methods and personalities differ so widely, there is one point of similarity between Hackett and Sothern: both are the sons of talented sires. James

Grace Mae Lamken.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

Henry Hackett's *Falstaff* is still a cherished memory of the American stage. James K. is the only child, and after graduating from the College of the City of New York, he started out to study law. An injury he received while playing football put him back in his lectures, and while laid up his thoughts took such a definite turn stagewards that his after career was decided then and there. The field was not an untried one, as he had already appeared with marked success in college productions.

Nature has splendidly equipped him for his profession. Lacking only half an inch of six feet in height, he has in addition the strongly outlined features that denote power and purposeful ability. That these tell no idle tale, his rapid rise abundantly testifies.

WANTED—PLAYS; APPLY EVERYWHERE.

The famine in good plays grows serious. And it is wide spread. London has but few successes, as we, alas, know only too well. In Paris they are falling back on revivals, one theater going as far into the past as twenty years ago.

What is the cause of this dearth of good dramatic stuff? Have all the fine situations been used? Has the dénouement loaded kaleidoscope made its last turn? Is the mine worked out? Not by any means, if the nug-

James K. Hackett

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

gets that now and then appear be taken in testimony. The reason must be sought elsewhere—in the offices of the managers. Here, as a general rule, there is absolutely no encouragement held out to playwrights. Every author with a manuscript in his pocket is set down as a dolt until he proves himself a genius ; and how he is to do this when the opportunity of doing it is denied him, the manager neither knows nor cares.

One of the foremost of these theatrical magnates made a pretense of employing a play finder, but on one occasion when this gentleman came to him with seven pieces, whose authors affirmed that the manager had promised to read them in person, his reply was,

Maud Adams.

From her latest photograph.

"Read them yourself, and whether they are good or bad, send them back. I won't produce them."

At this very period he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and was only saved therefrom by a hit scored for him by a play which he accepted under protest. Later on, he was again approached by an aspiring dramatist.

"No use, young man," he announced. "Mr. —— "—naming the author of the hit—"will write all my plays for me hereafter."

There was one of them in rehearsal at the time. It was produced, and made the most dismal fiasco in the manager's career, which is saying a good deal.

We admit that the men who direct theaters are justified in dreading play reading; we concede that the possibility of finding one gem in a mass of rubbish is not a burning incentive to delve. It is drudgery, pure and simple; so are rehearsals, but the latter cannot be dispensed with, and surely managers should be willing to take as much pains to discover the right sort of material as they do to place it on the stage when found. These same managers have an elaborate staff for other purposes. There is the business manager, who signs passes, and the press agent, who gives them out. Frequently there are two or three others, for whose office there are no technical terms, but who are not prevented by this fact from appearing on salary day. But you may go far before you will find a theater with a man whose sole business it is to examine manuscripts as they are

examined in a magazine office. On the other hand, there are a score of eager racers in the contest for each foreign hit, and spiers out for these are scattered broadcast.

As it is the exception that proves the rule, we may add that there is in New York one stock theater with a "reader" who examines promptly and reports intelligently, and even although the percentage of "finds" is so small as not to be worth computing, the manager is entitled to so much consideration that we forbear to mention his name lest he be buried beneath an avalanche of white paper.

That the public is, after all, lenient in its judgment, is proven by the reception of John Drew's latest offering, "The Squire of Dames." Of its four acts, the first two are talky and more than wearisome, except in isolated spots, but the action and interest infused into the last two were sufficient to give the piece the success it achieved. Half a loaf is better than no bread, but we fear that even this half would have been found very hard and dry but for its servers. *Mr. Kilroy* is most happily suited to Mr. Drew, and Maud Adams wins sympathy at once in a rôle that in less skilled hands would either repel or bore one. But in whatever we see her, Miss Adams is utterly without artificiality in her work; we all await her appearance as the actress, and then forget that she is this in absorption in the woman she depicts.

Katrine Heath.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

Miss Adams has been John Drew's leading woman since he began starring, over three years ago. She was born in Salt Lake City,

Calvé as "Ophelia."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

where her mother was a popular actress in the stock company that was then maintained there. "A Midnight Bell" introduced the daughter to the New York stage, and later she was seen in "Men and Women" and "The Lost Paradise," but it was not until her début with Mr. Drew in "The Masked Ball" that she leaped into a secure niche of public favor.

Miss Adams has a peculiarly sweet voice, especially charming when heard in ballads. It is told of her that she was the innocent cause of her master losing a pupil. He was a young man from Pittsburg, with a tenor voice of which he had high hopes until one day he overheard Miss Adams singing at his instructor's rooms. The contrast between her rendering of certain ballads and his own so discouraged the ambitious vocalist that he promptly abandoned his studies.

THE FRENCH STAGE HERE AND THERE.

The note oftenest struck in the chorus of comment on Bernhardt's present American tour is wonder at her continued youthfulness. Her power to enthrall her audiences is apparently in no sense diminished, and she shares with Duse—whose rapid convalescence has enabled her to come to us this season after all—the rare power of filling the house irrespective of the play presented. Bernhardt introduced herself to us this time without Sardou as sponsor, but while Sylvestre's "Izeyl" is gruesomely horrible, it provided the great Frenchwoman with the opportunities she knows so well how to utilize; and in so far it may be pronounced a success.

This is more than can be said for Sardou's own offering this season in Paris. His "Marcelle"—merely a revamping of his "Woman's Silence," which fell lifeless on the Lyceum stage here last season—is voted as lacking in freshness and as being surcharged with improbabilities. Mme. Hading, however, enacts the chief rôle—created here by Georgia Cayvan—and at this writing the play is still holding the boards at the Gymnase.

Our portraits of French actresses this month show Mlle. Fallia, whose beauty is of a type

Mlle. Fallia.

From a photograph by Rentlinger, Paris.

not commonly associated with the footlights, and Mlle. Ludwig, who received the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire and passed at once to the Française, where she has since played with marked success.

Apropos of foreign actors for American audiences, Henry Abbey has declared that he is done with them, after the present season. At least, so the rumor runs. If it be true, there will be no theater in the metropolis departing so radically from old lines as Abbey's, which French and English attractions have occupied almost exclusively from its opening. Just what program Mr. Abbey has mapped out, nobody can guess, except that American players, if not American plays, will be strongly represented—although not in the person of Lillian Russell, whose star never shone so refulgently as when she herself was not a star but only leading light in the Casino's opera forces.

THE OPERA AND ITS BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR.

Mr. Abbey's pronunciamento against foreign artists does not, of course, extend to grand opera, which has been a greater success than ever this winter. This success, moreover, has been built on a good, all around basis, no one work standing out from the others as a special drawing card, and giving the Metropolitan a chameleon-like aspect of bright gowns and white shirt fronts on one night and a red plush array of emptiness on the next.

The one novelty presented—"La Navarraise"—stamped anew in the public mind the impression that in Calvé we have a combination seldom found in mortals—a superb voice and true dramatic instinct. Another recent addition to the Spanish prima donna's repertory—the character of *Ophelia*—was also noteworthy in exhibiting the range of her powers.

Calvé's methods are original, but she never exaggerates; always bears in mind that art should come first, with realism only as a handmaiden. Her début in opera was made in 1882 in Brussels. The piece was "Faust," and she horrified the sticklers for tradition by discarding the blond wig without which it had been supposed there could be no *Marguerite*. But her raven locks were forgotten when she began to sing, and her reception was an ovation.

CRANE AND THE CRITICS.

There has been a tendency for some time past to confuse William H. Crane with Nat Goodwin in the public mind. Both make their points by similar methods, both play their New York engagements at the same house, and now both are appearing simultaneously in American plays of political life. But both are good actors, and there is plenty of room for their sort.

The metropolitan press has been rather skittish about expressing a decided opinion on the value of Crane's newest offering, "The Governor of Kentucky." It may be that because its author, Franklin Fyles, is a member of their own fraternity, the critics fear that out and out praise will be taken as a bid for similar favors on like provocation, or bitter scoring be looked upon as envy. The *Tribune* is the most outspoken in its commendation, declaring that "Mr. Crane has been well fitted by the adroit writer." The *Journal*, on the other hand, beats about the bush with the star for a football, asserting that it was not Mr. Fyles' "fault that Crane could not play *William Lee*. A

playwright should not be censured because of the limitations of his actors."

Meltzer, of the *World*, frankly recalls his own venture into the dramatic arena in commenting on the new piece put forth by his brother of the *Sun*. If all our plays are going to be written by critics, we shall be at some pains to find unbiased reviewers of them. This very thing has been raising a tempest in a teapot over in London, and now the same question appears to have arisen here.

Jeanne Ludwig.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

WALTER JONES AMONG THE STARS.

Although Walter Jones is the youngest of them all, there are few comic opera comedians who could be so well excused for the itching to see their name in bigger type than that of the piece. As the *Tramp* in "1492" Mr. Jones created a reputation for himself that might have turned the heads of most youths; but Jones kept his, worked hard, and patiently bided his time.

This appears to have come at last. It is announced that following the Bostonians at the Broadway Theater on March 9, Mr. Jones will join the stellar body, appearing in a burlesque of "The Prisoner of Zenda," entitled "Prisoner and Defender." If the piece be as good as the actor deserves, there will be cause for general rejoicing. Jones is a clever fellow, and

no star will start into the dizzying space of dates ahead with a larger number of hearty well wishers than he. His latest appearances have been made in a triple rôle in "Excelsior, Jr."

A FAVORITE IN THE DALY COMPANY.

In spite of all the adverse criticism aroused by Augustin Daly's peculiar methods, there is no better training school for a young actor than an engagement in his company—if only he gets the chance to play. Long runs are not expected or provided for; three or four days after a new piece has been produced, its successor is put in rehearsal. This means hard work, but it also means wide experience.

Maxine Elliott appreciates this to the full. She is a sincere, painstaking artist, and all the talk aroused by her exceptional beauty has not spoiled her in the least. She has no intention of accepting Wilson Barrett's offer to go to London; she will remain with Mr. Daly's company, where she has become a very decided favorite with the public.

Much has been said in the papers about Miss Elliott being a bonanza to the photographers. The truth of the matter is that she takes most unsatisfactory pictures, as a general rule. MUNSEY'S has been fortunate in securing some of the few good ones.

When before the camera she fares better in costume than in ordinary dress. As she puts it herself, "When assuming a character, I know what expression to call into my face. When I am to be simply myself, I become at once self conscious, am utterly at a loss how I ought to look, and in trying to follow the photographer's directions, succeed in twisting my face out of all semblance to its usual lines."

Maxine Elliott.

From her latest photograph by Ellis, London.

Miss Elliott is a native of Rockland, Maine, and the present is her fifth season on the stage. Her experience of London audiences last summer tallies with the comment on American theater goers made by Miss Terriss. In the critics, too, Miss Elliott found a difference. She thinks that while not so personal as their American confrères, the English reviewers are more apt to go into a detailed description of the entire performance. If a small part is filled badly, the London man says so; if well, he gives praise. Here, the minor rôle is very likely to be ignored, the critic's attention being centered upon the work done by the principals.

A Shell

A DREARY beach with green waves tumbling free;
  A shell half buried in the sun dried sand,
  Whose curving lips, pink red, drink in the grand
Majestic strains of nature's minstrelsy.
The years may merge into a century,
  The shell be dropped in some far distant land,
  Still, with a voice we fain would understand,
It murmurs low its love song for the sea.

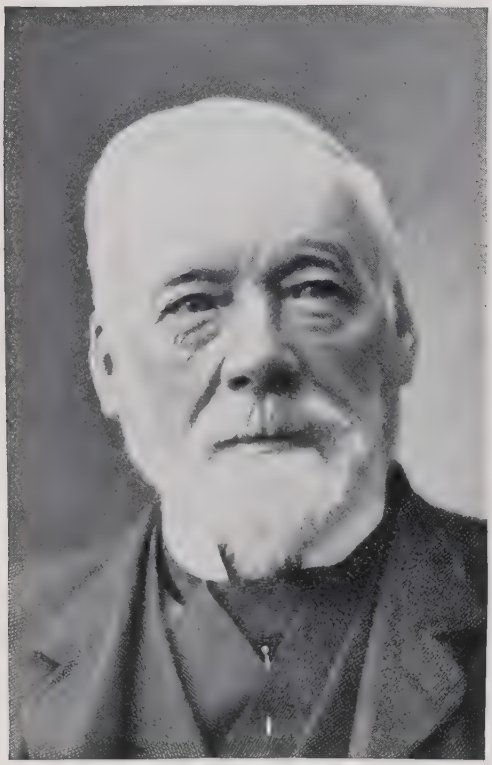
From thee, dear heart, I learned life's truest song;
  Thy voice it was that gave it early birth,
    And taught me first of life's own mystery.
Though heartless time my punishment prolong,
  Though banished to the farthest spot of earth,
    Yet sings my soul forever, love, of thee.

William R. A. Wilson.

LITERARY CHAT

SOME RECENT VERSE.

Louise Imogen Guiney, who is one of the few American women possessing the true poetic spirit, spent last summer abroad, and a series of nine sonnets lately published for private distribution contains her impressions of Oxford. It is to be hoped that they will some day be issued in a shape more accessible to the general public, since they are deserving of a more enduring form than the pamphlet in which they at present appear. We are of the opinion that "A Last View" is as finished a piece of work as Miss Guiney has ever done.



Samuel Smiles.
From a photograph by Adair, Belfast.

Where down the glen, across the shallow ford,
  Stretches the open aisle from scene to scene,
  By halted horses silently we lean,
Gazing enchanted from our steeper sward.
How yon low loving skies of April hoard
  An hundred pinnacles, and how with sheen
  Of spike and ball her languid clouds between,
Gray Oxford grandly rises riverward!
  Sweet, on those dim long dedicated walls,
  As silver rain the frugal sunshine falls;
Slowly sad eyes resign them, bound afar.
  Dear Beauty, dear Tradition, fare you well;
  And powers that, aye aglow in you, impel
Our quickening spirits from the slime we are.

It would be a captious criticism to inquire where Miss Guiney found a "glen" within sight of Oxford. On so small a topographical point we may concede her the necessary poetic license.

Miss Edith Thomas, too, has been speeding Pegasus to fresh flights, and, to the surprise of her admirers, the winged steed soars somewhat laboriously at her bidding. Miss Thomas is well and widely known as an exceptionally gifted verse maker, and the development of her endowment has by no means reached its limit; but she has stumbled where many have stumbled before her, in the apparently easy path of juvenile verse. We have already emphasized in these columns the peculiar difficulty of adequately reaching the child heart by means of rhyme, and therefore we are not particularly surprised to find that in this branch of verse Miss Thomas has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The mediocre parts of "In the Young World" are unworthy of being offered to so severe a judge as the child, and the best are rather too thoughtful for their intended readers. It is to be remembered, however, that this is probably the first approach to a failure that Miss Thomas has scored, and that she is in good company when she misses her aim.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has collected in "Later Lyrics" the best verses of four former books—"Mercedes," "The Sisters' Tragedy," "Wyndham Towers," and "Unguarded Gates," and the little volume will be welcomed by readers who appreciate his work, but cannot spare time to study it at length. Mr. Aldrich is a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to which place of pleasant memories his heart turns back in the tender lines to the Piscataqua River which form the preface to "An Old Town by the Sea;"

I within the city, I,
  So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
  An hour upon thy breast!

To sit in happy indolence,
  To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
  That blow from summer shores;

O river! flowing to the main
  Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
  This sunny birthday morn;

Ernest Daudet.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

And take this song which fancy shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

We cannot but regret that this poem is not included among the "Later Lyrics," for it seems to us to take a high place among its author's works, and yet it is comparatively unknown even among those well up in letters. And we cannot but regret, also, that we do not hear more nowadays from the man who is undoubtedly the first of living American poets.

AN ENGLISH VETERAN.

At eighty four Samuel Smiles is still living in London, and proving the value of his rules of life as laid down in "Self Help." He celebrated his golden wedding two years ago, and four children and twenty grandchildren made the occasion a merry one. He has not given up work. Last year he published a "Life of Josiah Wedgwood" which had the qualities that won such popularity for his earlier studies of the great leaders of industry and invention.

"Self Help" has been the guide book of innumerable youths. When the "hundred best books" fad was at its height, and everybody was being called upon for lists, "Self Help" appeared upon all that were made up by practical business men.

Mr. Smiles considers that he owes his long life to his constant work. "Work is the salvation of every human being," he says. He was not entirely a literary man during his busy years, but served also as secretary of the Southeastern Railway Company, of England.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S BROTHER.

The fame of Alphonse Daudet overshadows that of his brother Ernest, though it was the

latter who really brought the family name into notice. When Alphonse was seventeen he was a weak, near sighted boy with a taste for poetry. Ernest was secretary to an old gentleman in Paris. He sent for Alphonse, and supported him until he was able to make something by his pen.

Ernest Daudet has been, like his brother, a writer for the newspapers, a poet, and a novelist. One of his books, "The Apostate," is about to be issued in a new edition. Its style is very different from that of Alphonse, being more direct and with less humor. It is a powerful story, belonging more to this day than to the time—several years ago—when it was published. It is the history of a priest who broke his vows and went back into the world. Line by line it impresses upon the mind of the reader that however strong a character may be, the breaking of a sacred vow will disintegrate and ruin it. It could be worked into a strong play of the Henry Arthur Jones order.

Anatole France. M. France is a man of fifty, a Parisian by birth and residence, and a typical member of that numerous class of versatile French littérateurs who can write a good story, a neat poem, and a readable critical article on any given subject. Paris knows him chiefly for his novel, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," and as a contributor to the *Temps*, the *Débats*, and the literary journals. In America, his work may be said to be practically unknown.

Emil Zola.

From his latest photograph by Brogi, Florence.

ZOLA A PROBABLE ACADEMICIAN.

Of the four vacant chairs in the French Academy one has just been filled by the election of

When the other vacancies in the Academy are filled, it seems quite probable that Zola will be discovered in one of them. He is more eligible to the position than any other man in France, and the prejudice that has kept him out long ago degenerated into obstinacy on the part of his detractors. Even England, the prude of nations, welcomed him last year, showing that his purposes were recognized as high and honest, even by the British matron. It is worse than stupid for France to refuse him her highest distinction any longer.

The new edition of Turgenieff's works recalls the fact that Zola and Alphonse Daudet were Turgenieff's friends and associates in the days when they were all "unpublished," and

ostensibly gloried in the fact. Zola was the last to become known, and that by the worst of his novels, "Nana." Today the book which introduced him to France as a popular writer is the chief stumbling block in his way to the Academy.

THE DEATH OF VERLAINE.

Paul Verlaine is dead, and out of his body there went a soul which has been the puzzle of alienists. He was a reincarnation, after four hundred years, of the spirit of François Villon, poet and highwayman. Lemaître said of him: "I do not think that he realizes how he lives or how he writes." Dr. Nordau selected him as an illustration in "Degeneration."

At his best, Verlaine used the French language in a manner beyond the ability of any other living writer. It was only a few years ago that George Moore, the London critic, introduced him to the English reading public; and his fame in Britain widened his little circle of admirers in France. He was the head of the Decadents, and he had two styles of writing. During his terrible days of miserable dissipation he wrote verses few of which have ever been found fit for print. Poetry of the rarest, their subjects were unspeakably gross. These periods of almost maniacal depravity would end up in some hospital, where the weak, repentant Verlaine wrote the lofty, beautiful religious poems upon which his fame depends.

He looked like a Tartar, with high cheek bones and slanting eyes. His large head was sunken between his shoulders. He was a pitiful, broken, soiled wreck of a man, who lived in the gutter, the prison, and the hospital. He left thirteen volumes of poetry, which add to the fame of France; and he died an unspeakable outcast.

MORE MEMORIES OF DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, said of his own work: "I often wound conventionalities, established ideas, and the prejudices of society, but I write for those who think as I do. It is useless to combat the opinions of others."

Without realizing it, perhaps—or more likely fully understanding it—Dumas gave the secret of popularity. The popular book is not the book that teaches, but the book that expresses. We delight in the fiction that draws characters as we see them; that puts into the words and deeds of heroes our own best aspirations; that condemns what we condemn and lauds what we laud. A book which does not fit into its own time, which does not find an echo in the hearts of its readers, may be the finest work of art ever penned. Critics may fill the public prints with admiration, but the public will not buy it. On the other hand, the book that speaks our own thoughts may do so in a crude way, and yet be our own familiar friend.

Dumas and Maupassant were friends, the younger man being very much loved by the elder. Upon their first acquaintance, Dumas asked Maupassant to his house. "You will always find passable champagne there, and people no stupider than elsewhere, and—no women."

Dumas did not believe in woman. He called her "an unreasonable being, a subaltern, and an evil doer." And yet no man was ever more loved and sought by the other sex.

THE PHELPS FAMILY GHOSTS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has lately alluded to that mysterious visitation, or "house possession," which came upon her grandfather in the old days of spiritualism. This story is one that has been jealously guarded by the Phelpses, who resent the idea of being looked upon as "queer," as having spiritualistic beliefs.

Mrs. Ward says that she received from her grandfather's own hands his written journal of these phenomena, which he recorded from day to day during seven months, but she is careful to add that it will be entirely useless to apply for further information on the subject, or for any sight of her grandfather's manuscript. The story is chiefly interesting at this day through its influence upon the sensitive mind of a child who was to become so widely known as an author. Undoubtedly the fact that she crept to bed night after night to shiver for hours, after listening to this family tale, must have had a great deal to do with the direction of her mind. "The Gates Ajar," written when she was twenty, may surely be the fruit of those seeds dropped into her girlish mind.

The story was widely known in New England at the time, and is still referred to. Mrs. Ward's grandfather was a country minister of sturdy body and mind, a prominent member of the "underground railroad" for helping slaves to freedom, and an orthodox Christian. All at once strange things began to happen in his house, and inquisitive people flocked to see them. Dishes leaped into the air, Mrs. Ward says; silver forks were bent by unseen hands; ghastly images made of clothing that had been locked safely away, were found propped in chairs. Rappings told of souls in torment, and when the old clergyman asked what he could do for them, they demanded squash pie. It sounds like a silly and rather stupid story, like the pranks of mischievous boys; but learned professors accepted it in those days, and Mrs. Ward evidently believes that her grandfather saw what he saw. She says that for years she expected, at almost any moment, to see the candlesticks or the crockery walk off into the air; but the "spirits" never came to her.

COLONEL RICHARD SAVAGE.

In the majestic dome of the literary firmament Colonel Richard Henry Savage is a star of the first magnitude, blazing with a splendor unrivaled save by that of his fellow luminary, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter. Colonel Savage's works appear in dazzling yellow covers, and partake largely of the nature of "shill-

ing shockers" and other types of florid fiction dear to the heart of the district messenger boy. And now behold this wielder of sword and pen arrayed in a court of law against his publisher and erstwhile friend, Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, who is accused of divers reprehensible acts. He has, it is alleged, avoided making proper royalty returns to Colonel Savage, has delayed publication of his books, and otherwise wounded his feelings to the extent of some $12,000. The plaintiff and defendant in this novel suit entered into business relations in 1893, and for a time all was serene. Then the gifted colonel heard, during a trip abroad, that his books were being published in an inferior manner, and forthwith despatched his wife to America to investigate; but she was apparently unable to cope with Mr. Neely, and hence the aforementioned suit.

Meanwhile Colonel Savage's latest volume has made its appearance. It is called "Miss Devereux of the Mariquita," and a careful perusal of its pages would seem to show that Mr. Neely has displayed unusual shrewdness in delaying the publication of his patron's manuscripts. He has forfeited an opportunity to be hailed as a public benefactor by not delaying the publication of "Miss Devereux" indefinitely. For this is a strange and irresponsible tale, with a plot more complicated than a set of instructions for knitting a child's cap, and a remarkable disregard of probability and the English language. It contains, at a rough estimate, nineteen thousand climaxes, besides an immeasurable supply of highly picturesque profanity, as used by the desperate characters of the far West.

Colonel Savage has learned to be very wicked since he wrote "My Official Wife"—a book which, in startling contrast to its successors, was literature. With a free and easy pen he dallies with a large number of male and female transgressors of law and morality. Homicide, arson, forgery, and other pleasing sports occupy the time of most of his characters from the first line to the last. How can Mr. Neely be so inconsiderate as to withhold from Colonel Savage his royalty of seven and one half cents per volume of this masterly fiction? We think that he should make the royalty eight cents, and pay it cheerfully.

We look with interest to the outcome of this suit. Genius must be protected at any cost, and we trust that the courts will give Colonel Savage the uttermost farthing to which he is entitled.

MR. HOWELLS' LOST OPPORTUNITY.

When William Dean Howells was a young man on the staff of an Ohio newspaper, his editor wanted a "Life of Lincoln" written, and suggested that his young assistant should do it. But Mr. Howells was making poetry in those days, and writing the life of a "Western politician" was by no means the task he would have set himself. He said that he would do it, but he certainly would not take precious time to go out to Illinois and gather the requisite material. Another man was sent on that errand, and a hack life of America's greatest statesman was turned out.

Today, Mr. Howells looks back upon that episode as the lost opportunity of his life. To have come into intimate contact with the noblest, sweetest, and most potent nature of his time, the genius of his country, would have been an epoch in the life of an imaginative young man. There may be a doubt as to Mr. Howells' ability to paint a portrait of Lincoln in the broad strokes the subject demanded, but the incident remains as the novelist's own text for a sermon upon doing thoroughly whatever comes to your hand.

A CHICAGO CHEVALIER.

Three years ago, amid the "hustle" of busy Chicago, Henry B. Fuller was leading a life which was full of dreams and solitude. If admirers of his books felt like hunting him up in order to tell him their opinion, as brother writers sometimes felt like doing, they were met with the chilling information from his publishers that his address was not public property, and that Mr. Fuller had requested that it should not be disclosed. But if through some unexpected channel an introduction was received, a man who might have stepped out of a story by himself came unostentatiously into view.

Mr. Fuller had not written such books as "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession" then. He resented the idea that he ever would. He was—and he still is—a pale, blond young man, with large blue eyes, and delicate, nervous hands, which he twisted as he talked. He had a shy trick of looking out of the window, anywhere but into your face, as he displayed his remarkable faculty for making brilliant, slightly humorous, mildly sarcastic sentences.

He is a thorough, all around artist; he looks it, and when he talks he makes you understand it. No other American has ever written a book where delicate, ironical fancy was so delightfully expressed as in "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani." It never became a popular book, any more than Mr. Fuller could ever become a popular man. His personality is the genius of his earlier manner. At that time Mr. Fuller was mildly amused by the suggestion from a Boston paper that he should write his impressions of Chicago. He confessed that he had written his books to create a world into which he might retreat from Chicago. He looked upon his city as a great and wonderful development, or rather as the embryo of great things to come; but not a field for the artist.

Mr. Fuller is a musician who can improvise for hours, an architect for his own pleasure, as he was originally a novelist for his own pleasure. When he was quite a boy, his family, who believed in the Chicago way to distinction, put him into a hardware establishment, and it was while he was living through this phase of life that he wrote "The Chevalier." He had been abroad, and after his book began to be talked about, he went again.

Then the World's Fair came on, and he began looking at Chicago with new eyes. He wrote some delightful articles upon the White City; and then, being an artist altogether, the bizarre life of the hive he lived in impressed itself upon him, and he wrote his remarkable later novels, which hum with contemporary spirit.

But, after all, the Henry Fuller who wrote "The Chevalier," with its delicate aroma like old wine, is the Henry Fuller who lives. The later manner is only the expression of a phase.

TWO UNPUBLISHED WORKS BY HALL CAINE.

It is not generally known that Hall Caine has written a play in which Mahomet is the central figure, and a "Life of Christ"—neither of which have been given to the public. "Mahomet" was written for Sir Henry Irving, who was to play the principal character. The coming play had been announced, and three acts were entirely finished, when a hue and cry of objection was raised in London. To us, here in America, the realization of Mahometanism as a vital religion, held by millions of British subjects as sacredly as we hold Christianity, is unknown. We should have no more objection to seeing Mahomet on the stage than Napoleon. But in political London it was another thing. The Mahometans must not be offended, and Sir Henry wrote to Mr. Caine that the project must be abandoned. Willard bought the play to produce in America, but we have not seen it as yet.

The "Life of Christ" has not been published because it does not please its author. After reading Renan's "Life," he felt that as vivid and dramatic a work might be written from the standpoint of belief as Renan's was from the point of unbelief. The result, Mr. Caine himself says, was human and dramatic, but fell short of what he hoped to do, and it was put aside. It is said that a publisher lately offered him fifteen thousand dollars for the manuscript, but it was refused.

"Q."

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who is better known by the simple "Q" which he has adopted as a *nom de guerre*, is an intimate friend of J. M. Barrie. The latter has been expressing his surprise that his comrade's work does not meet with a more appreciative reception in America, and we are constrained to concur. Quiller-Couch has to a very marked degree the ability to tell a good story well, and if the American public has not seemed to accept his work we regard it as more of a reflection on our national taste than on the writer's competency.

"Q" is a Cornishman, originally destined for the law, like so many English authors, and finding his bent more by accident than anything else. It is said that "Dead Man's Rock," his first and most widely read work, would never have been published had it not been for the advice of a friend, who read the half finished manuscript, and earnestly urged him to complete it. It finally appeared in 1887, and its immediate success justified Mr. Quiller-Couch in abandoning his law studies and turning his attention entirely to literature.

An offer from Wemyss Reid to join the editorial staff of a new paper, the *Speaker*, was another factor in the determination of "Q's" career at this critical stage, and his acceptance of the proposition resulted in a connection which has done much to help his reputation. At present Mr. Quiller-Couch resides in Cornwall, where his time is employed in reviewing books, writing fiction, and boating.

"Q's" last book, "Ia," demonstrates more than anything he has done the peculiar gift of concise writing which lends to his work its characteristic verve and swing. There is no wasted breath in "Ia," no tautological explanation, no elaborate atmosphere. The story begins with a snap, and marches briskly along to its conclusion without allowing the interest to flag for an instant. The impression produced is that the author has an immense reserve of power, and that he could have built up a much longer novel on the plot which he develops in a hundred and sixty small pages.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has declared himself opposed to the "problem novel," and yet "Ia" comes close to being one. Its brevity saves it from decadency, and its reticence at delicate points is in contrast to Thomas Hardy's tendency to coarse detail. But we think that this departure from "Q's" usual vein is a dangerous experiment. For the nonce he has succeeded; but the problem novel is, as Clark Russell says of the sea, "a jealous thing to touch."

"MAXWELL GREY."

In an invalid's room, looking out on the world from a couch drawn up close to a window, able to see only passers by, and a few quiet friends, lives Mary G. Uttiet, whose pen name of Maxwell Grey is known all over the English speaking world. Her famous story, "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is one of the latest to be dramatized.

Perhaps it is her station by the window in her Isle of Wight home which gave her inspiration for a charming illustration of her belief in the way authors should work. She has no patience with realism, very naturally, and still less with books which moralize. The actual, Miss Uttiet thinks, is fatal to fictive art. Like the Lady of Shalott, the novelist must see the pageant of human life reflected in the magic mirror of imagination, and weave it upon the enchanted loom of art. The moment he leaves his loom and turns to see by common day the helmet and the plume, the water lily and all the wondrous sights, the mirror cracks, out flies the web; the curse has come upon him.

The magic mirror does not reflect all that passes, because selection is the first principle of art; but it can reflect nothing that is not there; to that extent the writer is bound to reality. The writer must influence opinions and consciences according to Miss Uttiet, and it is not so much whom he introduces us to, as how he does it. Sometimes sinners are better company than saints.

None of Miss Uttiet's later work has repeated the success of "Dean Maitland."

THE NEW LAUREATE.

It is probable that when the name of England's new poet laureate was announced, nine persons out of every ten made the inquiry, "And who may Alfred Austin be?" By this time, no doubt, they have learned as much as they wish to know about Tennyson's successor.

For twenty five years or so, Mr. Austin has strolled somewhat aimlessly along the pleasant paths of poesy, making occasional detours into the neighboring fields of fiction, journalism, and political writing. Having observed that he causes "worry" to rhyme with "bury," and regards the rules of grammar and meter with a cold and disapproving eye, we were surprised and somewhat chagrined to find him elevated to the laureateship. Nor are we alone in our displeasure. The voice of the critic is loud in England, bitterly lamenting, and poets great and small are mourning and refusing to be comforted.

We do not remember ever to have heard Mr. Austin commended except by Mr. William Watson, who has called him "especially and saliently English," and shelved him with Britain's "best singers, from Chaucer onward." This was very nice of Mr. Watson, but, unfortunately for the object of his eulogy, it was by no means a final verdict. Mr. Austin's work is such that to rank him among the best singers is manifestly absurd.

As a rule, his muse is a chastened and serene damsel, quite capable, we think, of breaking forth into quiet rhapsodies over the various little domestic doings of royalty which it is the pleasing duty of a laureate to celebrate. We doubt whether there is any English poet who can so thoroughly fill the position. Imagine the brilliant vocabulary of Mr. Swinburne applied to the first birthday of a royal infant, or the *froufrou* of Mr. Dobson's lyrics dealing with a national event like the death of the Duke of Wellington!

We are reminded of Pope's epigram on Colley Cibber's appointment as poet laureate:

In merry old England it was once a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool,
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

Nevertheless, since it is obviously out of the question to replace Tennyson, why not let Mr. Austin enjoy the prize he has obtained, unharassed by invidious comparisons? He is ready to do his duty and prepared to perpetuate everything and everybody in joyous floods of song. His is the heart that dares all, the brain untrammeled by mere rhyme and rhythm, the soul that soars above criticism.

For his services the English laureate receives $360 per annum, and Mr. Austin is entitled to collect "back salary" to the amount of $1,350, which has been unpaid since the death of Tennyson on October 6, 1892. It is said—and it sounds probable—that one reason for Lord Salisbury's selection is the fact that his nominee really needed the money.

THE ROMANCE OF A POET AND PAINTER.

The story of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's marriage, as recently told in his brother's compilation of the "Life and Letters" of the famous artist poet, is a very interesting one. It builds up a character which sounds like something in fiction.

Mrs. Rossetti was an artist's model when Rossetti made her acquaintance, but before that she had been a milliner, working in a London shop. One day an artist, passing by, saw her, and induced her to sit for him. We have often seen her in Rossetti's paintings—"tall, finely formed, with a lofty neck and regular yet somewhat uncommon features; greenish blue, unsparkling eyes, large, perfect eyelids; brilliant complexion, and a lavish, heavy wealth of coppery golden hair."

This girl, taken out of her shop to be transferred to canvas, became under her new influences both a poetess and a painter. She was consumptive, and is believed to have died of an overdose of laudanum, which she was in the habit of taking. The phases of her disease might almost be traced in Rossetti's work. The two were not happy together, although their engagement lasted for ten years, and Rossetti's most beautiful love poems were written to her. The manuscripts were buried in her coffin. That he afterward had them removed and published does not make them any the less good poetry.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

With all the poetry the Indian races have exhibited in their legends, it is remarkable that the blood has not shown itself in the field of literature before this. E. Pauline Johnson's "White Wampum" is a notable book of poems, not only because it is written by a woman of Indian blood, but because it is stirring, pleasing poetry.

A brief sketch of Miss Johnson's work, with a portrait, was given in MUNSEY'S for May, 1895. She is the daughter of Chief Johnson, of the Six Nations, who traced his descent from a friend and councillor of the great Hiawatha. Mr. Johnson, whose Indian name was Teyonhehkon, or Double Life, married a missionary's sister, a relative of William Dean Howells. His daughter was brought up on the reservation of the Six Nations, where her father was the official interpreter. After his death, her mother took the children to Brantford, Canada, and the young girl began a literary life by writing for the papers. At some society entertainment she recited one of her poems, and was so successful that she adopted reciting as a profession.

Last year, when she went to London, she took letters from the Governor General of Canada and many prominent Canadians to English friends. She recited, wearing her Indian dress, in all the great London houses.

LATEST FADS

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMEN.

What shall we be collecting next? Here is a young woman, blessed by the gods with an ingenious spirit, whose latest fad is to bear away a silver spoon from every dinner she attends. Her collection now numbers over twenty, each of which, according to the owner, was taken with the consent of the hostess. In the face of this statement the only comment it is judicious to make is upon the infinite good nature of the hostesses. The spoon fancier herself is more than ordinarily fascinating, and this may have much to do with her success. But the fad is fearsome in its possibilities. It is well that no one's fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of Brussels carpets or tall Dutch clocks. Still, *tout arrive*. We may yet find ourselves politely requested to provide a house and lot or a diamond necklace for each of our faddish guests. For the genuine collector is not easily daunted; he combines the persistency of the kleptomaniac with the *savoir faire* of the housebreaker, and threads his way nimbly along the most dangerous paths.

We were puzzled the other day to observe, in a New York conservatory, a row of some ten or twelve ivy plants, and our eyes were considerately opened by the owner. "Each of these," she said, "is grown from a sprig picked on a different English estate. And on every estate," she added with a splendid air of triumph, "we were *positively* forbidden to pick *anything!*" Compared to the conscience of the collector, a grain of mustard seed is an object of quite respectable dimensions.

Mr. Brander Matthews once advised the committee on literature of The Players to lock up every valuable book in the club, since no book fancier is responsible for his actions. "I won't even answer for myself," he added, fondling a particularly rare work.

We think the field is ripe for a moral mission among collectors. We are almost moved to sermonize ourselves. Has the spoon fancier, we feel impelled to ask, always been true and just in all her dealings, and kept her hands from picking and stealing? What will the gatherer of ivy come to in the end? Three centuries ago it had been the gallows tree. And above all, of what are the collections of our brother bibliophiles made?

THE BANQUET RING.

There once existed a superstitious belief that ideas must form part of the equipment of even the most frivolous woman, when she accepted the obligations of a dinner invitation. Nowadays she has an easier method. She carries a "banquet ring," and when talk flags she passes it around for general inspection and admiration.

If the banquet ring gets any larger, a receptacle on wheels will have to be constructed to carry it. It is a collection of stones, as valuable as the purse will allow, worked into a design as unique as possible. Sometimes it contains a hundred stones, and covers two fingers from knuckle to knuckle. When necessary, it is held to the hand by rings slipped over two fingers.

The women who cannot afford to buy one of these collections, which sometimes cost ten thousand dollars, are having their small rings, earrings, and brooches broken up and reset in a "banquet ring." The originality of the design depends upon the genius of the jeweler or the wearer. Some show the familiar three feathers of the Prince of Wales' crest; others are replicas of the family crest—or of the device that adorns harness and silver plate in that capacity.

We should like to make a suggestion. The weight and value of the stones already announces the commercial value of the wearer; let the device proclaim the proud source of her wealth. The oil magnate's wife might have a miniature derrick of precious stones between the second and third joints of her fingers. The railroad king might give the railroad queen a locomotive of diamonds with a ruby head light and pearl steam. The prince of tobacconists could advertise his wares in a large jeweled *perfecto* displayed on the fair hand of a member of his family. We have all of them in the class who design and own "banquet rings."

THE BAREFOOT FAD.

It is all very well for a woman to care for her complexion. To judge by the advertisements and the sale of cosmetic cure-alls, soaps, and pastes, she has been doing nothing else for several years. But when it reaches a point where she goes without her shoes and stockings in order that her cheeks may glow, there are some conservative souls who hesitate. The advanced guard, the reckless spirits, are already making startling predictions of what is coming.

At Father Kneipp's "cure" in Bavaria, everybody is obliged to go barefoot. Princesses have been seen at the concerts in the evening, dressed in the height of Parisian fashion, but without a scrap of covering on their feet. Having originally adopted it as a treatment for weak lungs, the fair experimenters soon discovered that the absence of shoes improved the appearance of their nether supports. Then an artist, an Englishman, wrote a novel whose name we forget—or wish we could—in which bare feet were glorified. That finished the matter in America. The faddists had their cue. Bare feet became the rule for certain hours of the day The average sizes in shoes bounded two numbers in as many months. After contemplating

a pair of pink and rosy feet adjusted on a silk cushion for two or three hours a day, crushing them into tight shoes was not to be thought of. They had taken on an esthetic value.

Already there are those who are arguing that the feet are as beautiful as the hands, and as worthy of displaying their beauty. At home functions, at any rate, they should appear—clad in rings, perhaps, with a silken sandal ribbon crossing a blue veined instep. Mme. Récamier used to wear sandals on her pretty bare feet. It may be all right to imitate her example—if the imitator has equally pretty feet, peeping, like those of Sir John Suckling's sweetheart, from under soft lace frills, like little white mice. But contemplate the new woman with bloomers and bare feet!

THE EARLY DANCE.

A new fashion which is gaining ground rapidly in New York is the early dance, which begins at half past nine and comes to an end shortly after midnight. It is, perhaps, stretching a point to call this a fad, for it possesses what few fads can boast—an element of common sense. Business men (and what men worthy of the name are not business men in this busy land?) have vetoed late dances, and positively refused to trip the light fantastic until three A. M., and then breakfast at eight. So it has come to pass that young society women have long been compelled to rely upon the very callowest and most insignificant youths of the community to dance their germans and take them in to supper. The early dance is bringing to the front the older men who insist upon ending the day at midnight, and the whippersnapper is relegated to the background. These small affairs are too "everlastingly early" for him.

A fad is always welcome if it has reason to commend it, and it is to be hoped that the very evident merit of the early dance will make it a permanent institution. Can there be anything more absurd than the cotillion which begins at one o'clock and brings you to an exhausted finish at four? Why not, while we are wasting our sleeping time, make a complete job of it and dance till breakfast or thereabouts, as they do at the Yale "Prom"? For college men there is some excuse. They are young, and wisdom will come with years—perhaps. It certainly has not come to the society matrons whose dances commence at or after midnight.

Apropos of all this we overheard a very characteristic remark not long since in a theater.

"Shall I see you tonight at the Browns' dance?"

"Yes, I may drop in about half after one."

The speaker ought to have been soundly spanked and packed off to bed for expressing such an intention. He was too flagrantly young and callow to be horsewhipped.

SOME NEEDLEWORK FADS.

It is always more or less the fad for women with a penchant for embroidery to make various fetching trifles for their *cavalieri servanti;* and it is only in the particular direction which the fad takes that its novelty lies. Formerly the trifles were almost invariably useless and unwelcome. It is seldom that men really appreciate flounced blue pincushions and scented handkerchief cases, and it will be remembered that the late Bishop Brooks was wont on Christmas Day to escape from his church by a side door to avoid the rows of waiting women who bore free will offerings of home made carpet slippers.

The ingenuity of the maiden who embroiders is at present centered upon "golf waistcoats." Exactly why any man should desire a garment of amateur manufacture when he can obtain one of far superior quality from his tailor, it is hard to imagine. Certainly there cannot be any great amount of sentiment attached thereto. The golf waistcoat is constructed somewhat after the manner of the "samplers" of a hundred years ago—that is, by embroidering an elaborate pattern in wool upon canvas; and the effect is hideous beyond the dreams of a late dinner. However, the question of beauty is immaterial.

One fortunate and popular golfer received, in a single month, seven of these waistcoats, only two of which approximately suited his figure. He has been wearing the two as an illustration of the survival of the *fittest,* and reports that they are absolutely cold proof.

A New York man of Bohemian and esthetic tendencies lately exhibited another example of ingenious embroidery, on which a skilful plier of the needle had lavished extraordinary care. It was designed as a portière, the material being the coarsest variety of yellow denim, and the pattern an enlargement of a drawing for a poster by Aubrey Beardsley. A tall damosel was wandering across a meadow backed by a grove and a cardinal sky, while the upper panel bore the inscription:

O ye who pass this door,
One thing is certain—
You never saw before
A poster curtain!

The embroidery was done in rope silk in solid blocks, and the curtain was hung in the doorway by strings of glass beads. This is the most thoroughly *fin de siècle* contrivance, we imagine, which has yet emanated from an embroidery frame.

Then, again, there is the sofa cushion, without some seventeen dozen of which no home is now complete. Here there is no limit to the wealth of designs, and the more outrageous and bizarre they are, the better pleased their proud possessor seems to be. The boudoir of one débutante contains a divan which aptly illustrates this craze for what is *outré.* It groans beneath an assortment of twenty cushions, no two alike, and no two, as the owner joyously observed, that can be said to go well together. The mute but earnest protests of green cushions embroidered with blue roses, of terra cotta dwelling in inharmonious contrast next to magenta, and of unhappy

families of pinks, purples, violets, and maroons, afford her unfeigned happiness. What it is to have the artistic eye!

In the same room the window curtains are of pale green India silk with a crest in gold worked upon them. This at least is not productive of astigmatism.

So, gentle wielders of the needle and the frame, you need no longer be hampered by conventionality. You can do anything you wish, and you have only to observe two rules: never embroider what will please the eye, and never adopt any idea that has been used before. Also it is well, though not imperative, to keep this in mind: all people have not been educated to appreciate the decadent in art, and you would be wise to tell your visitor that this cushion or that curtain is your own work before asking his or her opinion thereof. This keeps the unsuspecting critic off the dangerous reef of candor!

THE YEAR OF THE CAT.

The man of today who belongs to womankind, whose ways are in the path of fashion, finds himself something in the state of *Lone Sahib*, when for his unbelief he suffered the "sending" of *Dana Da*.

Mr. Kipling draws a feeling picture of a man waking up in the morning to find a squirming kitten on his breast, or opening a drawer to pluck one from among his dress shirts, or lifting a mewing little beast from his tobacco jar. There was a time in American history when the superfluous cats were drowned, leaving one out of the litter for the maiden aunt, whose cachet was a feline pet. But times change. There are no superfluous kittens when their market prices range from ten to fifty dollars apiece. The maiden aunt, too, has changed; she has become a "bachelor girl." Instead of meekly taking the left overs of the family, kittens or otherwise, she puts her hand into her pocket and buys her own cat, if she considers it a decorative adjunct to her establishment. Like a good many more of her possessions, it is usually the object of envy instead of contempt. The cat of today bears no more resemblance to the tabby of the old maid of a generation ago than its modern mistress to her maiden aunt. The gray tone has left both of them.

The cat which was formally introduced to fashionable society by the very popular cat show last winter, is a Persian, almost as large as a fox terrier, with long, fluffy white hair, and the stateliness of a cardinal. It is not a creature to pet and coddle, but to respect and admire.

THE MERITS OF THE MINIATURE.

The popularity of the miniature shows no sign of abating. You have your (alleged) portrait painted on one of the oval porcelains, frame it in narrow gilt metal with a bow knot on top, and keep it in your cabinet, except during the annual portrait exhibition. It is the only true way of handing your image down to posterity, and has the advantage of making of every woman a beauty in a Gainsborough hat or an empire gown. Of course it will look like you—a flattering picture always does. The portrait is so tiny that the bad lines and features are so diminished that they are lost sight of, while the good ones are made so much finer and more delicate by the reduction that your children and your children's children can everlastingly expatiate upon your past beauty, and prove it.

Photographs show far too literally the expression you assumed when that lens was pointed at you, and you were told to "look pleasant, please" (at a dollar a dozen), or, "will you kindly endeavor to assume an expression of contentment, and think of some pleasing incident?" (at twelve dollars a dozen). The product of the too truthful camera tells you, years after, what that gown really looked like which you thought was so stylish. On the other hand, the miniature painter—if he knows his business—knows how to idealize, and to picture the most ordinary sitter as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Then, too, miniatures are better because they cost more than any other portrait, as it always takes three figures on the check to pay for one.

It is of course very charming to have your children's miniatures painted, for they are always beautiful to begin with; but in after years it dulls the child's pleasurable contemplation of its past self to have some kindly disposed friend of the family inquire, "Were you really ever so pretty as that?"

FACIAL GUIDEPOSTS.

Occasionally a fad is but the revival of a fashion dear to the hearts of our great grandmothers. The old fashioned courtplaster patch idiosyncrasy has been resurrected, and is now reigning in high favor in certain circles. We may prepare for an epidemic of it, when we see eleven out of twelve girls at a tea decorated as to their faces with tiny black squares alluringly affixed to cheek, chin, or lips. Attention is called to beautiful eyes by a small black patch carefully placed near them, much as a guidepost on a man's estate indicates, "☞ This way to the waterfall."

When it happens that the mouth is worthy of notice, the sign is shifted to its immediate vicinity, and the way of the admirer thereby made smooth. It has not yet been determined whether parallel rows of patches on the upper and lower lips signify perfect teeth, or a courtplaster owl on the brow a sapient brain.

This courtplaster owl is not so much of a fiction as it might appear. On the contrary, it is far from improbable. Crescents, triangles, stars, and even a miniature coach and four are actually obtainable in New York. The possible range of design suggested is alarming. Will crests, coats of arms, landscapes, and pictures of the ancient birthplace of a girl's earliest ancestor become the decorations artfully plastered about her face? It is an alarming thought.

ETCHINGS

PERVERSITY.

My father frowns, my mother sighs,
My grandam, with begoggled eyes,
Recites me maxims, wondrous wise,
On prudence and gentility.
They all of Lydia love to prate
As my one matrimonial fate;
Her virgin charms they celebrate
With ceaseless volubility.

Of how she shines in equal ways
At French or German—sings and plays,
Embroiders, paints—for days and days
Eulogiums do I hear anew.
And then her parents' wealth galore,
Their steeds and coaches by the score,
Their Newport villa—nay, still more,
Their palace on Fifth Avenue.

But ah, in vain my kindred plead!
The girl I love, the girl I need,
The girl I'll dare to wed, indeed,
Unmoved by all caste's mummeries,
Is but a sempstress, young and shy,
Whose glittering needle—what know I—
Its dexterous art may sometimes ply
On Lydia's cobweb flummeries.

With Phyllis in her Harlem flat
(Shabby, and five floors high at that)
I'd rather spend an hour of chat
And watch her smile's coy trickeries,
Than dance till dawn, in Lydia's thrall,
At some Delmoniconian ball,
Though light along the floor should fall
Her footstep as Terpsichore's!

Edgar Fawcett.

ON A PICTURE.

Among the faces of these girls—
Which seem to break forth from their curls
As flowers from buds—is one that glows
All crimson like a blushing rose,
And one that lifts itself on high—
A lily looking to the sky—
Another with a pansy's grace
Half hides amid the leafy lace;
And all are sweet, and all are fair
Like beauty in a boutonnière—
A dream of loveliness! Give me
This garden in epitome.

Frederic F. Sherman.

A SURPRISE.

She wears a jacqueminot tonight
Pinned with artistic care
Upon her corsage, creamy white;
It blooms and blushes there;
But the poor rose, though proud to trim
My darling's dainty gown,
Is martyr to the fashion's whim;
She wears it upside down.

And I am like her rose tonight,
Happy to be so near,
To touch her corsage, creamy white,
To whisper in her ear;
And like the flower, for when my plea
She heard without a frown,
And clasped me to her heart, you see,
It turned me upside down!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

THE CRY OF A CONSERVATIVE.

My sweet Jeannette is passing fair,
And also passing fond of dress;
Yet do I love her none the less
For showing woman's weakness there.
That satin edged with laces rare,
That snowy tulle, all fluffiness,
I too adore them, I confess,
And everything Jeannette does wear.
No, there's one costume which I feel
I would give millions to forget;
That awful vision haunts me yet,
And almost turns my heart to steel.

It fairly made my senses reel
When unexpectedly I met
My dearest love, my own Jeannette,
In knickerbockers on a wheel!

Cornelia E. Green.

A CONQUEROR.

A castle there is, all grim and gray,
Surrounded by high stone walls,
And many a knight
Waged bitter fight
To enter its lordly halls.

But fast and firm were the massive gates
'Gainst all who would through them win,
While the old stone pile
Seemed with scorn to smile
At each failure to enter in.

Then came a day when a maiden sweet
Crept up and did patiently wait;
No bar could withstand
The touch of her hand,
And wide flew the frowning gate.

No more the walls echo with sounds of the fray,
No more comes the clash of strife;
There's the voice of song—
For that castle strong
Was my heart, and the maid is my wife.

Pauline R. Stayner.

AT TWILIGHT.

Oh, Dorothy's dimples, they come and they go,
As the cutter slips silently over the snow;
And Dorothy laughs, "'Tis no end of a lark
To go driving at twilight away through the park."

And albeit my love is so tender and true,
Her eyes are so innocent, guileless, and blue,
That I'm free to confess I am sorely afraid
Of this trim little, slim little, prim little maid.

The clouds in the west are like silvery bars,
There's a shimmer above in the skies from the stars,
And southward and homeward the cutter has swung,
Yet the words I would whisper are still on my tongue.

But the breath of the breeze is like rosiest wine
When a dear little hand is enfolded in mine,
And I've found it at last, love's enrapturing bliss,
For she shows that she knows that she owes me a kiss!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.

I PASSED by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Heartsease and tomatoes
And pinks and potatoes
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau
With a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flag flowers, lovely and tall,
And early blush roses,
And little pink posies—
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden;
It tumbled right in as I passed,
'Mid 'wildering mazes
Of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast!

Hattie Whitney.

THE LAMENT OF AN OLD THEATER GOER.

OH, for a play like those of old,
Where human men and women walk,
And where some vital story's told
Without eternities of talk;
Where men are brave, and women good,
Where deeds are done that call for cheers,
That thrill the heart, and stir the blood,
From orchestra to gallery tiers;

Where not the "female with a past"
Has part, and not a thing is done
That modesty must stare aghast,
And vestal maid must cut and run;
Where with scant skirts in tangled whirl
No giddy chorus dames appear—
Give me a play where not a girl
Points heel toward the chandelier!

It's true I don't object to see—
Say once a month—some show like this;
But the same thing eternally—
The same distracting, clinging kiss,
And what each night we're doomed to see—
The same old kick, the same old smirk,
The same bewildering *lingerie*—
'Twould madden even a harem'd Turk.

Oh, for a glimpse of Bowery days!
Something of human lived, in sooth,
In those old time theatric ways—
The times of Junius Brutus Booth!
With what romantic, manly vim
He set our passions in a whirl!
I would not give an hour of him
For any half clad chorus girl!

Joseph Dana Miller

IN VENICE.

IN Venice, on the Rialto
A merry mass of people go;
The siren city like a bride
Clings to the Adriatic's side;
By day, by night, one still may hear
The soft song of the gondolier,
Whose oar is strong for friend or foe,
In Venice on the Rialto.

In Venice, on the Rialto,
Homesick and lone, I weep with woe;
Homesick and lone, what is to me
This marble city by the sea?
One vision all my bosom fills—
Oh, village in the Georgia hills,
For thee my heart is bended low,
In Venice on the Rialto!

Robert Loveman

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE Age of Gold! The Golden Age,
When life was life indeed,
Has gilded many a somber page,
Served many a poet's need.
I sing the Golden Age that is,
Not days of fabled glory;
Nay, I myself once lived in this
Same age of song and story.

Then men were heroes formed for love
And war—brave, wise, and good;
Then women reigned by virtue of
Their perfect womanhood;
Then more than fame, than lust of wealth,
Than empty power or splendor,
Were simple pleasures, buoyant health,
One friend both true and tender.

Then strange, wild beauty lurked within
Each common wayside weed;
The brook stopped on its way to sing
Weird tales to who would heed;
Then labor without thought of wage
Was crowned with teeming plenty;
What is this wondrous Golden Age?
Why, nineteen years, or twenty.

Susan Owen Moberly.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

FIGURES THAT HUM WITH MEANING.

A RECORD THAT SHOWS THE MATCHLESS GROWTH IN OUR ADVERTISING—A RECORD THAT IN ITSELF IS AS MARVELOUS AS OUR CIRCULATION IS IN ITSELF. HERE ARE THE FIGURES THAT COMPARE THE ADVERTISING RECEIPTS OF THE PAST SIX MONTHS WITH THOSE OF THE CORRESPONDING SIX MONTHS OF A YEAR EARLIER:

In October,	1894,	$2,899.58	net;	October,	1895,	$21,803.59	net; net gain, $18,904.01.
" November,	"	4,973.44	"	November	"	24,639.90	" " 19,666.46.
" December,	"	11,526.38	"	December,	"	34,192.02	" " 22,665.64.
" January,	1895,	9,103.55	"	January,	1896,	23,273.17	" " 14,169.62.
" February,	"	12,036.46	"	February,	"	29,041.35	" " 17,004.89.
" March,	"	13,237.16	"	March,	"	30,323.92	" " 17,086.76.
Total net cash .		$53,776.57.		*Total net cash* .		$163,273.95.	*Total net gain*, $109,497.38.

THE FOREGOING FIGURES TELL A MATCHLESS STORY—TELL IT SIMPLY, FORCEFULLY. THEY SHOW THE STRENGTH OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE WITH THE CLEAR HEADED, CLEAN CUT BUSINESS MAN, EVEN AS OUR CIRCULATION OF SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES SHOWS ITS STRENGTH WITH THE PEOPLE. THEY MAKE CLEAR THE MARVELOUS PACE THAT IS SWEEPING US ONWARD AS NO OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD HAS EVER GONE FORWARD. THEY EMPHASIZE AND GLORIFY THE RECORD OF OUR TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF WORK—OUR TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF "GRAPPLING WITH THE IMPOSSIBLE," AS OUR PROPOSITION WAS STYLED BY THE WHOLE PUBLISHING WORLD, GROWN GRAY IN EXPERIENCE AND RIPE IN WISDOM; AND THEY FORESHADOW A FUTURE OF ASTOUNDING MAGNITUDE AND DAZZLING BRILLIANCY.

IT IS 650,000 NOW.

WITH this issue MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reaches the magnificent figures of six hundred and fifty thousand (650,000) copies. It gathers momentum as it sweeps along. The pace is hotter today than it was a year ago today; it was hotter a year ago today than it was a twelvemonth before. A circulation of this size, a circulation that moves forward always with majestic certainty, is no accident. It has behind it the people; it is of the people. This is why MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is unique among magazines, though the imitator is abroad in the land.

THE HARASSED LION.

THE present British government seems to be paying the penalty of its predecessors' success in extending English rule over so large a share of the unoccupied lands of the world. On all sides the British lion finds the "Keep off the grass" sign flashed upon him, so to speak, by the other animals of the political menagerie. Besides the Venezuela affair and the Transvaal imbroglio, Brazil is warning him away from the islet of Trinidad. Further south, Argentina is demanding the Falkland Islands as being rightfully hers. Further north, some American newspapers are questioning whether he has any real right to maintain his hold upon islands that are geographically the outposts of our continent. This last suggestion has special reference to the British naval station at the Bermudas.

No wonder that, in spite of the long course of tail twisting through which he has passed without perceptible injury, the old lion is somewhat uneasy. He has good reason to be. If we are going to ask him to relinquish the Bermudas, which he colonized before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and which are divided from the nearest point of the American continent by six hundred miles of intervening ocean, what next? Probably France will point out the far stronger considerations that should lead him to abandon a certain "right little, tight little" island which he has held for some time, but which, as it is only twenty one miles from the good French town of Calais, he must now see the propriety of abandoning. He can retire, we presume, to some other planet, thereby ending a number of international unpleasantnesses on this one.

DISCOURTEOUS COURTESY.

STRANGE are the workings of "Senatorial courtesy"! By being too polite to interrupt the eloquence of one of its own members, the United States Senate has put itself on record as having listened, without a sign of dissent, to a tirade of the foulest abuse directed against the President of the United States. Its nice respect for its own traditions, and its utter disregard of the honor of the Presidency, in which

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.*

is involved the honor of the nation, would be a congenial subject for the pen of Dickens or Dean Swift, and might elicit some caustic remarks from our own Mark Twain.

It is unfortunate that our most conspicuous foreign representative should, in speeches delivered abroad, declare that the American people are "headstrong" and their economic system corrupt. It is still more unfortunate that such a harangue as Mr. Tillman's should disgrace the proceedings of our highest legislative body. We can imagine, as a result, such dialogues as the following:

CRITICAL FOREIGNER—So you elect to the Presidency a man who is personally disreputable and officially dishonest?

APOLOGETIC AMERICAN—Nonsense!

CRITICAL FOREIGNER—One of your Senators calls your chief magistrate a besotted wretch, a partner and a tool of speculators, a briber, and a drunkard.

APOLOGETIC AMERICAN—But you must not attach the slightest importance to the utterances of a coarse, ignorant, and unscrupulous demagogue.

CRITICAL FOREIGNER—So you elect to the United States Senate a coarse, ignorant, and unscrupulous demagogue?

APOLOGETIC AMERICAN—(*Answer not recorded*).

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TONS OF MAGAZINES.

SIX hundred and fifty thousand copies of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE weigh two hundred and fifty (250) tons—two hundred and fifty tons of magazines to a single issue—think of it, tremendous! This is larger by more than one hundred tons than the quantity printed at a single issue by any other publication in the whole wide world. And it was only a little more than two years ago that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE was almost wholly unknown. It had to line up beside giants whose circulation was the admiration and envy of the world, whose prestige stood out as a mighty mountain, frowning down upon adventurous ambition.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE remarkable discoveries recently made in photography are exemplifications of the rule that all knowledge is power—actual power or latent power. An investigation into the secrets of nature may be undertaken merely as a pastime, and yet at any moment it may reveal some fact of first rate scientific and practical value. The camera, once little more than a plaything, has within recent years become an efficient handmaid in a score of branches of useful work. The experiments of the German professor, Roentgen, who has proved it possible to photograph through substances hitherto regarded as impervious to light, open up a new field, the limit of which it is as yet impossible to fix. In medicine and surgery the new process promises to be especially serviceable. It may work a revolution in many other departments of physical science.

What a tremendous advance the human race has made since Bacon, three centuries ago, pointed out that the only way to improve man's material condition was to master the mysteries of natural forces!

CUBA'S YEAR OF RUIN.

THE solemn truth of General Sherman's remark that "war is hell" is being appallingly verified almost within sight of the shores of the United States. It is a shocking fact that Cuba, the largest habitable island of America, a country of great natural wealth, and one that for almost four centuries has been settled by a people of pretended civilization, should today be in the condition that impartial reports describe.

On paper, both the government forces and the rebels have won victories sufficient to have annihilated their opponents ten times over. As a matter of fact, during a year of war, no positive military success has been achieved by either side. The insurgents have evidently failed to effect any permanent foothold; the Spaniards have equally failed to suppress them or to stop their devastations. There has been no great battle, but much blood has been shed, and thousands have died of the diseases that always scourge armies. The ordinary rules of warfare have no authority in this bitter conflict. Outside of the cities, most of the property in the island has been destroyed; everywhere commerce and industry are paralyzed, and the mass of the population is face to face with ruin and want. Social order is overthrown, and the internecine strife is assuming a character of desperation that threatens still more frightful developments.

The attitude of the United States toward the matter is somewhat equivocal. In spite of the heavy losses their raids have inflicted upon American business interests, popular sympathy is strongly with the revolutionists. Congress has given cautious yet unmistakable utterance to the same feeling; but the executive departments have felt it their duty to put forth all possible efforts to prevent that feeling from finding expression in overt acts of interference. Thus much it is safe to say—the war should be stopped. Its continuance is a disgrace to nineteenth century civilization.

A STRANGE EXOTIC CULT.

WE are impelled to make brief reference to a subject that should perhaps be relegated to this magazine's special corner for the exploita-

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE *through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to* MUNSEY'S *through some swindler. The money they intrust to him, of course, never reaches this office.*

tion of fads. On the 30th of January, in some American churches—in only one or two, we trust—there were held special services commemorative of "King Charles, Saint and Martyr." Of course, our citizens have a constitutional right to honor the memory of any one they please, from Nero or Nebuchadnezzar, to Benedict Arnold or Charles Guiteau. Indeed, we have heard of organizations whose members "worship"—the word is their own, we believe—his Satanic majesty himself. We do not mean to rank the gentle but misguided Stuart, whom the upholders of popular liberty decapitated, with these unsavory personages; but we cannot see that he has any shadow of claim upon the religious feelings of Americans. The cult may perhaps be harmless, but it is certainly silly. As a piece of Anglomania, it out Herods the little band of legitimist Herods in England.

We do not regard it as creditable that one of the great American churches should give it even the slightest countenance.

THERE IS ROOM FOR MEN.

IT is the spirit of this magazine to encourage women in all fields of art and industry. In most things they do not have an equal chance with men. There are exceptions. In fiction, for instance, in America, they present an almost unbroken front. Of the something like three thousand manuscripts that come to us from month to month, ninety to ninety five per cent come from women. It is not our purpose to discourage women contributors, but to encourage men contributors. We have said before that we want force in our fiction—virility, action, plot, clever handling. Judging from say ninety nine per cent of the stories that pour in upon us, we have failed to make ourselves understood.

The utter weakness of the average alleged story is appalling—sickening even. There is no story in it. In a word, it is a process of building around nothing and labeling it fiction. It has occurred to us that possibly women are more apt to fall into this error than men. This is why we want to encourage men to take up literary work—men with force, strong, manly men, men with imagination, with depth of human nature. For such there are rich rewards.

Let us get away from the thin, simpering, silly story, and the dialect abomination, and the cameo cutting, and begin to do men's work in fiction, as we are doing it in the industries of the world.

AN HONORABLE AMBITION.

THE late Mr. Pope's assertion that hope springs eternal in the human breast is supported by the announcement that political observers reckon no less than fifteen United States Senators who have aspirations toward a Presidential nomination at one or other of the approaching conventions. This is in spite of the fact that the Senate has long been reputed as an almost certain grave of similar hopes in the past. For some reason—perhaps because his views on inconvenient public questions are too much a matter of record—the President makers seem to look coldly upon a Senator. The great statesmen of the Senate—the Clays, the Websters, the Blaines, the Shermans—have uniformly failed to reach the White House, although it has avowedly been the goal of their political ambitions. The success of Garfield, who had just been elected a Senator when nominated for the higher office, and that of Harrison, who had previously served one term at the north end of the Capitol, form but slight exceptions to the rule—sufficient, perhaps, to prove it.

This is a free country, and that admirable document, the Federal Constitution (Article II, Section I) prescribes that any natural born American citizen, if he be thirty five years old and have been resident within the country for fourteen years, may be elected President—the sole other condition being that he shall receive a majority of the electoral votes. The field is open, and the desire to serve one's own country is an honorable one.

THE CIVILIZING OF CONGRESS.

WE learn from Washington that Speaker Reed has made a new rule against smoking on the floor of the House of Representatives, and that—which is a still greater novelty—the rule is enforced. Amusing incidents are said to result, when some veteran devotee of the weed attempts to solace himself with a surreptitious cigar in some remote corner of the legislative hall. The speaker's eagle eye is almost sure to detect the offense, and his minions are promptly despatched to bring the offender into subjection.

We congratulate Mr. Reed on having officially set the nation's representatives a step farther forward in the path of civilization. We also congratulate Congress on its progressive instruction in the etiquette of conventional society. It is becoming what it should be—a model body. It does not smoke in public, and we trust it has forever abandoned pugilistic encounters, football matches, and similar reprehensible amusements to which it has been more or less addicted in the past. We invite the shade of Dickens to survey the scene of the English novelist's most bitter assault upon the American manners of his day, and to mark the gratifying change.

MUNSEY'S *is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year.* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at a price proportionate to that of* MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, *should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine should bring but seven and one half cents.*